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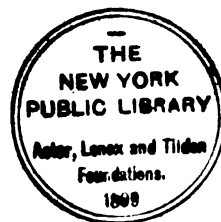


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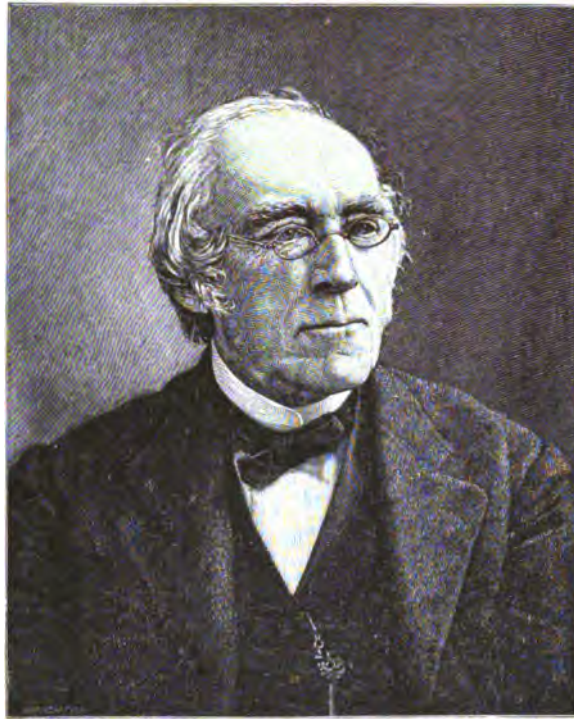
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W. H. FURNESS, D. D., LL.D.

PHILADELPHIA ABOLITIONISTS.

NO NATION on earth has quite the capacity for forgetting injuries that characterizes the American people. Where the brooding, sullen Saxon temperament is strongest, the clear sky, the swift winds and wide horizons of the new home, and the busy life as well, have altered hereditary characteristics and the capacity for resentment has lessened. Even when most deeply stirred the brutal element has, save in the lowest class, almost totally disappeared. Persistence to the point of doggedness until the end is gained, and then a good-humored shaking of hands and a taking for granted that all differences are buried and the future to hold a common purpose and a common progress to the same end, characterizes the American of to-day. And in the fear that his adversary's feelings may be wounded he refuses to preserve records of strife, and almost forgets himself how the quarrel went on or why it began at all.

The capacity for apology increases year by year. In the reaction against the intolerance and bigotry of our fathers, we forget the sturdy virtues such traits covered or represented. Some one has summed up the American character as a "mush of concession," and our treatment of offenders—whether the criminal pardoned out while the sound of the sentence to just punishment is

still in his ears, or the condoning of all offenses against social law and life—would seem to confirm the verdict. That an emergency finds always determined and resolute men and women ready for it, does not hinder the fact that the arising of such emergency could often have been prevented, had common sense or any wise forecast been used in the beginning. The eagerness to avoid offense and the determination to have every one as comfortable as possible stand always in the way of any review of past differences or future possibilities of difference. Reminiscence is frowned upon, and thus one of the most effectual means of developing manhood and genuine patriotism is lost. The boy's blood may tingle as he hears

"How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old;"

but the brave day that is but yesterday is a sealed book, its story, if told at all, given in a whisper subdued enough to prevent any possibility of discomfort for sensitive or squeamish listener.

"What was it all for, anyway?" asked a boy of twelve not long ago, who, in his school history of the United States had come to the civil war, and who, like a large proportion of the boys of this generation, found it of more remote interest even than the war of the

Revolution. His father had been one of its volunteers, and the family record held name after name of friends fallen in the conflict we are all forgetting, yet the child, true to our American theories, was growing up with no sense of what the issue meant, and with an impatient disregard of worn-out details.

We "love mercy" so well that we forget that the first clause of the old command is to "do justly," and so year by year the capacity for justice lessens. Keen moral sense is blunted, and life becomes more and more a system of shadings, and black and white, simply clouded, uncertain and dirty gray.

Such word seems necessary in beginning any mention of a party to whose unconquerable and marvelous persistence is due every result of good in the conflict which ended forever all need of their further work. That the early Abolitionists were often bitter, fierce, intolerant, was the inevitable consequence of an intense purpose, and the narrowness that, save in the rarest exceptions, is the necessary accompaniment of intensity. It is never the broad and quiet lake, knowing no obstruction, that rushes on to the sea. It is the stream shut in by rocks and fed from hidden sources that swells and deepens till no man's hand can bind or stay the sweeping current.

It is possible that the time has not yet come for dispassionate statement, but it is also a question if dispassionateness be the only quality it is worth while for Americans to cultivate. Too often it ends as indifference, and when that stage is reached progress becomes impossible. In spite of our modern tendencies, it is still worth while to feel strongly, to believe intensely, to live as if life had meaning, and there is no stronger incitement than the knowledge of earnest lives lived through difficulties of which we have but faintest conception, and ending often without any consciousness that their purposes had been recognized or their dreams become realities.

Quiet but always untiring and undaunted workers,



ISAAC T. HOPPER.

these steady, clear-eyed men and women passed over to the majority, and, like the workers of an earlier day, they "received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Comprehension of their principles, loving remembrance of every faithful act is the only method in which through us they may have full sense of what their labor meant, and thus find the heart of the old words, which, if they mean anything, mean surely that till we do understand, their happiness lacks its full completion.

Philadelphia and Boston represent the most earnest work of a period, the fire and fervor of which are now almost incomprehensible. With Philadelphia, the first step taken was by William Penn, who, in his second visit, labored anxiously to undo certain results of his action which he had not foreseen. In 1685, sending over various directions to his deputies concerning servants to be employed, he had written: "It were better they were blacks, for then a man has them while they live." At this time negroes had been brought in in some numbers, and the most conscientious Friends held slaves, though as early as 1671 George Fox had advised the Friends in Barbadoes to "train up their slaves in the fear of God, to cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with them, and, after certain years of servitude, they should make them free."

The necessity for such measures had become evident to Penn; and the German Friends who settled Germantown, and who, in 1688, brought before the Yearly Meeting the question "concerning the lawfulness and unlawfulness of buying and keeping negroes," pressed it still further upon his attention. By 1696 so many evils had resulted that advice was issued at the Yearly Meeting "that Friends be careful not to encourage the bringing in any more negroes; and that such that have negroes be careful of them, bring them to meetings, have meetings with them in their families, and restrain them from loose and lewd living as much as in them lies, and from rambling abroad on First-day or other times."

From this date began a very gradual emancipation, but eighty years passed before the entire prohibition of slaveholding was made part of the discipline of the society. In 1700 Penn brought before the Provincial Council a law for regulating the marriage of negroes, but it failed to pass, and the record tells how "he mourned over the state of the slaves, but his attempts to improve their condition by legal enactments were defeated in the house of Assembly."

In his own religious society he was more successful, the minute of the Monthly Meeting in the same year having this item: "Our dear friend and governor having laid before the meeting a concern that hath laid upon his mind for some time concerning the negroes and Indians; that Friends ought to be very careful in discharging a good conscience toward them in all respects, but more especially for the good of their souls, and that they might, as frequent as may be, come to meeting on First-days; upon consideration whereof this meeting concludes to appoint a meeting for the negroes, to be kept once a month, and that their masters give notice thereof in their own families and be present with them at the said meetings as frequent as may be."

Though charged with having died a slaveholder, it was certainly not because no proper means were taken for liberating his slaves, for in his will, made in 1701, Penn liberated every slave in his possession, the will being now in the hands of Thomas Gilpin, of Philadelphia, and containing this clause: "I give to my blacks



LEWIS TAPPAN.

their freedom *as is under my hand already*, and to old Sam one hundred acres, to be his children's, after he and his wife are dead, forever."

His intentions were not perfectly carried out, as is evident from one of James Logan's letters to Hannah Penn, written in 1721, and now to be seen in the Historical Society's rooms, in which he says: "The proprietor, in a will left with me at his departure hence, gave all his negroes their freedom, but *this is entirely private*; however, there are very few left." Any failure in action on his executors' part need not, however, be charged upon Penn himself, who must, without question, rank as the first Philadelphia Abolitionist.

Only an occasional remonstrance was heard at rare intervals for many years. The love of money and of power was too strong among the wealthy merchants of the city or the large planters in the outlying country, and nothing could be obtained from the Yearly Meeting but a mild suggestion that further importation of slaves was undesirable, while many a serious, drab-coated member argued with glibness in the same line of defense of oppression and avarice followed by Presbyterian and Episcopalian doctors of divinity, and, indeed, by the churches in general. Nothing could well be darker than the outlook, yet in that darkness a force was working unknown and unseen, the first visible spark showing itself at a point so remote and inconspicuous that it held no suggestion of the steady light soon to shine out with a glow and intensity that even to-day is as powerful as a hundred years ago.

Few souls since the Christian era began have held more of the spirit of the Master than that of John Woolman, living and dying in poverty and obscurity, yet leaving in his journal a record of self-denying labor so simple and tender, not only in spirit but in language also, that one need not wonder at Charles Lamb's enthusiasm as he wrote: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." Born in 1720, his first action against the principles of slavery was not taken till 1742, when, in drawing up an instrument for the transfer of a slave, he felt a sudden and strong scruple against such desecration of anything owning a soul. From this dated a life-long testimony against slavery, and for many years he traveled from point to point, never vehement or denunciatory, but pleading always, with a gentleness that proved irresistible, the cause of the oppressed.

In the meantime a quaint and curious figure had en-

tered the same way, but with small thought of persuasion or consideration. Coming to Philadelphia from the West Indies where he had become deeply interested in the condition of the slaves, Benjamin Lay, furious at finding the same evil existing there, shook off the dust of the faithless city and took up his dwelling a few miles out. Here he lived in a natural cave, slightly improved by a ceiling of beams, drinking only water from a spring near his door and eating only vegetables. He refused to wear any garment or eat any food whose manufacture or preparation involved the loss of animal life or was the result of slave labor. On the last point John Woolman was in full accord with him, but found it a struggle to wear the undyed homespun which he finally assumed, as the necessary badge of the simplicity he preached.

No concern for the prejudices or feelings of others hampered the career of the irrepressible Benjamin, whose figure was no less eccentric than his life. "Only four and a half feet high, hunchbacked, with projecting chest, legs small and uneven, arms longer than his legs, a huge head, showing only beneath the enormous white hat, large, solemn eyes and a prominent nose; the rest of his face covered with a snowy semi-circle of beard falling low on his breast," this fierce and prophetic brownie or kobold made unexpected dashes into the calm precincts of the Friends' meeting-houses, and was the gad-fly of every assembly. A fury of protest possessed him—a power of energetic denunciation absolutely appalling to the steady-minded Quakers. At one time when the Yearly Meeting was in progress, he suddenly appeared marching up the aisle in his long, white overcoat, regardless of the solemn silence prevailing.

He stopped suddenly when midway and exclaiming, "You slaveholders! Why don't you throw off your Quaker coats as I do mine, and show yourselves as you are?" at the same moment threw off his coat. Underneath was a military coat and a sword dangling against his heels. "Holding in one hand a large book, he drew his sword with the other. 'In the sight of God,' he cried, 'you are as guilty as if you stabbed your slaves to the heart, as I do this book!' suiting the action to the word, and piercing a small bladder filled with the juice of the poke-weed (*phytolacca decandra*),



LUCRETIA MOTT.

which he had concealed between the covers, and sprinkling as with fresh blood those who sat near him."

John Woolman's testimony was of quite another character, but Benjamin Lay was the counterpart as well as forerunner of many less rational agitators who in later years could never separate the offender from the sin often ignorantly and innocently committed. Offensive as his course was felt to be, it was one of the active forces which no doubt had aided in paving the way to the decisive action of 1758, a date important not only in the history of the anti-slavery cause but as one of the most important religious convocations the Christian church has ever known. Through the general business John Woolman sat silent, and silent, too, as one and another faithful Friend gave in their testimony against any further toleration of slavery as a system. Then he rose and made an appeal, whose solemn tenderness still thrills every reader, and which, when eye and voice and all the influence of the gentle yet intensely earnest presence were added, rendered more than momentary op-



J. MILLER M'KIM.

position impossible. Then and there the meeting agreed that the injunction of our Lord and Saviour to do to others as we would that others should do to us, should induce Friends who held slaves "to set them at liberty, making a Christian provision for them," and four Friends—John Woolman, John Scarborough, Daniel Stanton and John Sykes—were approved of as suitable persons to visit and treat with such as kept slaves, within the limits of the meeting.

Naturally, outside these limits there was steady opposition. The record gives many years of effort in which only a proportion could be brought to admit the injustice or wrong of slavery, but it was a proportion that increased yearly. Through all weariness and discouragement John Woolman went his patient way, journeying on foot wherever in the widely-separated settlements the voice of the oppressed seemed to call, and leaving always behind him a memory of pitying love and devotion, before which all defenses fell. But the practice, though abating, required more active measures, and in 1776 came the final action of the Yearly Meeting, all subordinate meetings being then directed to *deny the right of membership* to such as persisted in holding their

fellow-men as property. Four years before this consummation for which he had spent his life, John Woolman had passed on to the unhampered life and work of a country where bond and free are equal. Deep hopelessness came for a time on those who had worked with him, and who, as he passed from sight, murmured again the sad old words, "we thought this had been he who should have redeemed Israel."

But the thread in this apostolical succession was not lost. If transmigration were an admissible theory, one might say that the soul of John Woolman sought some fitting medium to continue its work, and found lodgment in the baby that in December, 1771, opened its eyes on a world through which it journeyed with all the energy and purpose that had led the elder man—with all his sweetness too, but with a courageous cheer the frailer body had never known. For Isaac Hopper came of sturdy stock, and, though Quaker on one side of the house, did not become a member of the Society of Friends till he was twenty-two, and then through the preaching of William Savery and Mary Ridgeway, two Friends who were often heard in the Philadelphia meetings. Through William Savery's agency Elizabeth Fry turned to the work which he had prophesied would be hers, and which in later life became Isaac Hopper's also. Already the Pennsylvania Abolition Society had been formed, and in his early boyhood Isaac Hopper had had his first experience in aiding a fugitive slave to elude pursuit, and find quarters where none could molest or make him afraid. Married in 1795 and settling permanently in Philadelphia, he became at once a leading member of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, as well as one of the overseers of a school for colored children, a memorial of Anthony Benezet, a French Huguenot by birth, whose house remained standing on Chestnut street until 1840. Anthony is described as "a small, eager-faced man, full of zeal and activity, constantly engaged in works of benevolence, which were by no means confined to the blacks, and who was an untiring friend to the unhappy Acadians, many of whom were landed in Philadelphia by the ships which brought them from Nova Scotia."

In this school, and in one founded later for colored adults, he taught two or three evenings each week for many years, and had become known throughout Philadelphia as the friend and legal adviser of colored people under every emergency. From 1795 to 1829, when he removed to New York, each year held its record of courage and zeal in a work more and more necessary as time went on. Runaways were constantly passing through the city, and the laws of that date were neither understood nor attended to. Whenever a negro arrested as a fugitive slave was discharged for want of proof, no fee was paid, but if the verdict made him a slave, and he was surrendered to his claimant, from five to twenty dollars were given to the magistrate. Naturally they made the most of any facts in favor of slavery, and thus there was never wanting opportunity for the efforts of men like Hopper, who took delight in suddenly confounding and upsetting the best-laid plans. A volume would be necessary for the stories which Father Hopper in later years told to all who questioned, and many of which were printed in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* and other organs of the society, a mine for all who would know the spirit and purpose of one of the most intense and persistent struggles ever made on American soil. Appeal was seldom resorted to, for Father Hopper's wit was as keen as his heart was big, and his personal presence so strong and impressive that even his enemies looked with an admiration they could



MARY GREW.

not repress on the noble face and figure of this smiling marplot of all their schemes. With a sense of humor that seemed always to conflict slightly with his Quaker garb and principles, he had also the power of an indignation that could scorch and shrivel; and like all men who have the courage of their convictions, made enemies, who in some cases, after a fury of opposition, turned about and became the strongest of friends.

The yearly meetings of the Anti-Slavery Society brought together a list of names each one representing individualities so marked and positive that only the fervor of a common purpose could have made working together practicable. In that early group women were as prominent as at a later day, and among them all none was more completely oblivious of self than Abigail Goodwin, who lived to see the last chain broken, after seventy-four years of unwearying effort. Her own clothes were patched and forlorn far beyond those of the average beggar, but worn with a calm unconsciousness of their extraordinary character: and, indeed, few who looked on the earnest face, with its half-sad, half-humorous intensity, stopped to consider what garb was worn. She worked for the slave as a mother works for her own children, begging garments which she mended or made over indefatigably; knitting bag after bag of stockings, and sitting up half the night to earn some petty sum turned over instantly to the society. She wrote for every anti-slavery journal, begged in every direction for money, implored friends to take stock in the Underground Railroad, and to the last day of her life burned with an actual passion of good-will; and, it must be added, an equal inability to conceive that a slaveholder might also have some conception of justice and humanity.

Her belief was shared by another woman, equally notable and among the earliest organizers in such work—Esther Moore, the wife of Dr. Robert Moore. The passage of the Fugitive Slave bill necessarily intensified all feeling and made dispassionate thought impossible, and though nearly eighty when this crowning iniquity became a portion of United States law, she worked against the results with the eagerness of her youth. For many years she had begged that special notification should be sent her of every fugitive who passed through

Philadelphia, and during the whole time made it her business to supply to each one a gold dollar, the Society being barely able to defray their expenses on to the next station, with no provision for wants when the final one was reached. With larger personal means than Abigail Goodwin, she denied herself in all possible ways that the little coin might be always ready for the empty hand, and almost her last injunction was: "Write to Oliver Johnson, and tell him I die firm in the faith. Mind the slave!"

"Mind the slave!" was the watchword for all. Depression seems to have been unknown. In fact, there was no time for depression, for between the opposition, which is always a stimulant, and the actual work of providing food, clothing and means for the throng of fugitives, there was unfailing and unceasing occupation for all. High-hearted courage and self-sacrifice inspired all alike, and the mere coming together of men and women animated by a profound conviction was in itself almost a Pentecost.

In removing from Philadelphia Isaac Hopper's interest was in degree transferred to the New York society, and the work he had done passed into the hands of Thomas Shipley, for many years President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, of which he became an active member in 1817. Opposition made no impression upon him, and he devoted every energy of his powerful and judicial mind to defense not only of the principles he held, but of every one who needed their application, the thousands who followed him to his grave, in 1836, being the best witnesses of what his life had done for both black and white. Almost the same words might be said of Thomas Garrett, who, though living in Wilmington, was a familiar figure in every public meeting at Philadelphia, and who, while as unobtrusive as Daniel Gibbons, another of the earlier worthies, fought to the end with unceasing vigor, not only for the slave, but for every cause affecting the public good. To give the complete roll of these names, each one deserving full biography, is impossible in present limits, but there is ample material and opportunity for a series of lives, which, if properly given, should hold no less power and fascination than those of Plutarch.

As one by one the names on the society roll received the significant asterisk, new ones, to become no less honored and honorable, took their places. Popular feeling, which, contrary to received belief, is by no means



GRACE ANNA LEWIS.

always the voice of God, became more and more embittered against the movement. Riots had taken place not only in Boston and New York, but in the more law-abiding Philadelphia. Abolitionists were regarded as disturbers of the public peace, interferers with private business and profit, and murmurs of indignation turned at last to veritable howls. The passage of the Fugitive Slave bill did more to intensify conviction on both sides and to precipitate the issue of ten years later than any act of the fifty years of steadily increasing oppression by which it had been preceded. Fanaticism had lessened and the society held names representing the broadest and deepest culture of the time, that of Dr. Furness holding a power hardly less than that of Dr. Channing. A man consecrated to the scholar's life, both by inheritance and personal tastes, he turned from "the still air of delightful studies" to a conflict, endurable only because its failure or success meant the failure or success of every moral question. The men who banded together in that pregnant ten years, Furness, Charles Cleveland, Miller McKim, Tappan, the Burleighs, Birney, Peirce, and the "honorable women not a few," Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, the Lewis sisters, did a work in which lay the seed of every reform we complacently regard as the effect of our republican institutions. There were years in which these much-vaunted institutions covered as absolute a despotism as that of Russia, church and state uniting to preserve established order, and threatening with the terrors of the law any rash soul who questioned their justice. Such fate overtook Passmore Williamson, who accepted imprisonment as the price of free speech; and who, though pelted with abuse as abductor, rioter and disturber of the public peace, left his prison with the knowledge that the months, so far from being lost time, had worked for him beyond any power he alone could have ever had.

Day by day stories more thrilling than any page has ever held were poured into the ears of the society. The Underground Railroad worked day and night transferring fugitives, and covered its operations so perfectly that until the time came when the need for concealment ended no one outside the organization knew its officers or its methods. The full story has been told by William

Still in a book which ought to be far better known than it is, holding, as it does, the record of the Philadelphia branch of the road, and giving the results of all the years of organization. The incredible perils and hardships of the innumerable fugitives are only exceeded by the self-denying lives of the men and women who, for the sake of a principle, sacrificed ease and wealth and all personal ambition, and gave themselves and all they had to the work of redemption. No name in the long list shines with purer light than that of Lucretia Mott, who united absolute fidelity to every private responsibility with a devotion to the highest public duties that has had hardly a parallel. Protestation was her birthright, for on the mother's side she was descended from old Peter Folger, also the ancestor of Franklin, who sent out from Nantucket, in 1676, a vigorous testimony to the need of religious toleration for all. His "A Looking-Glass for the Times" is "one long jet of manly, ungrammatical, valiant doggerel," and at the end, determined to evade no responsibility, he "wove his name and his place of abode into the tissue of his verse," that all might know who he was and where he could be found if need arose.

This blood, tempered by that of the Coffins and Macys, and subdued by generations of Quaker discipline, never lost a certain effervescing quality, and to the day of her death Lucretia Mott's lambent eyes were witness to the nature of the spirit that dwelt within. The "consecration and the dream" were never divided. An almost perfect marriage—a life that dwelt in her home and children, yet opened wide to every noble thought and aim, assured her personal happiness and made inevitable trials light. She could denounce, but her mind was judicial, and she saw always both sides of a question, presenting them with a candor that at times enraged the more narrow and prejudiced members. Her life is still to be written, but in the long line of Philadelphia Abolitionists no name can ever hold more honor or dearer remembrance. The old days are past and the generation that knew them is passing too. They die, but their work is immortal, and whether forgotten or remembered, without it the republic would have been a failure and social progress a vain dream.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE HEART'S ANGEL.

Across the sea, the shining, Southern sea,
Is one with whom I am so fain to be,
Though well I know her heart has turned from me.

Fly through this misty, rainy, Northern air,
Fly, Love, to her! fly, eager Love, even where
The purple South smiles warm and flushed and fair!

Speak to her of the days, the by gone days,
When light was on us from thy godlike face,
When two hearts triumphed in thy sovereign grace.

Bring buried twilights round her till she feel
As once she felt; through all her sweet heart steal
That love that sealed my life as with a seal.

Blend for her ear in magic symphonies
The roar and thunder of wild, wintry seas
With drowsy humming of September bees.

Stand by her, Love, where fast in sleep she lies,
And drop for me on her dear mouth and eyes
A kiss which for my longing may suffice.

Be thou to her as song and scent and shine—
Let all thy dearest memories combine
To turn again that queenliest heart to mine.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE, A LITTLE EARTH."

POOR Mrs. Carlyle! Mrs. James Carlyle, not Mrs. Thomas. What *she* may have had to endure is another thing. But the mother of Carlyle, how is she to be commiserated! By one remark of hers furnishing a text for her son's condemnation, by his chosen biographer—"Gey ill to live with"—a remark made, we are not told when, under circumstances we are not told what. A mother, with a love unbounded for her son—a love which, in spite of her own strong belief and unswerving orthodoxy, no amount of speculation or unbelief on his part could chill. A love, too, which was returned in as extraordinary a manner by her son, based on thorough respect, and heightened by that very faith he to the last so highly extolled.

"A woman to me," is his first record of her, "of the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just and the wise." "To her care for body and soul" he never ceased to acknowledge that "he owed endless gratitude." "Oh, for faith!" he cries; "Truly the greatest God-announcing miracle always is faith. I often look on my mother (nearly the only genuine believer I know of) with a kind of sacred admiration!" . . . "True belief has done some evil in the world, but it has done all the good that was ever done in it from the time when Moses saw the Burning Bush, and *believed* it to be God appointing him deliverer of his people, down to the last act of belief that you and I executed. Good never came from aught else." . . . Had we read the closing paragraphs of Froude's life of Carlyle before we began the book, it is possible it would have been read with less pain. "It is the nature of men," he says, "to dwell on the faults of those who stand above them. They are comforted by perceiving that the person whom they have heard so much admired was but of common clay after all." Remarkable words! For those who delight in flaws, and search for them as record-reading geologists search for insects in amber, no doubt the avidity with which every smallest fly is seized upon and held under a focus that will remit no deformity, will add zest to the perusal of the book. "*No better than we after all!* Common clay! We may lie upon our oars," they can exclaim. "The nature of men!" And must it be pandered to?

To any reader who is enough of a man not to be "comforted" by perceiving the faults of those above him, the very first words of the preface are painful to the extreme.

"Mr. Carlyle expressed a desire in his will that of him no biography should be written. I find the same reluctance in his journal. No one, he said, was likely to understand a history, the secret of which was unknown to his dearest friends. He hoped that his wishes would be respected." Then his gathering of his wife's letters, himself preparing them for publication, with "added notes and introductory explanations," as a "last sacred duty," and which he intended as "a monument to a character of extreme beauty," he thought "would be sufficient for the public as a record of himself." "Had he rested here," says Froude, "my duty would have been clear." But "two years later, soon after he had made his will, Carlyle discovered that, whether he wished it or not, a life, or perhaps various

lives of himself, would certainly appear when he was gone."

Perhaps Mr. Froude, with diligent research, could have given the names and possibly shown some defects in other great men who were waiting, scalpel in hand, their chance at "one above them." Would he have censured them? Does he not rather sanction their audacity? He says: "When a man has exercised a large influence on the minds of his contemporaries the world requires to know whether his own actions have corresponded with his teaching, and whether his moral and personal character entitles him to confidence. This is not idle curiosity; it is a legitimate demand." Then naming Byron, Burns and others in proof, he closes with this Froudish inference, "showing that the public will not be satisfied without sifting the history of its men of genius to the last grain of fact which can be ascertained about them." Future aids and helpers to the biography of Froude! Have you letters in your possession? Keep them under locks that cannot be picked. The time is coming when the last grain of fact in the most familiar of them may be worth "to the public" its weight in gold. "Carlyle knew that he could not escape," adds Froude. Poor man! He had a friend, however, to whom to turn. A friend, not "an enemy," to "write a book for him!" Had it been an enemy "we might have borne it." His autobiographical documents, "with his journals and the whole of his correspondence, he made over to me, with unfettered discretion to use in any way that I might think good." Royal trust! Worthy of a royal keeper. But what arose before the biographer? Carlyle? No. "The public!" And in the public all that accrues from success!

"In the papers thus in my possession," he continued, "Carlyle's history, external and spiritual, lay out before me as a map. . . . By selecting chosen passages out of his own and his wife's letters, by exhibiting the fair and beautiful side of the story only, it would have been easy, *without suppressing a single material point*" (mark the expression) "to draw a picture of a faultless character." What an admission! And yet he goes further. "When the devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the account which he would have to render of his talents." After this wonderful panegyric, how much strength can we find, with the largest charity, in the excuse he gives for not having, as he says he could have done, "produced a portrait as agreeable, and at least as faithful, as those of the favored saints in the Catholic calendar." The excuse is, "it would have been a portrait without individuality." Then are all men so pure, so full of integrity, so saintly, as well as so original and grasping that such a character would have been absorbed in the great mass unnoticed! Again, he draws a further sanction for this flaw-hunting and magnifying from poor dead Carlyle himself. Not remembering that possibly the recollection of shortcomings and sharp sayings under stress of pain, vexation, poverty and toil from his

first childish recollection until Froude is done with him, might have been the cause of his desire and "will" to have no biography, his biographer says: "Least of all men could such an idealizing be ventured with Carlyle, to whom untruth of any kind was abominable. If he was to be known at all, he chose to be known as he was; with his angularities, his sharp speeches, his special peculiarities, meritorious or unmeritorious—precisely as they had been given." Ah, that is Mr. Froude's ideal! If those had been Carlyle's own words we might have come nearer believing them. He does, indeed, try to prove them by quoting what Carlyle wrote as to his own idea of biography, when speaking of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." But it is a very different one from his own, after all. Broad as is Carlyle's idea of a biographer's privilege, he still says, in the same connection: "In speaking of the man and men he has to do with he will, of course, keep all his charities about him, but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught untrue; nay, not to abstain from and leave in oblivion much that is true." Does that imply the "last grain of fact"?

A quotation from Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" shows the same spirit. He says, near the close of that fair and beautiful life: "Such were the prevailing habits of Schiller: that, in the mild and beautiful brilliancy of their aspect, there must have been some specks and imperfections, the common lot of poor humanity, who knows not? That these were small and transient, we judge from the circumstance that scarcely any hint of them has reached us; nor are we anxious to obtain a full description of them. For practical uses we can sufficiently conjecture what they were, and the heart desires not to dwell upon them. This man is passed away from our dim and tarnished world; let him have the benefit of departed friends; let him be transfigured in our thoughts, and shine there without the little blemishes that clung to him in life." And in his "Life of Cromwell," after trying to make the best of some unproven charge against him, he ends with the heart-wrung exclamation, "Alas, all calumny and carrion, does it not incessantly cry, 'Earth, O, for pity's sake, a little earth!'"

Had Froude chosen to use as a refrain some of the good and praiseworthy expressions, repeating them even once, not to say half as many times as he has the fatal "Gey ill to live with," it would have seemed a little less the work of a harsh and bitter pen. Had he enlarged on the fact that when a very little boy his mother taught him to read, and Carlyle adds, "I never remember when"—he might have concluded it was not as a little child he was "Gey ill to live with." Some mothers' sons who have been taught to read remember it. Nor when, at fourteen, he leaves home, need he quote it, when we have the touching picture of "both father and mother walking with him in the dark, frosty November morning through the village to set him on his way." Nor, after this, when "constant presents" went from mother to son and from son to mother—butter and cheese and "well-knitted socks," with "scarfs," "shawls," and other gifts from the city, from his own scant purse. If hard to live with, he seems to have been harder to live without. Then, when his health failed, when "Dyspepsia had him by the throat" and "doubt" crept in, and poverty stared him in the face, one vocation and then another falls away, disappointments follow one another, articles rejected, people turning cold shoulders, "everything growing hopelessly darker and darker," how does Froude speak of him then? He appreciates the situation. He says, "He was

attacked with dyspepsia, which never wholly left him, and in these early years soon assumed its more torturing form, like 'a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach.'" The "D'Alembert's teachings" gnawing at more important vitals and "the Margaret Gordon business"—a trio of troubles, without the added poverty—one would think enough to demand the greatest charity. But no! After admitting them, he adds: "Reticence about his personal sufferings was at no time one of his virtues. . . . Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint." But when he had written home to this mother of his illness and troubles, what was her message in reply? Anything about the "imagination"? Her son at home writes him she wishes him to come home, adding, "She esteems seeing you again and administering comfort to you as her highest felicity." This message we do not notice repeated.

So much for the life before marriage. Again we may say: Poor Mrs. Carlyle—this time Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. It is not to be denied that her life was one of frequent and peculiar trial. Yet there are here many and great occasions, had they been improved, for a biographer to show charity and fine theme for praise. First, the candor and extreme frankness with which he stated to her his own case—his disposition, ill-health, want of regular income. And she chose freely to accept the situation. Froude allows Carlyle the utmost truthfulness, and in that most touching of all sad records which he gives after her death, Carlyle uses these remarkable words: "She had from an early period formed her own little opinion about me (what an El Dorado to me, ungrateful being, blind, ungrateful, condemnable and heavy-laden, and crushed down into blindness by great misery as I oftenest was), and she never flinched from it for an instant, I think, or cared or counted what the world said to the contrary (very brave, magnanimous and noble truly she was in all this); but to have the world confirm her in it was always a sensible pleasure, which she took no pains to hide, especially from me."

There is no need to go over what is familiar to all; but in it all and through it all the work (often by sheer force of necessity and will) accomplished—the tender conscience he ever manifested, the pride, almost reverence, with which his wife looked up to him; the effort to please, and joy in success in pleasing, in spite of weariness and loneliness, which she freely chose to share, and in which his own shoulders were always put to the wheel—in and through it all glows and burns, in spite of hasty words or seeming neglect, a strong, true, reliable love, that was an anchor to both their storm-beaten souls. And after she, who was the "light of his eyes," was suddenly snatched away, and the iron, a sense of inexorable separation, had entered his soul, were not his expressions of self-condemnation over any remembered act of selfishness or thoughtless neglect sufficiently poignant to satisfy any fair biographer and lead him, in very pity for the failures and remorse, as well as in honor to the long and noble struggle, to draw some slight veil over the silent dead, instead of looking to a "Public who demand the last grain of fact"?

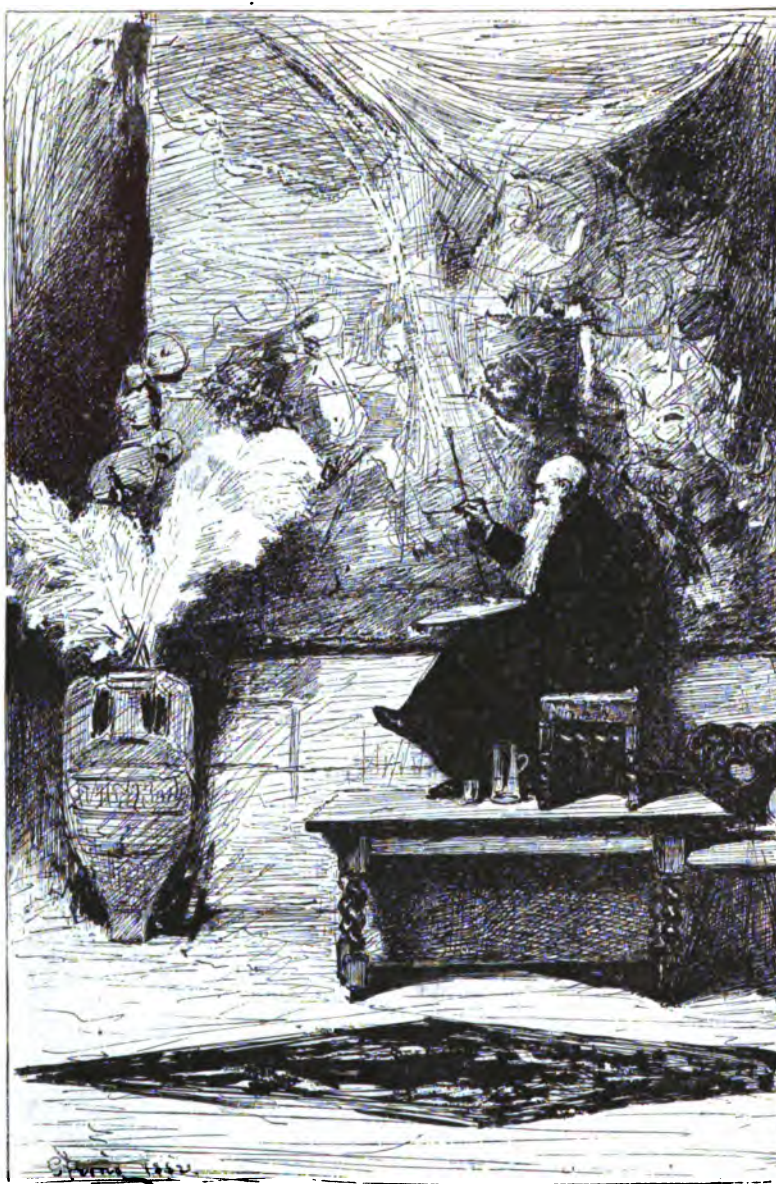
"When the devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle, he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the account which he would have to render of his talents."



SILENT and bowed and with averted face,
 His sceptre broken—throneless and discrowned—
 He waits the severing of the slender cord
 That binds him to the living. A little while,
 And gathered to the ages he will sleep
 Among the centuries. What though he gave
 To human thought and purpose high reward,
 And crowned with living bays th' elect of Fame ;
 What though he wrote his name on History's page

In lines of vivid flame with pen of fire,—
 Yet must he sink, as sinks a grain of sand
 In the broad current that resistless bears
 Its atoms to the sea. And they whose brows
 He crowned, whose bosoms filled with sheaves,
 Into whose cups he poured the oil and wine,
 Inconstant, turn them to the young and new,
 And greet the Coming Monarch with "All Hail !"

ELIZABETH W. GRISWOLD.



"THE STUDIO."—BY GEROME FERRIS.

ART IN THE QUAKER CITY.

ART at the present time is in a transition stage. Methods and ideas which commended themselves to a former generation with the force of immutable laws are no longer regarded as of vital consequence, while the experimental efforts of a new departure have not as yet entirely established themselves in the public esteem. The artists of the present day do not, perhaps, address themselves to the study of nature with any more lovingness than did their predecessors, but they do approach nature from a somewhat different standpoint, and limit their regard to a different order of pictorial facts. In truth, it is in the distinction which is made in our time

between facts that are essentially pictorial and those which have what might be called a scientific value, that the art of this latter part of the nineteenth century departs most widely from the art of the early and middle periods of the century, and from the art which preceded it, and which had its inspiration in the renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This later nineteenth-century art has emancipated itself almost as completely from the direct influences of this renaissance as our literature has from the classical influences which once dominated it. The obligations of the art-workers of the present day to those of the renaissance is, of course,



"THE GRAY SKY'S FLECKED WITH WAN WHITE GLEAMS,
AND WAN AND WHITE BELOW."—BY T. B. ORAIG.

none the less in that they have succeeded in rejecting arbitrary codes built upon renaissance practices, and have taught themselves to consider nineteenth-century tastes from a nineteenth-century standpoint. The new departure means nothing more and nothing less than that the

artists of the present day have learned that they cannot see with other men's eyes nor think with other men's minds; and that if we are to have a living art which shall be able to make any proper appeals to the public at large, and which will deserve any large public apprecia-



"REFUGEES."—BY S. J. FERRIS.



"FOR WHOM ARE THESE?"—BY L. DELACHAUX.

tion, the artist must be, in the most literal sense of the term, a man of his own time, and must know how to use his faculties in accordance with the spirit of the time.

It is very true that the art of our time has not proved itself by any great monumental works. Perhaps it will never prove itself in this way, although while such a building as the Capitol at Washington—to say nothing of other monumental structures—fails to offer the true artists of the country any real opportunities, it cannot be said that later nineteenth-century art fails to be monumental because of the incapacity of its practitioners. If, however, the art of their times has accomplished nothing that can fairly rival the great works of the past, it assuredly has accomplished much that art in other times failed to do. If something has been lost much has been gained by the production of easel pictures and book illustrations. It is no small gain that superior artistic performances are scattered broadcast as they now are, for, to have such carefully-executed works as those which adorn the pages of the best illustrated periodicals go into innumerable homes which would never be brought under the influence of great monumental achievements, is of itself a matter of no little importance.

The Philadelphia Society of Artists is a very representative body of art-workers—representative from the point of view of the preceding remarks. Its membership embraces the principal Philadelphia artists, old and young, although there is a preponderance of young and active members, who are in more or less cordial sympathy with the advanced ideas of the day. This society in a particular manner

represents the business tact and enterprise which is a distinguishing feature of the artistic brotherhood of our time. It is worth saying, in this connection, that for an artist to be possessed of business enterprise does not necessarily imply that he sacrifices anything of the artistic spirit to the commercial idea. The time has never been when artists have not been willing and anxious to secure the largest possible pecuniary returns for their labors; but many a time and oft it has happened that the artistic fraternity has shown an incapacity to deal with the public on proper and business-like terms which distinctly recognize an intimate relation between value rendered and value received. Business talent and tact, in fact, represent public spirit and genuine *esprit de corps*, rather than sentiments less praiseworthy, and the peculiar success which the society under consideration has achieved very effectually demonstrates that the true interests of art are advanced rather than retarded when the artists are able to bring themselves into cordial business relations with their public, and are disposed to ask nothing for which a full valuation cannot be returned.

Nothing is more noteworthy in exhibitions of modern American work than the reflex influence of the now half-forgotten pre-Raphaelite movement of twenty years ago, together with the direct teaching acquired in the European schools. The painstaking care which was the first visible outcome of Mr. Ruskin's writings had



PERCÉ (CANADA) FISHING GIRL.—BY FRED JAMES.



"WINTER SPORT IN FLORIDA."—BY J. B. SWORD.

its day. The present writer recalls certain New York drawing-rooms whose walls were at that time covered with impossible landscapes, which linger in his memory as a sort of nightmare dream. He recalls, too, subsequent auction sales, through which, at not infrequent intervals, these same pictures found their way back to an omnivorous public at prices which, in some cases, but not always by any means, covered the original cost of canvas and frames. Some of the enthusiastic young painters of that day, who gave themselves over to the new gospel, have worked out of it into modern methods; only one is now remembered who adheres to the faith as it was then taught, and his pictures are rarely seen outside of his own studio. If he had been obliged to depend on his brush for a living he would have fared hardly, unless, indeed, the stern



"WAITING FOR THE STAGE."—BY F. DE CRANO.



"ON THE SEINE."—BY BRUCE CRANE.

teaching of necessity had developed his noble native talent in a different direction.

The reaction came for really progressive artists in a leaning toward the opposite side of the scale, and the impressionists have gone as far toward mistiness as did the pre-Raphaelites toward microscopy. It is this swinging of the pendulum which is largely the life of art, and which lends its characteristics to any given period. So many Americans have studied abroad that they have largely acquired the French and German mannerisms. Some foreign critics of high standing have said that they have learned *all* that the European schools can teach. Certain it is that at the present time exhibitions in the larger cities afford

marked examples of Paris and Munich, and experts can even tell where an artist has studied by a glance at his work.

This is all as it should be. We have sent our children to the best schools to learn the rudiments, and now they are coming home to teach and be taught, for no artist ceases to learn while he can work intelligently. Already the results of this teaching are making themselves apparent in the work of the youngest artists. The travelers have come home and established schools, where it is possible to learn much that a few years ago could only have been acquired by a long residence abroad.

Out of this, sooner or later, will grow the long looked for American



"FINE WEATHER" (CAMPOBELLO, N. B.).—BY P. L. SENAT.

school. Not that such a school—distinctively speaking—is especially to be desired, but it is inevitable. Technical skill cannot long be coupled with intelligent study and not produce something worthily original.

The Philadelphia Society of Artists was organized on March 30th, 1877, and it was incorporated on July 14th, 1879. It started with a membership of seven, the fact that many similar attempts to secure co-operation among the art-workers of Philadelphia had failed to achieve results of consequence preventing many of the artists from participating at the start in the new venture. The seven original members, however, were enterprising and active, and they soon succeeded in demonstrating to the majority of their fellows that it was worth while to join hands with them, and the result was that the society grew and prospered, until it now numbers fifty active and two hundred and fifty contributing members. For the purpose of bringing the artists and the picture-loving public together, the society held a series of receptions at the Academy of the Fine Arts. These were so success-

ful that, in 1879, it was decided to try the experiment of holding an autumn exhibition. This exhibition was a great artistic and popular success, while that held in 1880 was even more so. The directors of the Academy of the Fine Arts having decided to hold their annual exhibitions in the autumn, instead of in the spring as had been customary, the society was unable to procure the use of the galleries, and consequently obtained quarters of its own at 1725 Chestnut Street. The galleries of the society are three in number, and although not of large size, they are conveniently arranged and well-lighted. In them was held the annual exhibition of 1881, which was followed by a short combination exhibition, and this again by a water-color exhibition. For the present winter an exhibition has been brought together which the members of the society regard as superior in many respects to any that has been exhibited under their auspices, and which is a better representation of the finer qualities of American art-work of the present day than has ever been made in Philadelphia.



"THE FIRST FRUITS OF GENIUS."—BY W. M. DUNK.



"OLD HOMESTEAD ON THE WISSAHICKON."—BY W. H. COOPER.

The illustrations which accompany this article are reproductions of sketches, made by the artists themselves, from noteworthy pictures which will be included in the coming exhibition. It is not possible within the compass of an article like this, the aim of which, indeed, is

of more worth than any number of words as indications of the quality of the coming exhibition and of the claims of the artists who have made them upon the consideration of the art-loving public.

The present officers of the Philadelphia Society of



"PRAIRIE FIRE."—BY N. H. TROTTER.

to indicate the artistic tendencies which this society exemplifies, rather than to go into particulars, to enter upon a discussion of the styles of the different artists, or to recite their performances of particular interest. The sketches which embellish our pages, in reality, are

Artists are: President, James B. Sword; Secretary, Newbold H. Trotter; Treasurer, Charles H. Spooner; Directors, James B. Sword, Thomas B. Craig, Prosper L. Senat, Newbold H. Trotter and Walter M. Dunk.

EDWARD COGGSWELL.



"CLIFFS AT CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE."—BY A. T. BRICHER.



HIS LOVE EMBRACETH ALL.

BY HENRY C. FAULKNER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Father Time. *His Twelve Children.*

CHORUS OF THE MONTHS.

Father, in reverence humbly kneeling,
Be our dear love for thee confessed ;
But tell us which, thine heart revealing,
You love the best.

FATHER TIME.

My father-love an ocean seething,
Its mingled currents rise and fall,
Is ceaselessly the answer breathing :
I love you all.

JANUARY (*coarsely*).

You love *me* best ; white-wrapped and hoary,
I am thy eldest, thy first born,
I am the herald of thy coming glory—
Of years the dawn.

When years are young, hearts laugh as lightly
As does my snowy softness fall,
Which covers cares and keeps souls whitely.

FATHER TIME (*smilingly*).

I love you all.

FEBRUARY.

My snow-bound days are deeply freighted
With high-piled drifts of joyousness ;
Each frosty moment overweighted
With happiness.

My life is short, yet in a single
Attar-drop from roses pressed,
A thousand perfumed flowers mingle,
And please thee best.



MARCH.

My boisterous days have cause for gladness :
Chuckling in every breath that blows,
They laugh away frost's cheerless sadness.
And melt the snows.

With breezy steps I dance a measure,
Scattering seeds for future growth,
My work is, best of all, a pleasure
And duty both.

APRIL.

You love *me* best ; each frown that lowers,
Each tear that courses from my face.
Serves but to better sue the flowers,
The earth to grace.

Pleasure from pain must largely borrow ;
Each kingdom, separate, is small ;
Joy rules but with a crown of sorrow.

FATHER TIME.

I love you all.

MAY.

With gentle sighs, on tiptoe creeping,
I woo her who has silent lain,
And Beauty, who has long been sleeping.
Awakes again.

She touches Earth, to make things worthless,
Worthy at touch of her caress—
To meet her kisses—sweets now birthless
Their life confess.

JUNE.

You love *me* best ; each throbbing hour
Leaps through my pulse a burning stream—
An ecstasy of living power—
A luscious dream.

Eternity were feeble measure,
A love of life does so enthral,
Viewed through my garland haze of pleasure.

FATHER TIME.

I love you all.

JULY.

My lazy days sail on as slowly
As vessels on my breezeless sea,
Borne with the wind of fancy solely
And memory.

With thing that are, things wished, not granted,
Are forged in thought a linked chain,
Till castellated realms enchanted
Spring from the brain.

AUGUST.

The æolian harp of summer flying,
My loving breezes play upon ;
The few notes left are like the sighing
Of dying swan.

Those days of joy, whose mocking fleetness
Woo to pursuit with greater zest.
Have more intoxicating sweetness
Than all the rest.

SEPTEMBER.

You love *me* best ; the happy chorus
Sung by the gatherers of grain,
Echoes from golden fields before us
And laden wain.

From lip to heart the song is creeping ;
Most welcome does the promise fall ;
Reward of labor each is reaping.

FATHER TIME.

I love you all.

OCTOBER.

With gorgeous hours, rainbow-tinted,
Fattened by harvests plenteous,
Nature, alike with man, unstinted,
Grows generous.

The many hopes that youth arranges,
Green, unripened in the days of old,
Become, through fulfilled crimson changes,
At last the gold.

NOVEMBER.

My days are such, their sparkle missing,
Your pulsing blood must sluggish flow ;
The balmy breath of summer kissing
The lips of snow.

Each buoyant spirit, gayly robbing,
Plunders the skies of loveliness ;
And every heart is warmly throbbing
With thankfulness.

DECEMBER.

You love *me* best ; my shadows lengthened,
Dim not the glory of these festal times,
When harmony of good is strengthened
By Christmas chimes.

"Peace on the earth," peals forth the singing ;
Man's deed and song are rhythmic then ;
While in each heart a God is ringing
"Good will to men."

(*They whisper together and look toward December.*)

JANUARY.

I yield my claim to thee, December.

FEBRUARY.

I yield mine, too.

MARCH.

And mine.

APRIL.

And mine.

MAY.

Thy spirit breathes, we should remember,
The love divine.

JUNE.

Thy right is mighty.

JULY.

Never falter.

AUGUST.

Thy Christmas gladness be thy key

SEPTEMBER.

To ope love's holiest place ;

OCTOBER.

An altar,

NOVEMBER.

A sacristy.

CHORUS TO DECEMBER.

We love thee best, sweet sister dearest ;
Be thou our queen in heart of Him
Whose praise we chant in anthems clearest,
Like seraphim.

For love of thee, each brings those hours
Most blest to her ; with yours entwine,
And place them all, a wreath of flowers,
Upon your shrine.

CHORUS TO FATHER TIME.

Confess thy love—we are not jealous—
To her thy preference should fall.
Our best beloved is thine? *Oh! tell us!*

FATHER TIME (*radiantly*).

I LOVE YOU ALL.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ONE morning Lady Flanders, enveloped in a dressing-gown bought at a bazaar in Damascus, which made her look like the Grand Vizier in the Arabiar. Nights, knocked at the room which her guest, Mrs. Lancaster was occupying. Marion, who had not yet finished her toilet, opened the door, and Lady Flanders stalked in. She merely nodded a good morning, and did not at once explain the reason of this early visitation. With her hands behind her, she began to pace slowly up and down the room, her head bent and her shaggy brows drawn together: altogether rather an appalling spectacle. At length she halted, felt in the pocket of her caftan for her snuff-box, and not finding it there, sniffed, rubbed her nose, and went up to Marion, who had resumed the combing of her hair which the entrance of her ladyship had interrupted.

"How is your health this morning, my dear?" she demanded, scowling down upon her.

"I thank you; much as usual," replied Marion apathetically.

"Nonsense! You are not well at all: you're as pale and peaked as a charity-school girl!" returned the old lady testily. "You haven't improved at all since you came to my house, Mrs. Lancaster: and yet I've paid you every attention. I'm displeased at it!"

"You have been most kind to me, and I—" began Marion; but the other interrupted her with a peremptory gesture.

"You are altogether in the wrong, Mrs. Lancaster," she exclaimed, "and you should have discernment enough to be aware of it. I have shown you no kindness whatever: 'tis a thing I never do any one; I have simply pleased myself, as I always do: and 'tis as likely as not I have got you and your husband into a precious scrape, only for the gratification of my own antipathies. I have always abominated that little devil of a Marquise Desmoines, and I was determined to let her know it! That is the whole secret of the matter!"

"I shall not alter my opinion, madam," returned Marion with a smile, "and I can never forget the sympathy and protection you have given me. But I am unhappy: and I feel, now, that I did wrong to come here. I should have stayed at home with my mother."

"This is assurance, upon my honor! Where are your manners, ma'am? Pray, is my house not good enough for you?" But, having made these inquiries in a haughty and fierce way, the great lady suddenly took Marion in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I am an old fool, my dear," said she, sitting down with a disconsolate air, and crossing one leg over the other. "I'm not fit to be trusted alone any more. My likings and my dislikings both get me into trouble. I fell in love with you the minute I set eyes on you. For fifty years, at least, I have been ashamed of being a woman, and tried all I could to act as if I were a man—doing as men do, and thinking men's thoughts—or, at any rate, talking as if I thought them. And now, since I met you, I only wish I were more a woman than I am! My dear, you are the finest creature that ever stood in petti-

coats, and nobody is good enough for you. And when I fancied that that Philip of yours didn't appreciate the prize he had won—which, if he were the best man alive, he couldn't deserve—it made me so angry that I could have cut that handsome white throat of his from one ear to the other. And as if that wasn't enough, he must accuse you of improper behavior—"

"It was my own fault, Lady Flanders," said Marion, interrupting. "I'm sure I behaved very badly, and when I wouldn't tell him what I had been doing, I think he did quite right to be angry. I would ask him to forgive me, if he were here."

"Don't cry, my dear, it doesn't suit your character, and you only do it because you're weak and worn out, and God knows I don't wonder at it! As to asking him to forgive you, you would do no such thing—don't tell me!—until you were convinced he had done nothing to be forgiven for. And now," continued her ladyship, again diving into her pocket after the absent snuff-box, "I've come to tell you that I've begun to think he may not have been quite so bad as I thought. Mind—I know nothing more yet: I only make an inference. You know I pounced down upon that clever little wretch, the Marquise; and from her manner, and some things she said, my suspicions about her and that husband of yours were rather confirmed than disconcerted. So, rather than have you left alone in your house for people to snigger at, I persuaded you to come to me for a few days, until we could know exactly how matters stood. Poor child! You were in a state of mind not to care what became of you; and when I met your husband, that same afternoon, I had half a—"

"You met him, Lady Flanders? You never told me that!" exclaimed Marion, looking up and flushing.

"I know I didn't: why should I? I had no doubt he was on the way to that Marquise; and it was the next day, as I tell you, that I pounced down on her. Well, then . . . you shouldn't interrupt me, my dear; and—I wish you'd touch that bell: I think I must have left my snuff-box on my dressing-table."

The box was brought, and her ladyship took a copious pinch and proceeded. "Last night I heard something that disturbed and surprised me a good deal, and the source it came from was unimpeachable. I saw Mr. Merton Fillmore, and he told me that Madame Desmoines is going to bring an action against Mr. Lancaster to recover the money Mr. Grantley left him. At first I didn't believe it, but he was quite serious, and said that he was her solicitor in the matter. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself;—but 'tis no use scolding men like him, they only bow and grin, and that's an end of it! I asked him why she hadn't claimed it before, and he tried to make up some nonsense about her having only just received proof that she was entitled to it. I told him it was a scandalous piece of business, and that he ought to have known better than to let himself be mixed up in it; and that I didn't believe the case had a leg to stand on. But between you and me, my dear, I shouldn't wonder if that particular kind of thieving that they call legal justice was on her side; and I fear there may be danger. But what

I was going to say is, that if she is actually setting to work to ruin your husband, it doesn't look much as if they were in love with each other, does it?"

Marion clasped her hands together softly in her lap, and her eyes shone. A long sigh breathed from her lips, which smiled tremulously.

"Aye, aye," said Lady Flanders, sighing also, and scowling, "I know how it is! You are feeling happier than if I'd just told you you'd been made heiress of all the money in the Bank of England: and by-and-by, as soon as you're able to think of anything else but Philip, you'll turn round and fly into a terrible passion with me, because I misled you about him. But upon my honor, my dear, it was only your dignity and welfare I was thinking of. And mind you, this may be nothing but a blind, after all."

"No," said Marion, in a tender, preoccupied tone: "it is true; I am sure of it. I have been the wicked one. If he will only forgive me!"

"Never tell a person of my age and character that you are wicked," said Lady Flanders dryly; "it is not in good taste, for it makes 'em wonder what the Recording Angel will call them. As to forgiving you, if he were here, and didn't—"

"Do you know where he is?" exclaimed Marion, springing up. "Is he in the house? Oh, Lady Flanders, is he—"

"My dear, I don't know where he is, any more than you do: but there's no doubt he will be found soon enough, and I hope the lesson he's had will have done him good. Meantime, there's another matter to attend to. Your good mother, Mrs. Lockhart, you know—we arranged that she should be told nothing of all this trouble; and I gave her to understand, when I took you away, that you and your husband were going into the country to visit the Earl, and 'twas uncertain when you'd be back. Now, I got a letter from her this morning, saying that this was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and she wanted to spend it in the old house at Hammersmith. She was going to set out this forenoon; and it occurred to me it might be a good thing if you went with her. As your husband will probably turn up during the next few days, you would probably prefer to meet him in her company rather than in mine."

"Yes, yes," murmured Marion, who had already begun hurriedly to complete her toilet: "I will be ready in a few minutes. Yes, that will be best . . . Oh, I thank God! I could not have gone on living: but now, even if he doesn't forgive me, I am happy."

"I shall contrive so as to see him before you do," said her ladyship; "and after I've done with him, the only person he won't be ready to forgive will be me! Oh, 'tis just as well you both should have somebody to abuse, and I shall answer the purpose as well as anybody else. 'Tis about all an old hag like me is good for. Well, if you are going, I shall go with you, and deliver you safe into your mother's hands: and probably there'll have to be some lying done, when she asks where Philip is; and I'm a better hand at that than you are. You've no idea what experience I have had!"

Here the old lady chuckled rather cynically, and wrapping her caftan around her, stalked out of the room. Marion, left to herself, quickly went about her preparations, singing to herself at intervals, and moving with a lighter step and heart than she had known for many days. The old house at Hammersmith! It seemed like going home for the first time since the honeymoon. It was there that her first happiness had

come to her; and if Heaven ever permitted her to be happy again, it ought to happen there. All this fever of wealth and fashionable society was as a dream that is past: freshness and sanity had returned with the morning.

Lady Flanders, with the promptness of an old campaigner, who knows how to concentrate hours into minutes when there is need for it, was ready almost as soon as Marion, and the two immediately set forth for the Lancasters' house in her ladyship's big carriage, with the coachman in front and the footman behind in pig-tails and silk stockings. They arrived just as Mrs. Lockhart was about to depart. She greeted them with her usual gentle serenity.

"My dear daughter," she said, embracing Marion, "your trip to the country has done you good. She has a fine color, has she not, Lady Flanders? though I think she is a little thin. This city life is very trying: I used to find it so before I married your dear father. But no doubt 'tis different when you have your husband to go into society with you. A happy marriage is the best health preserver in the world. Has Philip come back too? Will he come out with us?"

"Your son-in-law, madam," said Lady Flanders, before Marion could command her voice or open her mouth, "is detained, I believe, but very probably he may join you before you return. Madam, that gown suits you admirably; and I can scarce believe, when I look at you, that so many years have passed since you were the toast of Bath."

Hereupon the lovely Fanny Pell of the last century flushed with innocent pleasure, and the color showed through the cheeks of the gentle widow of Major Lockhart: and the difficulty about Philip was evaded for the present. After a little more conversation, Mrs. Lockhart proposed that, as the day was fine, Lady Flanders should accompany them as far as Hammersmith, and perhaps lunch with them there; and in the afternoon she might drive back in time to keep her engagement to dine at Lord Croftus'. Marion added her entreaty to those of her mother: and her ladyship, doubtless perceiving that her presence would be a protection for Marion against the guileless inquisition of Mrs. Lockhart, who was as likely to prattle about Philip and the delights of a happy marriage as about anything else, consented; and the whole party got into the carriage, and rolled away on gently-swaying springs. The brief winter sunshine shown along the streets, throwing the shadow of the tall vehicle behind them; and the pedestrians on the sidewalks stepped out briskly, for the air was crisp and bright. Christmas was not far off, and its jovial influence was already felt. The long year, with all its happiness and its misery, its failure and its success, was drawing to a close; and for the bulk of mankind, the cheerfuller side of life seemed, on the whole, to have come uppermost. Marion, as she gazed out of the window of the carriage (while her mother and Lady Flanders chatted about the London of forty years ago), meditated over all which this year had brought her of good and evil: and tried to determine with herself whether, taking the good and the evil together, she would have wished this year omitted from her life. At first, with the remembrance of recent pain and suffering still fresh within her, and the future still so uncertain and clouded, she thought that it would have been better for her if she had died that day that she saw Philip and Mr. Grant enter the gate of the old house in Hammersmith, and knock at the door. But when she began to recall more in detail all the events that had happened, she thought that, for so much happiness, all

the pain was not too dear a price to pay. There was the picture in her memory of Philip telling them how he had cared for Major Lockhart, on the field of Waterloo: his voice had been tremulous as he told it, and his eyes had met hers with a sympathy so manly and so honest that her heart went out to meet it. Then had ensued that period when she withdrew herself from him, as it were, and was harsh and cold, from the untamed maidenhood that had divined its danger, and blindly sought to preserve itself at any cost. But oh! how sweet it had been to feel, day by day, that the struggle was in vain! What fear, what joy, what self-distrust, what hope, what secret tears! And then, that summer ride to Richmond, with Philip at her side; the banter, the laughter, the betraying tones and looks, the swelling tenderness that drowned resistance; and at last, the touch of hands, and the few words that meant so much! Surely, to have lived through such a day might compensate for many a day of pain.

Besides, the season of outward coldness and suspended confidence that had followed this, had been founded on nothing real, and had vanished at the first touch of reality. On that black night when she and Philip groped their way through midnight ways to avert, if it might be, the peril so mysteriously foreshadowed. Their spirits touched and recognized each other, and the terror of the crisis had only made the recognition more deep and firm. On that tragic night, love had avouched himself greater than all tragedy and sorrow; more true than they, and, unlike them, eternal. The flower of this love had she and Philip plucked, and had breathed its immortal fragrance. So much the year had brought her.

But then Marion fell to thinking about the months that had since elapsed, and the significance of their story. And the more she meditated, the more clearly did it appear to her that she, and not Philip, had been to blame. For why had she refused the legacy? From jealousy of Philip. But was her jealousy just? It had been a fancy merely, a vague suspicion, founded upon hints half understood and whimsically exaggerated. A woman who is loved has no right to say, "Because another woman is more beautiful or brilliant than I, therefore my husband will care more for her than he does for me." For love is the divine Philosopher's Stone, which transfigures that which it touches; and, for the lover, there is a beauty in his mistress before which the splendor of Helen of Troy or the Egyptian Cleopatra seem but as dust. And let her beware lest she so far vulgarize the dignity of love as to make it one with her own estimate of herself. As justly might the Song that Solomon sang rate its worth at that of the material forms and substances whereby it was conveyed from his mind to ours. As regarded Philip, moreover, how could he, being innocent of that which she suspected, have done otherwise than he did? For him to have yielded, would have been to acknowledge himself vulnerable. And again, what justification could she plead for the dissipated and reckless life she had led since the difference of opinion between Philip and herself? None, none! It had been the ungenerous revenge which, to requite open defeat, goes about to rob the victor of the comfort of his victory. Still less defensible was this last act of hers, to which the present disastrous state of things was immediately due. To gain an end which she had ostensibly given up, she had put herself in a predicament fairly open to the worst interpretation; and then, when her husband had demanded the explanation which was his right, she had defiantly refused to give it. When a woman like Marion begins to be repentant and forgiv-

ing, she allows herself no limits; and by the time the carriage had reached Hammersmith, Marion was disposed to consider herself the most reckless and culpable of wives, and Philip the most injured and long-suffering of husbands. But where, alas! was Philip, that she might tell him so?

They turned down the well-remembered little side street, and in another minute the carriage had drawn up before the iron gate, to which, so long ago and yet so recently, Marion had fastened the card with "To Let" written on it, which had been the means of bringing her and Philip together. The footman jumped down, opened the carriage door, and let down the steps; he assisted Mrs. Lockhart to alight, and gave her his arm up the walk. Marion followed with Lady Flanders. The old house looked forlorn, though a care-taker had been left in charge of it; the windows were dull and bare; the cedar of Lebanon had scattered its dry needles over the path and grass-plot; the knocker was tarnished, the footscraper red with dust. The footman lifted the knocker to rap; but before the stroke sounded, the door was opened from within.

Marion heard her mother give a little exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and then say something, in words she did not distinguish. She raised her eyes languidly: but the broad back of the liveried footman intercepted her view. Lady Flanders, however, whose vision was not thus obstructed, gave a start, and cried out, "Why, d— him, there he is!"

The footman's back disappeared, and in its place Marion's gaze absorbed the vision of a tall dark figure, a white face, black, exploring eyes, disheveled hair,—all suddenly kindled up and vivified by a flash of poignant delight. She remained standing erect on the lower step, and, without removing her wide, breathless gaze, she slowly raised her hands, and clasped them together against her heart.

"Mr. Lancaster," said Lady Flanders, in a high, sharp tone, "help your wife into the house. can't you! she's feeling faint. You ought to be more careful how you play off your surprises on a woman in her condition. Why didn't you let us know you were going to be here? Come, Mrs. Lockhart," she added, seizing the latter by the arm and drawing her in-doors, "let us get up stairs and take off our bonnets. That's the way with these young married people! They can't meet after a separation of twelve hours without going into such heroic and ecstasies as would make one think they had been dead and returned to life again, at least! Leave 'em to themselves, and perhaps in half an hour they'll be able to recognize our existence."

In this way the wise old woman of the world, who had comprehended the situation at a glance, at once parried whatever inconvenient inquiries Mrs. Lockhart might have made, and afforded an opportunity to Philip and Marion to enjoy their explanation and reconciliation in private, away from the inspection of footmen and other ignorant and inquisitive persons. When she got up stairs, and before she removed her bonnet, she took out a large silk pocket-handkerchief, and blew her nose; and for some time made no articulate rejoinder to the serene little observations which Mrs. Lockhart kept offering.

"How did you happen to be here, my dearest?" said Marion, in the course of the interview. "Did you know we were coming?"

"I have been here for several days, I believe," answered Philip: "I hardly know how long, or when the days begun or ended. I did not know where to look for

you, darling, and it seemed most natural to come here, where we loved each other first."

"Oh, my Philip! and were you thinking I was wicked all that time?"

"No, thank God! I don't think I ever seriously believed that. But one day, before I came here, I saw Tom Moore; he came up to me, and said he wanted to say something to me in private. So we walked across the park, and pretty soon I found that he was talking about you. From that moment I remember every word he uttered. 'Mr. Lancaster,' he said, 'you'll do me the credit to believe that I'm a man of honor and a gentleman, and the good name of a lady is sacred to me. I have admired and revered Mrs. Lancaster since first I had the honor to be in her presence; and though, to be sure, 'twas mighty small notice she ever took of me, my nature is not so petty that a slight to my vanity can obscure my judgment or dim my perception.' Then he went on to tell me all about meeting you at Vauxhall, and what a state of excitement you were in, and how he hurried you out of sight, and put you into a carriage, and then went and got Sir Francis; and how you all drove to the inn in Pimlico, and afterwards how he saw you safe home with your maid. Then he said that tortures would never have unsealed his lips on the subject: but he had learned that, in some way, a rumor had got abroad that you were seen there. Whereupon he had deemed it due to his honor as a gentleman, as well as to his consciousness of integrity and innocence, to come to me at once, in a frank and manly way, and give me to know at first hand all there was to be known of the matter. It was very eloquent and chivalrous," added Philip, "and at any other time I might have laughed: as it was, I just thanked him, and we bowed to each other and parted; and I came here."

"It seems like coming up out of the grave," said

Marion, musingly. "And now, my poor Philip, after all our quarreling and trouble, what do you think has happened? The Marquise is going to sue for your money; and Lady Flanders says she's afraid the law may give it to her."

"Will the Marquise do that?" said Philip, arching his eyebrows.

"So Merton Fillmore says: and he is to conduct her case."

"Well," said Philip, beginning to smile, "she could not have done anything that pleases me better; for I have gained much wisdom since I saw you last, and am as anxious to be rid of that burden as ever you were. So, if you agree, my darling, we'll give her the twenty thousand pounds, without putting her to the trouble to sue for it: for there's only one kind of wealth worth having, and that is what I have been enjoying ever since I caught sight of you on the doorsteps."

"But, Philip, you know we have spent ever so much money on that miserable house in town. What are we to do about that? for the money from 'Iduna' will not be enough to pay it."

"Why, that is all right, too," said Philip, laughing: "for, though I had forgotten it till this moment, Lord Seabridge, who is not expected to live more than a week, said when I saw him the other day that he put five thousand pounds in his will for me, 'just to buy my wife a present.' We can pay our debts with that, and still have a few hundreds left to begin life again in this old house." He put his arm round her waist, and added, looking down at her, "You won't object to my receiving that legacy, will you?"

"Oh, Philip!" said Marion, with a long sigh, hiding her face on his shoulder; "I wish . . . I think . . . I hear my mother and Lady Flanders coming down stairs!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO WOOINGS.

In a garden sweet with roses,
Mused a maid one summer day,
Dreaming 'mid the bloom and fragrance
Of the years long passed away.

"In this very garden olden,
I have heard my mother say,
Did my grandsire, proud and stately,
Woo a maiden fair and gay.
Gay and fair, my girlish grand-dame
(I have seen her pictured face).
Pure and sweet as any lily,
With a dainty, old-time grace.
He, so tall and grand and stately,
Powdered hair and quaint attire;—
Yet beneath the garb of manhood
Beat a heart of youthful fire.
And he wooed in courtly phrases,
Murmured low on bended knee.
Like a true and loving subject—
Like a royal princess she.
Scarce he dared, with humble fervor,
Press her dainty finger-tips;
Lower bent his head, and lower,
When he raised them to his lips.
Ah, so grand that old-time wooing,
Timid glance and bended knee!"

"Thus" (so ran her gentle musings)

"Must my lover kneel to me."

In the garden as she lingered.

Dreaming dreams as maidens will.

Down the leafy walks there sounded
Steps that made her pulses thrill.

And a youth of modern aspect,

With a manner debonnaire,
Came with words of careless greeting,
Sought the nearest garden chair.
And he chatted of the weather,
Praised the garden, plucked a rose;
Likened it to her in beauty—
Fairest, sweetest flower that grows.

Not a trace of awe or homage
On his frank and happy face;
Yet the maiden read his purpose
'Neath his mien of careless grace.

"Oh, his heart is true and tender!

Sweet the tale he has to tell!

And" (so ran her happy musing)

"Sure am I he loves me well."

Does he kneel, this modern lover?

Press her dainty finger-tips?

Ah! instead he clasps her closely,

Boldly kisses willing lips;

Eagerly, with eyes love-lighted,

Gazes on her blushing face;

Calls her dearest, best and fairest,

Praises every tender grace.

"Stately was my grandsire's wooing,

On that olden summer day!

Yet" (thus runs her guileless musing)

"Sweeter far the modern way."

ADA E. ROCKWELL.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR

DAWSON FOX was about to return to Skendoah. It was a long time since he had gone forth, a sturdy child of poverty, to do a man's work and win a name for himself that he might come back and woo pretty Mattie Ermendorf to share his labor and his fame. It was twenty-five years and more since he had learned that the dream of his youth was not to be fulfilled. The little hamlet had never missed the barefoot boy who went away; and it listened with something of wonder and a little self-gratulation to the sermon of the high-browed earnest-eyed young man who had returned. And now again the thriving town that had grown up where had been only the "Drovers' Wayside Home" and the few straggling houses of the old-time corners was about to honor itself by reclaiming an interest in a long-lost son. The town was full of it. The dead walls were placarded with it, and the village newspaper, edited by a man who had come to the village hardly a year before, teemed with glowing accounts of the "gifted and eloquent son of Skendoah," who was said to be "remembered with peculiar pride and affection by all our old citizens." The "old citizens" were very numerous, too, considering what the town had been before Harrison Kortright had restored the lost lake Memmona, and turned its prisoned powers upon the dripping wheels below. Dawson Fox was in everybody's mouth. Almost every man and woman in whose hair there showed a thread of silver, was sure to have some memory of the returning celebrity, or at least some tradition derived from the specially intimate associates of his youth. Men stopped each other on the street to tell tales of his boyhood. Laborers in the factories allowed their machines to run idly on while they talked of the returning prodigy. This is what the handbills said of him:

BLEEDING KANSAS!

A MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF SKENDOAH
WILL BE HELD AT

KORTRIGHT HALL

NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT,

TO TESTIFY OUR SYMPATHY

AND

DEVISE MEANS FOR SENDING AID

TO THE

SETTLERS IN KANSAS, WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM THE
RAVAGES OF BORDER-RUFFIAN HORDES,
WHO SEEK TO

DRIVE EVERY FREEMAN FROM HER BORDERS.

Hon. Harrison Kortright will preside. Rev. Dawson Fox, the

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celebrated Orator and Missionary, who is known as the "Apostle of Freedom" in Kansas, where he has labored unceasingly for three years, will address the meeting. The distinguished orator is a native of Skendoah, and will be warmly welcomed in his former home, where he has never been forgotten.

The company of emigrants who have been fitted out from Skendoah and vicinity will leave on Thursday. They will be accompanied to the station by a grand procession of all the citizens who favor Free Speech, Free Labor, Free Soil and Free Kansas. Their outfit is not quite as complete as is desirable, but every man has his Sharpe's rifle and plenty of ammunition.

The water will be shut off at 12 o'clock on Thursday, so that all may take part in this demonstration.

By order of the Committee.

Dawson Fox had been a missionary, and had labored faithfully among the people to whom he had been sent, but not with any notable success. All those who knew the man, and how he toiled in his distant field, wondered at this fact. His associates and superiors in the foreign mission work said, after a while, that he was a most brilliant and devoted man, but not suited to that work. It was suggested that he should marry, but it only excited a strange petulancy when he was urged to do so. At length labor and loneliness and the terrible climate brought him a release. His health was broken, and it was decided that only the homeward voyage and home scenes could effect a cure. He had not spent all these years pining for a lost and hopeless love. So he told himself, and he spoke truly when he said so. He was not the man to destroy himself with regret. Few men had ever studied as he had in the position he had occupied, but he had not forgotten. The long years of self-sacrifice and unceasing application, in which he had dreamed only of Mattie Ermendorf, had burned her image into his heart beyond all power of eradication. If he had won her he would have become a part of the world, for she would have led him into it. Without her, however, he was fitted only to be a hermit. His studies were a cell where only he and his love came in those years, and when his hope had died he hid there with his dead, which was more precious than all the living. He wrought in the learning of the land he was sent to enlighten, but came not near the hearts of its people, because his own heart was the sealed sepulchre of love.

When he returned he had half hoped that during his absence time might have wrought some miracle in his behalf; but when he sat at Jared Clarkson's hospitable board and heard from his lips of the prosperity that had fallen on Skendoah through the man who had married the woman he had loved, and learned that Paradise

Bay, now in the outskirts of a thrifty town, had been transformed into an elegant mansion, whose mistress was the good angel of every sorrowing heart within its busy limit, he simply said to himself, "It is well." He felt that the life he would have bound to his own had been made richer in blessing to them that needed, perhaps, and had no doubt been fuller of joy than if he had had his will. So he did not venture near to witness her joy, lest even then he should mar its completeness, but finding a work ready to his hand which ran with his inclination, he gave himself to it, as soon as restored health would permit, and for many years he had been one of the most noted of that class of peripatetic missionaries who were known as Abolition orators.

Of these there were two classes—men who had nothing else to do, and men who did little else. The former class too often became mere ranters, spouters for a single idea. Their sense of fitness and proportion was destroyed, and to their minds the world seemed swinging round a single thought. Dawson Fox was not only too large a man to be thus bounded and absorbed, and life had also brought to him too wide an outlook to permit such subjugation. He felt that the world was not all bounded by the nation whose travail had just begun, though he sincerely believed that here the question of individual liberty was to be fought out for all times and for all peoples. It was that portion of the great world-conflict that filled the present. It was to him also a part of that religion to the promotion of which he had been dedicated—the one element of Christianity which it was given unto our day and times to illustrate and construe for the edification of the ages. To him this idea was a part of a far greater whole. Liberty was a foundation-stone, but the edifice built above was far more worthy and beautiful than that on which it rested. Man was greater, in his eyes, than any of his attributes; God infinitely above the laws by Him ordained. To him the work of establishing freedom was only another form of missionary labor. In his view, religion was made for man, and not man for religion. He had been unable to do a laborer's part in one portion of the Lord's vineyard, but in that which he had now entered his powers had full play, and he found himself strengthened by knowledge and experience for the work. So, it was no wonder that the disappointed foreign missionary became famous as an advocate of liberty and a home missionary on the plains of Kansas. He had crossed its border almost with the first settlers, drawn thither by that fine instinct of its strategic importance in the great conflict, that so often seems more like prophecy than forecast in natures that are strung to a higher pitch of observation than the common herd. Regardless of sect, he had constituted himself at once a pastor of the scattered people, keeping alive, at the same time, the spirit of religion and of liberty in their hearts. He had shared their dangers and sufferings, and had more than once been their emissary to the rich and populous East, whose outpost they defended.

More than once had Mr. Kortright, meeting him at various assemblies of this character, sought to induce him to revisit the home of his boyhood; but it had been in vain. The large-hearted, busy-brained manufacturer had no suspicion of the reason why. He had something more than mere regard for this man of a double life. They had been boys together—not exactly playmates in any familiar sense, but they had known each other—and he fully realized the disadvantages under which Dawson Fox had labored, and honored the success he had achieved. Strangely enough, he did not stop to measure it by any material standard. Perhaps strong natures

rarely do. The fact of success is of more weight with the man who has wrought his own way upward than the mere accident of wealth. Dawson Fox had succeeded; so had Harrison Kortright, and they two, in a sense, towered alone above those with whom they had played and fought and with whom they had been wont to compare themselves in the old days. It mattered not that one was rich and the other poor. Both had honored the native soil, and each was willing to accord to the other the meed of credit for his exertion and success. The magnate of Skendoah was no aristocrat. No man had ever accused him of that; but he must have been more or less than human not to have been proud of himself and his work. In a single decade he had transformed the silent hamlet into a busy city. Lake Memnona was his monument—his appeal to the ages—the attestation of his manhood. His life before that had been nothing. So he said, and so every one else believed, forgetful that it is in silence and repose that Nature ripens her best fruits. The years of silence had been years of growth with him. He did not know it; yet he regarded with peculiar pleasure whatever there was of worth and value in those years. The friends of that time were of especial delight to him now. One by one he had found a place for several of them in connection with his various enterprises, and all regarded him still as "the Squire." They said of him—everybody who knew him—that old Kortright had not forgotten what he had come up from. It was a mistake. He was simply unconscious that he had come up. He felt his later life to be no better or worthier than his early manhood. It was only broader and stronger—that was all. The people who wrought with him were not beneath him. They were not his work-people, but his neighbors. The little church had grown in size but not in magnificence. Kortright's Hall, as the people had insisted that it should be called, was the property of the citizens and for their use. All sorts of gatherings were held here in which the citizens or any considerable number of them were interested. Its platform was free. Its seats were free, unless the people by a free ballot put a price thereon for any specific purpose.

It was here that he desired to welcome Dawson Fox, and with that purpose, in order both to gratify the expected guest and his old friends, he had procured the committee to be made up of men whose names he believed the orator would still remember. Among these were our old friend Shields, still the positive, independent, keen-minded farmer, whose estate had felt the impetus of Skendoah's growth until he was now, in his later years, a man of affluence; and Van Wormer, the stirring head of a valuable business that the waters of Lake Memnona had brought into life.

"It's a pity," said Shields, running his hand over the thin, gray hairs that framed his sharp features on either side, when they had met to draft the letter of invitation—"it's a pity old 'Squire Ritner ain't here to take a part in this. It's my notion that he's about the only one that had any special liking for Dawson when he was a ragged boy round here. He did take to him, and I guess he helped him arter he left here."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Kortright, "but there never was a man more likely to do another a good turn than Ritner. We lost a man when we buried him."

"That we did," said Shields. "I've heard him talk about Dawson more'n once since he began to make a figger in the world, and it was easy to see he'd always had a high opinion of him."

"He was always ahead of all the rest of us in finding

out good things to be done," said Kortright, with a sigh.

"Except in finding water-power," laughed Van Wormer, with his old propensity to tease.

"Well," said Kortright, "Josiah Ritner wasn't the sharpest man in findin' pennies or dollars that's ever been within a hundred miles of Skendoah, but I've never met a man that knew quite so well how to use 'em. The time was, gentlemen, when that man took me out of about the worst rut I ever got into."

"How was that?" asked Van Wormer.

"Well, you know, I wasn't exactly used to handling as much money as I had to use in starting these things, and I was pretty nervous about the outcome for a time. I worked mighty hard for a year or two, and didn't think of much else day in and day out, till the factories were up and everything running as smooth and easy as water through a pine 'trunk.' Then the habit had got so fastened onto me that I never thought of giving attention to anything else. One day 'Squire Ritner came into the office, and as I was too busy to talk he just sat and watched me for an hour or so. We'd always been fast friends, but I should think it had been two years since we'd said much more'n 'How d'ye do?' in passing. After a while we were alone a minute and the 'Squire came up and put his hand on my shoulder in that sort of petting way he had with everybody, you know, and said:

"Seems to me, Kortright, you're a' forgittin' that you ain't nothing but a trustee."

"I never was so scared in my life, for I thought he'd got hold of something I didn't care about being known; but when I looked up I saw his meaning at once. I got up and took his hand and shook it as if he'd been my brother, as he surely was, and said, 'So I had, 'Squire, but I promise you I won't any more.'"

"Oh, ho!" said Shields, with a twinkle in his eye, "that's what Mis Kortright laughs about yet as your 'second conversion,'—eh?"

"Exactly. I bought a new span of horses and a new carriage, and went home at four o'clock and took her out riding. It was about the first time I'd done such a thing since our courting days, too."

Kortright laughed at the recollection, and it was evident that his friends understood what his "second conversion" meant.

"And, by the way," said Shields, "that reminds me that Ritner once told me that Fox took it very much to heart, your marryin' Mattie Ermendorf."

"Crossed in love, eh?" said Van Wormer gleefully. "Well, well, Squire, I had no idea you were bringing an old rival back here to exult over his misfortune."

"Sho, sho," said Kortright, with a little impatience, but with the hint of a blush on his fine, honest face. "That is just one of Shields' jokes."

"Not a bit on't," said Shields, combing his thin locks with his hand; "it's what Ritner told me—and told it in dead earnest, too."

"Why, man," said Kortright, with an amused smile. "Dawson Fox hadn't been in Skendoah for years before we were married. I don't 'spose he'd seen Mattie since she was a little girl."

"That's jest what Ritner said," persisted Shields. "He said they were great cronies as boy and gal, and he'd set his heart on marryin' her before he went away to school, an' he was mightily broke down when he come back arterwards an' found matters all arranged for her to marry you."

"He did come back just before we were married," said Kortright musingly.

"Jest so, jest so," said Shields. "I thought Ritner wa'n't likely to be very far out of the way on't. He wasn't given to talking what he didn't know about."

Kortright's head dropped thoughtfully upon his breast. A new light had come into his mind. The cryptomerias that still flanked the pathway to his door; his wife's tender care of them; the fact that she had scarcely spoken of Dawson Fox, notwithstanding his own eulogies, all confirmed this story of an early attachment between them.

"I declare, Mr. Shields," said Van Wormer, with a wink toward Kortright, and a shrug of his shoulders meant as a rebuke to Shields for his indiscretion, "I believe you've made the 'Squire jealous."

"Tain't possible," said Shields in surprise, for the first time realizing that it was possible.

"Poor fellow," said Kortright, looking up and smiling gravely at their banter; "poor fellow! I know what he lost, gentlemen, and can't but think how lonesome the years would have been if I had been in his place and he in mine."

There was a tender light in his eye as he spoke, and his lips trembled even as he smiled. The knowledge of this romantic episode in her life clothed the wife of his bosom only with a tenderer reverence. How had he been blessed in her love, while this other better man, this brilliant orator, who had sought it, had been left empty-hearted in the world! The man was too brave and self-forgetful to feel a twinge of pain or have a hint of jealousy.

"We must do all the more," he continued, "to make him feel that we haven't forgotten him. That is, if he will come. I'm afraid he won't; but if he does we'll give him such a welcome as a man don't often get when he comes back to a place he hasn't been in three days since he was a boy."

"Well," said Shields sentimentally, "you know there ain't many such men as he."

"Nor many such as 'Squire Kortright," said Van Wormer with a peculiar warmth.

"Oh, of course," said Shields, with a reproachful earnestness that brought a laugh from both the others.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Kortright; "but we are not getting on with our business. You just write the letter, Van Wormer, and we will sign it—if it suits us."

The letter was written more than once, and finally sent on its way. When Harrison Kortright met his wife, an hour afterwards, there was a soft light in his eyes and a tenderness that astonished the good woman as he put his arm about her waist and kissed her still fair lips. It was a most lover-like scene that followed, when he told her all that he had heard, and listened to its confirmation from her lips. They were old lovers, and married lovers, too, whom our modern analysts of the human heart count only worthy of sneers and jests; but it was really beautiful to the angel eyes that looked down on Paradise Bay that afternoon and saw the wife, in whom the romantic girl had never died, who had hungered all the years of her married life for the blandishments and caresses of love, cast herself into her husband's arms, kiss the pale, worn face, fondle the gray whiskers tenderly, and declare how she had been blessed above all other women in his fervent devotion. She was a silly old woman, he a weak, feeble old man, whose step still betrayed the touch of disease; yet methinks it were a prettier picture and better to look upon than if love had not been there. It certainly cannot be counted artistic in our modern sense, because there was nothing vile or degrading in it. However, that night

there went out from Skendoah another missive to Dawson Fox, full of the fragrance of the girl-love of long ago, which, though it had never ripened into woman-love in the heart of Mattie Ermendorf, had never faded from the memory of Martha Kortright.

In answer to both missives Dawson Fox had said "Yes," and on the morrow he was to come, to be for two days a guest at Paradise Bay, and then to speak at the great meeting to be held in aid of "Bleeding Kansas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSEHOLD—VENTILATION AGAIN.

It is easy to make statements which are tacitly admitted by all, and as tacitly denied whenever practice and theory are compared. Weakened vitality we know as the immediate consequence of defective or vitiated air supply, but there is another consequence far more serious. Scrofula is likely to become fixed upon such constitutions—in milder cases as consumption, in severer ones as actual decay and destruction of bone and tissue. Even the good realized by living for hours in the open air is undone, or at least neutralized by sleeping in unventilated rooms at night. The greatest living authorities on lung diseases pronounce want of ventilation the chief cause of consumption, and more fatal than all other causes put together; and even when food, clothing and general habits are all unwholesome, free fresh air has been proved able and sufficient to counteract in great degree their evil effects.

In the country a compensating power is found in the balance ordained by Nature. The poison thrown off by us from lungs and body as carbonic acid gas is the food of all vegetation, which, absorbing it, returns us instead from every waving leaf or blade of vegetation the oxygen we must have. This same carbonic acid gas we are always told, being heavier than oxygen, sinks to the bottom of the room, and thus makes sleeping on the floor or in a very low bed—as for instance a trundle-bed—unhealthful.

The fact is, that heat lightens and expands it, and thus, being warmed in the body, it rises into the common air, and there is really more at the top than at the bottom of a room. But this gas is by no means the only cause of disease. From both lungs and skin matter is constantly thrown off and floats as germs in all foul air. And as any one long confined to close rooms shivers and shudders at any sudden current of air, taking cold at a breath, the question becomes: How shall we admit pure air yet avoid draughts? Night air is considered noxious, but what air is there to breathe at night if not night air? And as at night gas-jets or lamps are burning, their food the oxygen they love, it follows that instead of *less* we require a double supply.

There is but one mode of ventilation that will work always and without fail, and that is a warm-air flue, the upward heated current of which draws off all foul gases from the room. This, with an opening on the opposite side of the room for the admission of pure air, will secure the desired end. An even simpler way is to have ample openings, say from eight to twelve inches square, at the top and bottom of each room, opening into the chimney-flue. Then, even if there be only a stove in use, and not set-range or furnace, the flue can be heated by extending the stove-pipe some distance up inside the chimney, and the rising current of hot air will draw with it into the flue all the foul air in the room. This arrangement must, as has already been said, be completed by some opening for fresh air on the opposite side, a window lowered slightly from the top being better than nothing. If the stove-pipe be extended into the chimney, such extension had better be of cast-iron, as not only more durable but holding heat better than sheet-iron. If there is no fire in sleeping-rooms, then the chimney must be heated by pipes from some other fire.

"Fussy and expensive," you say. Perhaps so, but less fussy than the time and attention your sudden illness from bad air may call for, and certainly less expensive than doctors' bills. Cease to fear that night air holds some subtle poison. It is only colder and moister than day air, and an extra bed-covering does away with all danger. Once learn to sleep with open windows and it will be found that taking cold is impossible.

There are cases where long custom or extreme and most unfortunate delicacy of organization occasions great sensitiveness to cold. For such the best course is to have a board made the precise width of the window and five or six inches high. Raise the lower sash and slip this board under. An upward current of air will then pass between the two sashes and, at least in part, purify the room. Remember also that no cause for impure air must be allowed to exist. A vase of withered and forgotten flowers will poison a whole room. In cellar or closet a pile of refuse-vegetables, a decaying head of cabbage, a bone tossed aside, or a neglected garbage-box or pail, are all premiums on disease. Air and sunlight must search every corner and spotless cleanliness rule before the second essential in house and home is secured.

We have all heard the complaint from delicate women that "it takes till noon to get their strength up," and the statement holds tolerably convincing evidence that they slept in a hot and unventilated room. And we have found, too, that the child who went to bed content and rosy after a long day out of doors, often wakes up a little demon, bristling with naughtiness and determined not to be good. And for this state of things the anxious mother, who closed every crack from which air could come, is solely responsible. If life is shut out, death enters and rules, and daily habits mean life or death, both for body and soul.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Can the Household editor tell us what should be the standard weight and yield of eggs for the different varieties of fowls? We have just begun keeping them."—B. F. E., Orange, N.J.

Ans.—The *Country Gentleman*, a paper on which one may always depend, has lately done this, and we give their figures: Light Brahmas and partridge Cochins, eggs 7 to the pound; they lay, according to treatment and keeping, from 80 to 100 per annum, oftentimes more if kept well. Dark Brahmas, 8 to the pound, and about 70 per annum. Black, white and buff Cochins, 8 to the pound; 100 is a large yield per annum. Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound; lay 100 per annum. Houdans, 8 to the pound; lay 150 per annum; non-sitters. La Fleche, 7 to the pound; lay 130 per annum; non-sitters. Black Spanish, 7 to the pound; lay 150 per annum. Dominiques, 9 to the pound; lay 130 per annum. Games, 9 to the pound; lay 130 per annum. Crevecoeurs, 7 to the pound; lay 150 per annum. Leghorns, 9 to the pound; lay from 150 to 200 per annum. Hamburgs, 9 to the pound; lay 170 per annum. Polish, 9 to the pound; lay 150 per annum. Bantams, 16 to the pound; lay 60 per annum. Turkeys, eggs 5 to the pound; lay from 30 to 60 per annum. Ducks, eggs vary greatly with different species, but from 5 to 6 to the pound, and from 14 to 28 per annum, according to age and keeping. Geese, 4 to the pound; lay 20 per annum. Guinea, 11 to the pound; lay 60 per annum.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



Is it too much to hope that the legislature of the great State of New York, now in the first days of its annual session, will do something toward the preservation of Niagara Falls? The Dominion of Canada stands ready to meet any reasonable proposition half-way, and, through a judicious exercise of the "right of eminent domain," secure this stupendous natural spectacle against the encroachments of the avaricious, among whom it is intended to include hack-drivers, peddlers, motive-power men and all the rest. That the average legislator will feel a lively interest in this subject is not to be expected. If the Falls are to be saved, the work must be done by a few men thoroughly imbued with a love of the sublime in nature, and willing to exert themselves in its behalf. If Niagara and its vicinity were once redeemed and placed within the lines of a state or international park, it would not be an easy matter for speculators to regain control. At present, as is well known, it is impossible to get a view of the Falls without paying a fee, and every separate and successive view necessitates an additional *douceur* to some one. This state of things must continue while the adjacent property remains in private hands. Of course the state would be justified in charging for admission to its grounds if that were thought desirable, but the exasperating board screens would be done away and, under the care of state officers, much of the matchless beauty of the wooded shores could be restored. The motive-power schemers are more difficult to deal with. The argument concerning the waste forces of nature and the plea that the beautiful ought never to take precedence of the useful, has an unanswerable force with probably a large majority of voters. It will not do to ignore this preponderating public opinion, but it can be influenced, and the motive-power men can probably be, in a measure, satisfied by the adoption of some scheme approved by competent engineers which shall prevent the defacement of the banks in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, but which may, by means of sluice-ways, afford opportunity for experiment and enterprise at a safe distance below. It is worse than useless for enthusiasts to speak contemptuously of those who do not value Niagara for its own sake. Let them rather hug the comforting conviction of esthetic superiority in silence, and not arouse to active opposition a power which, after all, holds the whole matter in its hands.

A SAYING of Miss Christina Rossetti to the effect that "she does not *write* poems—they happen to her," is going the rounds of the papers, and the usual comment thereon is an intimation that her "happenings" would be more acceptable if they were more thoroughly worked out.

Possibly too many writers offer "unthought thoughts" to the public. A fine idea is all the finer for being well presented, and the best things we have in literature are undoubtedly the results of profound labor. So much do we hear of the care and painstaking used by our best writers that it really seems as though "genius is only great patience." To be sure, there are in the annals of literature many instances of very talented persons writing rapidly and carelessly, but this we are disposed to regret. It will hardly be considered heresy to say that we could wish Mrs. Browning had given more time to the telling of

her grand thoughts. Probably "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" would read more smoothly if two days, instead of one, had been spent upon it. Gray did not begrudge the time he gave to his little poems. Wasn't it twenty years he had the "Elegy" on hand? What a comfort it must have been to him when other articles were torn from him by a ruthless publisher, to have the "Elegy" to fall back upon! We can imagine him taking it out every year or so and touching it up here and there—altering a word, transposing a phrase, meditating the substitution of a new stanza for one not altogether pleasing to him. Very likely he occasionally went over to Stoke Pogis—isn't that the locality?—and prowled around there warming up his inspiration. No wonder he declined the laureateship. He knew if the royal family wanted anything done in a hurry he was not the man to do it. But his deliberate way of working produced poems perfect in design and execution. However, if every one worked in the same way it would be slow for the publishers, and the critics' occupation would be gone entirely, for what could the reviews do with faultless productions?

One sometimes speculates about our gems of literature, wondering what were the processes through which they passed before attaining their present forms, and did their authors have much trouble with them? Did Shakspeare have to search for rhyming words in writing his little songs?—his "Come unto these yellow sands," or "When daffodils begin to peer." Did Milton find it hard to get all his "Gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire," his cherubs, seraphs and demi-gods in their places? Did Irving, Hawthorne, Goldsmith, Macaulay alter, re-arrange and work hard over all those limpid or sparkling sentences that seem as if they had just run off the point of the pen without an effort on the part of any one?

We can hardly define the charm certain writings have for us. The books we read and re-read are those which fascinate us by their style rather than by the substance of their contents. Is it because we are particularly interested in the old-fashioned plays and actors of London, the defunct South-Sea House, the old benches of the Inner Temple, the *modern* art of eighty or ninety years ago that we read Lamb? Should we not read him if he had talked in the same charming way about anything else? Yet what a perfect enjoyment and delight it is when some masterly pen deals with a really important subject! What a matter of felicitation when one of these dear, brilliant, rich-toned writers enters the field of history or of science! There are, in these latter days particularly, instances of recondite subjects being popularized by writers of this description. It may be difficult to decide how far a clear yet glowing and picturesque style is "natural," and how much is the result of severe study; but no matter what the natural gifts may be, it will harm no writer to adopt and act upon the advice which Longfellow is said to have frequently given—"Always write your very best."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S novel will end in the next number of THE CONTINENT. Those who have followed the fortunes of the gifted Philip, the lovely Marion, the crabbed yet kindly Lady Flanders, and the beautiful,

heartless Perdita, will admit that Mr. Hawthorne has never given the world a story more complete than this in all the elements of romance. The closing chapters have been especially strong in character-drawing, and the manifest destiny of each person in the drama is worked out with a skill that powerfully reminds the reader of the elder Hawthorne. "Dust" will be promptly issued in book form as one of "Our Continent Library." In this shape it is destined to enjoy a wide-spread popularity.

THE excitement over Mr. Howells' Thackeray-Dickens criticism continues unabated in England, and the *Athenæum* comes to his defense, a recent note saying: "Mr. W. D. Howells, who is writing his new novel in a retired place in Switzerland, has known nothing of the animated discussion which his remarks in the November number of *The Century* magazine have called forth from the English press. He writes to a friend who has called his attention to the subject that he has not even seen the magazine himself, and cannot recollect what he said about Dickens and Thackeray. But he is sure that he has been misprinted or misunderstood if he seems to be disrespectful to those great writers. 'I always thought myself,' he says, 'quite unapproached in my appreciation of the great qualities of Dickens and Thackeray, and I can hardly believe that I have "arraigned" them. I suspect that no Englishman could rate them higher than I do.' The eminent novelist goes on to say that he only waits to see *The Century* magazine and 'what my offense in it against the great shades amounts to,' to write further on the subject, and he is now determined on the earliest opportunity to carry out a design which has long been in his thoughts, namely, 'to say my say about the art of Dickens and Thackeray in full.' Next to a new novel from the pen of Mr. Howells, no contribution of his to literature would be more welcome than such a study."

It will probably be news to most of our readers that American literature finds an Italian audience. In a recent number of *The Critic*, however, Mr. G. S. Godkin declares that the death of no foreign author, with the sole exception of Mrs. Browning, has ever been so generally lamented by the Italian people as that of Mr. Longfellow. "There is no educated Italian who has not read 'Evangeline' with emotion; and I have been told by a distinguished writer that 'Excelsior' has been rendered into Italian in almost a hundred different forms." As reflecting the opinion of the most cultivated Italians on the subject of American literature, Mr. Godkin translates the following passage from an article on Walt Whitman in the *Fanfulla della Domenica*: "America has a noble file of good writers, elegant poets, lively humorists, very able critics and historians. But even to the most noteworthy, as Emerson, Poe, Bryant, Lowell, Prescott, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, there is wanting something necessary to make them rank with the first order of indisputable geniuses. Not Poe, with his instinctive feeling for form, the delicacy of his touch, the originality of his intense and painful visions; nor Hawthorne, with the wonderful perfection of his prose, with his profound sounding of the depths of the human heart, with his exquisite artistic taste, with his fine pessimistic humor; nor Longfellow—the happy Longfellow—with all his morality and popularity and his legendary Germanic sentimentalism; nor any other of the most celebrated Americans, can compare for harmony and power of intellect with the greatest English contemporaries. America has neither a critic like Carlyle, nor a romancist to be compared to Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot; nor a poet that approaches Tennyson, Robert Browning or Swinburne. Almost every great nation has one poet who may be called its incarnate expression—its voice. America, up to the present, has not a voice worthy of her. But she will have it—and it will astonish old

Europe." We reprint this paragraph more as a curiosity than otherwise, and recall, with some amusement, Mr. Hamerton's experiences in testing the judgment of educated foreigners regarding some of Tennyson's most exquisitely musical verses. And, by the way, let those of us who profess a familiarity with foreign tongues cherish a wise humility when we are away from home, in venturing upon literary criticism in the presence of natives.

IT is a coincidence that two of the most indefatigable workers in the historical field should be Bancrofts, and certainly the younger man is earning a distinction hardly inferior to that of the elder. For twenty-five years Hubert Howe Bancroft has labored at a task which bids fair to stand as one of the literary achievements of the nineteenth century. Owning one of the finest and most valuable libraries on the Pacific coast, he has had exceptional facilities for work, and the bulky volumes of his "Native Races of the Pacific States" are in evidence as to his industry. The present volume¹ has all the characteristics that made the earlier ones so welcome. Mr. Bancroft's enthusiasm is equal to his scholarship, and both are fully tested by the enormous task to which his life is devoted.

The work began with the collection of thirty-five thousand volumes, and California may boast the distinction of owning more priceless material for history than any country on the globe. Manuscript records from pioneer settlers and from the Spanish missionaries and adventurers of the sixteenth century, together with mission archives, are specially abundant; the collection made by the unhappy Maximilian as the foundation for a library; Mr. E. G. Squiers' manuscripts, purchases from the Andrade sale, all go to make up a unique collection. The library cost \$300,000, and over \$200,000 has been spent in preparing catalogues, indexes and every device for making all portions available for literary purposes, while numerous assistants are employed, the methods being given in a little pamphlet distributed with the book. Each one sends to Mr. Bancroft every note or memorandum made, "so that what ten or a hundred authors have said on each individual topic and incident may be brought before him at one time." How to keep these notes was a problem, and after many methods had been tried and found wanting, the very unusual one of storing all in paper bags proved to be the most practicable.

Five volumes of the work were published in 1875, giving Mr. Bancroft at once a distinguished rank as an investigator, "The Native Races of the Pacific States," being a detailed and elaborate account of a vanished civilization, the story of which was almost a revelation. That he is a little inclined to judge the sixteenth by a nineteenth century standard, makes him at times unreasonable, but his presentation of facts is wonderfully picturesque, and his research far more patient and minute than anything Irving has attempted in the same direction. Mr. Bancroft's philosophical bias is very strong, and he indulges it at length, the pages being always interesting, but as certainly not essential to the progress of the narrative; in fact a decided hindrance. Much of the ground covered in this volume has already been traversed by Irving in his story of the adventures of the companions of Columbus, but Mr. Bancroft has had access to material altogether unknown to the first writer, and his many footnotes give reference to these authorities or supply illustrative details. Many curious maps are given, copied from ancient books, and the vivid narrative flows on with astonishing ease and power. Telling extracts could be made almost at random. There is not a dull page in the book, and though compression would have benefitted it, it would be an ungracious and on the whole unnecessary task to cut out any passages in the brilliant chapters.

(1) HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA, Vol. I. Central America, 8vo., pp. 703, \$5.00. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.



LITERARY exiles in England, who almost all come under the head of political revolutionists, are to have a book written about them by Mr. H. Van Laun.

A NEW novel from Ebers will attract attention. This has just been published in Germany under the title of "Ein Wort," the hero being a banished German, and the sixteenth century the time chosen.

A VERY useful and carefully prepared hand-book comes from D. Appleton & Co., New York, "The Hand-book of American Winter Resorts," its maps and illustrations being well made and the whole invaluable to tourists. (50 cents, pp. 138).

AN important and interesting contribution to the study of the Bible is announced by J. W. Bouton, New York, in "Bible Myths and Their Parallels in Other Religions." The book is profusely illustrated, the work being of the excellence which characterizes this firm.

A "BRYANT BIRTHDAY BOOK," has been arranged by Janet E. Ruutz Rees, and published by D. Appleton & Co. Three selections are given on each page, and the red edges and cover, with its spray of holly berries, make it especially suitable for the Christmas season. (16mo, \$1.00).

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., is one of the most beautiful and reasonable in price of all the art journals, the subscription being but \$3.50 per annum, and the volume for 1883 promises even more than the past has held, one of its many features being a set of illustrated articles on "Famous Artists of Our Time."

A VERY charming little story, just long enough to beguile an idle half hour, is found in "A Whimsical Wooing," by Anton Giulio Barrili. From the Italian, by Clara Bell. The "wooing" is an accident, and the whole story is full of sparkle, its happy ending being foreseen from the beginning. (16mo, pp. 88, 50 cents; William S. Gottsberger, publisher, New York).

MR. TENNYSON'S "Promise of May," for which he received \$5000, is pronounced unanimously by English critics to be one of the dreariest masses of nonsense ever put before a long-suffering public. The poet's reputation will live in spite of his own assaults upon it, but it is unfortunate that he cannot be prevented from printing what has no claim whatever on public interest.

R. WORTHINGTON & Co. have just issued two notable books; one, "The Legendary History of Rome," translated from the text of Livy, by Professor George Baker and illustrated with one hundred and sixty engravings from antique statuary and the best historical painting. The other, the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars," translated by Dr. Alexander Thomson, and illustrated with twenty-four portraits on steel from authentic sources.

AMONG the smaller illustrated books of the season is "Lady Helen Clyde, A Romaunt," by Abram Lent Smith. The verses if not powerful are smooth and graceful, and the story far better told in words than in the rather second-rate illustrations. "The Deserted Village" is also issued in the same form and at the same price by Porter & Coates, the illustrations by the well-known Hammatt Billings, whose work here falls below its usual standard of excellence, though it is in any case slightly

old-fashioned. (Square 16mo, pp. 42, \$1.50; Charles Dillingham, New York).

MR. EUGENE BENSON has already made himself known as a delicate and appreciative art critic, and thus necessarily a keen observer, and in "Art and Nature in Italy" he gives a record of Italian days, holding all the best qualities of his previous work. It is an old story he has to tell, but each new pilgrim means a new presentation, for them if not for us, though in this case we see familiar objects under a new light, and have a record which is of real and permanent value. (16mo, pp. 188, \$1.00; Roberts Bros., Boston).

THE beautiful little "Parchment Series," inaugurated by D. Appleton & Co., opens with a volume entitled "Eighteenth Century Essays." Selected and annotated by Austin Dobson. Mr. Dobson's own work harmonizes well with his selections and he shows himself an especially careful and appreciative editor of the charming selections, chiefly from the "Spectator" with a sprinkling from other sources. The same form is to be given to Shakespeare's works, which will be issued in twelve volumes, one a month, the first one containing four carefully edited plays. (16mo, pp. 284, \$1.25).

HISTORY and romance sometimes blend successfully, but a peculiar talent is required to make the mixture palatable. "Aubert Dubayet; or, the Two Sister Republics," by Charles Gayarré, though a tolerably clear picture of the time, and filled with many details unfamiliar to the average historical reader, is in no sense a novel, the thread of romance wearing thin in the early chapters and ceasing altogether long before the end is reached. Dubayet had active part in our Revolution and with the fortunes also of the French Republic, and the book introduces most of the chief actors in both dramas; but it is all heavy business, and the reader welcomes the final scene and wants no repetition. (12mo, pp. 479, \$1.50; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

A WELL-WRITTEN and valuable book for young people is found in "Stories from the Greek Tragedies," by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., the stories including many already treated by the poet William Morris in his "Earthly Paradise." The present version is, in many cases, almost literal translation, and the whole has the form of an old chronicle, the quaint speech giving it an added charm. Twenty illustrations from Flaxman and others are in entire harmony with the text, and though fathers and mothers may object to any early introduction to the sad old stories, Mr. Church, who is "Head Master of King Edward's School, Retford," has eliminated all the most objectionable qualities, and left only what will serve as a good introduction to Greek literature. (12mo, pp. 257, \$1.50; Dodd, Mead & Co.).

A NEW critic has arisen, whose interpretation of Hamlet marks a new method in this well-tilled field. It is Herr Dietrich, a German scholar, who wishes to be heard, and who has written a book, described by an American critic as both unique and amazing. He contends that Hamlet can be understood only if he is regarded as "the constable of Providence," the meaning of the word "hamlet" being, Herr Dietrich says, "upper constable." In this treatise Herr Dietrich devotes much attention to Ophelia, of whom he has a very poor opinion. Critics have hitherto admitted that Ophelia has amiable qualities, whatever theories they may have formed as to her relation to Hamlet; but her conduct outrages the moral sentiment of Herr Dietrich, who denounces her as "an empty, cold, heartless puppet." He is particularly indignant at the manner in which she receives Hamlet's "equivocal observations." She affects ignorance of his meaning, we are told, in order to induce Hamlet to give still more decided expression to his "equivocal" humor. This terrible critic will not even grant that Ophelia is the daughter of Polonius, for he points out

that Polonius, in saying to the King and Queen "I have a daughter," adds, "have while she is mine."

AMONG the attractive publications issued and announced by R. Worthington & Co., of New York, the following are worthy of special attention: "The Handy Illustrated Edition of Shakespeare," in eight volumes, with illustrations from Selous; "Modern Etchings from Celebrated Paintings," "Studies in French Art," "Great American Sculptures," "Lotus Leaves," new editions of "Laurel Leaves" and "Papyrus Leaves," and Mr. Boker's "Point Lace and Diamonds," with illustrations by Addie Ledyard. The same house adds to its already large list of juveniles "Around the House," "Picturesque Journeys in America," "Chatterbox Junior," and "Sunday Chatterbox" and "The New Quartette."

MR. SIMON STERN, of the New York bar, has written a very straightforward and unpretentious book entitled "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States." Though many books have been written on this topic, most of them are too abstruse for popular reading, and thus there is room for such work as the present. Though Mr. Stern fails in one or two points, as a whole no better hand-book on this subject has been made, and it deserves place on every book-shelf, our knowledge of the Constitution and its bearings being very curiously deficient, people even having been heard to state that they supposed it and the Declaration of Independence to be one and the same. (12mo, pp. 323, \$1.50; Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York).

"THE GOLDEN FLORAL," lately issued by Lee & Shepard, would seem to consist of Christmas cards fringed and decorated, but examination shows them to be the popular poems: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by Sarah Flower Adams; "Home, Sweet Home," by John Howard Payne; "Ring Out, Wild Bells," by Alfred Tennyson; "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; "Abide With Me," by Henry Frances Lyte; "Rock of Ages," by Augustus Montague Toplady; "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," by Felicia Hemans, and "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" by William Knox. These are beautifully illustrated by Miss Humphrey. Any one of them makes a most charming compromise between a card and an illustrated book. The idea is a new one, and likely to meet the popularity it deserves.

A GENERATION has passed since Dr. N. L. Frothingham, in a volume of translations from the German, first introduced American readers to some of Rückert's smaller poems. The present volume, "The Wisdom of the Brahmin: A Didactic Poem," translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert by Charles T. Brooks, Books I-VI, is in the line of thought made familiar to us in many ways during later years, most recently in "The Light of Asia," and is really a series of epigrams in twelve-syllable, iambic rhymes. The author was long Professor of Oriental Literature, and both by nature and culture so penetrated with the oriental spirit that he is practically a Western Brahmin. Among Germans he ranks as one of their greatest and purest poets, his personal life and character having been singularly beautiful, and Mr. Brooks, who is one of our most able and sympathetic translators, and himself possesses much poetical power, has made a translation which has much of the charm of the original. (\$1.25, pp. 252; Roberts Bros., Boston).

THE novel with a purpose has become one of the facts of the day, and every question of the day is finding place in fiction. As a rule, the subject is either dwarfed or exaggerated, the latter being most often the case. The lights are so high that one is dazzled and loses all sense of any feature save glare, or the shadows are so deep that discernment is equally impossible. Mr. Byron A. Brooks, in "Those Children and Their Teachers, a Story of To-Day,"

has fallen into the same error. Unquestionably the public school system needs arraignment, and Mr. Brooks' facts cannot be denied by any one who has followed the course of events, especially in our great cities; but they are put in a form which in itself challenges criticism, the story having no power to hold them clearly before the reader's mind, and leaving only an uncomfortable sense of over-worked children, and of a set of relatives who, if bad English is any test, need a new school as much as their juniors. There are touches of genuine humor, and now and then indignation, so honestly and ringingly put, that one wishes the same tone might continue; but the book is not one to accomplish its desired effect. (\$1.00, pp. 272; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

IT is a misfortune that the quaint framing of the pages reproduced from "A Book of Christian Prayers," usually called "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-Book," and printed by John Day, in 1569, should be the only real attraction in the daintily-made volume entitled, "The Wife's Manual; or, Prayers, Thoughts and Songs on Several Occasions of a Matron's Life." By the Rev. W. Calvert. (\$2.25, pp. 102; Roberts Bros., Boston). The feeling of the verses cannot be questioned, and there is often genuine religious fervor, but, as a whole, there is a priggish and ponderous element, and the temptation is strong to say, "Such would have been the verses addressed by the immortal Mr. Barlow to the partner of his joys and sorrows," and vice versa. This partner is so sweetly subdued and receptive—the husband of whom she sings is so superior a creature—that one is surprised he allowed her to repeat the little lesson he had set, and the desire to be suitably decorous in the listening fades away before the solemn absurdity, which is all the American mind is able to see. It is all true, all eminently proper—but so is Tupper. Buy the book for its beauty and quaintness, but carefully cover the verses with something better worth such setting.

NEW BOOKS.

FAUST: A TRAGEDY. By Goethe. Part I. Edited and Annotated by F. H. Hedge. D. D. Metrical Version by Miss Swanwick. Part II translated by Miss Swanwick. American tree calf, pp. 455, \$4.00. Thomas T. Crowell & Co., New York.

"RING OUT, WILD BELLS." By Alfred Tennyson. With illustrations from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Engraved under the supervision of George T. Andrew. Cloth gilt, \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

YOUTH: ITS CARE AND CULTURE. An Outline of Principles for Parents and Guardians. By J. Mortimer Granville. With American notes and additions. \$1.00, pp. 167. M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

OUR LITTLE ONES. Illustrated Stories and Poems for Little People. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), editor. 380 illustrations, pp. 384, boards \$1.75; cloth \$2.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

AMERICAN HERO MYTHS. A Study in the Native Religions of the Western Continent. By Daniel G. Brinton. M. D. 8vo, cloth, pp. 251, \$1.75. H. C. Watts & Co., Philadelphia.

ALL ADRIFT, OR THE GOLDWING CLUB. The Boat Builder series. By Oliver Optic. 8 illustrations, pp. 340, \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE YOUNG SILVER SEEKERS, OR HAL AND NED IN THE MARVELOUS COUNTRY. Completing "The Young Trail Hunters Series." By Samuel Woodworth Cozens. Illustrated, pp. 342, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

SONGS OF A SEMITE. The Dance to Death and other poems. By Emma Lazarus. 25 cts., pp. 86. The American Hebrew Publishing Company, New York.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. His Life, Genius and Writings. By W. Sloane Kennedy. \$1.50, pp. 310. S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston.

FLOWER DE LUCE. By Henry W. Longfellow. Illustrated leaflets with illuminated cover. Fac-simile of poem. In box, \$1.00.

LETTERS OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD. With a biographical introduction by John G. Whittier, and an Appendix by Wendell Phillips. \$1.50, pp. 280. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY, OR ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: A Novel. By T. W. Spelght. 75 cts., pp. 389. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

A SYMPHONY IN DREAMLAND. By Alice E. Lord. \$1.25, pp. 89. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



In a recent number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* mention is made of some preliminary experiments to ascertain the effects of different conditions on the latent vitality of seeds. Several packets of seeds were, in January, 1880, divided into three equal parts; one portion exposed to the free air, but screened from dust; another inclosed in air, being tightly corked up in a tube; the third placed in pure carbonic acid. At the end of two years the seeds were taken out, weighed and sown. All those which had been exposed to free air had gained in weight; for instance, beans had gained 1.50 and peas about 1.72 of their original weight. The seeds confined in closed air had gained a little, peas 1.790 and beans 1.1190. The seeds confined in carbonic acid gas hardly at all varied from their original weight. As to comparative germination, of

Peas kept in free air, . . .	90 per cent germinated.
" " " closed air, . . .	45 " " "
" " " carbonic acid, . . .	none.
Beans kept in free air, . . .	98 per cent germinated.
" " " closed air, . . .	2 " " "
" " " carbonic acid, . . .	none.

If the full course of experiments give such results, it will be made clear, first, that the vegetable embryo in the seed is not, strictly speaking, latent, but is doing some work, however little, and is keeping up a respiration, which is essential to its continued life; second, that the life of seeds cannot be indefinitely prolonged. *Very old* seeds exposed to the air must be dead from exhaustion, and those deeply buried by suffocation, and the numerous recorded cases of the germination of ancient seeds are more and more to be distrusted.

In 1763 the only public conveyance for passengers between London and Edinburgh was a single coach, which completed its journey in fourteen days, or at the rate of one mile and a quarter per hour. Strange as it may appear, there are at the present time many large fertile districts in Hungary, where, owing to the absence of both road and water communications, a higher rate of speed cannot be attained in a journey of seven days' duration. An essential condition of the attainment of high speed on the railway is that the stopping-places be few and far between. The Great Northern express (London & Edinburgh) makes its first halt at Grantham, a distance of one hundred and five miles from London, and consequently but little power and time are lost in accelerating and retarding the speed of the train. In the instance of the Metropolitan Railway, on the other hand, the stations average but half a mile apart, and although the engines are as powerful as those on the Great Northern Railway, whilst the trains are far lighter, the average speed attainable is only some twelve miles an hour. No sooner has a train acquired a reasonable speed than the brakes have to be sharply applied to pull it up again. As a result of experiment and calculation it is found that sixty per cent of the whole power exerted by the engine is absorbed by the brakes. In other words, with the consumption of thirty pounds of coal per train mile, no less than eighteen pounds are expended in grinding away the brake blocks, and only the remaining twelve pounds in doing the useful work of overcoming frictional and atmospheric resistances.

ENGLAND is the principal coal-tar producing country of the world. The distillation of coal-tar, as the starting point in the manufacture of the aniline colors, has indeed become one of the most important chemical industries. It is a very singular fact that while England is the principal producer of the crude material and also the chief consumer of the dyes produced therefrom, nevertheless she does not manufacture these beautiful colors. Although Faraday first discovered benzine, and Mansfield gave his life in showing us how to isolate that substance on the large scale, and although Perkin led the way to the discovery of aniline purple—the first coal-tar color—nevertheless the manufacture of the so-called coal-tar dyes has mainly centred in Germany. The absurd spectacle is therefore presented of English people sending the crude materials abroad to be worked up by German chemists, who return to them the greater part of the finished product for a handsome consideration. Furthermore, many of the chemicals needful for this delicate transformation are sent from England along with the tar. In fact, England plays the part of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for Germany in this matter, and, in addition, becomes her most profitable customer. This interesting fact in political economy should be commended to the attention of the Royal Commissioners, who are to report soon on the progress of technical education in England. The cause of this is not far to seek—it lies in the wise fostering encouragement of scientific research in the universities of Germany and the neglect of it in those of England.

In a paper read before the late Scientific Association at Montreal, the writer states that he recently had the opportunity of watching in a "live box," under a low power of the microscope, the seizing and devouring of some plant-louse by the larva of an undetermined species of chrysopa, and was interested in the manner in which it emptied the body of its victims. The jaws are large, hooked, pointed and tubular, with a small opening at or near the points. Approaching its prey, the body of the aphid is grasped by the hooked mandibles, which, at the same time, pierce it. The chrysopa larva remains stationary, and proceeds to pump its victim dry. At the base of each of the mandibles the integuments are dilated into a sac-like form, capable of expansion and compression at will; a portion of the thorax is similarly constructed, and it is by the repeated dilating and compressing of these sacs that the fluid contents of the body of the aphid are transferred through the tubular mandibles to the stomach of the chrysopa larva. When the abdomen of the aphid has been emptied the points of the mandibles of the chrysopa larva are thrust in the thorax and forward into the head in every direction, and in a few moments nothing remains of the once plump plant-louse but a shriveled skin.

AN English traveler in India has lately sent home a very unique photograph. Being in the neighborhood of Kurachee he paused to secure a view of a magnificent group of tropical trees on the river bank, by means of the camera which he carried for such purposes. He fixed his tripod, placed his head under the velvet screen to adjust the focus of his lens, when suddenly a huge crocodile lifted his head above the water and made his way to the shore. Another followed, and still another; then a whole herd clambered up the bank. Instead of taking suddenly to flight, our traveler stood still surveying the advancing army through his lens, and soon was happy, for a double reason, to see the ungainly monsters sprawl themselves, with mouths agape, for their siesta in the warm sunshine. What a happy accident! Our artist kept his nerves steady, the "dry plate" was slipped into its place, and in a twinkling the photograph was taken of the group of twenty unconscious reptiles.

TYPHOONS do not occur during the prevalence of the northeast monsoon, from November to May. In 1881 the typhoon season extended from May 22 to November 29. In Japan the true typhoon season is restricted to August and September, the storms there during the other months resembling rather the ordinary cyclones of temperate regions. The tracks of the typhoons during the months of moderate temperature—May, June, the latter half of September, October and November—are the most southerly. They lie flattest on the parallels of latitude, and present a great concavity looking eastward; but those of the warmer months—July, August and the beginning of September—exhibit, on the other hand, very open curves. This seasonal difference in the form of the tracks, taken in connection with the general form of the recurring tracks of the West Indian hurricanes, which are less open than those of the Chinese seas, suggests a possible connection between the forms of these curves and the different distributions of atmospheric pressure prevailing over the continents at the time.

* * *

ONE of the bold and remarkable works of the day is the submarine sewer at Boston, to carry the sewage under an arm of the harbor and across an island far to seaward. They have discovered what unfortunately many others have not, that little is gained by emptying sewage into a harbor or into a small river, and so transferring the nuisance from one point to another or distributing it all over.

* * *

BUSINESS and population depend on geology. A geological map of England enables one to locate its occupations and the denser populations. An outcrop of gneiss, extending southwest from New York, forms the limit of trade in the rivers, and fixes the location of Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Georgetown, Richmond and other cities to the southwest.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

December 2.—The Parliament of Great Britain was prorogued, the Queen's speech being written and read by the usual officials.—A meeting of the Irish National League was prohibited.—France orders a naval force to Madagascar.—The business portion of Bunker Hill, Illinois, was burned.—The large grain elevators of Packard & Mattice, Webster City, Iowa, were burned.—Rear-Admiral Wyman, U. S. N., died. . . **Dec. 3.**—An attempt was made under the new penal code to enforce the "Sunday Laws" in New York requiring the suspension of business. Many arrests were made, but the magistrates discharged most of the prisoners.—Arabi Pasha pleaded guilty of the charge of rebellion, and was formally condemned to death, the Khedive subsequently commuting the sentence to exile for life.—The President appointed Clayton McMichael Marshal of the District of Columbia, *vice* Henry, removed.—Archibald Campbell Taft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the Church of England, died.—A fire, involving a loss of \$500,000 or more in cotton and machinery, occurred at Houston, Texas. . . **Dec. 4.**—The second session of the Forty-seventh Congress began. The President's message was submitted with those of the several secretaries.—The Supreme Court affirmed the judgment restoring the Arlington estate to the Lee family.—The Queen opened the new Courts of Justice in London with imposing ceremonies. The Lord High Chancellor was raised to an earldom in honor of the event.—The Rev. James Challis, an English scientist, died.—Gen. George C. Thomas, a veteran of the Seminole and Mexican wars, died in Georgetown, D. C., aged seventy years.—In Harrieville, N. H., a mill owned by Gowing & Grew, was burned; loss, \$100,000. . . **Dec. 5.**—M. C. Butler was elected United States Senator from South Carolina; and H. P. Thompson was installed Governor of that state. . . **Dec. 6.**—The transit of Venus occurred, and was successfully observed at all the principal stations of the world.—The President nominated Brigadier-General John Pope to be major-general; Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, of the

Fourth Calvary, to be brigadier-general.—The Alhambra Theatre, in London, was completely destroyed by fire.—Anthony Trollope, the novelist, died in London. . . **Dec. 7.**—The news was received of the massacre of seventy-five Mexicans and Americans by Mexican Indians.—The Clerk of the House of Representatives announces a Democratic majority of fifty-two for the new House.—The official returns for the late election in New York give Cleveland a plurality of 182,854 for Governor.—A fire consumed the business premises of Foster, Porter & Co., London, and other buildings. Loss, \$15,000,000.

THE DRAMA.

UPON the close of Mr. Charles Wyndham's very successful engagement at the Union Square Theatre, New York, he appeared before the curtain in response to an enthusiastic "call" and very happily said: "It is against my rule to appear before the curtain and dissociate myself from the colleagues who have contributed so much to the success of the engagement; but I break through my custom in obedience to your kind call, and take this opportunity to thank you for your generous reception of us during our short stay. It is rather late, and, as you may perceive, I am somewhat out of breath, so I will content myself with assuring you, in the words of Bob Sackett (his character in the play of "Brighton"), that the more and more I see of you the more and more I love you." Mr. Wyndham and his company have met with the same success during their Western trip as in New York.

FOR the recent performance of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," at the Theatre Française, there were over 4300 applications for places. The seating capacity of the theatre is only 1800.

MISS EFFIE ELLSLER, the original "Hazel Kirke," severs her connection with the Madison Square Theatre, at the close of the present season. She will then "star."

MR. FLORENCE has one of the most valuable theatrical libraries in the country.

THE late production of "The Poor Gentleman" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, by Mr. Joseph Jefferson and company, was a rare treat. As "Dr. Ollapod," Mr. Jefferson was delightfully humorous, the actor and his art being entirely forgotten in the extreme naturalness of the portrayal—the scenes with Mrs. Drew as the "Hon. Miss Lucretia McTab," developed the full possibilities of high comedy. The supporting cast were notably excellent, the work of Messrs. Robinson, Waverly and Ringgold and Miss Wood being especially commendable. The play was handsomely set, the audience was of the highest class, very large in number and highly appreciative, and in its entirety the occasion was one to be remembered with great pleasure and satisfaction. Mr. Jefferson had not appeared as "Dr. Ollapod" for twenty years.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER'S rustic drama of "'49," improved and revised by Mr. Leonard Grover, has been successfully presented by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin during the past year. It forms the holiday attraction at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

A LATE Saturday in New York was a remarkable one for its attractions and their enormous money returns. Mme. Patti's matinee of "Traviata," at the Academy of Music, netted over \$10,000. The afternoon performance of Mme. Nilsson, at Steinway Hall, secured \$6000, and the two performances of Mrs. Langtry, at Wallack's, added more than \$4000 to the receipts of her prosperous engagement.

THE "Passion Play," in spite of the protests of the public and the condemnation of theatrical managers, will soon be presented in New York. The "Nazarene" is to be impersonated by a Mr. W. M. Wannemacher, of Philadelphia, who studied for the ministry, but gave it up and became a temperance lecturer. No professional actor will take part.

THE first theatre in America to adopt the electric light is the Bijou Theatre, Boston. The Edison incandescent light is the one chosen, and it will be used for all the purposes of illumination. Six hundred sixteen-candle power lamps are contracted for, of which three hundred and fifty will be used in the chandelier of the dome alone. There will be no footlights; but, as a substitute, an arch of one hundred and eighty lamps will be placed immediately behind the proscenium arch. This system of illumination has proved quite satisfactory at the Savoy Theatre, London.

THE CORRECT THING FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

FULL evening dress is the ticket, and the earlier you begin to make your calls the more your taste in dress will be noticed if you adopt the following rules :



ATTENTION! COMPANY!

Wear a big, colored stone of some sort in the middle of your shirt-front.

A very stiff stand-up collar is best, as it prevents you from forgetting to wear your elbows at the fashionable side-angle.

The collar should be of linen. Cuffs may be paper or celluloid, provided the buttons are very large.

White choker, crush-hat, pink gloves, patent-leather Oxfords and black silk stockings complete the costume.

If you are a politician, and wish to conciliate the Irish vote, carry a green silk handkerchief. Otherwise red silk will do.



BY PLATOON—SALUTE!

No overcoat is allowable under any circumstances, no matter how cold the weather may be.

You must have a carriage, of course. The kind most generally used are four-wheelers, with seats for ten on a side; driver in front and footman behind.

The code of bell-signals as agreed upon by the best society everywhere is of great importance.

An eligible young man of moderate means, who has never been married, should pull the bell three times *andante con moto*. If very rich and correspondingly more eligible, he may pull *fortissimo* as many times as he likes.



FALL IN FOR RATIONS!

Old bachelors and widowers are entitled to four pulls as hard as they can drive.

A married man with his encumbrances still in this world, pulls once *pianissimo*, and goes promptly away if the door is not opened immediately.

Send up a full deck of cards, for the lady may have friends receiving with her, and they will want one apiece, in addition to the usual chromos.

Have something fresh to say when you greet your hostess on entering the room. "Hope I see you well," is entirely new, very original and extremely elegant. Repeat it on being introduced to the other ladies.

If your hostess simply bows without extending her hand, you are to insist on shaking hands with her.

A graceful bow is very easy if you have the confidence which will naturally result from being dressed as pre-



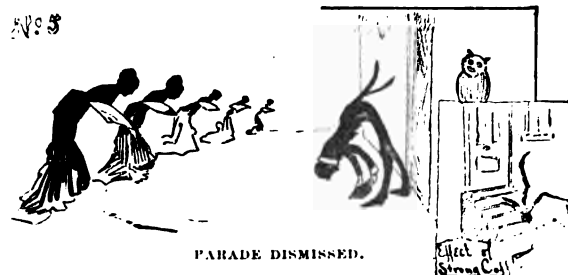
RALLY BY TWOS!

scribed above. For first, second and third positions of a perfect bow, see figures 1, 2 and 5.

It is very important to keep the backs of your hands turned to the front, and to bend your elbows outward. Heels together, toes well turned out.

If you sit down, place yourself on the extreme edge of the chair and hold your hat with both hands between your knees.

Should you secure a *tête-à-tête* with one of the ladies prolong it as much as possible, especially if other callers are coming and going in rapid succession. Ladies greatly enjoy being monopolized by one man at such times, if he happens to be the right one, which you will assume to be the case with you.



PARADE DISMISSED!

If refreshments are offered, eat and drink all you can get. It is considered a mark of refinement.

In taking your leave shake hands all round again, especially if the ladies assume a somewhat distant or repellent air. They merely want to test your good breeding and self-possession.

Walk backwards in leaving the room. It is very "swell," but not absolutely necessary to go down the front steps in the same manner.

Follow these directions implicitly, and society will long remember you.

S. O'THRYTELLME.

THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1883.

Whole No. 48.



PETOSKEY FROM THE BLUFFS.

PETOSKEY AND THE "GEM OF THE STRAITS."

THE coat-of-arms of an important northwestern state bears this inscription: "SI QUÆRIS PENINSULAM AMENAM CIRCUMSPICE" ("If you seek a beautiful peninsula look around you"). Glancing over the luxuriant wheat-fields, vineyards and orchards, the stately cities and clustering villages that lie between Detroit and St. Joseph, the pleased observer involuntarily echoes the proud sentiment of the seal. If, however, he is an enthusiast for nature in her wilder moods, his delight will reach its maximum only when he has traversed the length of the main peninsula of Michigan and reached its northern limits.

Ten years ago the region around Grand Traverse Bay was generally regarded as one of the ends of the earth, a veritable "no man's land." The little trading-posts and missions on its borders were inhabited mainly by Indians, and were accessible by land only from the south, and in that direction separated from civilization by hundreds of miles of dense forest. Occasionally a party of hunters or land-viewers would push through, with camp equipments and Indian guides, and return filled with enthusiasm over the fair country they had explored far to the north, where the dreary grandeur of the pine forest gave place to a luxuriant growth of hard-wood trees and blossomy fruit-bearing shrubs and vines. At length one day a first locomotive made its

way between walls of tree trunks, sending up its plumes of smoke and vapor through the scented air, and awakening the wild echoes with its shrill whistle. It reached Little Traverse Bay at a point where an aged Indian and his numerous descendants had their encampment. The town which sprang up at the terminus of the railroad was named Petoskey, after the old chief from whom its site was purchased.¹ That was eight years ago; now it has a permanent population of over two thousand, and a floating population in the summer months that no man can number—at least no man with whom I have as yet talked has been able to make more than an approximate calculation. It is, without doubt, the favorite summer resort of the denizens of southern and western cities, the most popular watering-place in the West. Besides the two large hotels near the depot, whose combined capacity will accommodate four hundred guests, there are sixteen smaller hotels, with boarding-houses and restaurants at every turn, while private families have been constrained to let rooms and take boarders, yielding to the pressure of the continual and insistent demand for accommodations.

One great attraction of this new resort is, of course, the air, which is very pure and almost always cool

(1) Within the last few weeks the railroad has been completed from Petoskey to old Fort Mackinac.

and bracing. This softly-tempered, balmy air, coming over long reaches of sunlit water, tones and invigorates the invalid, while it seldom chills him. It fills the chest with a sense of freshness and freedom, and touches the cheek with the tenderness of a caress.

The village is situated on the south side of Little Traverse Bay, on the gradual slope of a hill whose summit is a mile or more distant from the shore. It has a water front of a mile and a half, studded with piers, boat-houses and lapidaries, where the "corals" and agates which visitors pick up in great numbers on the beach may be cut and polished. Following the carriage road running westward around the bay, beauty and freshness greet the senses continually. The smooth, pebbly beach is always alive with strollers; some looking for rare and curious stones; others enjoying the breeze and idly watching the crossing steamers, or a schooner standing far out in the open lake, or the smaller craft of oar and sail-boats that flit about the bay. Children shout and laugh as they wade the glittering shallows and sail their

that can be desired. The water supply is from a strong, cold spring which heads from an eminence called Mount Pisgah, and being conducted to the doors of the cottages in pipes, pours forth its wealth of freshness unfliningly. There are now nearly two hundred cottages at Bay View, a chapel for religious services and a hotel. This pretty highland hamlet is a little more than a mile from Petoskey, on the line of the tram-railway running thence to Crooked Lake. It has a steamboat landing, a depot and telegraph office.

Waquetonsing, otherwise known as the Presbyterian Resort, is also under the control of an association. It is newer and not quite so highly improved, but its natural advantages are held to be fully equal to those of its Methodist sister. Harbor Point is a cluster of tasteful cottages on a tongue of woodland which forms the northwestern limit of the bay. It is the property of a company of gentlemen from Lansing, who have here their summer homes. Each of these associations leases building lots at reasonable figures to approved tenants.



PORT HILL.

mimic fleets. To the left stretch the wooded bluffs. Here a spring gushes out of the hillside and trickles away to the lake. Yonder is an Indian burying ground rudely enclosed, the graves marked with wooden crosses decorated with wreaths of artificial flowers and streamers of bright-colored silk or calico, which flutter and fade in the wind and rain. Near the road stands a commodious sanitarium, or hotel for invalids, its wide balconies and swinging hammocks looking hospitable and inviting; while all along, at short intervals, charming little summer cottages built on terraces in the bluff, look down from their embowering trees.

A summer at Petoskey naturally implies frequent excursions to the neighboring resorts of Bay View, Waquetonsing, Harbor Springs and Harbor Point. Two small steamers, the *Lady Washington* and the *North Star*, leave the dock at Petoskey, alternately, every hour, and swing around the circle of the little bay, a distance of ten miles, touching at each of the above-named points. Bay View is the great Methodist camp-meeting ground. The site, comprising three hundred and sixty acres, was purchased five years ago by the State Camp-Meeting Association, and is rapidly becoming one of the loveliest spots on earth. The prospect, the timber and the surface conformation, are simply all

By no means all who own cottages at these resorts are wealthy, but all that wealth and culture of the truest type can do, to make a perfect society, may be found. What the Thousand Islands are to the East, these picturesque and perfectly healthful resorts around Little Traverse Bay are fast becoming to the West.

Harbor Springs lies midway between the Point and Waquetonsing, and directly opposite Petoskey, the bay at this point being about four miles wide. It is the old town of Little Traverse; the oldest settlement on the bay and one of the oldest in the state. The name, "Harbor Springs," is a recent gift to the village, and one for which its citizens, I opine, have slight cause to be thankful.

There is an antiquated Catholic church at Little Traverse which strangers always visit. If the Belgian priest who ministers there in sacred things should happen to be absent, go to Margaret Boyd at her house a few rods distant. She will unlock the church for your inspection, give you the history of the mission, and recite the weird Indian legends with which the lovely harbor is fraught.

"Aunt Margaret," as she is familiarly called, is a woman with a history. She is an Ottawa Indian, born at Little Traverse nearly seventy years ago. She looks



MARGARET BOYD.

ten years younger. She claims to be the daughter of a right royal line of Ottawa chiefs, and her patrician origin is evidenced by the carriage of her head, the flash of her eye and the beautiful smallness of her hands and feet. When she was nine years old the missionaries took her from her wild northern home to Cincinnati, and placed her in a convent school, where she remained five years. She is fairly well educated, has read a good deal and speaks English perfectly. Her influence over the Indians of the district is almost unbounded; and her work for the church, in the way of making translations of its books into the Ottawa language, has been very important. Her sympathies are entirely with her people. Their degradation humiliates her; while over the wrongs they continue to suffer at the white man's hands she is full of indignation. In the autumn of 1876 she made a journey to Washington in the interest of a number of Indian families who had purchased a tract of government land in Cheboygan, and had failed to receive their deeds. She had an interview with the President, who, she says, listened to her with the utmost courtesy, and assured her that everything should be made right. After their business talk was concluded, President Grant took her on his arm, and conducting her into another apartment, introduced her to his wife and several other ladies, stumbling a little over her long Indian name, which we will not attempt to reproduce in English letters.

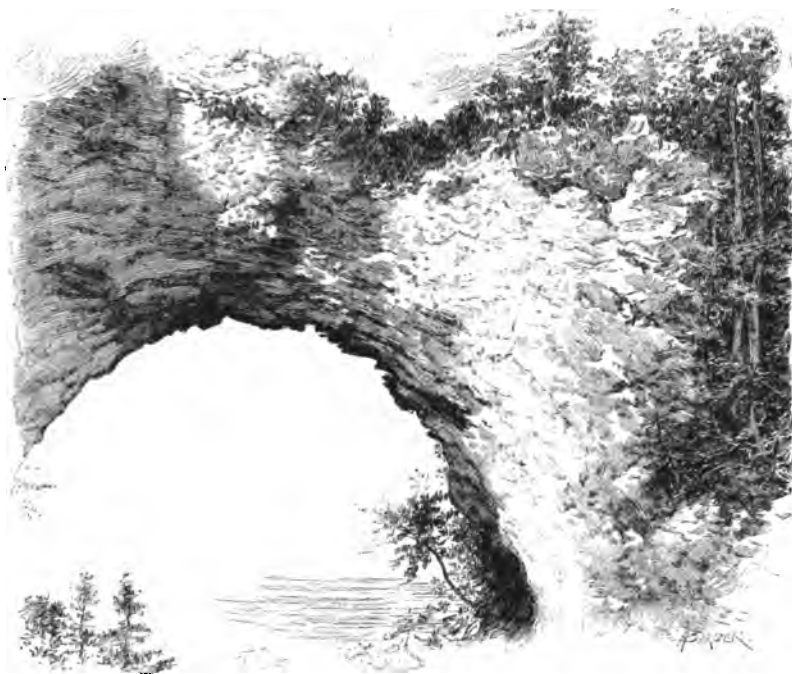
The church at Little Traverse was founded by Père Jacques Marquette, a little more than two hundred years ago. During the wars of the succeeding years the Indians were scattered and the mission abandoned. In 1815 French missionaries again erected the cross at the old stations along the coast, and called the red men together for worship. About that time a church of hewn logs was built near the harbor; in time it became unfit for use, and forty years ago the present frame structure was erected on the site of the old one.

There is an intelligent "aborigine" at Little Traverse, named Black Bird, who has managed to pick up a knowledge of reading, writing and local politics. He was postmaster there for fourteen years. During the last administration the "rotation," or some other political wave, reached the bluff, and Black Bird was displaced. He is said to be wealthy; but about five years ago he learned a lesson of the white man's perfidy that has made him a melancholy Indian ever since. A man, whom we will call Tom Talbot, opened a saloon

in Petoskey. It was not a bad sort of saloon, as saloons go; but a worthy missionary on the south side opposed it on general principles and sought to put it down. Major —, the prosecuting attorney of the district, was a friend of the missionary's family, particularly of a pair of bright young lady daughters, and was easily persuaded to assist the Rev. P., who was a justice of the peace, in ousting Tom Talbot. Between them they served warrant after warrant on the poor saloon-keeper till life became a burden to him. Now it so happened that the Major was engaged in the manufacture and sale of cigars in Petoskey, and Tom took it into his head to look a little into his methods of doing business. There was an old Indian away down on the Charlevoix trail who kept a "store" and sold a good many of the Major's cigars. Talbot found out that the Major was letting him have stock at a slight reduction if he would return the boxes with the stamps uncanceled. The ignorant savage gladly complied, and knew of several other red brothers in the interior who did likewise. Armed with these facts, Talbot came down sure and sudden on the Major. He was arrested at midnight and haled to Grand Rapids, where, after proper examination, he was lodged in jail to await trial. Things looked cloudy, and he began to plan for his liberty. He sent for Black Bird, and asked him to sign his bond for five thousand dollars. He was under obligations to the accomplished Major in connection with his last appointment, and the Indian never forgets. He signed the bond and the Major was released from custody, to appear at the next sitting of the United States Court. He did not appear. By the time Black Bird had reached Little Traverse the Major had reached Detroit. The next day he was in Canada, where he has since remained. Black Bird is watching for him all along the border. If you want to see a war-dance, just ask him if he has *heard from the Major*. The look which his grim visage assumes at the mention of that name is simply fiendish. It is generally believed around the bay that Black Bird would go farther for the privilege of taking the Major's scalp than to get his money back with interest.



IGNATIUS PETOSKEY.



UNDER "ARCH ROCK," MACKINAC.

The journey from Petoskey to Mackinac Island may be made either by the daily line of bay steamers or by the "inland route." Choosing the latter, we take the tramway to Conway Springs, at the head of Crooked Lake, where the "dummy" is met by a droll little steamboat, ready to carry passengers and luggage through the chain of lakes and rivers that extends unbroken to the Huron coast. It is a wild, romantic journey through Crooked Lake, Crooked River, Burt's Lake, Indian River, Mullet Lake and Cheboygan River to the town of Cheboygan, at the entrance of the Straits of Mackinac. The distance by the state road is forty miles; by steamer, fifty-five or sixty. Crooked River is rightly named, being probably the crookedest navigable stream on the globe. The boat follows its deviating course so slowly that the passengers may amuse themselves picking blackberries or trolling for bass, which are easily caught, the poor fish being somewhat fatigued and depressed by the exertion of swimming around the curves of this crazy little stream. Such, at least, was the theory by which Chum accounted for their willingness to be taken. Black bass, pike, pickerel and muskalonge abound in this chain of lakes and their connecting rivers, while brook trout and the sportsman's darling, grayling, are plenty in the rapid, spring-fed creeks that find their outlet in Burt's and Mullet Lakes. The "inland route" is one of the most popular sections of the great fishing-ground of North Michigan. All along this unique route are commodious caravansaries, the largest being the Mullet Lake House, a really good hotel, capable of accommodating two hundred guests. These hotels in the wilderness are fitted up for the express purpose of entertaining fishing parties, which frequently come in the shape of entire families, with sisters, cousins and aunts, desiring board for a term of weeks. At any one of them can be obtained boats, fishing-tackle, camp equipments and wagons, if desired.

We spend the night at Cheboygan town, and the next morning take a brief and pleasant sail up the south channel, and behold! the "Gem of the Straits" is before us;

beautiful from this approach as an artist's dream, with its wooded peaks and terraces, and the white walls of the fortress gleaming in the sunshine.

Mackinac Island is a mass of limestone rock, rising sheer above the water to the height of nearly three hundred feet. As is common with calcareous formations the rocks assume many curious and fantastic shapes, such as pinnacles, arches, tiny caverns, gothic gables and natural stairways. To these have been given such names as the Devil's Kitchen, Sugarloaf Rock, Maiden's Rock, Spirit Arch, The Lover's Leap, etc. Foot-paths and carriage-drives wind about from one to another of these points of interest, and guides are always available who will tell the name and recite the mythical story associated with each.

The air at Mackinac is unsurpassed for purity and transparency. It is so clear that points at a great distance are distinctly visible. From the heights of the island can be seen Point St. Ignace on the north peninsula and old Fort Mackinac on the south, while Bois Blanc Lighthouse looks within easy hail. It would take a poet or artist of the highest order to fitly describe the charm of a moonlight night on this lovely island. The soft radiance is strong enough to enable one to read print with ease, and the water of the straits glitters beneath it like a river of quicksilver. The wooded summits of the island lift themselves amidst a bewildering contrast of soft, white light and deepest shadow, and the snowy walls of the fort, imbedded in foliage, look down protectingly on the old French town nestling around its little harbor.

Mackinac is well supplied with spacious and elegant hotels, filled during the season with summer tourists. They dance a great deal there. At Petoskey it is different. The near proximity of several resorts which are under the control of religious associations, and the character of the multitudes who flock to these resorts during the camp-meeting season, has left its imprint on the entire social life of the place. He who, in the language of a gay worldling of my acquaintance, likes "a very little Sunday-school and a good deal of hop" in his summer's recreations, will naturally prefer Mackinac. The fort is always garrisoned, and the presence of military men and martial music is a potent element of life and interest.

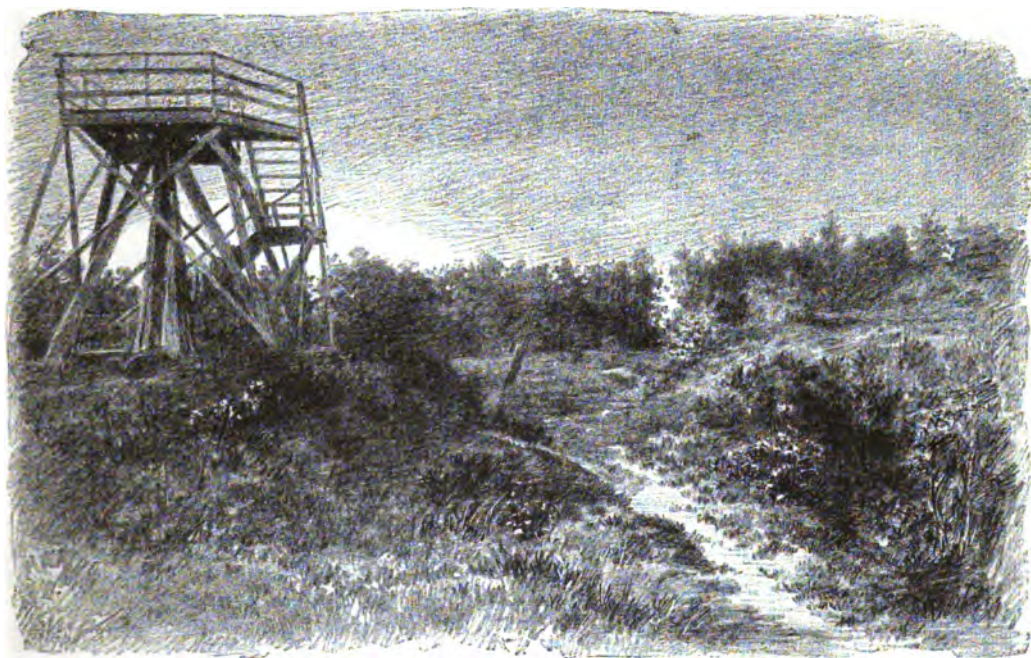
The visitor to Mackinac to-day misses a unique and pleasant character, one of its strong features in the past. Mr. Theodore Wendell, familiarly known as "old man Wendell," died last winter, and his valuable collection of curiosities and relics has been sold and scattered. Mr. Wendell was of French extraction, and was born on the island, as I believe his father was before him. One of his most valued possessions was a commission which had been his father's, signed by twenty-one chiefs, giving its holder magisterial authority over the island and a large portion of the upper mainland. He had also a playing-card which he said was the original nine-spot of diamonds on which the

countersign was written the night before the massacre at old Fort Mackinac.

With the historical associations of Mackinac all are doubtless more or less familiar. As early as the middle of the seventeenth century the French established trading-posts at various points around Lake Michigan, and the most northern promontory of the lower peninsula was fortified as a protection to the fur-traders. In 1763 this region of territory, along with other French possessions, passed into the hands of the English, and soon after the Indians, under the famous chief, Pontiac, captured the fort—old Fort Michilimackinack—and massacred the garrison. The most noteworthy event connected with the United States military post on Mackinac Island is its capture by the British in 1812. That event we have always vaguely associated with General Hull's surrender at Detroit. Poor old Hull! What a load of ignominy his memory has borne! Might there be a possibility that part of it, at least, has been undeserved? Almost every school history one picks up goes farther than the court-martial that tried him, and pronounces him guilty of both cowardice and treason. How deeply he felt his dishonor is proven by the fact that he spent the brief remainder of his life,

run of five hours we are again at Petoskey, and glad to be there. It is the natural centre of this great pleasure ground, the headquarters from which all side excursions should be made, the summer home for the health-seeker and the rest-seeker.

Little Traverse Bay has for me an inexhaustible charm. On a cloudless August morning, under a light southwest breeze, the water varies in color, according to depth, from the deepest hornblende to the palest apple-green, and the ripple in the wake of a vessel glitters with emeralds and diamonds. Then there are dreamy days, when a blue mist hangs over the wooded hills that encircle it, and the bay sleeps motionless, like a mirror upturned to the milky sky. Sometimes, even in summer, wild and sudden squalls arise, making a landing at the Petoskey pier dangerous or even impossible. In the morning everything may be calm and lovely, and before noon the entire bay, with the exception of the snug harbor at Little Traverse village, be lashed into the wildest commotion. There is an old pier just above the mouth of Bear River on which I love to stand and feel, as well as see, the lusty breakers chase each other in-shore, creating an undertow which would test the skill of the most daring surf-bather. Another favorite haunt of mine is



OLD FORT HOLMES OBSERVATORY.

after his name was stricken from the army rolls, in writing letter after letter and pamphlet after pamphlet to explain and justify his action. In the minds of many candid readers he measurably succeeded. At all events, it is well not to forget that he fought bravely in many of the battles of the Revolution, and it is always safe to spare a modicum of sympathy for the victim of pitiless and wholesale condemnation.

Satisfied at length with strolling about the lovely avenues of the "Wonderful Isle," some fair morning we step aboard the tidy steamer, the *City of Grand Rapids*, and glide westward into the lake, touching at Point St. Ignace, passing around the lighthouse and inside the light of Isle aux Galets. After a delightful

the region of the boat-houses. They are kept and attended by a small army of civil young men and boys; rough-clad, hard-fisted fellows, but civil, all of them. When a party of amateur oarswomen come down, with their stupid questions and boring indecision, these boys have a chance to prove of what sort of stuff they are made.

"Beg pardon, ladies," (after they have at last concluded to take a boat and concluded to get into it,) "you are sitting wrong: turn your faces the other way. Now, back water—*push on your handles*. Back with your left oar, or you'll go under the pier. Pull now—pull with both hands."

The confused, half-frightened girls fail to compre-



SUGARLOAF HILL, MACKINAC.

hend, and then a twelve-year-old darkey rushes to the front and yells after them:

"Why don't yer *pull*? What d'yer mean by shovin' cross de bay stern fo'most?"

There is one woman comes here, however, who understands her business. She is built on the wind-splitter plan, extremely tall and narrow. Her prominent nose is sharp as a chisel, and she wears a black straw hat, tied close at the sides into a portentous and unsightly scoop. Her dress of steel-gray serge is cut after the princess model, and owing to the uniform narrowness it is hard to tell where waist leaves off and skirt begins. Chum and I call her the "Iron Clad." She comes down early, turning the corner by the Storm King Museum and darting down the long flight of steps with an irresistible impetus. She seizes her boat and launches it herself, bending her tall figure into the sharpest of angles. She is in and off. How her long arms wield the oars, hand over hand! Her lips are compressed, her nose and her scoop hat point obliquely upward; her eye scans the admiring crowd on shore. She rows skillfully around the pier once or twice, then she is off, no one knows where. I have never seen her return. Possibly she comes in under cover of night, thinking one exhibition a day all she can afford for the money.

About the middle of July the hay-fever patients begin to arrive at Petoskey, and during the first two weeks of August every train and boat brings its quota. From Atlanta and Nashville, from Chicago and St. Louis, and from scores of intermediate points they come to this great sanitarium of the Northwest. For a short time after their arrival they speak a language peculiar to themselves, full of blurred liquids and entirely destitute of nasal sounds. Very soon, however, there is a change; the watery eyes clear up, the "cold-sores" about the lips disappear, the sneezing chorus subsides, and for the remainder of

the season the hay-fever people constitute as jolly a set of ex-invalids as it was ever my lot to fall in with.

Do you want to see old Petoskey? His son keeps a dry goods and notion store near the foot of Lake street, and the old man may usually be found in his easy-chair at the rear of the shop. He claims to be ninety-six years old; you will not believe it till you have seen the aged men who are his sons. His hair is black and his face fat and smooth. You approach him with a friendly salutation, and though he cannot speak English he will extend you a yellow hand, limp and soft to the touch as a piece of oil-dressed buckskin. He has sixteen sons. There is one individual at Petoskey who is to be sedulously avoided. I mean the skeptic—not in theology, but in matters of local interest. He will tell you that Petoskey isn't a day over sixty-five; that when Uncle Joe Piant and Margaret Boyd declare that this is really "the front end of

Michigan," the earliest explored and oldest settled part of the state, they are "all off," and don't know what they are talking about; that the bits of queer pottery you have found and cherished as relics of the mound-builders are nothing but fragments of a broken beer-jug. He will stand up in the face of a company of sportsmen, just in from the Pigeon or Boyne rivers, where they have fished until fishing ceased to be an amusement, and coolly aver that, in his opinion, there has never been a brook-trout or grayling caught in the state! Shun him!

The out-of-the-world, buried-alive feeling which some tourists confess to having dreaded, as they approached Petoskey by rail through apparently limitless stretches of forest, never comes near them after once setting foot upon its streets. They find themselves not in a secluded, lonely place, but in a stirring lake-port town, deeply interested in its little exports of timber, fish and hemlock bark. A daily line of steamers runs to Mackinac, and two great ships of the Western Transportation Line touch at its wharf weekly. When the *Idaho* or the *Fountain City* comes steaming up the bay, the long pier presents an animated scene. Many



MOUTH OF THE BEAR RIVER.

here have friends at the East who may possibly be taking the five days' voyage from Buffalo to Chicago. When the vessel comes alongside, the crowd below scan the passengers that flock to the railing of the upper deck, and not unfrequently there are surprised recognitions and joyful salutations.

When at length we leave Petoskey—and we must leave it, else we could never have the delight of returning—an excellent route to choose is by the bay steamer via Charlevoix, Norwood and Northport, down the west arm of Grand Traverse Bay to Traverse City at its foot. This ride affords the tourist a rich treat in the shape of picturesque and varied coast scenery. From Traverse City a branch railroad, twenty-six miles long, connects at Walton Junction with the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, known throughout the West as the "Fishing Line." The village of Walton was named, we suppose, after the gentle Izaak, whose disciples flock to this point by hundreds, and from it

branch off to the various fishing-camps scattered among a wonderful group of lakes in the near vicinity. Three miles below Walton the railroad crosses the sparkling Manistee River, and not far off is the Boardman. Each of these lovely streams, flowing between tree-shadowed, fern-fringed banks, might perfectly describe itself in Tennyson's musical lines—

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling."

But the whistle blows, the bell rings, the wheels revolve, and Northern Michigan must be left behind for another season.

ANGELINE TEAL.

CLEOPATRA'S PROTEST.

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

COME nearer, my spotted leopard, and cool with your
tongue my hand,
I am faint with a fitful fever, and filled with a fancy
grand;
Lie close to my side, and lend me your passion that poison
taints,
While I ponder the perjured picture the world of your
mistress paints;
The features and life it has painted, and chiseled and
moulded and sung,
Of Egypt's Cleopatra in every land and tongue;
On canvas, crystal, china, in bronze and brass and gold;
In malachite and marble, on coins and medals old;
In mosaic and murrhine, in coral, copper, clay;
On ivory and in ebony, in Syene's granite gray;
In opal, ophite, onyx, in sapphire, chrysolite;
In topaz, turquoise, jasper; in alabaster white;
In verse and prose and ballad, in history manifold,
The face and life of Egypt's queen are drawn and carved
and told.

In this galaxy of artists, in this gallery of art,
Where chisel, brush and pen have vied to do their per-
jured part,

I see no shade nor shadow, no sign nor semblance see,
Of her who stood at Actium with Roman Antony!
I fail to find the features, the force or spirit bold,
Of her who sailed the Cydnus in her galley wrought in
gold;

In the character they give me I trace no sign nor mood
Of hers, who chose destruction to a life of servitude;
Who bared her bosom proudly and perished like a Queen,
Preferring death to Cæsar, and the grave to Roman
spleen!

But I see the spiteful venom that guided steel and hand,
That tarnished as it tinted, and poisoned as it planned.
I see the jealous envy that shaped each curve and turn
Of chisel, brush and pencil; but naught of truth discern;
And I see what they have made me, I cannot help but see,
For what the senseless stone omits is found in history.
The seal they set upon me of sumptuous sin and shame,
They stole from frail Aspasia's brow and Grecian Phryne's
name.

I see the perjured picture! I see the wanton vile
They show for Cleopatra—"the Serpent of the Nile;"

And the eager world in earnest the lying trick respects,
And down through coming ages the truthful type rejects;
But I scorn to see the semblance in the picture that they
draw

Of her who held Rome captive, and whose wish was
Egypt's law!

I would bid them go remember that she whom they revile,
Spurned the love of laureled Cæsar, when he sought her
by the Nile,

And offered fame and station, and the sovereignty of
Rome,

If she would yield the conquest, and say she was his own!
That she sent him back, with others, in their regal robes
unmanned,

Who had come as hopeful suitors for Cleopatra's hand,
And bid them lay their treasures at the feet of one more
free

Than the spouse of Rome's Triumvir—the God-like An-
tony!

I would tell them that the pious prude, Octavia, whom
they raise

Upon the highest pinnacle of purity and praise,
Is not worthy of the worship they offer at her shrine,
For she was never Antony's; he always had been mine!
He took her from her regal home to carry out his part,
But never to his bosom, and never to his heart;

And all, all, all of Antony this haughty dame can claim
Is the sacrifice he offered when he gave to her his name!
He has sworn to me by Eros, that their hands have never
met,

And that his star in Egypt rose when hers in Rome had
set!

I would tell them that Octavia knew his spirit and his
heart,

His life, his soul, his destiny, his mind, his every part
Was moored upon the Nilus, together with mine own,
Before he ever saw her—by Cæsar's wish alone.
And she knew the gods of Egypt had smiled serenely
down

On the union of Rome's consul with Egypt's starry crown!
I would tell them she they blemished with the brand of
sin and shame

Would have scorned to call him husband who gave alone
his name!

And had that haughty Roman dame the spirit of a dove,
She'd have sent him back to Egypt, to her who owned his
love.

I am weary; leave me, leopard! you cannot change your
skin,

Nor I the haughty spirit I showed to all save him.
And I thank the gods of Egypt for their mercy, which was
shown

In giving me Mark Antony for all, all, all mine own!
And I thank the god of waters for yielding me the tide,
That flooded old Nile's bosom, where we rode side by
side;

And to those who call me "Sorceress," and "Serpent of
the Nile,"

And to those who dubbed me "Tigress," and everything
that's vile,

I would say, your shafts fell harmless, for we were wholly
one,

And when the pulse of one did cease, the other's life had
run.

So I banish bitter feelings for all who did malign,
For 'twas but human nature to envy bliss like mine;
And I rain forgiveness on them in pearly perfumed showers,
And tell them that the Western world knew naught of
love like ours.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY ANNA A. CAMERON.

ON a clear, frosty evening in the latter part of October, Hesper Carroll stood leaning against the bars of her father's barnyard, waiting for the return of Jacob, "the bound-boy," who had gone to the pasture to drive home the delinquent cows, which, though paragons of virtue generally, grew a trifle rebellious now that pasturage was becoming limited, and manifested a decided preference for remaining in the meadows to search for dainty patches of green grass that could be found only in sheltered nooks.

The sun was sinking slowly down the glowing west, and its warm, slanting beams fell full upon the face and figure of the girl as she stood listening to the distant tinkle of the bells, and looking dreamily away across the broad meadows to the wooded slopes which were glowing with the rich tints of autumn. She made a fair picture as she stood in the gay sunshine, which tinged with gold the dark chestnut curls that were pushed back beneath the broad brim of a large straw hat that shaded but did not conceal the bonny, winsome face beneath it. Her deep violet eyes were fringed with long dark lashes, that swept far down on the rose-tinted cheek. A fair forehead, delicate, clear-cut nose, sweet, crimson mouth, and snowy chin, full of dimples, completed a face which entitled its owner to the palm universally awarded her of being "the belle of the whole country-side." Her figure was perfect, and every movement instinct with grace, and the tiny foot that peeped from beneath her dress was fairy-like enough to have worn the slipper of the fabled "Cinderella."

The bells sounded nearer and nearer, and just as Hesper turned to see if the cows were in view, a shadow fell across the path, and the substance thereof appeared in the form of a tall, handsome young man, who advanced toward her, smiling as he held out his hand, saying:

"Good-evening, Hesper. I called at the house to see you, but Mrs. Carroll told me I should find you here."

The hand he had grasped, very warmly it must be confessed, was decidedly withdrawn, and he looked surprised at the brief "good-evening" with which Hesper greeted him.

"I had hoped to find you nearly done milking," he added, as he stood watching the slender fingers energetically plucking to pieces a late clover-blossom. "Mother sent me over to ask you to come and help her. We have

our husking to-night, and she is a little behind-hand with her preparations. The husking will break up with a dance. Will you come?"

"Yes, as your mother wants me; but I cannot go now."

"I can wait for you, then. Mother told me to be sure to bring you."

"You need not wait," said Hesper, quickly, just a tinge of impatience in the usually sweet voice. "I sha'n't be ready for some time, and when I am Jacob can go with me. Tell Mrs. Rayburn, please, that I will come as soon as possible." And without even a glance at the troubled face before her, she took up her pail and stood tapping her small foot impatiently as she watched the fine, sleek Devons slowly filing into the barnyard.

Harry Rayburn stood a moment irresolute, then, with a quiet "Good-evening, Hesper," turned again into the path by which he had come.

"Good-evening," she answered, and, without even glancing toward him, she began at once to fill her pail with rich, foaming milk.

"Stand still, Blossom. You are so cross that I never shall get through this tiresome milking!" At Hesper's sharp reproof, accompanied by a smart blow from the small hand of that indignant damsel, Blossom turned a mildly reproachful glance upon her, for the delinquency had been nothing more serious than entering an energetic protest with her long, flowing tail against the marauding proclivities of a great horse-fly, which, while humming an innocent-sounding tune, was steadily levying "blackmail" from Blossom's most vulnerable and defenseless points, evidently determined upon securing his vesper meal at her expense.

Hesper's little hands worked rapidly, and notwithstanding Blossom's several lapses from obedience, the last pail was soon capped with snowy foam.

"Mother," she said as she entered the kitchen some time afterwards, where Mrs. Carroll was busy with her early supper, "Mrs. Rayburn has sent to ask me to go over and help her; they are going to have their husking to-night, and she wants me. May I go?"

"To be sure, Hesper; get ready and go at once. No doubt she does need help. The Squire told me yesterday she had had the rheumatism all the week, and was not able to do much."

Hesper disappeared, and was soon in her own little room arraying herself in all the bravery of her best attire. Her dress, of soft dark green material, fitted her pretty figure perfectly, and was finished at the throat and wrists with snowy ruffles, while at the throat a cherry-colored ribbon was tied in a shower of loops. Her dark ringlets were brushed back from the fair blue-veined forehead, and kept in place by another piece of cherry-colored ribbon. As she stood before the glass giving the last touches to her dress she glanced for a moment at the reflection of her own bright, pretty face, and tossing her head defiantly, resolved to "make Harry Rayburn's heart ache that night, if, indeed, he *had* a heart!" And here the curly head gave a disdainful toss. "To think of how long he had been pretending to care for her, and now to be devoting himself to Fannie Lawson! It was too bad! She always thought Fannie was the prettier, but she did not know that Harry thought so too until now! He had carried Fannie to the fair first, and then actually came back for her, as if he thought she would go with him! No, indeed! And how glad she was to pass him in Joe Wentworth's buggy. Joe loved her, that she was sure of, for he had told her so that very day, and said such beautiful things to her, and told her that it would break his heart if she did not love him; but—Joe was small and ugly, and had such a squeaky voice, and she did not care for him; and Harry was so tall and handsome—the very handsomest man she ever saw—and he had such a beautiful voice, so deep and mellow, that when he said lovely things it sounded as if they were set to music. But she did despise him; he was so deceitful, so unlike the Harry she used to know!" And the bright eyes flashed through the tears that a moment before had softened their indignant light, and she renewed her resolve to give him a heartache if he had not grown absolutely indifferent to her, and if he had, why he would see that she too was indifferent.

WHEN Hesper entered the kitchen to say good-night to her mother, Mrs. Carroll asked:

"Has Harry Rayburn come for you?"

"No; father says that Jacob may go with me, it is such a short distance, and I shall not want for an escort coming back."

"That you may be sure of," said Mrs. Carroll, looking fondly and proudly at the fair face of her child; "but I wonder that Harry did not come to walk over with you."

"He did, but I was not ready to go."

"But couldn't he have waited? You would not have kept him long, and he generally seems to mind no trouble if he can only be with you."

"I would not let him wait. Jacob will do just as well. Good-night, mother." And Hesper tripped away in the moonlight in charge of her humble esquire. The pathway wound across the field and into a belt of woodland, and it was after entering the shadowy woods that, hearing voices, Hesper looked up to see Harry Rayburn. Coming forward, he said as he joined her:

"I happened to be coming along the path, and if you have no objections Jacob may go back and I will escort you the rest of the way."

"Did you tell your mother why I could not come sooner?" asked Hesper with quiet malice, determined to find out whether he had been home, or had, as she shrewdly suspected, been waiting to accompany her.

"Yes—that is, no; not yet," replied Harry, startled by the unexpected question.

Hesper gave an audible sniff—how girls luxuriate in that method of expressing disdain!—and they walked on in silence for a few moments. They had reached a dense part of the woods, and the moon was obscured by a cloud.

"It is very dark; won't you take my arm?" said Harry gently.

"No, thank you; I can see well enough!"

"But you might fall. I know the path so well—*do* lean on my arm."

"It would not be convenient," Hesper said coolly; "you are too dreadfully tall."

"Why, you never thought so before!"

"I never said so, perhaps," she answered dryly.

"Hesper, what is the matter?" asked Harry, now thoroughly conscious of her intention of wounding him. "What makes you so cold and so changed?"

"If I am not pleasant it is a pity you insisted on walking with me," she replied with quiet indifference. "You had better have let Jacob come with me."

"I wish I had," he exclaimed passionately; "and I beg your pardon for forcing myself upon you. I was stupid enough not to know that it would be disagreeable to you, but I shall not annoy you any more than I can help."

They soon reached the house, and throwing open the door of a large, well-lighted room, in which Mrs. Rayburn sat, surrounded with eatables of every description, Harry said, "Mother, here is Hesper."

Mrs. Rayburn limped forward, and, heartily kissing the cheeks whose roses the frosty air had deepened, said:

"I am mighty glad you have come, my dear. I have had the rheumatism all the week, and it has thrown me a little behind-hand with my work, and I wanted you to help me fix the table. I can't move about quick like I used to do, and the girl don't know about such things, besides being busy. I told Richard Rayburn that it's the first time since I married him—going on twenty-five years ago—that I was ever behind-hand at husking time; and I never wanted help before, either! But I suppose a body can't always keep strong and spry as they were when they were young. I looked for you by dusk, dear; what kept you so late?"

"The cows did not come in from the pasture until after sunset, and the milking was later than usual."

"And Harry waited for you, of course!" said the good dame mischievously.

"Yes, I waited for her," replied Harry doggedly, the color waving over his swarthy cheek as he saw the little red mouth set and the head give just a perceptible toss, as though that waiting had done him but small good!

"Here, my dear," said Mrs. Rayburn, who was blissfully ignorant of this by-play, leading the way into an adjoining room where a long table covered with snowy, home-made linen stood on the floor, "this is the table, and Harry will help you bring the things to put on it. I must go now and look after the girl; she does not know anything, and is little better than no help." And Mrs. Rayburn limped away to "look after the girl" in part, and, as she thought to herself, "to be out of the way of the young folks' courting;" for having no daughter of her own, and being very fond of Hesper, she hoped some day to see her Harry's wife.

Hesper having laid aside her shawl and hat and tied on the daintiest ruffled white apron, was soon engaged in transferring the appetizing viands into the room where the supper was to be laid.

"What can I do for you?" Harry asked a little stiffly when they were alone.

"Bring in the heaviest dishes, please, and just put

them anywhere on the table; I can arrange them afterward." And Hesper tripped away to the other end of the room, where she was busy amidst pies, etc.

Of course, there was no talking done, but Hesper would now and then sing softly to herself tiny snatches of songs, as though utterly oblivious of Harry's presence. When he had brought in the dishes and arranged them in a row on the table, and could see nothing else to do, he went to where Hesper was arranging sundry delicious, green apple tarts and golden pumpkin pies, and asked in a tone half-piqued, half-pleading:

"Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing at all, thank you," replied Hesper, so intent upon the exact relation that a pie should bear to a tart that she could not even glance up; and when the young man did not move, but stood irresolute for a moment, supposing, of course, that he had not heard her, she repeated: "There is nothing you can do now. You can go if you wish. If I need your assistance any further I can call you."

"But suppose I *wish* to stay," he said in a tone of suppressed feeling, "and ask you to tell me what I have done that you should treat me as you are doing?"

"Harry! Where *is* Harry?" called 'Squire Rayburn's voice, as he came hurrying toward the room in a state of mild excitement.

"Here I am, father," Harry replied, a trifle impatiently, and the next moment the door was thrown open and the 'Squire's bluff, good-natured face appeared.

"Oh, here you are. The boys are coming, my son. You had better go out to meet them, hadn't you? Why, how d'ye do, Hesper? You look as bright as a bunch of holly-berries!" And with the usual relish that elderly specimens of the *genus homo* develop for such diversion, the 'Squire imprinted a hearty kiss upon the fresh, red lips of the bright face smilingly upturned to his. "Busy as a bee, are you?" he continued, looking around upon the confusion that Hesper's deft hands had already begun to reduce to tasteful order. "You will make a jolly wife for some lucky fellow by-and-by. It almost makes an old man like me wish he was young again; but I am a better-looking man now than the most of them—eh, Hesper?"

"A great deal better-looking than *any* of them," said Hesper quietly; and a moment afterward she glanced down the room as a pair of very emphatic boot-heels went ringing across the floor and out into the piazza, and Master Harry strode off in full receipt of as genuine a heartache as would have amply satisfied Hesper's most vicious desire.

THE great heap of corn had been husked, the bountiful supper dispatched, and the long room was cleared and ready for the dancers. Then came the tuning of violins—that sound which instantly "puts mettle in the heels" of the dancers. The bows were rosined from heel to toe, drawn with a ringing flourish across the instruments, and then they glided off into an old-fashioned reel. A set was formed, and in a twinkling the measured tread of dancing feet kept time to the inspiring strains.

The dancing continued for hours, and Hesper Carroll, the belle of the evening, had been on the floor repeatedly. She was besieged with partners, and even the old 'Squire insisted on "treading at least one measure" with her. "I like to cut the young fellows out," he said, with a merry twinkle of his eye. "It astonishes them so, and then I always had a taste for pretty girls ever since I fell in love with my buxom wife. One set will not weary you, will tease the boys—Master

Harry most especially, to judge by his looks—and is just about as much as my two hundred and sixty pounds and sixty-five years can stand!"

Harry, who had danced repeatedly with Fanny Lawson and paid her a great deal of attention, had not been near Hesper. Joe Wentworth, on the contrary, was devoting himself to her, and she, it must be confessed, had received his devotion and treated him with bewitching sweetness. When, therefore, the gathering broke up, just as the gray east was tinted with the rose flush of early dawn, and she walked away across the fields leaning on Joe's arm, he found himself pleading his cause with a hope born of the impassioned love which had met with such unexpected encouragement.

In the early morning, when its chill has cooled the fevered pulse, and one is looking at things by the gray, cold light, and is weary withal, things that were worth the accepting a few hours before grow worthless and are but added weariness! A keen remorse smote Hesper, for she was conscious how much she had hurt Joe in trying to pique Harry, and she repented the selfish disregard of his feelings. But to further encourage him by even the slightest hope would be but to wound him the deeper. When, therefore, his appeal ended, and he awaited her answer, it came in a passion of tears.

"Oh, Joe, forgive me; I was cruel and selfish to trifle with you as I have done, because I knew that I did not love you and never could."

I doubt if Harry's voice would have sounded sweeter or more manly than Joe's did when he answered gently:

"Don't cry, Hesper; it hurts me. Never mind about me; if there was anything to forgive, I could not help forgiving you, because I love you. Now, good-by, and don't grieve over me any more, sweetheart; I am not worth those tears." And, lifting her hand to his lips, he turned and was gone.

The weeks that followed were dreary ones to Hesper, though no one knew that aught had come to cloud the sunshine of her days.

Joe Wentworth was very gentle and considerate of her whenever they met, but that made her all the more regret the ungenerous way she had treated him. Harry she seldom saw, and their intercourse was very cold and indifferent. She still imagined herself very indignant at his apparent trifling, and he seemed to avoid her as much as possible.

It was only after Will Rayburn returned from the West, about a month later, that it became known that he and Fanny Lawson were engaged, and that Harry had only been taking care of her in Will's absence. Hearing this Hesper began to reproach herself for having judged too hastily, and been so quick to resent Harry's supposed indifference. "But," she thought, "it was in part his fault; had he only told her at first, she would have understood and would not have minded it in the least. Now everything seemed so changed. No doubt that he despised her. He could not know why she had changed so to him, and very probably thought she had been trifling with him. He had been so cold to her since the night of the husking, and she could see that he tried to avoid her whenever he could. Of course she could do nothing but feel miserable. She could not show him that she was not indifferent to him because he might have ceased to care whether she was or not, and she would rather die than have him know that all the world seemed weariness without him."

Several months passed thus, and at length came Will Rayburn's wedding; and as soon as the merry-makings

were over he was to take his young wife and emigrate to the West, which held out glowing inducements to new settlers, and where Will's imagination pictured the speedy realization of dreams which had lured him to broader fields than the old homestead offered. Unexpectedly to every one, at the last, Harry announced his determination to go also. Though bitterly opposed to it, his parents said nothing to dissuade him. He had been so unlike himself—so strangely restless—that they thought an absolute change might benefit him; at all events, they would not oppose what seemed to be so earnest a desire.

'Twas the night before they were to leave, and Harry, having made his hurried preparations and walked restlessly up and down the long piazza, at length strode off across the fields and down the well-known path that he had not trod now for four months.

"Good-evening, Hesper," he said, as he came up the steps of the porch where Hesper sat alone in the moonlight.

"Good-evening, Harry," she answered, rising and offering him her hand.

He grasped it, looking at her earnestly for a moment, then released it, saying with repressed emotion:

"I have come against my will to tell you good-by. I am going away to-morrow, and I am such a weak fool that I could not go without one more sight of your face!"

"You are going away?" Hesper said, growing pale in the moonlight. "How long shall you be gone?"

"Forever, possibly; certainly for years!"

"Why do you go?" she asked in a low, unsteady voice.

"Why?" he asked with a short laugh. "Why shouldn't I go; what is there here to stay for?"

"Your father and mother, at least," she answered gently; "it must distress them bitterly to give you up; they will be so lonely!"

"I suppose they will," he said, breathing quick, "but I also am lonely and miserable. Why do I go? You to ask me that when you know so well that it is you who are driving me away. Do you suppose that, loving you as I do, I can be content to go on in this way any longer? To live so near you and yet be so far away—to be worse than nothing to you; I am not the same man that I was four months ago. Why, the very world looks different. I will go where I can forget you, for that at best is as near happiness as I can ever hope to reach. But forgive me for intruding thus upon you; I longed to see you again, and only meant to say good-by, but the sight of you completely unmans me, and I have said what I had no right to say to you. I did not mean to be unkind. Good-by, little Hesper." He held both of her hands close in his, looking at the sweet, downcast face with yearning, love-lit eyes. For one brief moment the face was lifted to meet his glance; then, with a little cry, "Oh, Harry, do not leave me!" Hesper was gathered

close to the broad breast that was heaving with strong emotion.

"And did you love me all this while?" he whispered a moment later, as he bent low over the nut-brown head and listened for the answer.

"Yes; and, oh, I have been so unhappy!"

"Then, my darling, why did you treat me so coldly?"

"Because I was jealous. I thought you did not care for me as you used to do!"

Harry Rayburn laughed a low, sweet laugh, and lifting the flushed face gently and kissing the trembling lips, asked, smiling, "Jealous of whom, Hester?"

"Of Fanny Lawson. I thought you loved her best!"

"Oh! silly little girl. Not to know that I could not love any one else in the whole world as I love you. I was only taking care of Fanny while Will was away, and this has been the cause of my long heartache, has it?"

"But Harry, you took her to the fair first!"

"So I did, sweetheart, but I started early, so that I could return in time to take you, meaning to tell you that morning that Will had put her in my care, though I never for one moment thought it possible that you could misunderstand my attentions to her. When I returned for you I met you with Joe Wentworth, and from that day you have been so changed that I have been miserable. I could not imagine at first what could be the cause of it, but afterwards I thought that you did not care for me, and so meant to show me your indifference. The night of our husking you were so cold, so unlike what you had been before, that I made up my mind it would be useless to say anything to you. I thought then that you loved Wentworth, and I was a wretched man. When Will said he was going West I determined to go too. I could not have stayed here believing that you cared for another man; but now I am the happiest man alive! Will can go West if he wishes; I cannot imagine anything that would induce me to go now. But Hesper, sweetheart, one thing more"—Harry smiled mischievously—"and then I think the clouds will all have been swept away: am I 'so dreadfully tall' now, and is father 'a great deal handsomer' than I am?"

"Oh! Harry, why do you recall those spiteful speeches that I have been so sorry for, and that were not true; for there is no one in all the world half so handsome or so good as you are. Forget all of that dreadful time, and I promise that I will never give you another heartache, and forgive an unkindness that has cost me as much sorrow as it has done you."

The moon peeped down curiously into the porch—the moon has not a particle of manners, and is just as curious about lovers to-day as she was about their ancestors hundreds of years ago!—doubtless she was grieved that she had not sped westward sooner, for looking in through the climbing roses and honeysuckle vines that wreathed the porch she only saw a man's arm around the slender figure of the woman whose sweet face lay hidden on his breast, while his bearded cheek rested lovingly against her soft chestnut hair.



WITS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year of our Lord, 1702, when Anne ascended the throne, the pleasure-seeking, gossip-loving society of London was in full pursuit after every kind of novelty and excitement. The gaming tables at White's, the chocolate and coffee-houses, the lotteries and clubs were crowded. Duncan Campbell, the deaf and dumb fortune teller, held levees at which people of the highest rank assisted. Wits were discussing Addison and laughing over Swift's caustic satires. Congreve and Wycherly filled the theatres, and there was a rumor afloat of a permanent Italian opera.

In the eighteenth century we enter into the presence of women whose ghosts are still understood to hold the brevet rank of Queens of Beauty and Wit. The court of George the First was completely under the influence of women. Bolingbroke secured his return from exile through the Duchess of Kendal. Carteret relied upon the Countess of Platen. Chesterfield intrigued against Newcastle with the Duchess of Yarmouth, and even Pitt secured his position in the Cabinet through the influence of the same lady.

One of the most erratic of its early stars of fashion was Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston. Her father, Colonel Chudleigh, died while she was an infant, and her mother was very slenderly dowered. But the Earl of Bath took a lively interest in the beautiful girl, and obtained her the position of a maid of honor, a position she held, through good and evil report, until she became Duchess of Kingston; for she bewitched, in spite of their better judgment, every one who came within her influence.



MISS CHUDLEIGH, DUCHESS OF KINGSTON, AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

While very young a promise of marriage passed between her and the Duke of Hamilton, but during his absence on the continent her aunt induced her to marry the Hon. Augustus Hervey, grandson of the Earl of Bristol. The marriage was, of course, kept a secret, and she tried—not always successfully—to laugh and brave off the rumors which were whispered about her. "Do you know, my lord," she said to Chesterfield, "the world insists I have twin sons?" "Does it?" replied the witty nobleman. "I make a point of believing only half of what the world says." She had married Mr. Hervey out of pique, believing the Duke of Hamilton false to her, and she soon bitterly repented the step. Then she tore the entry of her marriage from the church register, though afterwards—when her husband was likely to become Earl of Bristol—she replaced it. Her dress and manners soon began to exhibit an indelicacy so reckless that Chesterfield wondered what arts she used to obtain toleration. Horace Walpole, describing her at a masquerade, says: "Miss Chudleigh was 'Iphigenia,' but so naked you would have taken her for 'Andromeda';" and referring to the same occasion, Mrs. Montagu writes: "Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable. The maids of honor (not of maids the strictest at that time) were so offended they would not speak to her;" and it was doubtless on this occasion that her too indulgent mistress gave her cutting and dignified reproof by throwing her own veil over her.

Harassed by her unhappy position and the importunities of numerous lovers, she went abroad, and was received with almost royal pomp by the King of Prussia and the Electress of Saxony. Yet her favor at the English Court was undiminished on her return, and the wisest statesmen marveled at the arts and fascinations which could command her such a reception in Dresden and make her life connived at in London. Her husband was now Earl of Bristol, but she had infatuated the Duke of Kingston, and he, being anxious to marry her, applied to Bristol to aid their views. The despised husband seems to have readily consented, and when she applied to the ecclesiastical court in a suit of jactitation of marriage, the Earl of Bristol—as it had been agreed he should do—failed in substantiating his claim, and his wife was declared "a spinster free to marry." Immediately afterwards she became Duchess of Kingston, the wedding being one of great pomp and the king and queen wearing their favors on the occasion.

Five years afterwards the Duke died, bequeathing to her every rood of his immense unentailed estates and every guinea of his personal property. The heirs at once sought for proofs of her first marriage, and, in consequence, she was summoned to appear in Westminster Hall on a charge of bigamy. The scene is thus described by Mrs. Hannah More, who was visiting Garrick at the time: "Garrick would have me to take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, a sight of which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation or a trial by peers can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. You will imagine

the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! Yet in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment—which, however, was very ill-observed—the Gentleman of the Black Rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-Dowager of Kingston, walked in led by Black Rod and Mr. La Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and expression were pointed to the last degree. He made her grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. . . . The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamored. . . . I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." As to her acting, Mrs. More did not certainly judge fairly, for Garrick said that at her trial "she so much outacted him that it was time for him to leave the stage."

In a subsequent letter Mrs. More says: "I have the great satisfaction of telling you that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess of Kingston, was this very afternoon *undignified* and *un-Duchessed*, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half so much against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it, as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand. He says, as he was once a professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it, but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron." The description is doubtless a truthful one, but has a very unwomanly spice of ill-nature in it. Her persecutors also entirely failed in their chief object—the restitution of the property—for the Duke had so worded the bequest that it was hers under any title, she being called in it "my dearest wife, Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh, *alias* Elizabeth Hervey." "Did you ever," asks Horace Walpole, "hear of a Duchess inscribed in a will as a harlot is indicted at the Old Bailey?"

Her last exploit was a visit to the court of Russia, whither she went *en princesse*, sending magnificent gifts before her. The Empress appointed a palace for her residence, and received her in a royal manner. During her residence there, she purchased an estate near St. Petersburg worth £12,000. Then she returned to France, where also she had great possessions, but receiving some news that displeased her, she fell into a violent passion and broke a blood-vessel. Against all orders she persisted in rising. "My heart feels oddly; I will have a glass of Madeira." It was brought her; she drank it, and pronounced herself "charmingly indeed"—but in a few minutes she was dead.

The world knew all her faults; her excellences were not so well known. Yet she was splendidly generous in nature, and unostentatiously charitable. She remembered favors gratefully, and was capable not only of forgiving but of assisting a fallen foe. She was a woman of great courage, never traveled without pistols, and never feared to use them, if necessary. Her whole life and character indeed was a romance, and if fully written would doubtless be condemned as too improbable a fiction.



CATHARINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY,
AFTER C. JERVAS.

Contemporary with the Duchess of Kingston was Prior's

"Kitty, beautiful and young."

Duchess of Queensberry, and not seldom called "the mad Duchess." Eccentricity was her delight, and Lady Bolingbroke gave her the title of "La Singularité," a name which greatly pleased her. She was, however, a good wife and a good woman and a most sincere friend. To the poet Gay she was as constant a patron as her husband; and was, indeed, forbidden court because of her exertions in his behalf after the prohibition of "The Beggars' Opera."

Prior's description of her is not only very characteristic, but was also at one time very popular. In it he tells us how "Kitty, beautiful and young," pleaded for permission to go into the world and try her fortune, and how, having prevailed, "Kitty, at heart's desire,

"Obtained the chariot for a day
And set the world on fire."

Half a century after Prior wrote, Horace Walpole said: "The Duchess of Queensberry is still figuring in the world, not only by giving frequent balls, but really by her beauty. Reflect that she was a goddess in Prior's days. I could not help adding these lines to his description of 'Kitty, beautiful and young':

"To many a Kitty, Love his ear
Will for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age."

Walpole's impromptu brought a reply in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which Kitty is made to account for Walpole's admiration thus:

"Guess why," she cried, 'his praise I share
With Roman and with Greek?
Such connoisseurs admire the rare
And prize the true antique."

Walpole has spoken of being at her balls; at one of them she gave him a characteristic reproof for having retired with Lord Lorn and George Selwyn to a snug little room for a comfortable, selfish chat. She sent a



MARY LEPEL, LADY HERVEY, AFTER A MINIATURE FORMERLY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

servant at once to take the door off the hinges. The gentlemen understood the hint, and returned to the hall and the dancers. She does not seem to have been a favorite with Walpole, for he records her wild pranks with that gusto which ill-nature frequently gives to his pen. Thus, he describes a quarrel between her and the Duchess of Richmond, whose daughter, Lady Caroline, had recently eloped. "She sent to invite Lady Emily Lennox to a ball. Her mother, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word 'she could not determine.' She sent again and received the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word that she had made up her company and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote, 'Too great a trust.' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke." But in spite of Horace Walpole's disapproval, she retained not only her beauty and vivacity, but also her popularity, until she was very old; and, with her stately figure and milk-white locks, was one of the most remarkable-looking women in the train of George the Third's young queen.

Few women, in point of wit, rivaled her, except Lady Townshend, who was one of the cleverest and handsomest beauties of that day. Woe to those who fell under the displeasure or tongue of Dorothy, Lady Townshend. In Walpole's letters her name never appears but to herald some stinging shaft or bitter repartee. With head erect, flowing robes and flashing eyes, she defied criticism. Her eyes, especially, had the basilisk power of "looking a fellow-creature down." She did not live with her husband, and we may imagine her look as she counted up the remedies for the sorrows of women: "Such a medicine, so many; such a doctor, so many; but the greatest number find relief

from the sudden death of their husbands." In the famous political crisis, when one side was for Mr. Pelham and others for Lord Carteret, and none for Lord Bute, Lady Townshend added to the mortification of the latter the crowning sting of scorn by the galling reply which she made to his complaint of "having a pain in his side:" "Oh, that can't be; you have no side!" It was Greek against Greek when she encountered Horace Walpole. He says of her at one time, when the town was very empty: "So my Lady Townshend is obliged to lie off people now;" and later, when she had been very ill: "Lady Townshend has been dying, and took prayers, but she is recovered now, even of her repentance." And Lady Townshend summed Horace Walpole up in six stinging words—"Horace Walpole is spirits of *hartshorn*." Another beauty of the court of George the Second was Mary Lepel. She had lived much abroad, and in France acquired that piquancy of manner which, grafted upon English propriety, made her almost irresistible. All the talents of the day were enlisted in her praise. Pope and Gay celebrated her. Walpole praised her. Voltaire eulogized her, and Lords Chesterfield and Bath united their powers in a ballad in her honor, of which one verse will be sufficient for the taste of our time:

"Bright Venus yet never saw bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle
As when Hervey, the handsome, was wedded
To the beautiful Mary Lepel."

For it was Lord John Hervey, the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that became the husband of this celebrated beauty.

The surpassing loveliness of "those goddesses, the Gunnings," has become historical; nor is there any other modern instance of mere physical beauty exciting so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by these two portionless Irish gentlewomen. Their names were Maria and Elizabeth; and Maria, the eldest, was only in her nineteenth year when they appeared at court. Under date of June 18th, 1751, Horace Walpole writes to his friend, Sir Horace Mann: "You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Misses Gunning are twenty times more the subject of conversation. . . . These are two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared to be the handsomest women alive. . . . They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." Though portionless they were of good birth, their father being John Gunning, of Castle Coote; their mother, Bridget, a daughter of the sixth Viscount Mayo. Maria, the elder, married Lord Coventry, and the present earl is the great-grandson of this beautiful countess. Four months after her marriage she went to Paris, but, according to Walpole's gossiping chronicles, she scarcely made as much sensation there. Her genius was not equal to her beauty, and every day she said some new *sproposito*. Her lord, too, seems to have been, in his own way, still more silly and prejudiced. He spoke no more French than was sufficient to show his ill-breeding. He was jealous and over-scrupulous. When the Duke de Luxembourg told him he had called Lady Coventry's coach, my lord replied, "*Vous avez fort bien fait*." When pressed to stay for a grand *fête* at St. Cloud, he excused himself, "because it would make him miss a music meeting at Worcester;" and he compelled his lady to send for a fan back which she had given to the Maréchale



MARIA, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY (MISS GUNNING), AFTER F. COTES.

de Lowendahl, because "he had given it to her before their marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach." She was wild, arch, *espiègle*, but she certainly wanted tact and discernment, as the following anecdote shows: George the Second, at the close of his long life, was talking to her one day on the dullness of the town, regretting that, for her sake, there had been no masquerades. "Oh! as for sights," said the thoughtless beauty, "I am quite satisfied with them. There is only one which I am eager to see, and that is a coronation."

She lived but a very few years to enjoy the triumphs of her charms, dying when only twenty-seven, from the use of white lead as a cosmetic. Horace Walpole thus records the event, October, 1760: "The charming Countess is dead at last. The quantity of paint she used is said to have been the immediate cause of the disorder which caused her death." And this was the end of a loveliness so eminent that her shoemaker in Worcester got two guineas and a half for showing a shoe he was making for her, charging a penny a head. Mason wrote an elegy on her death, which, in spite of many faults, is one of the finest in the language. The following description of her is from it:

"Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the Orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, waked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form a transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurped the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last."

Elizabeth Gunning came to London with her sister, and was married three weeks before her to James, Duke of Hamilton. This affair greatly exercised that charming gossip, Walpole, who thus writes of it to Sir Horace

Mann: "The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the elder, virtuously with regard to her honor, not very honorably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton—the very reverse of the Earl—hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end—that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards which were of £300 each. He soon lost a thousand. I could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress, why he played at all." It is hardly likely the selfish old bachelor could conceive of such a passion as the Duke's—a passion which led him two nights afterwards to insist on being married at once, though he had neither ring nor license, and could not get the clergyman sent for to perform the ceremony without them. However, he found one more accommodating, and the pair were actually married at Mayfair Chapel, with the ring of a bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after midnight.

The interest and curiosity aroused by the beauty of the sisters was increased by their splendid alliances, and when the Duchess of Hamilton was presented at court, the noble crowd was so great that they clambered on tables and chairs to look at her. There were mobs at the doors of houses to see them get into their chairs, and when it was known they were going to a certain theatre, it was necessary to be very early there, in order to get a seat; and Horace Walpole says that seven hundred people sat up all night in and



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON (MISS GUNNING).

about an inn in Yorkshire, in order to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise next morning.

But the free, gay Irish girl must surely have found life very tedious in the Duke's Scotch home; for Hamilton was the quintessence of Scotch pride, and in his

either above or below that rank, to dine with them at all?" Hardly six years after her marriage the Duke died, and the following year she married Colonel John Campbell, afterwards the Duke of Argyle, thus uniting the two great houses of Hamilton and Campbell.



LADY SARAH BUNBURY, SACRIFICING TO THE GRACES, AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

castle he and his duchess always walked before their company, even in to dinner. They sat together at the upper end of the table, ate out of the same plate and drank to nobody beneath the rank of an earl. "Is it not a wonder," asks Walpole, "how they get anybody,

Eighteen years afterwards she was made Baroness Hamilton in her own right, and lady of the bed-chamber to the young Queen Charlotte, consort of George the Third. Thus the unportioned daughter of an Irish gentleman became the wife of two great dukes, and the

mother of four ; for by her first husband she was the mother of the seventh and eighth Dukes of Hamilton, and by her second husband, of the sixth and seventh Dukes of Argyle. She died on the 20th of December, 1790, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

A contemporary beauty, and by many considered far more fair, because far more intelligent, was the Lady Sarah Lenox, afterwards Lady Sarah Bunbury, and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. She was celebrated not only for her surpassing loveliness but also for having been the first love of George the Third. "It is well known," says Wraxhall, "that before his marriage he distinguished by his partiality Lady Sarah Lenox, then one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom, and in her seventeenth year. Edward the Fourth, or Henry the Eighth, in his situation, would have married her and placed her on the throne ; Charles the Second would have endeavored to seduce her. But the King subdued his passion by the strength of his principles and his sense of public duty."

It was probably rather weakness of will than strength of principle or public devotion which actu-

ated King George in this matter ; for he certainly summoned a privy council to consider this very subject. This council gave their decided verdict against the King marrying a subject, and the King submitted to the decision. What the lady's feelings were we may guess ; the Duke of Richmond never forgave the slight. The depth of the King's grief and regret was sincere and long. Many years afterwards, when witnessing a performance of Mrs. Pope, who closely resembled his lost first love, he was heard to murmur in a tone of sorrowful abstraction, "She is like Lady Sarah, still !" Walpole says, of all the beauties at the royal wedding "she was by far the chief angel !" and again, in speaking of her performance of the part of Jane Shore in some private theatricals at Holland House, he says : "When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was ever half so lovely and expressing." She died at the age of eighty-two, as late on in our century as 1826, the last surviving great-granddaughter of Charles the Second.

AMELIA E. BARR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN the Marquise Desmoines received from Fillmore a letter announcing that the defendants in the case of Desmoines vs. Lancaster declined to defend, she uttered a sharp cry, and dropped the letter as if it had been poisonous. That strange sense of justice—of what is fairly due to one as a human being—which is perhaps the last thing to die out of even the least deserving of God's creatures, told her heart that she had been outraged. All things had slipped away from her. Despite all her powers, and her desperate yearning to exercise them, she was powerless. There could scarcely be, for her, a keener suffering. With some natures, the very intensity of anguish is its own partial antidote ; the faculties are so far stunned as to be unable, for a time, to gauge the poignancy of the disaster. But Perdita's clear and vigorous intellect would not permit her such an escape. She immediately saw her position in all its bearings and prospects. Her mind shed a pitiless light upon every aspect of her defeat and humiliation. Something vital within her seemed to gasp and die.

After a long, breathless pause, she took up the letter again, and read it to the end. It contained a request on the part of the writer to be allowed to call on her at a certain hour that evening. It was not difficult to see what that meant. She had made the surrender of herself to Fillmore contingent upon his recovery of the legacy : and he was coming to claim the fulfillment of her promise. She would be called on to play the part of a complaisant fiancée. At this picture, Perdita laughed ; and then, setting her teeth with rage, tore the paper into fragments. Such rage is deadly. Had Fillmore been present, his fiancée would have attempted his life. And yet it was not he that could enrage her : nothing that he could have done could have affected one

pulsation of her heart. She had passed into a region of emotion almost infinitely more intense than any with which he could be connected. But, as sometimes a woman will kiss a child or a dog, thinking "this kiss is for my lover !" so might Perdita have driven a dagger to Fillmore's heart, and said, "Be Philip and die !"

She looked at her hands : how white and fine they were,—how beautifully formed ! She rose and walked to and fro in the room ; every movement was grace and elasticity,—the harmonious play of parts exquisitely fashioned and proportioned. She paused before the looking-glass, and contemplated the form and features imaged there. She drew out her comb, and shook down on her shoulders a soft depth of bright-hued hair. She loosened the front of her dress, and exposed a bosom white as milk and curved like the bowl of Ganymede, save for the slight indentation of a scar, on the right breast. She gazed into the sparkling reflection of her eyes, as if some mystery were hidden there. "I have seen no woman more beautiful than you," she said aloud. "What is the use of beauty ? Why was I born ?"

She returned to her chair, and threw herself in it sideways, as a child might do, with her cheek resting against the back, one knee drawn up, her hands folded, her eyelids closed. As she lay thus she looked like a type of lovely and innocent weariness. "Why was I born ?" she repeated in a whisper. Her thoughts strayed back along the vista of her seven and twenty years : from the distance she saw the figure of a little girl, with bright hair and laughing eyes, come tripping onwards, inquisitive, observant, quick-witted, stout-hearted ; fond of her own way, and ready to take her own part ; but good-humored always and tolerant of others. Onward comes the child, growing taller as it advances, beginning now to realize its loneliness in the world, sometimes medita-

ting gravely thereon, but never losing courage; beginning also to realize its own superior gifts, and exercising them experimentally, for the pleasure of the use, and not always with too much heed for the effect on others. Still forward she comes, with a step somewhat less frolicsome, with eyes that look more penetratingly . . . a mind that harbors ambitious thoughts; a face that can conceal as well as express; a confidence in herself and in her fortune: worldly wisdom already, at seventeen years. That great, broad book of the world—of human life and character—with its profundity, its insanity, its pathos, its absurdity, its veins of good, its masses of evil,—the girl Perdita has studied it all, and no mother, no loving friend, has been beside her, to direct her studies, to interpret her discoveries, to correct her errors. . . . Who is this antique figure who now walks beside her, to whose formal and laborious gait she endeavors to accommodate her own: this gray-haired man of more than thrice her age, with his habits, his prejudices, his limitations, his ailments? Is this her husband?—the lord and master of that brilliant, buoyant creature? Ah, Perdita, are you his wife? Do you love him, honor him, obey him? Are he and his possessions the final embodiment and satisfaction of your ambitious dreams? Can you do without love—you, who have never tried what love is? It is ill being prudent before experience, and wise before instruction. Why are your lips so persuasive, your eyes so winning, your touch so caressing?—Why are you so lovely, Perdita? . . . Why were you born?

But still the young wife passes onward, with little misgiving and less regret. There is a great deal of splendor and luxury around her, and she easily makes herself their nucleus and culmination. Famous men pay court to her; wise men listen to her conversation; women criticise and try to imitate her. In the brilliant society of her day and place she is a figure and a topic. Musicians dedicate their compositions to her; poets immortalize her in their rhymes of a season. She is the heroine of a hundred anecdotes, but of not a single romance: very intrepid and adventurous, but with the coldness as well as the sparkle of ice. "Can't make her out," said Lord Fitz Hardinge, who was said to have come to Paris especially to be presented to her. "Don't see how she keeps it up—a woman of her complexion, too. Egad! I have it! The Marquis must be Cupid in disguise!" This *mot* was repeated until it reached Perdita's ears. "A woman's complexion changes with her company," she said; "and as to the Marquis, my husband, it is better to be a disguised Cupid than a make-believe one." As his Lordship's excesses had somewhat worn upon his constitution, this shaft struck deep and resisted all efforts to extract it. People seldom attacked the Marquise Desmoines more than once.

Meanwhile, Perdita is still sitting in the same position in her chair, one knee drawn up, her hands clasped and her eyelids closed. What vision does she behold now? A handsome room, with polished floor, the walls bright with pictured panels bordered with gold; candles set in burnished sconces: the door opens and her husband enters, leaning on the arm of a tall young man. The stranger is plainly dressed, but his form and bearing are noble: and his face, relieved by the black hair around it, prints itself on her mind, never to be forgotten—so intense and vivid does it seem with life and meaning, yet so composed and clear. A new feeling, strange and sweet, creeps in gentle undulations along Perdita's nerves, and settles in her heart. He sits beside her, and they converse, easily and with mutual pleasure and comprehension; his voice, grave and

genial, makes music in her ears; his dark direct glance meets hers—absorbs and mingles with it. She draws fuller breath; this atmosphere, in which she has never lived before, gives her for the first time real life: she understands what she is, and what is possible for her. The Enchanted Prince has awakened the Sleeping Beauty.

The days that follow are like no other days, before or since. He is a poet, but what poetry ever equaled their companionship? The world, with its follies, its emptiness, its formulas, its delusions, seems to stand aside to let them pass. . . . One day they have ridden out with a cavalcade, bound on an expedition of pleasure to some distant chateau. Riding onward, she and he, and drawn insensibly together, they pass fleetly along woodland paths, through dancing shade and sunlight, leaving the others behind, or in advance, perhaps; they have little thought but of each other. Light is Perdita's heart; no shadow has darkened it since that first meeting. The passing moments have filled the capacity of sensation, leaving no room for reflection or forecast; she has never even said to herself, "This is friendship," or "This is love;" enough that it is delight, growth, harmony, beauty: that it lets her know how sweet it is to be a woman. At last, as they ride on, the pinnacles of the chateau taper upward above the trees; anon, before them opens a sweep of lawn, which they cross, and alight at the broad steps that lead up to the door. They are the first to arrive; for half an hour, perhaps, they will have the house to themselves, save for the servants who are preparing the collation below-stairs.

They stroll through the airy rooms, with merry and gentle talk, until at length they enter a hall where, over the chimney-piece, is suspended a pair of antique rapiers. Perdita takes down one of these, and putting herself in posture of offense, bids her companion take the other and defend himself. He complies, and, for a few moments, laughingly parries and pretends to return her thrusts. All at once, as she presses him, his foot slips on the polished floor, and ere he can recover himself he feels his point touch her breast. . . .

At this point of the vision, Perdita slightly changes her position in her chair, and a flush reddens her cheek. She breathes unevenly and her lips move. Ah, that summer noon, so distant now, when she found herself resting in his arms, her riding-habit stained with red blood—his face, his voice, so near, so tender: his touch so gentle! She had looked into his eyes, and laughed softly, in mere joy. Blessed sword! that by drawing her blood had revealed their hearts to each other. But ah! why was the wound not mortal? Was not the wound that it symbolized so? Why had she not died during those few minutes—too few—that had gone by before the sound of voices and horses' hoofs announced the arrival of the party? Had anything that had happened since been worth the trouble of living through it? True, she had hoped; but hope is but the mask of despair, sooner or later to be cast aside. Before her wound was healed, the love which it had discovered had withdrawn itself, never to return. There had been some talk about honor, obligation, duty, prudence—to which she had assented with her lips, while all the rest of her rebelled; for it had not been sin that she contemplated, but only to let her heart love and be loved. Then, a farewell: and afterward a dreary blankness, amidst which she moved hardened, witty, cynical, unreconciled, until these latter days, which were bitter and more disastrous than the first. Why was she born?

Enough of visions! Perdita rose to her feet, and

gazed about her. Luxury and beauty surrounded her, as they had always done; but the darkness and wildness that were within her turned all to ugliness and mockery. There was a terrible simplicity in her situation; a fatal lack of resources and alternatives. She walked across the room: something seemed to tread behind her; she turned quickly, but nothing was there. The sense of being dogged—pursued—still remained however. What was it?—fate? She smiled; then shivered nervously, and stood twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. Fate . . . The idea fascinated her. Was her fate so near? and what was it like? Let it appear and declare itself! After a while she began to walk again, but now meditating profoundly. Once she stopped before the fire, and gazed fixedly at the burning coals: then moved away once more, not pacing up and down, but wandering irregularly about the room, knotting and untying her handkerchief; sometimes, in her pre-occupation, almost stumbling against a chair or table. Meanwhile, her usually varying expression had assumed a certain fixedness, and there was a vertical wrinkle between her brows, which seemed not to be caused by drawing her brows together, but to have marked itself there by some other means.

At last she stopped, passing her hands across her eyes and over her hair, which she seemed surprised to find hanging about her shoulders. She twisted it up into place again, adjusted her dress, and after pausing a moment as if to recover the thread of her thoughts, went to a cabinet at the side of the room, and looked attentively at the objects which it contained. They were mostly curiosities and works of art, such as a carved ivory cup, a box of Indian enamel, a vase of Venetian glass, figures in Dresden porcelain, a Chinese idol of silver, an antique locket of wrought gold. From among these objects Perdita selected a small, quaintly-fashioned lamp of pure crystal; it was of Persian manufacture, and bore some figures or letters of enigmatic purport, perhaps having reference to the tenets of the ancient fire-worshippers. She examined this lamp curiously, wiping away the dust with her handkerchief, and assuring herself that it contained no crack or imperfection. Finally she placed it upon the table near the fire; and having rung the bell, bade the servant summon Madame Cabot.

"Madame," said the Marquise, when the old lady appeared, "I am expecting some one to call here this evening,—Monsieur Fillmore."

"Yes, Madame la Marquise."

"I wish you to lay out the black satin gown, and the diamonds,—you understand?"

"Yes, Madame la Marquise."

"I am going out now,—alone: I shall not need your company. If any one calls in the meantime, say I shall not return until to-morrow. At no time to-day is any one to be admitted except Monsieur Fillmore: he will arrive about seven o'clock. Will you attend to this?"

"Certainly, Madame la Marquise. Will Madame dine at the usual hour?"

"No; you will dine by yourself to-day. That is all."

"*Au revoir*, Madame la Marquise."

The old lady courtesied and went out. Perdita sat down at her desk and wrote several letters, which she locked up in a drawer. Her dejection seemed to have been lightened: her demeanor was grave, but not oppressed or unnatural. Occasionally she would fall into reverie for a few minutes, but the abstraction was not painful, and was easily cast aside. In the course of an hour or so she closed her desk, and going to her room, put on a dark pelisse and veiled bonnet, and went out.

The sky was overcast, and the air cold; but there was neither rain nor wind. The streets were full of people, and the shops were doing a thriving trade in Christmas goods. Perdita mingled with the crowd, and seemed to take pleasure in observing them: in gazing into the shop windows, shoulder to shoulder with them: in listening to the confused noise of voices, tramping feet, and rattling wheels. On the Strand she happened to notice four ragged children flattening their noses against the glass of a candy-shop. "I choose this," said one little girl. "Oh! I choose this!" said another, in the pride of superior discernment. "Don't yer wish yer may git it?" remarked a boy, the eldest of the party, with gloomy cynicism. "Come in here, youngsters," said Perdita; "you shall have all the candy you want!" With the matter-of-course acceptance of miracles characteristic of children, they followed her into the shop, and presently came forth again with candy enough to last them for a week. None of them thanked her, any more than we thank the sun for shining through a break in the clouds—the supposition being that the sun is made for that purpose. But Perdita was not in need of gratitude. She wanted to feel the actual contact of human creatures for a few hours, and that was all. Resuming her walk, she passed through St. Paul's churchyard, and along Chancery Lane, where she entered a shop and made one or two purchases on her own account. Thence she turned in a southerly direction, and presently came in sight of London Bridge. It was a quaint, narrow, high-backed structure, with jutting piers, affording spaces for venders of apples and other cheap merchandise to set up their little stalls. The bridge was roaring with vehicles and crowded with foot-passengers; there was no noisier or more populous place in London. There was a high balustrade on each side; but by stepping upon one of the semicircular stone seats over the piers, it was possible to look over at the broad stream beneath. Perdita did this, and remained for a long time, absorbed by the spectacle. The brown river, rushing at the arches of the bridge, fell through them in boiling cataracts, with a sound that was audible over the tumult of the vehicles and the foot-passengers above. On either bank, the wharves were thronged with shipping—straight masts and cobweb cordage, dense as primeval forests. Black chimneys belched forth blacker smoke, which trailed and brooded over the city: huge, ugly buildings of stone or brick looked down into the dark water. Millions of human beings had done all this: millions of human beings lived and moved here, labored and hungered, fought and conquered, struggled and succumbed, were born and died. Here was the centre and concentration of the human race, the culmination of the history of five thousand years; and what a gloomy, dirty, toiling, roaring, sordid Babel it was! And yet, what a strong charm and attraction! We battle and shout and hope in the face of death; we know that our hopes are vain and that death is sure; we know that life is weariness and that death is rest; we bury our parents and know that our children shall bury us; and still generation succeeds generation—appears and disappears—and each maintains the turmoil with as much energy and earnestness as if to it alone belonged not the present only, but likewise the future and the past. Earthly life, the oldest of all deceivers, the mightiest of all hypocrites, exposed and condemned at each passing moment of recorded time—by what spell does it still retain its mastery over us? Does it inspire the wish to be cheated that it gratifies? or is there something behind—within it—some reality whereof it is but the symbol, which leads us onward to another goal than that we

aimed at,—a goal which, were it revealed to us, we never should attain?

Chilled by long contact with the stone parapet, Perdita stepped down from her perch, and returned along the bridge. In one of the narrow streets leading toward Cheapside, she noticed a small inn or ordinary, where a card nailed to the door-post announced that a dinner was to be had inside at a cheap rate. Perdita entered; the place was low and dark, and was tolerably full of customers, most of whom were seated at opposite sides of the little oblong tables projecting at right angles from the walls. A man, seeing Perdita stand there, made room for her beside him. He wore a dirty fur cap and a top-coat of coarse cloth; had a bold, not unhandsome face, and powerful but by no means clean hands. A plate full of some sort of food was put before Perdita, and she began to eat. The man who had nearly finished his dinner, now called for a pot of ale; and having glanced at Perdita once or twice, he addressed her:

"Say, my dear, you're a good-looking gal, do you know that?"

"Yes," said Perdita, "other men have told me so."

"What's your name?"

"Perdita."

"Perdita? Rum name, that! What's your lay?"

"Nothing, in particular."

"Flush, eh? Made a haul?"

Perdita nodded.

"Hello! you," said the man, raising his voice, "fetch 'arf a pint for this lady."

The ale was brought, and Perdita raised it to her lips, saying, "Here's your health!"

"Same to you, my dear," said the man, taking a gulp from his pewter. "By G—! you're one of the right sort. Do you know who I am?"

Perdita looked at him. "You're a stout fellow," she said; "you look as if you could take your own part. Are you a highwayman?"

"Easy! none of that!" exclaimed the man, in a low tone, catching her by the shoulder. Perdita eyed him composedly, and he presently relinquished his grasp, and chuckled. "All right," he said, "I see you know a thing or two. Now, look here. I ain't got no mort. What do you say—shall we strike hands? You and me together can do good business. What do you say?"

"What do you mean by mort?"

"Come, now? Walker! Well, wife, if you like."

"Do you mean that you'll marry me?"

"As sure as my name's—what it is!" said the man.

"Will you take care of me, and beat any man who insults me?"

"Yes, I will!"

"I have a great mind to let you marry me," said Perdita, after a pause. "You'd be as good as anybody else, and perhaps better. But I've been married once, and I don't think I shall ever marry again. I'm going to do something else."

"What?"

"That's no business of yours."

"Can't yer marry me and do that, too?"

"No."

"Well, look here! Think it over. I've got money, and I can make things easy for you. You'll find me here to-morrow. I ain't often met the woman I'd take to as quick as I would to you. Think it over. You ain't got any other chap in your eye, have yer?"

"I'll promise you this much," said Perdita; "if I don't marry you, I'll marry no one else."

"And will you be here to-morrow?"

"If I'm alive."

"That's hearty! Well, good-by, my dear, if you must go. Give us a kiss, won't yer?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm fond of yer."

"Truly?"

"Honor bright!"

"You may kiss me," said Perdita; and when he had done so, she added, "You have done what no other man will ever do. Good-bye!"

When the Marquise reached home, it was after five o'clock. In the dressing-room she found Madame Cabot; the black satin dress was laid out on the sofa, and the diamonds were on the dressing-table. The Marquise performed her toilet carefully, and when it was completed, she scrutinized her appearance with unusual deliberation. "Do I look well, Madame Cabot?" she asked at length.

"I have never seen Madame la Marquise look more beautiful."

Perdita smiled. "Well, I have need to look beautiful to-night. The gentleman whom I expect to-night—Monsieur Fillmore—is coming to claim my promise to marry him. A woman should appear beautiful in the eyes of her bridegroom, should she not, Madame Cabot?"

"Without doubt! Madame la Marquise is then resolved to marry?"

"I have resolved to change my condition," said Perdita. "I am tired of this lonely life, and am going to make an end of it."

"May Madame enjoy every happiness!"

"I don't think of that—I don't expect it!" said the Marquise, after a pause. "After my experience, Madame Cabot, I should be a fool to look forward to happiness, either in this state or in any other. But it will be a change, at least: a great change!" She added, after a moment, "I have spoken to you of this, because, when the change comes, I shall not any longer need your services. You have been comfortable with me, I hope, madame?"

"It will be a great grief to me to leave Madame la Marquise."

The Marquise seemed gratified. "You will be able to make yourself comfortable in your own way, hereafter," she said. "I have arranged that you shall want for nothing in the future . . . Well, you may leave me now. Remember that no one is to be admitted but Monsieur Fillmore; and that I am not to be disturbed till he comes."

"I shall not forget, Madame."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, Madame la Marquise, and much felicity!"

Perdita went into her boudoir and locked the door. The candles were lighted, the fire was burning cheerfully, everything was warm and luxurious. Perdita held in her hands a large vial containing a colorless fluid, and something done up in a piece of paper. These she placed on the table, beside the crystal Persian lamp, which has already been mentioned. She drew a chair to the table, and seating herself in it, unfolded the paper, which proved to contain a small wick. This she inserted in the lamp, and then filled the lamp full of the colorless fluid from the vial. Finally, she lit the wick from one of the candles. It burned with a pale bluish flame, emitting, however, an intense heat.

After contemplating this flame awhile, and testing its ardor by passing her hand over it, Perdita rose up nervously, and glanced around her. She had suddenly

grown very pale, and her eyes looked black. Her lips also were white, and for a moment they trembled; but only for a moment. She held herself erect, and raised her head, looking straight before her across the table, as if at some one who stood on the other side. Her expression, at first, was haughty; but gradually it softened, and at last became exquisitely tender and gentle. Her bosom rose and fell with a long sigh. . . .

She raised her hands, and clasped them firmly over her eyes. She stooped quickly down, until her lips almost touched the bluish flame of the lamp, at the same instant drawing in a sharp, deep breath, that made the flame leap far down her throat. She tried to do it a second time, but only partially succeeded. She reeled backward, uttering no sound, and fell, as she had wished to do, on the sofa. A few convulsive movements shook her, and then she lay still, her head thrown back, and her eyes half closed. Her position had not altered by a hair's breadth when, an hour later, the door was broken open, and Fillmore came in.

Perdita's death was known to many persons in London that same night; but the news did not reach Hammersmith until the next morning. It so happened that Marion was the first to receive it, by a messenger from Lady Flanders. She read the few lines, scarcely comprehending their purport; but after waiting a few moments, she read them again, and understood them. She returned up-stairs with difficulty, for all strength seemed to have gone out of her. She entered the room in which Philip was, but was unable to speak. She held the paper toward him.

"From Lady Flanders, eh?" said he, recognizing the handwriting. "An invitation to dinner I suppose." He read what was written, and silence fell upon him.

Marion, though she would gladly have turned her eyes away from him, could not do so. She saw the change that came over his face, and it made her heart faint. He kept his eyes down, gazing at the paper, and it seemed to Marion as if he were never going to raise them. The suspense became more than she could bear, and it gave her the power to use her voice.

"Do you know why she did it, Philip?" was her question.

He looked up, at last, with a slow and heavy movement, as if his eyelids were weighted, and met his wife's gaze gloomily.

"If I do know," he said, "it was for something very worthless."

"Have you . . . anything to tell me?" asked Marion, just audibly.

"Perdita was honest and noble: she died pure. There is nothing to tell. A priest would absolve me; I can never absolve myself. Many a man who has sinned is worthier to be your husband than one who has avoided sin as I have."

There followed a deep silence. Then Marion moved a step nearer to him, and said, "Do you love me, Philip?"

"I used to say 'yes' last summer," he replied; "I thought I could do anything and be anything, then. Now it seems to me that I am nothing, and can do nothing. Whether I love you, or not, years must tell you, not words. Such men as I are the curse of the earth."

"You are not a curse to me!" said Marion, putting her arms around him, and looking up in his face. "You are my husband, and I love you: and neither years nor words shall make me believe you do not love your wife!"

[THE END.]

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT HARVARD.

"THE Harvard man does not conform to any fixed pattern in thought, word or action. . . . He is patriotic—in a degree. He is *blasé*—in a degree. He is a man of one idea—with a few more added. *Nihil nimis*, and not *nimis* even of *nihil nimis* (nothing too much, and not too much even of nothing too much), is the unconscious rule of life with him. . . . He has assurance—which seldom degenerates into impudence. He is a paradox—a man who has no distinctive characteristics, but is nevertheless entirely *sui generis*."

A pretty good portraiture this! and made by one of those whom it describes—having appeared not long ago in *The Crimson*, one of the five journals—two of them dailies—which are published by the undergraduates of Harvard University. Yet every such attempt to delineate a type must necessarily be rather vague in outline; and whether it will convey any distinct idea to dwellers at a distance, is more than doubtful. Outside of the limited circle of his own college life, the Harvard student is probably the least understood and the most persistently misrepresented of human beings. Not long ago an undergraduate received a request from a prominent New England paper to furnish three articles on college life, "to be written in a racy and exaggerated style, with just enough basis of fact to give the whole a coloring of truth."

To many a reader of religious journals, and especially of a certain recent novel, the Harvard student figures as a monster of iniquity—a cold-blooded rationalist, a dangerous companion for one's daughters, an idle spendthrift; in fine, a riotous, aristocratic debauché. To others he figures as a mere oarsman or batsman; while people who see the satirical sketches and cartoons published by the students, imagine that they are all swells—callow youths, with cigarettes, eye-glasses and canes; ridiculous creatures with bowed legs and arms and a peculiar gait—dress, *outré* in every respect; every superfluity pared away—very little hat, very little hair, very little brains; trousers painfully tight, coat-tails none, individuality *nil*. There are, it is true, a few disolute men, a few athletes and a few "howling" swells at Harvard; but the representative Harvard student is something quite different from any one of these types. As a matter of fact, he is simply a quiet, studious young man, only to be distinguished from other well-dressed young men by a certain air of intellectualism and that appearance of lofty disdain which characterizes students everywhere, especially those who are supported by the money of their parents and not by their own earnings. It is an error to suppose that more than a very few indeed of the Harvard students are intemperate or licentious. A man of licentious habits would

be inwardly despised and treated with general coolness and reserve. The worst vices of even the "fast" students are the immoderate smoking of cigarettes, the occasional imbibing of beer at "Carl's," or of bottled beer and wine in their own rooms. Moderate drinking is indulged in by a few class exquisites, not because they are particularly fond of the liquors, but because they fancy it gives them an air of manliness and removes the stigma of freshness and inexperience which is impressed on their young and blooming faces. But the majority of the students do not drink strong liquors. One of the latest organizations at Harvard is the "Total Abstinence League." It was much laughed at by the students when started, because it seemed wholly unnecessary. Although only a few weeks old the society has at this writing some seventy-five members.

Neither is the Harvard student a mere athlete; only a very small proportion of each class makes a business of athletics. Then, finally, the Harvard man is really not so very aristocratic after all. At heart he is pretty much of a democrat. When from four hundred to six hundred young men, rich and poor, high and low, partake of the same fare in the same dining-hall, there is very little room for aristocratic pretension. It is a common remark in the college that there a man is estimated at his real worth, and all pretense and conceit is covered with ridicule.

During the past fifteen years a wonderful change in the undergraduate life has taken place. The sleep of the Cambridge citizen was once broken by the uproarious singing of students in the streets. Now it is very rare to hear any boisterous midnight singing—such out-door singing as there is being confined to the college yard, where it seems appropriate and pleasant. The old tricks upon property are now unheard of. Professors are no longer the natural enemy of the student. The old "cane-rushes" and terrible foot-ball fights are no more. It was formerly the custom, on the first Monday of the college year, for the sophomores to request the freshmen to meet them in the gymnasium, where a certain number of freshmen were tossed in blankets. This day was called "Bloody Monday." It has disappeared entirely from the traditional calendar. All such things as this belong to a long-past mesozoic era of Harvard life—to a time when the institution was a narrow college of the humanities, with an iron-bound curriculum, rather than a broad and liberal university, such as it is now—a place where young men are treated as gentlemen, and taught to love study for its own sake. The causes which have produced this radical change in the deportment of the students are partly the increased size of the classes, partly the more mature age of the students, but chiefly the elective system of studies, which gives to the young man a sense of responsibility and a feeling of manly independence. Two hundred years ago Harvard undergraduates studied Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, the Bible, the Catechism, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Ethics, Logic and Greek in the ponderous octavos styled *Collectanea Græca Majora C. G. Minora*. What they study to-day may be seen in the Elective Pamphlet for 1882-83, which offers one hundred and fifty courses of study, twenty of which are in modern languages, four in Sanskrit and Zend, eighteen in natural history, six in the fine arts, etc. Elective studies, introduced at Harvard by Professor George Ticknor in 1825, flourished for twenty years, suffered a reaction, reappeared in 1867, and have since proved so successful that to-day in the sophomore, junior and senior classes there are no prescribed studies except themes and forensics. Rhetoric is prescribed for the

sophomores, but may be avoided by an examination. It may not be generally known that quite recently the faculty of the college took a formal vote as to the propriety of making all the studies in the college course elective. The vote was nearly a tie, but the measure was lost. One of the objections of those who opposed the measure was that the average age of the Harvard freshman is only eighteen, while it is well known that when the students of German gymnasia obtain their *Abiturientenprüfung*, and enter the university, they are twenty-one years old on an average.

But the system as at present in operation works admirably. As far back as 1841, in President Quincy's time, it was proved that severe studies were not shirked under the elective system, and they are not to-day. The student, often with the advice of professors or parents, blocks out for his four years' course a plan of study which he feels to be suitable to his powers and best conducive to the symmetrical development of his nature. Most students select wisely. Of course there is a tendency for a few of the athletic men to choose the easiest studies, without reference to organic interdependence; and men studying for scholarships are tempted to take studies in which they can secure the highest marks. But these cases form only a fraction of the system. The old compulsory recitation, with marks, has disappeared. The recitation has become a conference. The student meets his instructor, not because he is obliged to, but because he can master his subject better with his help. The instructor often does the reciting himself, expounding and illustrating his subject, and occasionally calling on some member of the class to read or explain. In this way ground is rapidly traversed and everybody's time saved.

The courses in natural history, especially geology, are very popular, as are also the courses in fine arts. Mathematics holds its own steadily, and there is only a slight falling off in the study of the Greek and Latin classics. Indeed, the spirit of work for work's sake has permeated every department of the college, and it is becoming evident that Harvard is rapidly acquiring many of the characteristics of German universities, minus their barbarities and vices.

With the rise of the elective system the old class lines fade away, and social, intellectual and athletic organizations wax apace in number and in influence. Here again we see a resemblance to the German university, with its *Kneipen*, *Seminarien*, etc. Many of the societies at Harvard now have a membership equal to that of former classes. Previous to the revival of the elective system in 1867, there were but sixteen undergraduate organizations; now there are over forty. Many of them are for social purposes, but the majority have in view either intellectual or physical development. For examples of the intellectual society, take the Finance Club, the Historical Society, and the Harvard Union. One of the most famous of the social clubs is the Hasty Pudding, or "The Pudding," as it is popularly called. In the year 1795 the students were in the habit of carrying their pewter bowls to the buttery, at the east end of Harvard Hall, to receive each a piece of bread and a bowl of milk. One of them, wishing to vary his fare, engaged an old lady to make him "hasty pudding"—Indian meal pudding—regularly for his supper. Several classmates followed his example, and the Hasty Pudding Club was formed. Meetings were held "at the ringing of the evening commons' bell." The constitution of the society states that the purpose of the club was not merely to eat pudding, but "to cherish the feelings of friendship and patriotism." It further provides that

"two members in alphabetical order shall provide a pot of hasty pudding for every meeting." The members still indulge in hasty pudding on certain festal occasions. The colors of the society are white and corn color, in allusion to their historical dish of fare. A prominent feature of the club is its burlesque theatricals, given in its own hall. The costumes of the actors in these plays are rich and varied. The singing is generally fair, and the small but choice audience, enveloped in cigar smoke, is in the best of humors, and never fails to applaud vigorously, in accordance with the intimation painted upon the stage curtain—" *Seges votis respondet.*" The curtain is a pretty affair: in the centre the comic muse is seen, gallantly advancing in a chariot drawn by a crocodile, and a sphinx with prominent breasts. The crocodile is flourishing his heels in the air, and his eyes have a most wicked and mischievous expression. On each side of the curtain are grotesque and laughable figures in comic masks. The performance is warm and rich in its *ensemble* effect, delightfully cosy and merry, reminding one of the castle theatricals in "Wilhelm Meister" or of the more extensive Yale Thanksgiving Jubilee performances—in short, a genuine "he-festival," to use Walt Whitman's abominable but expressive phrase.

From hasty pudding the transition to college commons is easy. In old times the college furnished regular board, as well as "sizings," or extras, to the students; and many of its dues were paid in provisions, such as "porke," "rose-watter," "pullettes," "ane old Cow 4 quarters . . . and her hide . . . her suett and inwards," "two wether goots," "a ferking of soop," "tobacko," "a red ox," "appelles," etc. Some sixty-seven years ago commons were eaten in University Hall, the students messing at various tables, and the tutors and resident graduates occupying tables upon a dais, as at Oxford and Cambridge. On a certain occasion, according to the Hon. Henry Kemble Oliver, while the students were waiting for the arrival of the tutors, the door between the rooms occupied by the freshmen and sophomores being open, a freshman at a table near by, not having obtained his potato, and none remaining, invoked a friendly sophomore to supply the needful. Immediate compliance followed, and a bouncer came hurtling through the air, and plunged perchance into a bowl of milk, if nothing worse,—*grava-men causa offensiois*—spattering over everything and everybody. With a whoop and a hurrah, and some unparadisical idioms interjected, the fugitive vegetable was returned, and then came the tug of war, in which the two full hosts engaged, until the arrival of the upper-table officials ended the sport, and an unseemly and foolish sport it was.

The contrast between this early commons and the splendid Memorial Hall Dining Association of to-day is as strong as the contrast between the narrow little Puritan College of that time and the present Harvard University. The well-clad and suave Harvard student now dines in a splendid cathedral room sixty feet broad by one hundred and forty-nine feet long and measuring eighty feet to the roof. Ranged in perspective on either wall are rich portraits in oil of famous men, relieved here and there by a white bust of some alumnus famous in the annals of the world.

The students' wants are attended to by colored waiters, who can always be bribed by a little *douceur*. The sunlight falls through "storied windows richly dight," and stains with Iris the snowy linen of fifty tables. On six courses dines the esthetic Harvard man; and he often feels disposed to grumble at destiny if his pocket-book will not permit him to indulge in such extras as fresh

salmon, strawberries in February, and all the delicacies that belong to the *ménu* of a first-class hotel.

Such a thing as a marked violation of good breeding is almost unknown at these tables. For six years from four hundred to six hundred students have eaten together in this the largest college dining hall in the world, and no disturbance whatever has occurred. Indeed, such a thing would be impossible among young men so well bred. The nearest approach to a demonstration that is ever made, is when a thoughtless onlooker in the visitors' gallery neglects to take off his hat. It may be mentioned that the occasional appearance in the gallery of objectionable female characters has recently led the students to vote the refusal of the hall during meal hours to all who do not hold tickets obtained from some member of the dining association. The fare is a little monotonous, but it is rich, well cooked and abundant. Students often remark that in Memorial Hall they get seven-dollar board for four or five dollars.

The religious culture of the students to-day, as formerly, is provided for by college preaching and by morning prayers. Since four-fifths of its students are not Unitarians, but either Trinitarians or undecided, the university very properly is unsectarian in its religious instruction. During the winter of 1881-82 a course of theological lectures was given in the Divinity School by the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D. (Congregationalist). The professor of Hebrew and other oriental languages—Dr. Crawford H. Toy—is a Baptist; and for the past two years morning prayers have been conducted in turn by nine different ministers, belonging to four different denominations. During the same time Sunday services have been conducted by eminent ministers of various denominations. At morning prayers in Appleton Chapel the musical service is conducted by a college choir. In 1881 the responsive reading of a psalm was introduced into the service by the Rev. Drs. Edward E. Hale and Phillips Brooks, who conducted prayers during the months of October and November in that year. The students all rise during the reading of the psalm, and a large proportion of them join in the responsive reading.

Appleton Chapel is a rather dingy and sepulchral place, contrasting poorly with Yale's cheerful and richly sculptured Battell Chapel. It is known to everybody that from time immemorial students of every college have looked upon daily perfunctory prayers as the bugbear of their lives. To stand over a young man with a policeman's club and compel him to worship, hardly conduces either to the glory of God or to the student's religious edification. Coercion at Harvard especially is something anomalous and discordant. In 1880 a circular was sent to the parents or guardians of some eight hundred undergraduates, asking if they held daily family prayers in their households. The object was to find out "how much support morning prayers at college had in the habits of the families from which the students came." Out of seven hundred and forty-one replies received, two hundred and eleven answered Yes, and five hundred and thirty answered No.

One of the distinctive features of the college to-day is formed by the college undergraduate journals, of which there are five, two of them dailies. How the grim austerity of early days would have frowned upon the light, satirical humor of the present Harvard journals! It is not too much to say that these journals have called into existence a distinct variety of American humor. Reference is had to the satirical burlesques of American social life, which for some years past have been appearing in the columns of *The Harvard Advocate*, *The Crimson* and *The Lampoon*. Many of the pieces are broadly

farcical, like the pages of *Punch*. But social satires, like the *Little Tin Gods on Wheels*, and many others, have a delicate fruit-bloom humor entirely their own. They rank rather with Thackeray than with *Punch*.

Since the subject of college athletics is a staple one with the newspaper press, it will only be touched upon lightly here, and what is said shall be chiefly of a descriptive nature.

Just back of the house where Oliver Wendell Holmes was born is an extensive common, called Holmes' Field. Across the intervening street on the north side lies Jarvis' Field. Upon one side of the Holmes House is situated the Hemenway Gymnasium, and on the other ground has been broken for the new Law School building. Holmes' Field is largely used by lawn-tennis players. On a fine afternoon the great field is almost covered by their white nets, as if huge spiders had been spinning there. The field is also used at certain times by the Lacrosse team, by the foot-ball team, for "scrub" games of base ball and for cricket.

Jarvis' Field, with its level surface and cinder-laid track, is used for athletic exhibitions, bicycling, walking, and, in part also, by the omnipresent lawn-tennis man, with his white flannel suit and nimble bat.

The luxurious new gymnasium, with its pendent apparatus, its numerous bowling alleys, its elaborate machinery for the development of every muscle in the body, its hot and cold-water baths, lockers, dressing-rooms, running track, club-room and rowing-room, has been the means of making gymnastic exercise attractive to nearly all the students in college. As one of them has said, "It is better for the whole college to have health and strength than to have all the muscle of the college embodied in the eight men who pull the oar, or the eleven who kick the leather sphere." In the year 1881, seven hundred and twelve students paid for lockers in the gymnasium—a good index of its use. Much of the interest taken by the young men in gymnastic exercise is due to the thorough and enthusiastic work of the young director, Dr. Dudley Allen Sargent. To show what can be done in such a place consider the following: A student, nineteen years of age, was examined January 20, 1880. At that time his actual strength, reckoned on a scale of 500 for the normal man, was 377.5. After a year and three months of faithful exercise his actual strength was found to be 600.

In the display of rich colors class-day at Harvard bears away the palm—the red-letter day in the college calendar, a festival blazing in purple and crimson sheen, the enjoyment of a year crowded into twenty-four hours, a day crowned with perfumes and with flowers, poetized by a most bewildering array of sweet faces with tender, glancing eyes, and ending at night with dance, with music and with song. Class-day comes five days before commencement, in the latter end of June, when the air is almost invariably soft and mildly tempered, the skies bright and the staid New England heart correspondingly light and gay.

At half-past nine in the morning the seniors form in procession and march to Appleton Chapel for prayers. At half past eleven o'clock they again assemble, looking distressingly uncomfortable in their ghastly-immaculate dress-suits and unaccustomed silk hats, and march to Sanders' Theatre, with a band of music at their head. Then follows the delivery of the oration, poem, ivy-oration and class-ode—in the course of which any allusion to the college victories on field or stream is received with thunderous applause. At the close of the meeting come the "spreads," or lunches, given by the students in their rooms and elsewhere, to such of their friends as

are present. The rooms are usually tastefully decorated with flowers. At the general spreads given by the societies, or by wealthy individual students, more than a thousand guests are often entertained by a single set of men. In the afternoon there is promenading in the college yard, with music from the lofty stand in the centre thereof. At half-past four the college buildings are cheered by the seniors, and at five occurs the dance around the class-elm. The tree (rugged old giant), doubtless glad at heart over his rich collar of flowers, spreads his leafy shield benignantly over the fair forms seated below; then watches how the black-coated fellows despoil him of his flowers and utters never a word of censure. While the seniors in the centre are struggling to reach the high-placed wreath, the three lower classes circle rapidly about them in three concentric rings, the outer and the inner rings moving in one direction and the centre one in another. It would probably be difficult to find in the world just such another company of delicately complexioned, fragile, blooming young ladies as assemble to witness this spectacle, and to partake of the general festivities of the day. The display of rich and lustrous dresses—sky-blue, lavender, milk-white and pink silks and satins—is really remarkable.

After the exercises at the class tree, many of the guests are invited to "teas," and the same evening occurs the President's reception. At night the college yard, enclosed with pales and guarded, is crowded with happy promenaders and invited sight-seers. A universal hum fills the air, "like the low murmur of a hive at noon," and ever and anon, at the sweet, brazen clamor of the music, the steps of the promenaders quicken and their young hearts beat high: they move to and fro beneath the fairy light of ten thousand colored lanterns, while from time to time red lights throw gigantic nodding shadows on the lurid college walls, and fireworks blazon forth in many-colored gems, mottoes and figures appropriate to the time. A feature of the evening is the singing of class-songs by the Glee Club. Years ago attempts were made to arrange dances on the sward, but they were not popular. "Our grounds," remarks James Russell Lowell, "lack the seclusion and our summer climate the temperance favorable to what Cotton Mather would have called hypæthral saltation; and as for the prolonged gymnastics of the German in the embrowning shade of Harvard Hall with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, they are an insane anachronism, belonging rather to the age of 'Fox's Book of Martyrs' than our own."

At the present day the dancing takes place in several buildings simultaneously, but chiefly in Memorial Hall, whose vast and high-roofed nave is airily garnished for the occasion with drooping smilax and lustrous flowers, and snowed over, as to its floor, with whitest wax. Swift fly the twinkling feet to the sound of the softly-pulsing violins. The seared and whitened face of old Judge William Stoughton stares from its canvas in Puritanical horror at the scene, and seems to grow a shade paler than it was when he figured in the witch trials. Cardinal Bentivoglio winks weirdly and slyly with one painted eye, and the massive face of old Samuel Adams actually seems to relax into a genial smile as he looks out from his corner there under the gallery. When the wee hours draw near, the wee feet cease to move, and the brave and fair alike go home to dream.

Class-day has entirely overshadowed commencement as a festive occasion, the latter being now purely official and formal in nature, very stiff, very dignified and very dull—to outsiders.

THE HOUSEHOLD—MY PRESERVES.

My Preserves.

MAY a harassed female pour out her woes in the pages of *THE CONTINENT*? May I state a few strictly feminine grievances, and beseech some one of the housekeeping sisterhood to give me the benefit of her experience on the subject of preserving?

This art used to be considered a necessary and indispensable part of a woman's education, and, when I look back to my grandmother's light-colored peaches, her currant jelly, that always turned out; her quinces, her raspberry jam—all excellent of their kind—I shrink into myself in shame and mortification at the thought of my lame imitations of her productions. When I compare my whitish, shapeless strawberries (or, if not whitish, of a dingy brown,) with hers, that looked like strawberries, I despise myself, and despise with equal zeal the preserves I make, benefitted, too, as I am, by modern improvements, air-tight jars, and what I like to consider common-sense notions, slightly flavored with ideas got from what somebody aptly calls the "easy corners" of science.

Now when I "do" my strawberries, what am I doing? I don't know. I consult an oracle—my grandmother or a cookery book—not much matter which.

Oracle No. 1 says: "Boil your sugar very well. If the sugar is not thoroughly boiled, your fruit will not keep."

Oracle No. 2 says: "Do not boil the sugar; boil the fruit. The sugar merely requires drying or warming."

Oracle No. 3 says: "What you require is combination. Boil sugar and fruit well together."

Appealing once to a chemist on the subject of boiling sugar, his reply was: "Never boil sugar—you turn it to molasses."

I would remark in passing that there is an unexplained mystery about currant jelly, which, in utter defiance of the idea that by boiling you drive off water and thereby thicken it, actually becomes thinner by continued heat.

"Skimming" is another puzzle. Why skim? Some oracles say you are skimming the sugar; others that it is the fruit. I do it sometimes; sometimes not—the result is the same whether done or left undone. One oracle says you are skimming albumen. Perhaps I am.

But the great and lasting and apparently insurmountable difficulty is "mould."

"Use the air-tight jars," say the oracles. Mould laughs at my air-tight jars. "Dip a piece of paper in brandy," says another oracle; "lay it on top of your jar." I lay paper dipped in brandy on top. The mould laughs louder than before; brandy evaporates; the paper makes a nice, smooth surface for the mould, which spreads itself in a thick mass, sometimes of a dull bluish color, sometimes of a dark purple, sometimes in the form of a black dust, tainting my sweetmeat to the utmost depths of the jar.

What matter to me that it is no doubt beautiful to any one having a microscope and time to use it? Branching plants, no doubt; ferns, fruit, flowers and nuts, perhaps, in exquisite profusion, but to me only mould. Will any one tell me what to do? In despair I appeal to my sex. Don't say, O my sex, in answer, "Put your jars in a dry place." I have tried that. Say something else.

K.

A LITTLE COMPANY.

Amber Soup.

Salmon, with Lobster Sauce. Cucumbers.

Chicken Croquettes.

Beef à la mode.

Potatoes. Green Corn. Egg Plant. Beets.

Reed Birds in cases.

Tomato Salad, with Mayonnaise Dressing.

Cheddar Cheese. Wafers.

Green Apple Pie. Raspberry Ice. Cake.

Watermelon.

Coffee.

AMBER SOUP.—One soup bone—two or three pounds, a small slice of ham, one chicken, one onion, half a small carrot, half a parsnip, a stick of celery or a teaspoonful of celery essence, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one even one of pepper, four cloves, two tablespoonfuls of butter, whites and shells of two eggs; brown the beef bone or two pounds of lean beef in the butter; brown the onion, and then stick the cloves in it. Put over all the ingredients with one gallon of cold water, boiling slowly for four hours. Take out the chicken when tender, which will need from one hour to two, according to age. Strain the soup into a jar and leave over night. Next day remove the cake of fat from the top, take out the soup, which will probably be a jelly, avoiding the settlings; beat the whites of the eggs and the broken shells with a spoonful of water and mix in. Bring all just to boiling point, skim off all the egg from the top, without stirring the soup itself, and strain through a jelly bag. It can then be re-heated before serving. If more color is desired, brown one tablespoonful of sugar in a small saucepan, and when a bright brown add half a cup of water and let boil a moment, then strain into the soup.

SALMON, WITH LOBSTER SAUCE.—Salmon must be put into boiling water to preserve the color. Allow two tablespoonfuls of salt and two of vinegar to the water, or the juice of a lemon, and allow eight minutes to the pound for boiling. If there is no fish kettle sew in a cloth, that it may be taken out without breaking. For the sauce, make half a pint of drawn butter, chop the meat from the tail and claws of a lobster into small bits; add this to the drawn butter, with a pinch of cayenne.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Cut the meat of the chicken used in the soup into small dice; mince a small onion and two sprigs of parsley very fine; melt in a saucepan a piece of butter large as an egg; add the onion and parsley, and two heaping tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and stir till a bright brown; then add slowly, stirring steadily, a cup and a half of stock. Stir till perfectly smooth, remove from fire; add the juice of quarter of a lemon, half a small nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Last, stir in the chicken, and when cold mould into croquette shape, egg and crumb, and fry in boiling lard. If moulded in pear shape, stick a clove in the small end when fried, to imitate the stem.

BEEF À LA MODE.—As per rule in No. 26 of *OUR CONTINENT*.

POTATOES.—As in No. 2 of *OUR CONTINENT*.

GREEN CORN.—If young and tender, twenty minutes boiling will be sufficient. Serve in a napkin.

EGG PLANT.—Peel and remove the seeds; boil half an hour in salted water; mash fine, stir in two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper; drop in spoonfuls in a little hot butter and fry brown.

BEETS.—As per rule in No. 5 of *OUR CONTINENT*.

REED BIRDS IN CASES.—The rule is one adopted by Henry Ward Beecher. Cut sweet potatoes lengthwise; scoop out a place large enough for half the bird; season each with butter, pepper and salt, tying the two pieces of potato around them. Bake in a quick oven about forty-five minutes, and serve in the potatoes.

TOMATO SALAD.—As in No. 19 of *OUR CONTINENT*.

GREEN APPLE PIE.—Make a puff paste, or rich pie crust, and line a deep pie plate; fill high with tender, acid apples, sprinkling a cup of sugar between the layers, and adding a grate of nutmeg; cover, pinching the edges together securely, and bake about forty minutes. Eat hot or cold.

RASPBERRY ICE.—Boil one quart of water and one pound of granulated sugar for half an hour; add a pint of fresh raspberry juice, or a tumbler of the jam, in which case add the juice of a lemon, and strain all through a fine sieve, to avoid the seeds. Freeze when cold, adding whites of eggs—and proceeding as directed in No. 21 of *OUR CONTINENT*.

COFFEE.—As in No. 1 of *OUR CONTINENT*.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



WE say farewell to Perdita, Marion and Philip, the leading characters of Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust," in this number of *THE CONTINENT*, and begin next week a story by Rhoda Broughton which will treat the drama of life from a feminine standpoint, if, indeed, Miss Broughton's views can properly be classified as strictly feminine in the common acceptance of the term. At all events, we can promise our readers a novel as powerful and striking as any that this popular writer has given to the world.

PROFESSIONAL beauties are not the exclusive product of modern English society, although the term itself is of recent invention. That they lived and flourished before and during the reigns of the Georges is appropriately set forth in the first of Mrs. Barr's two papers on the "Wits and Beauties of the Eighteenth Century." At a time when America is forming her estimate of an acknowledged "professional beauty"—albeit she has retired behind the footlights—these portraits and sketches are peculiarly timely. They picture a state of society which was an essential forerunner of one which evolved the type of which Mrs. Langtry is, or at least was, a confessed leader—that is, the *social* professional as distinguished from the *professional* professional. Conditions exist in this country which lay an absolute embargo on the evolution of the social type. Pre-eminence is claimed by half a dozen different "sets" in each of our large cities, and the reigning beauty of each may be queen of her own realm, but is not acknowledged outside of it. We have no Prince who can tell us, with any hope of being listened to, which of our daughters is the most beautiful. It will be noted that we have magnanimously refrained from intimating that pretty women are far more abundant here than in England.

SINCE our reference to the question of a Sabbath for brain-workers, public interest has, to an unwonted degree, been centered on the matter of Sunday laws in consequence of a sudden and yet not altogether spasmodic attempt on the part of the police of New York City to enforce the old observances of the statutes. The immediate occasion of this attempt was the going into effect of a new penal code, which rendered the police liable to indictment in case they allowed trading in any shape on Sunday. To New Yorkers this seemed very tyrannical, but not so much so, by any means, to the rest of the country, particularly outside of the great cities. The New Yorker has long been accustomed to see groceries open until nine or ten o'clock of a Sunday morning, tobacconists open all day, news-stands and the like on every important corner, and, in short, a pretty active trade among sundry small dealers. The same state of things exists, more or less, in all the large cities, license increasing in the South and in the West. In the rural districts, however, no one thinks of buying anything on Sunday, unless, perchance, it be a medical prescription at the druggists'; and, in fact, laws nearly identical with those of New York have been enforced in many of the states, and the courts have passed sentence accordingly. Nevertheless, there has been, in most parts of the country, a general relaxing of Sunday customs. People go to ride and walk more

than they did, and are far less strict than they were a generation ago in the matter of reading. In nothing is this more marked than in the character of Sunday-school books which are read by all save the strictest of Sabbatarians.

This brings us to the second phase of the subject, namely, the acknowledged decline of clerical authority. If the Protestant clergy could have had its way, there is no doubt that the Puritan Sunday, or something very like it, would be the rule now, as it was fifty years ago. If clerical authority could have been maintained, the day would have been observed now as strictly as it was then; but, for whatever reason, the authority has passed away, and with it has gone much that gave the day its sacred character. We need not here discuss the rights and wrongs of the question; the fact remains, and is, as Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale College, points out in the *North American Review*, the natural result of a tendency that has existed ever since intelligence began to penetrate the masses and stimulate their minds to independent thought. So long as superstition was general, priests were clothed with a certain supernal authority; and this seems to have endured until Henry IV of England, in the eleventh century, set up his opinion against that of Hildebrand. Since then the movement has been slow, with the exception of certain notable strides, as at the time of the Reformation, but it has been inexorably sure, until now the State everywhere, save perhaps in Spain alone, takes precedence of the Church. *THE CONTINENT* numbers among its readers both Protestants and Catholics, and these will no doubt agree, though from very different motives, in alleging for the Roman Catholic priesthood something approximating the old-time clerical authority; for the strict Protestant, it is to be feared, while bewailing the loss of his own pastor's influence, too often stigmatizes as "priest-ridden" the condition of his Catholic brother. Whatever may be the truth, however, as between the individual Romanist and his priest, we need only look at Italy to convince us of the direction in which mankind in general is tending; the Pope describes himself as a prisoner in the Vatican, and the revenues which were formerly administered by the Church now constitute a "Public Worship Fund," managed by a board of laymen. When the loss of clerical authority is referred to, however, it must be confessed that the word "Protestant" is generally understood; and that it has greatly declined few will be found to deny. Professor Fisher, in the article referred to, takes this decline for granted; but he suggests, in conclusion, that sacerdotalism was unknown in the primitive Church, and intimates that existing tendencies may point to something better even than that clerical authority which prevailed in colonial times and which only lost its hold when the laity began to have opinions of its own.

OFFICIAL definitions are always entertaining when they can be accepted as official—that is, as conclusive—and it would be eminently instructive if we could persuade the great corporations, especially in this country and England—for these, we take it, are the great company-ridden peoples of the world—to give us their ideas as to the purposes for which the individual man exists. All great

corporations profess to be actuated by the common conviction that they can do better for man than he can possibly do for himself, but the constant tendency is for them to insist upon doing what no individual at all wants to do on his own account. The individual stockholders of a company are probably as honest as the rest of the world in their personal capacity, and would never think of oppressing their fellow-citizens. But organize them under a president and a board of directors, and the rest, and they will make it exceedingly lively for any one who chances to stand in their way. The court records of nearly every state in the Union abound with instances where individuals have tried to fight corporations and have been disastrously worsted. Indeed, a case of this kind is well nigh hopeless where there are two sides—as there must be almost of necessity—to the question involved, for the strength of a combined purse suffices, in many legitimate ways, to outmaneuver abstract justice. Given a large number of stockholders with their money invested for a common cause, and they are at once irresistible and helpless. Irresistible in that their representatives, the directors, can command an enormous aggregate of capital; helpless in that, scattered as they are, it is well nigh impossible for them to unite their votes, should they be dissatisfied with the management, oust the incumbent officials and reorganize on a new basis. This is sometimes done where there is a lack of daring or unscrupulousness on the part of president and directors; but it is nearly impossible where there are no scruples as to using the available means for retaining the balance of power. How to regulate the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of corporations is one of the questions that is sure, sooner or later, to crop out in politics, and there will be room for more wisdom than the average law-maker has habitually shown in legislating—enough, that is, and yet not too much.

THE Archæological Society of Greece, as we are informed by a correspondent who reads the Athenian papers in the original, has recently uncovered the remains of an ancient temple in Epidauros. It was probably a temple of Æsculapius, as a bas-relief in it represents Æsculapius seated on a magnificent throne, while before him is seen the Goddess of Health, between two female forms, one of them a Goddess of Victory. The temple is surrounded by Doric columns, and each gable contained a group of sculpture, the fragments of which were found lying on the ground. The group on the eastern end is supposed to show the battle of the Centaurs. The other is a marine group, composed of six Nereids, two floating on the waves and four riding on sea-horses, each with an arm thrown gracefully around the creature's neck. Not far from this temple there had been previously discovered several interesting buildings, among them one in circular form called the Rotunda of Polycleitos. Successful excavations have been made on other sites also. While foreigners are recovering from beneath the ground many buried treasures of ancient art, it is pleasant to see the native Greeks organized into a society for the same generous service.

THE Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg is a name very unfamiliar to American ears, and yet he might easily, save for name, claim a position with the most Yankeeified of Yankees, every page evidencing the same traits of unflinching good-humor, persistent curiosity, indefatigable in question and research, and a mental alertness not popularly considered a German characteristic. His book is the result of a very recent visit to a country hardly known outside of its own boundaries.¹ Such civilization as it has attained is chiefly in the adoption of garish ornament and patent leather boots, but the author pronounces Tunis to be

“much less affected by European influence than the Egyptian or Algerian towns,” and adds, of the rich Tunisian, that he “will hang three or four large glass chandeliers in a small room, and put besides some candleabra on the side-tables, and at least two or three clocks between, which do not go. These clocks are a true picture of Tunis, which is also at a stand-still, waiting for the Europeans to wind it up.” His picture of the bazars, which, like in many points to those of Oriental cities in general, still have marked peculiarities of their own, is very graphic, and his comments on general government and the Tunisian army still more so. Amusing and valuable quotations might be cited from every chapter, the final paragraphs on the army giving his style and mental habit as fully, perhaps, as any others in this exceptionally interesting book of travels.

“My first acquaintance with their heroes I made immediately after my landing in Goletta, the harbor of Tunis. There stood a Tunisian guard before a sentry-box. His dress consisted of a black jacket with red braid, black trousers reaching to the middle of the calf, a red fez with a brass shield, and (probably) a shirt. He wore yellow kid slippers, and by his side, in a leather sheath, dangled a sabre which had no point, and his gun—leaning against the sentry-box—exhibited a rusty percussion lock. The man himself had a stocking in his hand, which he was knitting. An officer passed him, when he put aside his stocking, took up his gun and presented arms, after which he put it in the corner again, from which proceeding I concluded that the feminine occupation of knitting is allowed him also when on duty. Before the War and Marine Ministries, the sentries idled about in the same way, and even in the capital before the palace of the Bey, the sentries were knitting stockings. The best of it was that not a single soldier wore stockings.

“About the organization of the army little is known. The *Almanach de Gotha* gives us seven regiments of infantry, four of artillery and a division of cavalry, with a total strength of 20,000 men. According to the information, however, which I got from the Ministry of War in Tunis, there are only five regiments of infantry and one of artillery. The cavalry is only to be found on paper. In reality it consists of a few colonels and twenty men without horses. The real total number of troops—comprising the whole army—is about two or three thousand men, of whom one thousand are garrisoned in the capital and the rest in the province.

“On the ministerial lists I only found the officers mentioned, while the total strength of the troops was utterly unknown to them. For this army there are about one hundred generals and one thousand officers of all degrees, from a lieutenant of fourteen years (Molass) up to a colonel, who, as a rule, served the Bey formerly as pages, and did all sorts of services for him, of which the details cannot be recorded here, but for which they got promoted without ever having seen a gun or drum. There is no military school, unless the harem be considered as such. Of the officers emerging therefrom, some remain in the household of the Bey, others are employed in the ministries, and the greatest number are put into the army invested with the same rank to their last day, promotion being very rare.

“The pay of this valiant army is equivalent to its services—that is to say, a little more than nothing. All officers as well as the rank and file receive from the Government board and lodging, and are also clothed and receive besides a nominal pay, which would be sufficient for the modest wants of Orientals if they really got their pay, their board and their clothes. The proper accounts are handed in, no doubt, but the money goes through the hands of so many generals, colonels and captains, that of the pay nothing remains, of the clothing only rags, and of their board bread and bad oil.”

(1) “TUNIS: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.” (12mo, pp. 302, \$2.00; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).



CAMBRIDGE is to have a new illustrated weekly called *Science*, the first number of which appears early in January, and to which the leading scientific men of the country will contribute.

THE agreeable English nobleman in Mr. James' "Portrait of a Lady" is said to have been taken from Lord Otho Fitzgerald, a handsome and brilliant young man, who died recently of blood-poisoning.

IN spite of Mr. Clark Russell's squabble with the Harpers over the copyright question, in which, by the way, he is proved to be in the wrong, his new novel, "A Sea-Queen," is to appear first in this country in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*.

D. APPLETON & Co. have published a new edition of "The Household Book of Poetry," thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged, the poems now numbering eleven hundred and seventy-five, and the selections being made with a care and judgment that place the book in the front rank of such anthologies.

THE Dictionary of the French Academy, begun two hundred years ago, is still unfinished. Charles Nodier, writing to a friend, says: "You ask me when the Dictionary of the French Academy will be finished. Nostradamus could not reply to the question. For myself, I am firmly of opinion that the Academy will be finished before its Dictionary."

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have published an amusing little novel, semi-musical, semi-esthetic, entitled, "The Benefit of the Doubt," by Mary Clare Spenser. There is a family ghost and a general series of complications, the surprise being that anything so good can be so bad, and vice versa. There is promise enough, however, to make one look confidently for better work. (16mo, pp. 371, \$1.00).

SAVE for a slightly scrappy character and the need of a little better editing, "Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays," by Phebe Earle Gibbons, is a very pleasant addition to the literature of peculiar peoples. Most of it has appeared in various magazines, but the present edition has been revised and enlarged, and the whole is a very faithful record of a keen observer, giving many details which have never before been noted. (12mo, pp. 427, \$1.50, J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

ONE of the most practical and reasonable of recent books upon music is found in "Artistic Singing," by Mrs. Sabrina H. Dow. The writer is herself an authority on such matters, and has studied the various modern theories of voice culture with a growing conviction that most of them are tinctured with error, and that safety lies in a return to those of the early Italian school, which succeeded in preserving voices almost unimpaired up to fifty and even sixty years of age. The little book is exceedingly suggestive and holds hints even for those who may disagree with its conclusions. (pp. 115, \$1.00, Lee & Shepard, Boston).

IT is an open question how far Mr. J. Mortimer-Granville's little book, "Youth: Its Care and Culture: an Outline for Parents and Guardians," deserves the reprint it has received. Many of the points made are excellent, but many more are exaggerated. His chapters on "Boy Manhood" and "Girl Womanhood" touch on topics of pro-

found interest to all parents and educators, and in the main are of real value; but there is a certain priggishness, in the final pages especially—a lofty and superior tolerance of women in particular—which does not seem a necessary part of a treatise half-medical, half-educational. (pp. 167, \$1.00, M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York).

"CLERICAL SORE-THROAT," and the various throat difficulties incident to continuous use of the voice, ought to decrease if manuals on voice-training have any influence whatever. In "Gymnastics of the Voice: a System of Correct Breathing in Singing and Speaking, Based Upon Physiological Laws: a Self-Instructor in the Training and Use of the Singing and Speaking Voice," by Oskar Guttman, the elaborate title holds all the description necessary. The directions are plain, and the book scientifically correct in its theories and methods, the gymnastics outlined being of special service for all weak throats and lungs, and making pure and clear tones a possibility for all. (pp. 138, \$1.25, Edgar S. Werner, Albany).

TIME brings to light unexpected revelations with regard to American antiquity. We have architectural works which are perhaps older than the oldest Europe can boast; and now Dr. D. G. Brinton comes forward with a work on "American Hero Myths: a Study in the Native Religions of the Western Continent," which brings out much that is new and interesting to American archæologists. He points out that heretofore myths have been but imperfectly distinguished from traditions. It is singular that a common element in many of the aboriginal religions is the belief in a divine being, born of a virgin, who comes from the East. The Algonkins, Aztecs and many others hold this legend, which, we need hardly point out, has singular parallels in the creeds of other nations. (Philadelphia: H. C. Watts & Co.)

As a story, "Divorce," by Margaret Lee, is in many points a very fair piece of work. The heroine is an improbable creature, who, if she had had one quarter the insight with which she is credited, would have opened her eyes long before to the real nature of the husband who wasted her property, and cared simply and always for number one. He is a very consistent rascal; a handsome, pleasure-loving, cultivated animal. The complications which finally ensue are handled with delicacy, and there is promise in the book of far better work to come. It is astonishingly cheap, the publishers' intention being to show that work by American authors can be produced at as low a rate as English reprints; but is fairly well printed and bound. The system of punctuation is an extraordinary one, commas in many pages taking the place of periods or semicolons; but the author may not be responsible for this. (pp. 411, 50 cents, John W. Lovell Co.)

WHEN new books swarm like bees, who shall think of the old, unless, indeed, the old are chosen as refuge and the new set aside to test their chance of immortality? Those in the nature of guide-posts are most likely to hold place, and of this order is "The Great Epics of Mediæval Germany. An Outline of their Contents and History," by George Theodore Dippold. Wagner's later operas have made us familiar, to a certain extent, with the Nibelungen Lied, and the various legends preceding or arising from it, but the forces that made them the national voice of the people are less known, and nothing so clear and full has yet been done by way of explanation and elucidation as this work of Professor Dippold's. The fruit of long research is embodied here, and though the student may miss some details familiar to him through the work of German scholars who give a life time to one phase of a topic, every busy American will welcome so compact and scholarly a condensation of theories and facts as the present. (16mo, pp. 323, \$1.50, Roberts Brothers, Boston).

MRS. SPOFFORD, in her stories for young people, ceases

to be the Mrs. Spofford we know—in other words, drops her superabundant adjectives, and tells a pleasant story in a simple and pleasant way. "Hester Stanley at St. Marks" is the history of a passionate but loving child, born in the South Sea Islands, and having unlimited control over an immense household of servants. She is imperious, impetuous and absolutely ignorant, not only of books, but of every-day American life. Necessarily, when placed at boarding-school, revolt is instantaneous, and the year which follows is full of very amusing and sometimes very pathetic efforts at self-government. That she conquers at last is due in part to the unfailing gentleness and understanding of the large-hearted principal, one of the best-drawn characters in any recent book for girls, and whose portrait is a very necessary foil to that of the overbearing and tyrannical assistant, whose conflicts with Hester are the most objectionable feature of the book. The story well deserves the popularity we hope for it. (pp. 194, \$1.25, illustrated; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

ENGLISH wood-engravers are puzzling over the superiority of American work, and seize the first opportunity to defend their own methods. The *St. James's Gazette* of London says: "The notion that Mr. Elbridge Kingsley's 'Wood Engraving from Nature' in the current number of *The Century* is an entirely novel method, is erroneous. Bewick constantly engraved direct from nature, and unless we are much mistaken, Mr. W. J. Linton and other living wood-engravers have often worked in this way. Indeed, no really good wood-engraver would trust entirely to memory or to the design on the block if he could have in front of him the object, the view or the picture to be reproduced. This is particularly true where the design has been placed on the block by photography, for photography invariably gives false values, and very often distorted outlines: faults which the new-style American wood-engravers render as a rule with remarkable precision. Nor is there anything new in the fact that Mr. Kingsley executed his block almost entirely with one tool: Mr. Linton's gravers are of the fewest, and perhaps the finest landscape he has done was cut with one tool. Yet it shows a variety of textures, an expressiveness of handling which Mr. Kingsley's pretty work entirely lacks."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has long been credited with originating the phrase, "sweetness and light," but though almost synonymous with the thought of him, one who represented anything but these characteristics, is the real author, the matter being cleared up by Mr. Smalley in a recent letter: "In the 'Notes on Mr. Stephen's Swift,' sent you the other day from abroad, I gave the quotation from Swift of 'sweetness and light,' saying I could not recollect whether Mr. Matthew Arnold had himself assigned it to Swift. This is what came of having a bad memory and no books at hand to help it out. The reference of the phrase to Swift will be found in the first chapter of Mr. Arnold's 'Culture and Anarchy.' The fact none the less remains that Swift's phrase had slumbered and slept for a century and three-quarters—had never passed into currency or signified much to the world till Mr. Arnold gave it a fresh start. I am not disparaging Swift. The secret is this, that Swift used the words once for a particular purpose, and had done with them. Mr. Arnold, who has a genius for procuring what words are fitted to catch the ear and abide in the memory and stand as symbols of a doctrine, used them and re-used them till they became as familiar as a political cry during a campaign. In Swift's mouth, moreover, they are purely physical; in Mr. Arnold's they are metaphysical."

AMONG the various records of the rebellion, nothing more amusing or interesting has been written than the very pugnacious chronicle, the full title of which best indicates its character, "Detailed Minutes of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia; 1861-1865," by Carl-

ton McCarthy, private Second Company, Richmond Howitzers, Cutshaw's Battalion Artillery, Second Corps, A. N. V.; with illustrations by William L. Sheppard, Esq., lieutenant Second Company Richmond Howitzers, A. N. V. (pp. 224, \$1.50, Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond.) Mr. McCarthy adds one more to the list of author-publishers, and his book will be of value not only to every Confederate soldier, but to all a little north of Mason and Dixon's line who would recall the spirit of that half-forgotten time, and realize of what stuff our antagonists were made. The spirit of the "new South" has no place in these graphic pages. The Yankee is still a hated enemy, whose final victory was brought about by mercenaries, and in whom there is only occasional capacity for honor or decency. As a reminder of what spirit still lives, it is well for every Northern man who forgets that bitterness ever existed, to ponder over the deep animus still shown and what its leadings may be. From the outside standpoint it is worth reading as a record of heroism amid unparalleled hardships, which may make us proud that we own the same country. Apart from this, it is simply a stirrer-up of old strifes and issues which, if they are not dead, had better be, speedy burial being the only safe course with such exceedingly unpleasant corpses.

NEW BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH WAR. Minor Wars of the United States. By Rossiter Johnson. \$1.25, pp. 374. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

SONGS FROM THE DRAMATISTS. Edited by Robert Bell. \$1.50, pp. 268. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

HOME LIFE IN THE BIBLE. By Henrietta Lee Palmer, edited by John Williamson Palmer. 220 illustrations, 1 vol, 8vo, pp. 428, \$3.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

NEW ENGLAND BYGONES. By Ellen H. Rollins. \$5.00, pp. 218, illustrated. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE SEVENTH GREAT ORIENTAL MONARCHY. By George Rawlinson, M. A. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 351, 338, \$5. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

POEMS, BY T. B. ALDRICH. Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club, \$5.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND. By Horace E. Scudder. \$1.50, pp. 192. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE LIVE OAK BOYS. By Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. \$1.25, pp. 356. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE EMERSON CALENDAR, 1883. \$1.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE SUNSHINE CALENDAR, 1883. Arranged by Kate Sanborn, \$1.00. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE JOLLY ROVER. By J. T. Trowbridge. \$1.25, pp. 292. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE WONDERFUL CITY OF TOKIO. By Edward Greely. 169 illustrations, pp. 301, \$1.75, boards; \$2.50, cloth.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS IN AFRICA. By James D. McCabe. \$1.50, pp. 312. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD. By E. H. Sears, D.D. Illustrated, \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT. By Rosa Hartwicke Thorpe. Illustrated. \$1.50. Lee & Shepard.

THE PUBLISHERS' TRADE-LIST ANNUAL, 1882. Tenth year. F. Leypoldt, New York.

THE MODERN HAGAR. A Drama. By Charles M. Clay. 2 vols., pp. 369-402, \$2.00. George W. Harlan & Co., New York.

QUINTUS CLAUDIUS. A Romance of Imperial Rome. By Ernst Eckstein. From the German. By Clara Bell. 2 vols., pp. 313, 303, \$1.50. William Gottsberger, New York.

ODDITIES IN SOUTHERN LIFE AND CHARACTER. Edited by Henry Watterson. Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard and F. S. Church. 16mo, pp. 485, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PAGE, SQUIRE AND KNIGHT. A Romance of the Days of Chivalry. Edited by W. H. Davenport Adams. 113 illustrations, 12mo, pp. 326, \$2.00. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

STELLAR THEOLOGY AND MASONIC ASTRONOMY: Or the Origin and Meaning of Ancient and Modern Mysteries Explained. By Robert Hewitt Brown. Illustrated, pp. 113, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



FUNGI is the name of one of the orders of the class Cryptogamia of Linnæus, which consist of flowerless plants, the most obvious representatives being those that are well known as toad-stools, which include the numerous species of the mushroom tribe. It also includes a number of microscopic bodies, such as mildew, moulds, dry-rot, etc., which grow on living but more abundantly on decayed animal or vegetable matter. They are important factors in reducing all organized bodies to their original elements. The number of so-called species may be said to be beyond calculation; indeed, it seems as though new forms spring into existence according to the nature of the substance upon which they grow. They almost appear to be organisms of chance, many coming into existence and living but a single night. They are found in all countries and situations where animal and plant life exist. They not only grow on lofty trees, in dry pastures and buildings, but also in mines, cellars, drains and ditches. *Penicillium glaucum* is the blue mould of cheese, jelly, preserves, and woven fabrics when long damp; the iron mould (so called) on linen is a kind of mildew. The most formidable, however, are the potato murrain, grape mildew, dry-rot, smut, coffee and salmon disease, all caused by microscopic species. Fungi are the sole agents in fermentation of sugary liquids, and it is found that yeast, which causes dough to rise, is a fungus. Many such—as mushrooms, morels and truffles—are wholesome and delicious food, while others are poisonous in the highest degree; many of the latter being similar to and taken for the true mushroom, and used as such have led to fatal results. Fungi are reproduced by spores, which are so numerous that in the puff-ball, when ripe and pressed, they are seen to rise in the air like smoke; but to determine their size and form requires the aid of a powerful microscope. They float in the air, and alighting on substances congenial to their development and growth, they thus become spread in different localities. Those that emanate from foul cisterns, water-closets and drains are now considered to be the probable cause of contagious diseases, such as typhoid and scarlet fever, cholera and even diphtheria. It has been proved that milk quickly becomes impregnated with microscopic fungi from dairies not being kept clean, and the vessels washed with foul water, which a few years ago was found to be the cause of typhoid fever in London, and it led to an act of Parliament being passed for the inspection of dairies. Wine cellars are often infested by a filamentous fungus, which covers the walls and casks with a coating like felt; it also attacks the corks of wine bottles, and its appearance is considered a test that the wine is old. This has been taken advantage of by some dealers to make new wine have the appearance of being old by placing over the cork a false “zasmidium” (or coating made of spiders’ webs, rotten sawdust and logwood); the wine then passes off as crusted old port. The walls of cellars and mines are also liable to be covered with a fungus growth—some are phosphorescent to such a degree that in the coal mines near Dresden the roofs, walls and cellars are often entirely covered with them, and their light is so bright as to dazzle the eye and give the idea of an enchanted cave. Phosphorescent fungi

are also commonly to be seen in the dark or decayed wood, rotten leaves and other decomposed vegetable substances. Tallow stores are often infested with a microscopic fungus, known as grease mould; it covers the wall with a filamentous web; it also attacks the casks and pervades the grease, destroying all fatty matter, and often causing great loss to the merchant. In gardens a species of mould fungus is a great pest; it appears suddenly in a night, spreading rapidly over all moist surfaces, doing irreparable mischief in propagating pits, by overrunning low plants, cuttings and seed pots. Fruits are often attacked by a fungus originating from a small wound in the skin, which renders them extremely bitter and unfit to eat.

THE consumption of *saké* in Japan amounts to about six gallons per head per annum. The preparation of this liquid may be regarded as taking place in three stages. (1) *Preparation of koji*: Rice is cleaned and the outer skin removed. It is then beaten or trodden with water, and lastly steamed. The embryo is thus killed and germination rendered impossible. The steamed rice is mixed with a little *tanc*, a yellowish powder, consisting of the spores of a fungus, and the mixture exposed on trays for several days, during which time the temperature of the surrounding air and also of the mixed rice and fungus spores rises very considerably. These operations are conducted in underground chambers, cut off from the influences of the outer air. *Koji* contains dextrose and dextrine, unaltered starch, mineral matter and a diastase-like substance or substances. It converts cane-sugar partially into inverted sugar and gelatinized starch into maltose, dextrose and dextrine. (2) *Preparation of moto*: Steamed rice, *koji* and water are mixed and maintained at a low temperature for some time; the starch of the rice is thus for the most part changed into dextrose and dextrine. (3) *Fermentation*: The *moto* is heated by placing closed tubs of boiling water in the liquid; temperature rises, fermentation begins and is continued for twelve or thirteen days by the introduction of fresh heaters. From time to time the mash is divided into portions, each of which is mixed with more *moto*, steamed rice and *koji*, and then fermented. The fermented liquid is filtered, cleared by standing and heated in order to prevent it from souring. *Saké* does not keep for any length of time in warm weather, and must be repeatedly heated by the brewer.

FUCUS is the name of a Linnæan genus of sea-weeds, which are more or less abundant on the rocky coasts of most countries. They are strong-growing species, and may be considered as the shrubs of the ocean. During storms the force of the waves uproots large quantities of sea-weeds of different species, which are wafted on shore and left by the receding tides, such being known by the name of wrack, the drying and burning of which at one time furnished employment to large numbers of people in Scotland and Ireland. The ashes, containing carbonate of soda, were called kelp, and were used in the manufacture of soap and glass, but since carbonate of soda has been manufactured from salt for these purposes, the burning of sea-wrack has almost ceased. From the ash of sea-weeds another important chemical substance called iodine is obtained, and is well known in medicine as a powerful absorbent. In agricultural districts wrack is eagerly sought after for manure; its virtue as such depends principally on the salt it contains. On some parts of the coast of Japan sea-plants are largely collected. They are exported to China and conveyed to the interior, where salt is scarce. Many of them are also edible.

A FEW days before his death, Professor Henry Draper, of New York, entertained the members of the National Academy of Sciences, over fifty in number, at a dinner given at his house. At that time he gave a novel illustra-

tion of his interest in the fascinating field of scientific inquiry opened up by the discoveries in electricity. The tables were set in the parlors, and from the arch between the two rooms there hung a large chandelier, representing a bouquet in brouze. In the chandeliers were twelve bell-shaped flowers, resembling morning glories, with red, blue and yellow petals, and a stamen of ground glass, inclosing one of Edison's incandescent lights. Under the chandelier was an aquarium, surrounded by vines and filled with gold fish. A submerged incandescent light illuminated the water, and the fish swam unconcernedly around it. Electric bouquets, like the chandelier, were placed on the tables, and alternating with them were bouquets of natural flowers surrounding electric lights. The electricity was supplied by a gas engine in Professor Draper's laboratory.

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It has been observed that the blood of crabs and other crustaceans at Ostend has the same strong and bitter taste as the sea water, and proves to have the same saline constitution. Crabs in brackish water, on the other hand, have a less salt blood, and the crayfish of rivers have very little of soluble salts in their blood. An exchange of salts seems to take place in these animals between the blood and the outer medium, producing approximate equilibrium of chemical composition. This probably occurs through the respiratory organ, and is according to the simple laws of diffusion. On the other hand, the blood of sea fishes has an entirely different saline composition from that of the water.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

December 8.—General Sidney Burbank, U. S. A., a veteran of the Black Hawk, Seminole and Civil wars, died in Newport, Ky., aged seventy-four years.—Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the artist, died in Italy.—Louis Blanc, the French statesman and litterateur, died in Paris. . . Dec. 9.—Sir Hugh Allan, founder of the Allan line of steamships running between Canadian and British ports, died in Edinburgh.—The old Catholic Church at Amesbury, Mass., was burned. . . Dec. 10.—The Senate confirmed a number of military nominations, among them those of Brigadier-General John Pope to be major-general, Colonel Ronald S. Mackenzie to be brigadier-general, and Major William A. Rucker to be deputy paymaster-general.—Three hundred thousand dollars' worth of whisky was burned with the distillery of Gibson & Co., at Gibsonton, Pa. . . Dec. 11.—The business portion of the city of Kingston, Jamaica, was burned, involving a loss estimated at \$30,000,000. Hundreds of people are homeless.—News received from the Soudan that the False Prophet has been repulsed, and the safety of Khartoum is assured.—The Enterprise Cotton Mills, at Manayunk, Pa., were burned.—Robert L. Stewart, a prominent merchant of New York, died, aged seventy-six.—Sir Thomas Watson, physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria, died. . . Dec. 13.—The third annual convention of the Mississippi Valley Cane Growers' Association met in St. Louis. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Coleman presided, and delegates were present from Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Wisconsin; also Commissioner Loring, of the Agricultural Department.—A convention of street railway presidents and superintendents met in Boston and a constitution was adopted for the organization of the "Street Railway Association of America." H. H. Littell, of Louisville, was chosen president for the year.—In yesterday's session of the State Grange of Patrons of Husbandry, at Harrisburg, Pa., the secretary's report was received. It shows a membership in the State of 20,000, divided into 400 lodges. Seven lodges were organized during last year.—The Rev. Elias Dodson, a prominent Baptist minister, died in Wilmington, N. C., aged seventy-five years.—Daniel Ratcliff, a lawyer, of Baltimore, Md., died, aged seventy-five years.—The chapel of Drury College, Springfield, Mo., was burned; loss, \$45,000.

THE DRAMA.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE has received high praise from the English press for his "Dr. Pangloss," in "The Heir-at-Law," at the Strand Theatre, London.

MR. JOHN J. GRAHAME, who came over as leading support to Mrs. Langtry, has been engaged by the Madison Square Theatre for next season, and is to appear only in New York City.

"THE ROMANY RYE," after its run of ten weeks in New York at Booth's Theatre, and four weeks in Chicago, reaches Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia, in the beginning of the new year, for a stay of three weeks.

THE recent celebration of the fiftieth dramatic anniversary of Mr. Cresswick, in London, brought him \$3000. Mr. Wilson Barrett paid \$250 for a seat in the gallery and Mr. Toole a like sum for three seats in the orchestra.

MR. IRVING'S production of "Much Ado About Nothing" is not only a great artistic success but an equally satisfactory financial one. The Lyceum, London, under this eminent actor's management, has yet to be credited with a failure.

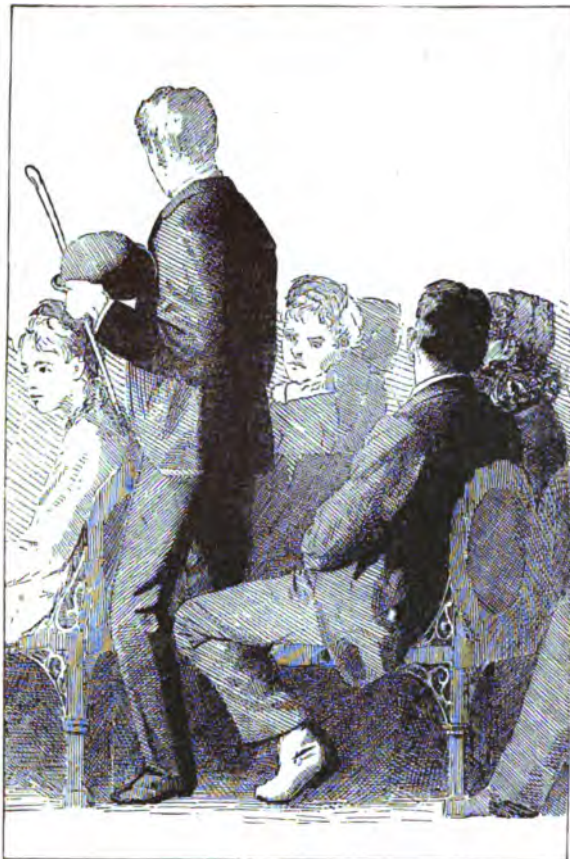
MISS IDA MEYERS, of Baltimore, recently made a brilliant *début* at the Royal Niccolini Theatre, Florence, in the title rôle of "Linda di Chamounix." The lady is described as possessing great beauty of face and figure and a voice of marvelous richness and power. Enthusiastic applause, shouts of *brava! brava!* and heaps of floral tributes rewarded the young aspirant's endeavors. Miss Meyers will be known in the operatic world as Ida Morena.

MR. CHARLES R. THORNE, JR., has left the Union Square Theatre, New York, where he has been the popular leading man for over ten years past. Mr. Stetson, manager of Booth's Theatre, paid the Union Square management \$1200 to release Mr. Thorne from a two years' contract. Mr. Thorne's first appearance under his new manager will occur in a short time at Booth's Theatre in a revival of the "Corsican Brothers." Next season he will "star" in the romantic drama.

M. SARDOU'S latest drama, "Fedora," written especially for Mme. Sara Bernhardt, was produced at the Vaudeville, in Paris, on December 11th, and proved a positive triumph for both the distinguished playwright and world-famed *artiste*. This was Mme. Bernhardt's first appearance in Paris since her secession from the Theatre Francais, three years ago. This reappearance in the French capital obliges her to pay her fine of 100,000 francs to the directors of the Theatre Francais, and this is just the sum guaranteed her for one hundred performances at the Vaudeville. "Fedora," the name of the heroine, affords the greatest scope for the display of every emotion. The story treats of Nihilism. The American right to the play has been purchased for \$10,000.

THE name of "Lotta" has become a synonym for good fortune, and the required exception to the rule has lately come to pass. During a visit to London last summer she learned that Mr. Charles Reade was engaged in writing a melodrama with Mr. Henry Pettitt. Relying upon the reputations of the authors and upon the demand of the public for lurid melodrama, she purchased the American right to the production, for the enormous sum of \$10,000, paying in advance \$2,500. The play was christened "Love and Money," and was presented some weeks since at the Adelphi Theatre, London. It proved a disastrous failure. The transaction was an outside investment on Miss Lotta's part, as she did not intend the play for her own use—so the deficit is but chargeable to the profit and loss account of speculation.

"THE QUEEN'S SHILLING" was indifferently received at Wal-lack's after Mrs. Langtry's withdrawal. It was followed by Mr. Boucicault's comedy of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," with the veteran Mr. John Gilbert in his favorite character of "Jesse Rural." This in turn is to be followed by the production of "The Silver King," in which Mr. Osmond Tearle makes his reappearance. This play succeeded "The Romany Rye," after its prolonged run at the Princess' Theatre, London, and scored a great hit. The story, though somewhat melodramatic, is intensely interesting, the plot hinging on the fact of the hero being present, in a state of drunkenness, at the murder of a man whom he intended killing for great wrong done him, and believing, when he becomes sober, that he really is the murderer, though the audience are aware that he is entirely innocent. After much suffering everybody is made happy in the last act.



I.



II.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

I. Mr. Schuyler Rhett, the embodiment of inherited Northern and Southern chivalry, is shocked to the depths of his courteous soul at the impoliteness of thirsty theatre-goers, who turn their backs on ladies in passing before them.

II. Mr. Rhett is never guilty of that discourtesy—not he! He has been taught to face a lady in passing before her;

and he will bump every knee and put out every eye in the house, rather than acknowledge that the anatomy of the human frame renders downright rudeness, after all, the most considerate way of getting out.

N. B.—Yet even he will not forego his entr'acte egress. He has no cloves with him, and a clove he must have.

The Mason—A Riddle.

ONE day, when life was hushed with heat,
And cloudy shadows eastward whirled,
And in a flood of blue and white
The sunlight blotted out the world,
A builder came, and all alone
Builded his house beside my own.

A skillful architect was he,
That wisely builded on his plans;
So perfect was his joinery
It put to shame a common man's.
So fair my neighbor's dwelling shone,
I longed to have it for my own!

I envied him his smooth, hard walls;
His chambers' soft and creamy tone;
Fain would exchange for his cool halls
My sultry den of wood and stone.
I watched him all the summer through—
The while my envy greater grew.

For lo! his waist how slim and small!
His russet coat and yellow boot;
His velvet cap and overall,
The flashing gauze of his surtout!
His eye, whose molten gold defies
The kindred torrent from the skies!

My grim, gaunt image, haply glassed,
Shows me a waist of slender size;
But where the surcoat's burnished cast?
And where the splendor of the eyes?
And where the dainty step and air
My neighbor's neighbor ought to wear?

Sure Nature was in joyous mood
When this deft builder fashioned she!
O'er him her royal gifts she strewed,
But very sorely stinted me!
Else had my neighbor lived and died
Unloved, unenvied at my side!

Maybe his nimble wit divined
My thought; for, coming from the field,
I saw his house, with every blind
Shut tight, and every portal sealed;
And were he in or were he out
I had no heart to solve the doubt!

And now the house is dull and bare—
Its beauty all he bore away;
And what is here to make me stare?
These tiny cells of senseless clay?
I only say—my heart is full—
My neighbor made them beautiful!

JOHN MCCARTY PLEASANTS.

THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 49.



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WITS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—II.

THE lovely Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was ten years younger than Lady Bunbury. It is not easy, looking at her portrait, to convey any just idea at this day of the fascination she exercised over her contemporaries; for her personal charms were her least ones; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regular features and faultless forms—it lay in the grace of her deportment and the charm of her society. Her hair had a tinge of red and was very lovely, but her face, if it had not been illumined by her mind, would have been a very ordinary one. She is particularly famous for the personal exertions she made in favor of Charles Fox, during the great contested election for Westminster in 1784. During the canvass she visited the abodes of the humblest electors, dazzled and en-

slaved them by her many fascinations, and even carried the poorest mechanics in her carriage to the hustings; nor can there be any doubt of the fact that she purchased the vote of a stubborn butcher with a kiss. It was during the excitement of these scenes that the well-known compliment was paid her by an Irish laborer, who, gazing with admiration on her beautiful face, exclaimed, "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" She seems to have been as bewitching to women as to men, for Miss Berry gives her this charming eulogium: "Every eye followed her, every heart beat at her approach. Selfishness forgot itself in her presence, and avarice became liberal under her influence." She died in 1786, at the early age of forty-nine years.

Many lovely and noble women, standing in the front



MRS. MONTAGU. AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

rank with others, almost equally lovely, exerted a powerful influence over their century; yet that influence was small, compared with the intellectual ascendancy exercised by the circle of *esprits forts* which first gathered in the salons of Elizabeth Montagu. This lady was the daughter of a Yorkshire 'squire, and in her youth was almost a pupil of the celebrated skeptic, Conyers Middleton. She had not a very peaceful home, for her brother's unbridled wit and her father's sarcasm needed often the intervention of the mother (called on that account 'the Speaker'), in order to maintain a decent calm.

At fourteen years of age she was a correspondent of the great Duchess of Portland, the female Mæcenas of her day—a lady deserving fame, not only for her splendid collections of vertu and her gift of the Harleian manuscripts to the British Museum, but because, among the patrons of literature and art of her day, she, above all others, understood that high breeding which is not only free from pride but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

At twenty-one, the young Yorkshire girl, who thought "Solomon wrong when he said all was vanity and vexation, and was very willing to take the vexation, if allowed the previous vanity," married the very dull and very respectable Mr. Montagu—a gentleman whose whole soul was devoted to mathematics; so she, who "doated on a pink *negligée* trimmed *fort galamment*," was pinned to the society of problems and decimal fractions. After the death of her only child, however, her character appears in a far loftier view. Her house in Portman Square became the centre of wits, poets, statesmen, churchmen and women eminent for culture and wit. There might be seen the stately and learned Elizabeth Carter, the witty Lady Townshend, Mrs. Chapone, Fanny Burney, Dr. Beattie, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttleton, etc., etc., and among them old Admiral Boscawen, who looked on and laughed, and in his bluff sailor way called them a party of "Blue Stockings," because full dress was not required there.

In her youth Mrs. Montagu had been a skeptic, but in maturer years she lost that revolting attribute of the *esprit fort*, and became an earnest and practical Christian. Probably this was the reason she had such a warm friendship for Lord Lyttleton, for he also had known and escaped the perils of religious doubt. His "History of Henry the Second" is a standard work, and often quoted by Hallam; but his "Dialogues of the Dead" ("Dead Dialogues" Horace Walpole calls them), are forgotten. Dr. Johnson's life of him was unfair and malignant, and Mrs. Montagu quarreled with Johnson for it. One morning she met the learned savage at Mrs. Thrale's: he had just been bullying Mr. Pepys into a quarrel about the same thing; but, in order to please Mrs. Thrale, he tried to conciliate Mrs. Montagu. But Mrs. Montagu was very haughty, and Johnson sat watching her like a setter, longing for the attack. Dr. Beattie says he was jealous of Mrs. Montagu's wit, which is scarcely probable, and even his rudeness was manageable; it was always disarmed by the sweet disposition of Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Montagu's most intimate friend.

Like Mrs. Montagu, she had been in youth devoted to pleasure; had written to a friend "for all the trumpery tinsel things, for all the gold and silver lace, she could rummage up," yet afterwards she became eminent not only for her learning, but for her piety. Her attainments in Latin and Greek were extraordinary, and Dr. Johnson once said of some celebrated scholar, "He understands Greek better than any one I have ever known, excepting Elizabeth Carter." Besides being a fine classical scholar, she spoke fluently French, Italian, Spanish and German, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine* under the name of "Eliza." Her piety, if stilted, was deep and earnest, and she heads the great band of modern female saints, an honor more frequently given to Hannah More, for on her fell most obviously the mantle of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Mrs. More's residence was near Bristol, and her chief visiting place in London was at Garrick's; for Garrick interested himself greatly in the production of her



MRS. SIDDONS. AFTER A MEDALLION.

tragedies, "Percy" and the "Fatal Falsehood;" and doubtless their great success was due, in some measure, to his care and influence. But when in London she frequently visited Mrs. Montagu, and there she met Dr. Johnson, who, after listening to the way in which she and her sisters lived, exclaimed, "What! Five women living happily together! I will come and see you! God bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses!" And on another occasion, when he met her with Mrs. Carter and Fanny Burney, he said, in his positive way, "Three such women are not to be found in the world!"

Few women have written so much or spent such busy lives as Hannah More. She was made a member of the French Academy in 1784, and the next year, retiring to her hermitage near Bristol, she devoted the rest of her days to the advancement of great moral works. She was of immense service to Wilberforce in his anti-slavery movement, and to her efforts Sunday schools owe more than to any other single individual. In a tract comprising a good part of a county she soon had five hundred children in training. Her tracts for Sunday schools and the poor had an unprecedented and amazing sale, more than two millions being sold in the first year.

With Hannah More the mind naturally associates Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone's educational works have now been superseded, but they were highly valued in her own day, and in 1776 she was personally complimented on them by the King and Queen. On the contrary, Mrs. Barbauld's writings will always be young and fresh. Her "Hymns of Praise" are, in their distinctive style, the most exquisite prose in the language, and only inferior to those of Holy Writ. What an enduring charm there is in the following one, a charm existing in every page she wrote: "The winter is over and gone; the birds come out on the trees; the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen; the green leaves sprout, and on every hill and in every green field they offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise. The snowdrops and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground; when the spring cometh they say, 'Here we are!' The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year, and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months. Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves. Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind. They all speak of Him who made them: they all tell us He is good."

Mrs. Barbauld suggests Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Inchbald Mrs. Siddons. The two families were very intimate, and at one time lived together. Both were then poor and unknown. Mrs. Siddons had been rejected at Drury Lane, and the "Simple Story" of Mrs. Inchbald lay in her desk, its great fame unknown and unsuspected. Mrs. Siddons occupied herself in the severest household duties, while John Kemble—who was then studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood—sat reading in a corner. No woman was ever more of a queen in private life, whatever humble duty claimed her attention; she moved as if scarcely deigning to touch the earth; her air, her manner and her grand beauty was as remarkable when ironing her husband's shirts as when portraying tragic royalty on the stage. In the troubles of her early life, the triumphs of her maturity, and in her long decline and seclusion, her character and genius were not only remarkable, but also free from reproach. The noble form lodged a soul that avoided even the appearance of evil.



MRS. WOLLSTONECRAFT. AFTER F. OPIE.

Very different from these women was the lovely and every way unfortunate Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the first agitator of the question of "Woman's Rights." No woman, with the exception of Madame de Staël, made so great an impression on the public mind, and her errors alone have caused her to be forgotten much sooner than her powerful mind and fine sensibility deserved. Her new and startling doctrines were seized with an avidity scarcely credible at this day, and her famous book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Women," was the theme of the most violent and the most universal praise and abuse. Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," was one of her familiar acquaintances; but their intercourse was an argument, their views neither on this subject or any other coinciding. In these arguments Paine either lost his temper or became sulky, and the female champion won an easy victory. Until her marriage with Mr. Godwin, she was the friend of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Inchbald, but they, with the majority of her admirers, declined to sanction this union; for she had married, some years before, an American called Imlay, to whom she had been a most devoted and serviceable wife. The man, however, took advantage of the fact that the marriage was only a civil one, performed in Paris, and deserted her. Then she married Mr. Godwin, but this act placed her in a position no charity could explain away. Death, however, soon covered her faults with a pitiful oblivion. She left an infant daughter, a few hours old, who afterwards became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

As clever and independent a woman, though not nearly so amiable as Mary Wollstonecraft, was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her character is a peculiar and not a lovely one; but we must remember that she was born in a circle and at a time that thought "a youth of frolics and an age of cards" sufficient for woman's happiness; and also that she had no mother and only a very careless and imprudent father. "It was my fate," she says, "to be much with the wits—my father



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. AFTER A MINIATURE.

was acquainted with all of them." Every one knows the license given to the wits of that day; and the clever, vivacious girl, associating familiarly with them, learned much of their coarseness. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and if a careless father, he was at least a proud one. When she was but a child he proposed her as his toast at the Kit-cat Club, and had her brought to the club to be introduced to its members. She was accepted by acclamation, and passed from the arms of one poet and statesman to another. Her picture was painted for the rooms, her name engraved on a drinking-glass and enrolled in the books as a standing toast.

But her alleged remarks, even at nineteen years of age, fall unpleasantly upon the ear. She "despises the impertinences of dress," and "looks upon the world with contempt." Hence we are not surprised that she says, forty-seven years later: "I have passed a long life, and may say with truth I have endeavored to purchase friends. Accident has put it into my power to confer great benefits, yet I never met with any return, nor, indeed, with any true affection but from dear Lady Oxford, who owed me nothing." And again: "The little good I do is scattered with a sparing hand against my inclination; but I know now the necessity of managing the hopes of others as the only links that bind attachment, or even secure us from injury."

Her marriage with Mr. Wortley, the grandson of the Earl of Sandwich, was one of very decided inclination on her part; and when he was sent as British Ambassador to the Porte, Lady Mary went with him. To this journey we owe her "Letters from the East," one of the noblest contributions to English literature that ever proceeded from a woman's pen, not only for their charming style, but for their graphic pictures of an unknown

life, and for their historical accuracy. Her return to England was hailed with delight by the Court and by every fashionable and literary circle in London. Then she fixed her residence at Twickenham, and there cemented that friendship with Pope whose rupture was trumpeted to the world and futurity in the bitterest satire and invective. Pope lost no opportunity of wounding her, and how he could sting no one need be told. Lady Mary, not unjustly, called him "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." But her retorts made even Pope writhe, though in their galling spleen and spite she loses all her womanly dignity and modesty.

The reason of this famous quarrel is no better understood than is her real motive for voluntarily leaving her husband, children and home, and spending twenty years of her life alone in foreign lands. The plea of advantage to her health may be true, but few women would care to purchase health by the rupture of every social and domestic tie. She left England in 1739, and traveled for some time in Italy. Horace Walpole saw her in Florence in 1740, and his account of her is not attractive: "Her dress, her avarice and her impudence must amaze any one who never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvass petticoat. Her face, swelled violently on one side, is partly covered with a plaster and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney." But even in youth she was careless of dress. Pope

speaks of her *diamonds and her dirty smock*; and there are frequent contemporary allusions to her want of personal delicacy and cleanliness. Twenty years after Horace Walpole saw her in Florence, he met her again in London, and says: "I think her avarice, dirt and vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries—the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. I went last night to visit her. I give you my honor the following is a faithful description: I found her in a little miserable chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head she had an old black laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair;" and the rest of his description may be spared. Certainly the fall is great enough from the toast of the Kit-cat Club and the beauty in oriental costume who for some time reigned supreme in the highest circles of London.

Abroad it was her custom to take possession of some deserted palace and employ herself in her gardens and vineyards. She raised poultry and silk-worms, and rented out the right to fish in her streams—upon the whole, turned her pennies as carefully as if she had been dependent on her profits. Still she was undoubtedly a woman of masculine ability and of wonderful clearness of intellect, and she secured an honorable place in the graver records of her country as the introducer of the first known alleviator of the once fearful plague of small-pox. She had the courage not only to test inoculation on her only son, but also to brave the vituperations with which she was consequently assailed, and to persevere in her efforts until she succeeded in establishing the practice. She died in England, having returned there after the death of her husband, August, 1762, and is buried in Lichtfield Cathedral.

Many other women, whose names are still familiar, illuminated this century, of which it may at least be said that it unfolded the germs from which the England of 1700 grew into the England of to-day. How charming must have been that Fanny Burney, whose friends—Charles Fox and Horace Walpole among them—sent a round-robin to her father, begging him to recall his daughter from the court to the literary world, gathering at Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Thrale's! How fascinating those Misses Berry whom Horace Walpole adored and to whom he left little Strawberry Hill! not to speak of Joanna Baillie and the clever, brilliant ladies who formed the "elect" of the society that gathered round the pious Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

The first half of the eighteenth century has a bad name among us; reformers heap abuse upon it politically, moralists condemn its coarse vices, and churchmen almost blot it from their calendar. It is universally

voted an unspiritual, materialistic and unideal age, an age of animal enjoyments; and Mr. Thackeray bids us notice how *fat* people were under its influence. But during the latter half of it there was a great change in its spirit. We hear no more of such doings as went on while Miss Chudleigh was one of the maids of honor. Literature became purer; Tom Jones and Clarissa Harlowe became impossibilities; Wesley elevated the religious atmosphere; Johnson, Cowper and the women who gathered around Mrs. Montagu purified the intellectual one. For, taking them as a whole, the women of this circle had no littleness, nor had they the perversity and daring of modern *esprits forts*; and while their minds were masculine, their manners were womanly and domestic. It will be long, indeed, before the "Blues" will have a queen like Elizabeth Montagu; and if they had, where shall we find such subjects as thronged at her bidding to Portman Square?

AMELIA E. BARR.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE student who takes his place to-day in the amphitheatre of the University Hospital and watches the stages of some critical and delicate operation, or who finds the dissecting-room lighted and his "subject" made, by modern applications of science, as little offensive as possible, has small conception of the difficulties that even fifty years ago made medical study something to be snatched at in secret. The traditions of the past hedged about every practitioner and barred the way to investigation for every student. The physician of the past held the same relation to the general public that the "medicine-man" of the present does to the circle of believers who watch his movements with an awed conviction that his power comes straight from another world. To them the black art and medicine are synonymous, and for all rude communities this is more or less the accepted view. Religious rites are an essential part of the medical system for the savage, and this theory has been perpetuated by the fact that the clergy were also the physicians of the early colonists, and that pill and powder had an added unction and efficacy when administered by holy hands. Each step toward any real scientific basis has been hampered by such traditions and by the credulity and stupidity of the present, and even now the most distinguished scholars in the profession admit that medicine cannot yet be called an exact science.

In such admission is its surest hope for the future, and the eager experimenters who, at all the great centres of the civilized world, are searching into the secrets of life and of disease, are building up a system which has truer foundation than any laid since the story of disease and death began for the world.

In such researches Philadelphia has in many points led the way for American students. In Boston the chief physician for a time was also a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Thomas Thatcher, who in 1677 published the first medical treatise written in this country, "A Brief Guide to the Small-Pox and Measles." Guides, whether brief or otherwise, were sadly needed, both of these diseases again and again decimating both colonists and Indians, while it raged among the pas-

sengers of the *Welcome*, from which Penn and his companions landed just two hundred years ago. Two trained physicians, Thomas Wynne and Griffith Owen, were with him, and found ample occupation for years in fighting not only small-pox and measles, but yellow fever, "American distemper" and the various fevers and acute diseases consequent upon the hardships and irregularities of life in a new country. The common people followed Indian prescriptions, using golden rod for dysentery, boneset for agues and consumption, and alder-buds and dittany for the blood. Herbs and roots, if they did not cure at least did not kill, and their reign was infinitely better than that of the patent medicine of to-day.

When fifty years or more had passed, the corps of physicians from abroad began to be replaced by a generation born on American soil. The pioneers had been English and had studied in London or Edinburg or Leyden, as the case might be. Dr. John Kearsley and Dr. Thomas Graeme were as popular as Wynne and Owen, and even more public spirited, Dr. Kearsley having been a member of the Assembly, and was often, after a telling speech, borne home on the shoulders of the people. John Kearsley, Jr., in time filled his place with almost equal efficiency, forming one of a brilliant and memorable group—Lloyd Zachary, Thomas Cadwallader, William Shippen, Sr., Thomas and Phineas Bond, John Redman, John Bard. These men encouraged students and gave the most thorough medical education possible at a time when neither colleges, nor hospitals, nor dissecting-rooms were in existence, but the majority were forced to complete their studies abroad. Two of these students, Dr. William Shippen and Dr. John Morgan, both natives of Philadelphia and both educated abroad, saw the absolute necessity for better means of study at home, and began in 1762 a course of lectures on anatomy and midwifery accompanied by dissections, before a class of ten students, the first systematic courses ever delivered in America, save those given by Dr. Hunter, at Newport, in 1756.

Dr. Morgan gained notoriety in an unexpected direction, being the first man in Philadelphia to carry a silk umbrella. Dr. Chancellor and the energetic Tory, Par-



MEDICAL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

son Duché, afterward kept him company, and, though at first every one sneered at them as effeminate and full of airs, they won the day in the end. Dr. Morgan also refused to compound or carry his own medicines, and sent to the apothecary for them, an innovation even more startling and provoking more opposition than the umbrella. It may be judged that he was a gentleman with very decided opinions and no hesitation in their expression, and these characteristics were essential to any success in the new movement.

Dr. Cadwallader's lectures given in 1750, after his return from the London schools, had been of little effect from being unaccompanied by demonstrations, but Dr. Shippen's marked the beginning of a new era, and the announcement of them may still be seen in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for November 25, 1762 :

"Dr. Shippen's Anatomical Lectures will begin to-morrow evening at six o'clock, in his father's house, in Fourth Street. Tickets for the course to be had of the Doctor at five Pistoles each, and any gentlemen who incline to see the subject prepared for the lectures and learn the art of Dissecting, Injections, &c., are to pay five Pistoles more."

Looking at this with modern eyes, it seems a straightforward and business-like announcement of some very essential work, but the people of Philadelphia in 1762 took a very different view. The anatomist pursued his investigations at the risk of his life. Mobbing was talked of and feared, and the quiet house on North Fourth street, then some distance out of town, was looked upon as the haunt of body-snatchers and the favorite abiding place of ghosts. A long back yard led to an alley, and here the students stole in and out, shrouded in their long cloaks, and not daring to enter till darkness had settled down. With the more sensible citizens the agitation soon passed, but the prejudice lingered, traces of it being perceptible even to this day.

Until within a few years a lonely building by the stone bridge over the Cohocksink, on North Third street, was considered a receptacle for dead bodies brought there by the dreaded body-snatchers, "where their flesh was

boiled and their bones burnt down for the use of the faculty;" and as "No Admittance" was on the door, and once a fortnight saw volumes of noisome and penetrating black smoke issuing from the chimneys, why should any one care to admit that it was simply a place for boiling oil and making hartshorn? Certainly not the boys, who went as near as they dared, and re-treated suddenly, singing :

"The body-snatchers! they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!
Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I'll be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomy."

Three years after Dr. Shippen's course had been established Dr. Morgan joined him, but their united energy would have failed had not Franklin, alive to the deep importance of the subject, used all his influence to establish something permanent and befitting the needs of a growing city. "The College of Philadelphia" had been founded by Franklin and others in 1749, and chartered by Thomas and Richard Penn, but it was not until May 3, 1765, that the board of trustees of this institution unanimously elected Dr. Morgan Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, thereby creating the first medical professorship in America. A few months later, Dr. Shippen was elected Professor of Anatomy and Surgery.

The foundation for good work had already been laid, not only in the courses of lectures already given, but in the organization of a hospital. As usual, Franklin's energy was the moving power, his great popularity securing public contribution, though the needs of the sick and wounded in the growing colony had long been recognized by the physicians into whose hands they came. No class of men in the community do as much gratuitous work—not only gratuitous, but unrecognized—and there is therefore no cause for wonder that their action in the beginning of the undertaking held the same spirit which still rules all true members of the profession.

"At the time of the incorporation of this charitable institution (the Pennsylvania Hospital), when, on an appeal for assistance being made to the Provincial Assembly, one of the objections offered to the measure was that the cost of medical attendance would alone be sufficient to consume all the money that could be raised, it was met by the offer of Dr. Zachary and the Bonds to attend the patients gratuitously for three years. This became the settled understanding with the Board of Physicians and Surgeons, nor have we learned that the compact has ever been annulled or abrogated during the period of one hundred and thirty-one years (from 1751 to the present date), an instance of disinterested philanthropy which has been generally followed in the charitable institutions depending on medical attendance, not only of this city, but throughout the length and breadth of the land."

The necessity for a library was at once apparent, and partly through private, partly public contribution, it was founded one hundred and nineteen years ago. At present it contains nearly thirteen thousand volumes, accessible, under the necessary regulations, to all students and physicians.

Here, as in the United Kingdom, two medical degrees were to be conferred—the Bachelor's and the Doctor's. For the former degree it was necessary that the candidate should exhibit a sufficient acquaintance with the

Latin tongue and with mathematics and philosophy; he must have a general knowledge of pharmacy, and have been apprenticed to a reputable practitioner in physic. He was obliged also to attend one course of clinical and one of didactic lectures, as well as the practice of the Pennsylvania Hospital for one year. After being privately examined by the faculty, he was then submitted to a public examination by the medical trustees and professors and such professors and trustees in other departments as chose to attend. To obtain the Doctor's degree it was requisite that three years should have passed since the conferring of the Bachelor's degree; that the candidate should be full twenty-four years old, and that he should write and publicly defend a thesis in the college.

A separate chair of *Materia Medica* and Botany was created in 1768, to which Dr. Adam Kuhn, who had studied these branches in Sweden under Linnæus, was at once elected, holding the position until he assumed the Chair of Practice, a period of twenty-one years.

Commencement, however indifferently it may be regarded by the outer world, is a season of profound excitement to those more closely concerned; but that of June 1st, 1768, held a deep significance to every citizen who watched the course of progress for the colony. In the old minutes of the board of trustees may still be read the stately paragraphs in which this "Birthday of Medical Honors in America" is described in full, and we can see the imposing procession of "the several Professors and Medical Candidates in their proper Habits proceeding from the Apparatus-Room to the Public Hall, where a polite assembly of their fellow-citizens were convened to honor the Solemnity."

"Solemnity" it undoubtedly was, for what hopes and fears had not entered into this three years of laborious

experiment? The Provost gave voice to the magnitude of the occasion in sonorous Latin, and an oration in the same tongue followed, lightness and grace being given to the rather ponderous ceremonies by the first public discussion: "A Dispute Whether the Retina or Tunica Choroides be the immediate Seat of Vision? The argument for the retina was ingeniously maintained by Mr. Cowell; the opposite side of the question was supported with great acuteness by Mr. Fullerton, who contended that the retina is incapable of the office ascribed to it, on account of its being easily permeable to the rays of light, and that the choroid coat, by its being opaque, is the proper part for stopping the rays and receiving the picture of the object."

Ten graduates received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, not a man among them having failed to win honor in the after career, and several of them transmitting both honor and the same ability to descendants who are in active life to-day.

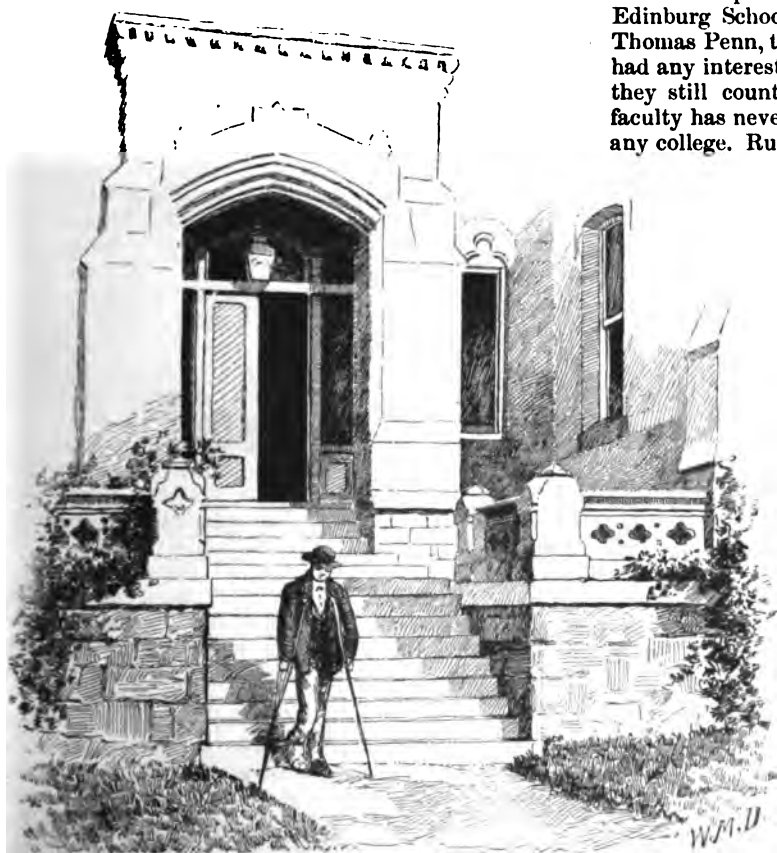
King's College, in New York, which had in 1769 given the degree of B. M., followed in the ensuing year with that of M. D., this honor not being conferred by the Philadelphia college till 1771; and thus, though Philadelphia led the way in the award of any medical degree, New York can, of course, claim priority in having given the doctorate.

No chair of Chemistry had at first been founded, but one of the most brilliant students Philadelphia has ever known made the new chair a matter of course. Though but twenty-four when he received the appointment, Dr. Benjamin Rush was widely known, not only as chemist, but from the notes made by him in his seventeenth year on the yellow fever of 1762—the only record of that epidemic in existence. He brought with him from London, where he spent some time after his graduation at the Edinburg School, a chemical apparatus presented by Thomas Penn, the only member of the Penn family who had any interest in the intellectual progress of the city they still counted as theirs. Probably so juvenile a faculty has never before or since met within the walls of any college. Rush was but twenty-four; Kuhn, twenty-eight; Shippen, thirty-three, and Morgan, the patriarch of the assembly, thirty-four.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,"

and these boyish professors, planning far beyond any present possibility, lived to see their dearest wishes fulfilled, and the college, to which the vigor and best energy of their early manhood had been given, unrivaled in its accomplishment, and sought by students from every state in the Union.

The war of the Revolution proved a serious check to the steady growth of the school. During the occupation of the city by the British all instruction was suspended, and some of the professors took their places as medical officers in the army. In 1779 the college charter was abrogated, its officers removed and its property transferred to a new organization, the "University of the State of Pennsylvania," which received much more extended educational privileges and larger endowment. For twelve years the two



UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL.

schools gave independent courses of instruction, but at the end of that time they agreed to sink differences and unite. At the same time, following the precedent of the University of Edinburgh, the degree of B. M. was dropped and the time of study limited to two courses in the institution, and three years' pupilage under some respectable practitioner.

Up to 1810, Obstetrics had no chair; but was taught in connection with anatomy. Dr. T. C. James was its first regular professor. Another novelty came in at the same time, being applied to the preliminary examination of the student, which took place through a screen, only the dean knowing the applicant's name. This structure, known as "The Green Box," and looked upon with much the same terror as that inspired by a hidden corner in the Inquisition, was maintained for ten years, but the name still clings to the dreaded ordeal. Public examination also has been abolished, and the student is now examined in private by each professor.

An auxiliary faculty of five chairs was added in 1865; Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Botany, Hygiene, Mineralogy and Geology, Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology—lectures on these courses being given three times a week in April, May and June.

A building which became known as Surgeons' Hall, on Fifth street, below Library, was the first one erected specially for the school, and was used until 1800, when a house on Ninth street, between Market and Chestnut, was bought, which had been built as a mansion for the use of the President of the United States, the cornerstone bearing the inscription:

"THIS CORNER-STONE WAS LAID
ON THE 10TH DAY OF MAY, 1792.
THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA OUT OF DEBT.
THOMAS MIFFLIN, GOVERNOR."

Three generations came and went before new and larger quarters were found, with ample space for any future growth.

At Thirty-sixth street and the old Darby road, made now by corporation stupidity into Woodland avenue, a name as meaningless as the old one was suggestive, stands a group of the most beautiful buildings in the city—the medical hall and laboratory, with the hospital at the back. The medical hall is the largest building of its kind in the United States, containing the museum, library, private rooms of the professors and the laboratories of physiology, experimental therapeutics, histology and pathology, as well as the various lecture-rooms. An area of over seven thousand square feet is covered by the adjacent building, which includes the two laboratories of chemistry, the dissecting room, and on the ground floor the dental operating room. Each of these occupies an entire story, while separated only by a street is the University Hospital, with its dispensaries; and one square away the Philadelphia Hospital, with its thousand beds.

No more beautiful group of buildings is to be found in the United States. The great trees of Harvard and Yale are lacking, and the few set out here and there seem to find the struggle for mere life hard enough to prevent any attempt at growth. But velvety turf slopes away on the eastern side almost to the busy river. The city lies beyond, its many spires clear against the sky, and the student will hardly find an *alma mater* more worthy of honor or remembrance.

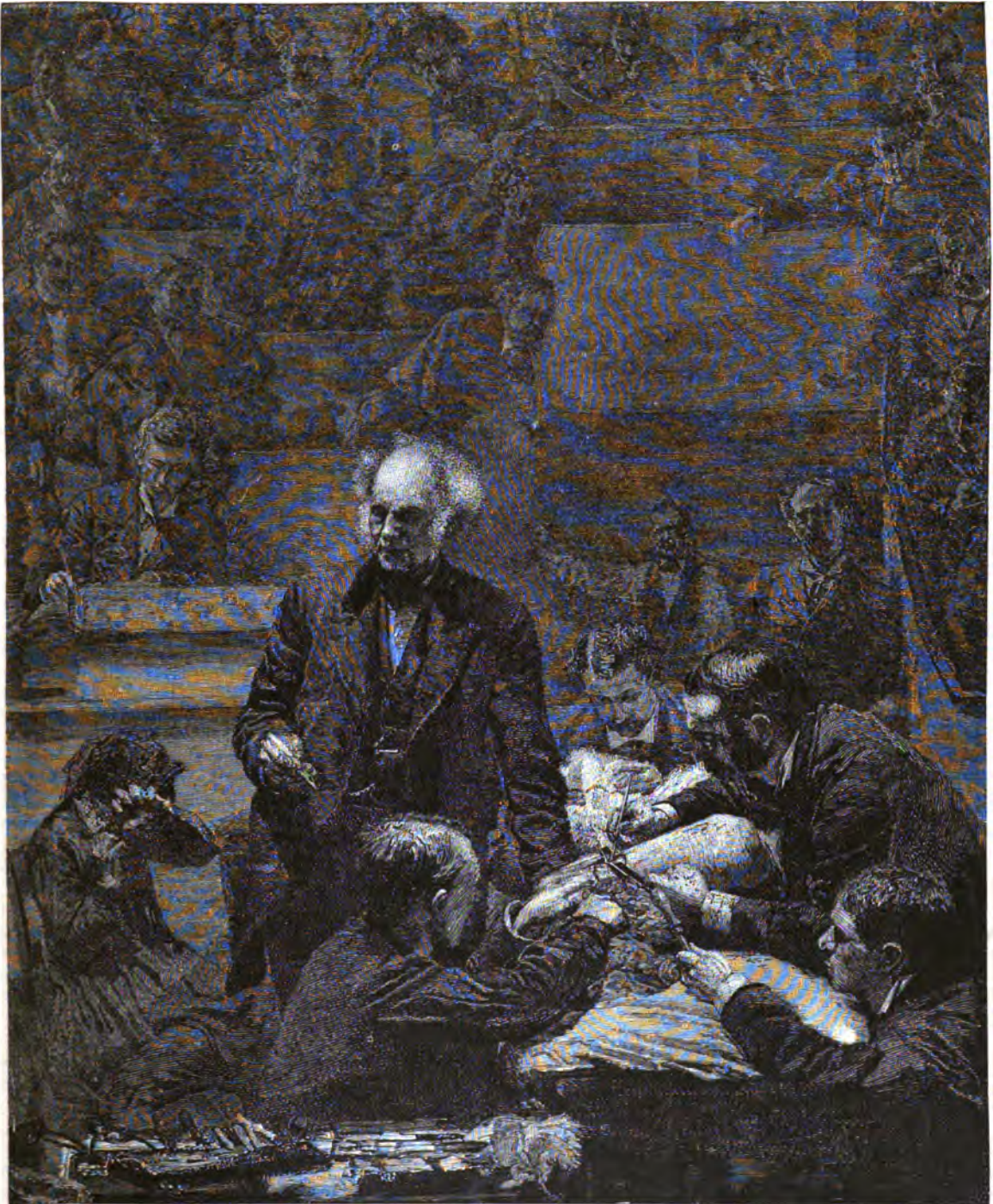
Up to 1879 the course of study was not especially rigid in its demands, and as rumored lack of thoroughness existed, the graded course was instituted, and attendance upon three winter sessions made imperative if a

diploma was to be secured. Recently an exceedingly thorough (optional) medical course of four years has been organized, meeting with considerable success, while an entrance examination upon the main branches of a sound general education has also been added. Details of methods adopted are full of interest, but have no room in this sketch of the general system. It is sufficient to say of this parent school of American medicine, that it has always held fast to that which was good; has stood ready and eager to respond to the demand for higher medical education, and that, while always conservative, it represents a conservatism which has ever been both enlightened and generous.

The Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, chartered April 7, 1825, began as a branch of the Jefferson College, of Cannonsburg; but became, thirteen years later, a distinct corporation. Its first teachings were given at 518 Prune, now Locust street, in very humble quarters, the building standing beside what was then the Potters' Field, now Washington Square, the old Walnut Street Prison still further darkening its outlook. A small beginning for a school which now ranks as one of the most successful in the country, and which contended from its inception against deep-seated prejudice and opposition. Time has proved that the founding of a second school, so far from injuring the first, has, by the competition thus introduced, largely aided in giving to Philadelphia its reputation as a great centre of medical education.

The first sixteen years of the life of "Old Jeff," as it is affectionately called by its alumni, were disturbed by public opposition, internal dissension and frequent change in office. The faculty had organized with Dr. George McClellan, the founder and ruling spirit, and Drs. John Eberle, Jacob Green, William P. C. Barton, Benjamin Rush Rhees, John Barnes and Nathan R. Smith, Dean; but one chair alone had eight incumbents during the period mentioned, and uncertainty was the only certain thing about the new venture. With 1841 and the resignation of Dr. McClellan, came a "reorganization," and the assured financial success of this *alma mater* of some of our most eminent practitioners, the new faculty having been headed by Dunglison and represented by Mitchell, Mütter, Meigs, Bache and Pancoast.

The catalogue for the session 1828-29, announced that "The present session of the lectures is held in the very elegant and appropriately furnished new building in Tenth street," and there the college remains to the present day. The building has been lately remodeled, and the city has lost the picturesque Grecian front, but much space has been gained by the change. The new building contains two large lecture rooms, each capable of seating over six hundred students, and well-appointed laboratories of chemistry, experimental therapeutics, pathological histology and of physiology. In the last named are given demonstrations of the principal facts in experimental physiology and histology. A valuable and rapidly growing museum is in the same building, and the dissecting rooms are large and convenient, being open from October to the middle of June. West of the main building lies the Jefferson College Hospital, separated from it only by a narrow passage-way. Five stories high and one hundred and seven feet square, it is so planned as to easily accommodate one hundred and twenty-five patients, and at the same time give ample space for both the dispensary department and for the amphitheatre, where daily clinics are held. In the past year it is stated that over one thousand surgical



PORTRAIT OF DR. GROSS, JEFFERSON COLLEGE. FROM THE PAINTING OF THOMAS EAKINS.

operations have been here performed. Two resident physicians, as well as several clinical assistants in the dispensary, are appointed annually from the most recent graduates of the college.

The system of instruction is still that which has long been popular throughout this country—a non-graded course of two winter sessions, each of nearly six months' duration. An optional three years' course has lately been introduced, with encouraging results, but no entrance examination is required. Lectures from eight

chairs are given, and, in addition to the demonstrations previously mentioned, there is required practical work in the chemical laboratory, while the graduating class, in sections of convenient size, practice in minor and operative surgery and bandaging, besides instruction in physical diagnosis. A spring course of lectures on special subjects is given, lasting nearly two months, and a preliminary course of three weeks in the fall.

Active discussion still goes on as to the merits and demerits of a non-graded course, but no student will

deny the difficulty of obtaining any satisfactory grasp of diagnosis, therapeutics and surgery with at most only a partial knowledge of anatomy and physiology. Undoubtedly able physicians are graduated upon the non-graded plan, for there is scarcely one of the prominent practitioners of this city whose studies were not pursued under this method. But it is an equally undoubted fact that the graduate whose studies have been followed in their logical sequence through a period of three years, equal ability being conceded, is better fitted in the end to enter upon the duties of his profession, and that both he and the public at large are the gainers by his increased expenditure of time and money.

More than a decade has passed since an urgent appeal was made by Dr. Gross, one of the most honored names in medical science, for a higher standard of education, in an address given before the alumni association of this college, at its first anniversary, March 11th, 1871, in which he says:

"The time of study should be increased to four years, embracing four courses of lectures of nine months each. The examinations for the degree of Doctor of Medicine should be conducted by a separate board, one entirely independent of the school in which the student has attended lectures. A higher standard of preliminary education should be demanded, and no applicant should be admitted unless he is a man of high culture and refinement; or, in other words, a thorough gentleman, ambitious to uphold the honor and dignity of the profession."

Thorough knowledge and training are certainly at the command of every student who chooses Philadelphia as his working ground, for within the limits of the city are thirteen general hospitals and fourteen for the treatment of special classes of diseases and injuries. In addition to these are four hospitals for lying-in and the diseases of women, and two for the diseases of children, with eight general and six special dispensaries. Valuable

free clinical lectures are given in many of these institutions, and nearly all are accessible to the energetic student.

The mere mention of the Woman's Medical College recalls the absolute fury of opposition encountered, not only here, but at any point where the medical education of women was suggested. The pioneers in the new departure have lived to see many dreams fulfilled. The movement has had the usual course, the story of any unfamiliar truth, scientific or otherwise, having been from the foundation of the world the same. Violent opposition, often ending in death for the propounders of the obnoxious fact; an intermediate stage of partial assent; a final one in which the thing suddenly becomes a part of the established order of the universe, and it is denied that anybody ever thought of denying. We have not gone as far as the little boy who was born and reared in a woman's hospital among women physicians. He stood by a mantel in a friend's house, looking at a plaster group representing a doctor and his patient. After examining the doctor with a puzzled air, he turned to his mother, with a look of scornful astonishment, exclaiming: "Why, mother! it's a man!"

The educational bias in this case was a trifle one-sided, though perhaps none too much so when the weight of all opposing generations is taken into account.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania was incorporated by the State Legislature on the 11th of March, 1850, under the name of "The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania," and is the first institution ever chartered to grant to women the title of M. D. The first incorporators of the college were William J. Mullen, Dr. Frederick A. Fickhardt, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Ferdinand J. Dreer, Dr. William J. Birkey, R. P. Kane and John Longstreth.

The college was opened for instruction the 2d of October, 1850, and its first commencement was held at the Musical Fund Hall December 30th, 1851. From that day to this the friends of the institution have labored for its success with an energy and zeal that are rare except in the annals of the oppressed. It suffered both from the apathy and the ridicule of the general public and the distrust of the profession at large, and, within its walls, from attempts to introduce heterodox teachings and from great poverty. One by one, through the unflagging and disinterested labors of the faculty and incorporators, these obstacles have been surmounted. While the college lacked money, its courses of instruction were given in a most unpretending building in the rear of 229 Arch street. When contributions from generous friends were received—and in its early years the school was far from self-supporting—they were applied only to immediate practical needs; and thus, though the institution has felt poverty, it has never been burdened by debt. Its place is made, and to-day the Woman's Medical College and its hospital number among their lecturers and consultants some of the most prominent representatives of medical teaching in Philadelphia.

In 1868 the college received a large bequest through the will of the late Isaac Barton, by the aid of which the present building, on the corner of North College avenue and Twenty-first street, was erected. The corner-stone was laid October 1, 1874, by T. Morris Perot, "in the name of Woman and for Her Advancement in the Science and Practice of Medicine."

The college is a handsome four-story brick building with a frontage of nearly two hundred feet. Much care was exercised in making its arrangements subservient to its special end, and numerous peculiarities, such as placing the lecture-rooms upon one floor, the easy stairs,



HAUNEMANN COLLEGE.

the cloak-room and toilet arrangements, and the carefully screened windows, mark it as a building expressly adapted for the use of women. This college was the first to introduce the optional three years' course, and has since made the attendance upon three graded winter sessions a requisite for graduation. The order of lectures and examinations and the conditions of graduation are practically the same as those in the University of Pennsylvania, except that there are preliminary examinations in chemistry, anatomy and physiology at the end of the first session and that there is at present no entrance examination. A weekly "quiz" upon each branch taught forms a part of the regular instruction and is free to every student. In addition to the didactic instruction, there are well-stocked laboratories of chemistry, physiology, pathology, histology and pharmacy, in each of which practical work is required. An important extension of the session is found in the spring term, which, as the list shows, is attended by about seventy-five per cent of the entire number of students registered, and which is nearly equally divided between laboratory work, lectures, and instruction.

In view of the fact that the practice of the graduates of this school is almost exclusively confined to female patients and children, its clinical facilities are exceptionally good. The Woman's Hospital, where over four thousand patients are annually treated, is in the immediate neighborhood of the college, and its dispensary service and free bedside instruction are daily open to the advanced student. Several clinics weekly are held here by members of the staff; and clinical instruction in the Philadelphia, Wills and Orthopædic Hospitals, as well as in the Philadelphia Lying-in Charity, is easily accessible. Four graduates are annually appointed assistants to the resident physician in the Woman's Hospital, and the large out-practice of this institution is mainly under their charge. The college has a small but well-selected library and a reading-room.

No notice of this school would be complete without the mention of two physicians, to whom it owes much of its present reputation. I refer to Mrs. E. H. Cleveland and Ann Preston, both deceased. To very many Philadelphians their names are synonyms for professional thoroughness and zeal, and their lives give con-



CLINIC HALL—WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

clusive proof that there is no necessary incompatibility between the trained perceptions of the physician and surgeon and the possession of all womanly gentleness and grace.

A homœopathic medical school the Hahneman Medical College, is also located in this city, and bears the highest reputation among institutions of its class.

In this paper reference to medical teachers now in active life has been purposely avoided. For the facts embodied, and for much valuable information which might readily have escaped an unprofessional observer, the author is indebted to Dr. N. A. Randolph, of the University of Pennsylvania.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

A MAIDEN.

VAIN are the common metaphors of song
To paint this lovely one ;
All language does her wrong
In which the praise of other maids is sung.

The misty tenderness of Spring,
A young dove with its lifted wing,
A lily ere its dew is shed,
Snow-drops with roses overhead,
Clear coral blooming in a purple sea,
Pure pearls, and soft-carved ivory,
A gliding fawn in jasmine shade,
A May-flower smiling half afraid,
An airy cloudlet's fleecy tress,
Tinged with the new moon's chaste caress,
Faint odors of pale mignonette
With Twilight's languid kisses wet,

The Dawn's first blushes, and the look
That gleams within a mountain brook—
All hint of her, but none express
Her nature's perfect loveliness—
Her purity of look and tone,
The light of love about her thrown,
Her delicate and winsome grace,
The chiseled clearness of her face,
The sweet repose in which she lives,
Unconscious of the joy she gives :
Of all that's finest, naught but her
Can be her clear interpreter.
Her beauty is a spirit true,
To all that is divine in you ;
A sight of her is a new sense
To one in love with innocence.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD I.

"Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avait disclosé,
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil
A point perdu ceste vesprée,
Les plis de sa robe pourprée
Et son teint au vostre pareil.
Las ! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place !
Las ! Las ! ses beautez laissé cheoir !

O vrayment marstre Nature
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir
Donc si vous me croyez, Mignonne,
Tandis que vostre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté
Cueillez, cueillez vostre jeunesse,
Comme à ceste fleur, la vieilllesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté."

CHAPTER I.

"Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring."



NOT less lustily than elsewhere is the spruce and jocund Spring reveling in the Grosse Garten at Dresden on this May Day. And though there is still in her very frolic a disposition to pinch sharply, a certain tartness in her green smile, yet many glad subjects have come forth to do homage to her new Queendom. Yes, many : for to-day the Dresdeners—as I am told is their custom on each fresh May Day—have issued out on foot and in carriage to welcome the year's new sovereign. They are holding a sort of flower-feast ; everybody is throwing bouquets to everybody else. Above their heads the trees are breaking into little leaf ; upon the side-paths throng the foot-passengers ; along the drives the carriages gayly roll. Here is a very smart turn-out. Surely this must be the King and the Queen ? Not at all ! It is only Graf von S., reclining with a self-satisfied air alone in a barouche, richly filled with choice nosegays, and drawn by four chestnut horses, with a crimson velvet postilion jiggling up and down in front, and a crimson velvet outrider trotting bravely behind. An Englishman would feel a fool in such a position, but far indeed from a like frame of mind is that of this splendid and happy German.

Well, here come the King and Queen really now, with their mouse-colored liveries ; come, bowing and smiling with as much affability as if they were real big royalties ; no one troubling himself to get out of their way ; not a policeman to be seen ; no open space imperatively cleared, as when the Princess of Wales comes trotting serenely down the drive. Here are soldiers in plenty ; but soldiers thinking for the most part neither of war nor beer ; soldiers with their martial hands full of innocent daffodillies and fresh sweet Nancies. Gardereiters in their light blue uniforms and flat blue caps, pricking hither and thither on their sleek horses, carrying bouquets of roses, azaleas, deutzias, hyacinths, and seeking here and there with grave gray eyes for the happy fair ones for whom they are destined.

Two bands are clashing merrily out ; a great booming thump on the big drum makes the horses start and fidget. Now, for a change, comes a real English turn-out. One need not look twice to decide its nationality. The square-sitting, bolt-upright servants in their quiet liveries ; the plain but shining harness ; the great glossy-coated bays stepping together like one horse—who can doubt concerning them ? Now more English in hired

carriages ; but do not judge us by these, O kind Saxons ! these are not our best ! And yet it is in one of these very hired carriages that are sitting a pair of young women of whom their England has no need to be ashamed, and who are not at all ashamed of themselves. Not that the present is their happiest moment, for the expression of one face is cross, and of the other anxious.

"Shall we go home, Belinda ?" asks the cross one morosely.

"Why, we have only just come," objects Belinda.

A Russian carriage passes ; a coachman with a hat like a beefeater and a long cloth frock pulled in with gathers at the waist. Then more Germans, with bunches of narcissus at their horses' ears, and in their servants' breasts. Now a Gardereiter perched on the box of a coach, driving six-in-hand, and with a confiding lady in a pink bonnet beside him tranquilly enjoying her position, nor anywise disturbed by the hopeless muddle into which her hero has got his innumerable reins. Another blue Gardereiter flings her a bouquet, but it is ill-aimed, falls upon the road, and the wheels pass over it. This sight is too much for the fortitude of Belinda's sister.

"I must take some desperate step to attract attention," she says crossly, yet with a vein of humor streaking her ill-temper ; "what do you recommend ? Shall I be frightened at the big drum, and give a loud shriek, or will you ?"

"Certainly not I !"

"I cannot think what has happened to them ! They must be wrong in their heads ! Are you aware that not one of them has thrown us a single bouquet ?"

"Why should they ?" answers Belinda. "We know none of them."

"Even though they do not know us, they might toss us a handful of flowers," said Sarah grumblingly. "I am sure we look wistful enough, and that requires no great amount of acquaintance !"

"I should think it extremely impertinent if they did !" replies Belinda loftily.

The other pouts.

"For my part, then, I wish that they would begin to be impertinent at once !"

But for such insolence the Saxon army appears to have no sort of bent. In silence the neglected girls drive on. And the sun shines, and the east wind blows, and the big drum booms, and the great brass instruments blare, and still they trot round the bit of dull water, up the straight drives, past the Museum of Antiquities. A rain of spring nosegays falls around them ;

but not one is aimed at their humble landau, not one drops, even by accident, into their empty laps.

Here come the King and Queen again; the mouse-colored and silver outriders; the suave and middle-aged pair of little royalties. The gloom on Sarah's face deepens, and even in Belinda's eyes the anxious, seeking look has grown intensified. If they know no one in this gay foreign throng, whom is she seeking?

"After all," she presently says, "you knew, Sarah, when you were so anxious to come, that we should meet no acquaintance here except Professor Forth, and—"

"Well, and why is not he here, pray?" cries Sarah, with a burst of genuine ill-humor that seems sensibly to ease her. "Did not I order him to be punctual to the moment? Even he would be better than nothing!"

Belinda smiles ironically.

"That is an enthusiastic form of encomium upon the man that you are going to marry!"

But Sarah does not heed. Her eyes are directed to the sidewalk, where the brisk foot-passengers pass and repass.

"There he is!" she cries in a disgusted voice; "certainly there is no mistaking him! Did you ever see such a gait in your life? Look at him slouching along on his great flat feet!"

Belinda looks as directed; and sure enough, amid the strapping soldiers erect and tall, detects without difficulty a slovenly middle-aged figure, clerical, if you judge by its coat; scholarly, if you decide by its spectacles. With his hands behind him, and his hat set somewhat on the back of his head, he is mooning absently along.

"Is it possible?" cries Sarah, half-rising from her seat, and in a tone that is almost awful from its ire. "Yes; it is monstrous; it is unbelievable! but it is nevertheless true that he has not brought me a bouquet after all!"

"Yes, he has," replies Belinda quietly, "only it is so small that it requires a keen sight to perceive it."

As they speak the object of their observation becomes aware of their vicinity, and turning his moony scholar's gaze toward them, awkwardly aims at them a tiny bunch of not particularly fresh violets. It falls into his betrothed's lap, but not long does it remain there. With an angry gesture, and before Belinda can stop her, she has tossed it out into the road; and the Gardereiter, with his six black horses, and his confiding companion, who are just in the act of again passing, drive over it, and grind it into the dust. Thanks, however, to his near-sight the donor is saved from witnessing this humbling spectacle.

"I am afraid that my aim was not good," he says innocently, as the carriage draws up at the sidewalk, exploring, as he speaks, the interior through his spectacles in search of his missing posy. "I fear that the nosegay I directed towards you must have fallen short, and never reached you."

"Oh yes, it did," replied Sarah, with a sort of ferocious playfulness; "but as it was too large for me to carry, I put it outside."

"How late you are!" cries Belinda, hastily trying by a rapid change of subject and a sweet, good-natured smile, to erase the traces of this suave speech. "After playing us so false, you cannot expect to find us in a very good humor."

"I was delayed by an accident," replies the lover irritably. "I found the east wind so very much keener than I was aware of"—shivering a little, and buttoning his coat more tightly over his narrow chest—"that as I am extremely susceptible to cold, I was compelled to

return to my lodgings for a second overcoat. Sarah knows!"—with a rather resentful glance at his *fiancée*—"that I am extremely susceptible to cold."

But Sarah heeds him no more than she does the east wind of which he complains.

"Ah! Bravo!" she is crying joyfully, as another bouquet—a real one this time—large as a Cheshire cheese, fragrant as a hot-house, choice and costly as should be young Love's tribute, comes flying into the carriage.

She has stretched out both hands to grasp it; no doubt as to its destination troubling her triumph, although to a looker-on it would have seemed as if it were aimed more at the other sister, at Belinda, who has also half-stretched out her hands, but has quickly withdrawn them, and turned with patient attention, though with something of a blank look on her face, to the Professor's fretful sarcasms on the absurdity of an *al fresco* entertainment in such weather. But though he misses nothing in her civil listening, though her head is turned toward him, and quite averted from her sister, yet her ears miss no one syllable of that sister's exuberant thanks.

"Come near, that I may bless you!" she hears her cry coquettishly. "You see I have not a hand to give you; but you must blame yourself for that. What a giant it is! How fresh! How good!"—evidently smelling it. "It has quite put me into good humor again with this odious entertainment. I assure you I never was so flouted in my life! What boors they are! How different it would have been if they had been Frenchmen!" etc., etc.

Perhaps it is that her volubility leaves no space for answers from the person she addresses. Certain it is that he is strangely silent. Is it not odd to accept gratitude so bounteous with so entire a dumbness. In pondering on this problem, Belinda presently loses the thread of the Professor's complaints; awakes from her musing to find him first gazing at her with surprised offense, then gone; then succeeded in his station at the carriage-door by some one; some one else who has no spectacles, who does not stoop nor cower before the east wind; some one young, in short—word of splendid compass! He is young: not with the conventional youth loosely assigned by society to any unmarried male under eighty, but really young; some one who three-and-twenty years ago did not exist.

Who that was not young and callow would be staring at her with all his eyes, and saying aggrievedly under his breath:

"Why did you not catch it? You knew I meant it for you!"

She looks back at him: a happy, red smile warming the face that men have often blamed as chill and high.

"I did my best!"

"What are you two gabbling about?" cries Sarah restlessly, cutting ruthlessly short a sentence of her betrothed's. "Are you saying anything about me? Ah! I see you both look guilty!"

Neither deceives her.

A quarter of an hour later the two girls are bowling homewards to their grandmamma and their apartment in the Lüttichau Strasse, leaving behind them the King, the Queen, the Graf von S. in his barouche, and the brave soldiers, both blue and green. Belinda has bent her delicate head, and is laying her cheek most tenderly against the blossoms in her sister's lap.

"Let me beg of you not to mumble them," cries Sarah politely, interposing a prohibitory hand. "You always seem to have an idea that flowers ought to be eaten."

Then seeing a quite unaccountable flash of indignation in her sister's eyes, adds generously: "If they were not all wired, as I see they are, I would spare you an orchid or two."

"Would you indeed!" replies Belinda ironically. But further than this, her magnanimous silence does not give way.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT has passed since the Professor's damaged violets bit the dust. It is now morning, and at the window of her bed-room in the Lüttichau Strasse, with the sash flung high (to the deep astonishment of the German Dienst-mädchen, to whom the smell of an unaired room, further flavored with departed sausages and old beer, is as dear as to the rest of her nation), Belinda sits, the sun warming her hair, and the tart air freshening her face. She is looking fixedly out on the pear-tree in the garden-scrap below, the pear-tree that a week ago was pinchedly struggling into flower, that has been daily whitening ever since, and now seems to stagger under its burden of blossom-snow. Yet I doubt whether she sees it.

"Is it possible?" she is saying to herself, almost with awe—the awe that a great joy gives—"is it possible?"

A slight noise makes her turn her head and see the tall white door open to admit her sister.

"Are you alone?" says the latter, cautiously peeping.

"Of course I am alone," replies Belinda crossly. "Am I in the habit of receiving in my bed-room?"

This not particularly gracious answer is, however, quite enough for Sarah, who forthwith enters, and steps friskily across the sunshiny parquet, looking as clean as a cherry, as pink and white as a May-bush.

"The moment is apparently not a propitious one," she says, laughing, and drawing a chair close up to her sister's knees; "but as my need is sore, I am afraid I cannot afford to wait for a better. I have come, my Belinda, to ask a favor of you."

"Then you may go away again at once," replies Belinda with surly decision, "for I tell you, once for all, I will not grant it."

"What! refuse even before you hear what it is?" cries the other, lifting those brows which nature, slightly abetted, perhaps, by a pair of tweezers, has drawn in the thinnest straight line across her wrinkleless forehead.

"Do you think I do not recognize that well-known formula?" asks Belinda severely. "I am sure that I have heard it often enough. It means that you expect me to tell Professor Forth that you have every intention of jilting him!"

"You word it coarsely," replies Sarah composedly; "but I have heard worse guesses."

"Then I absolutely and flatly refuse the office!" rejoins Belinda firmly. "WHY you engaged yourself to him in the first instance?"

"WHY indeed?" interrupts the other, casting up both eyes and hands to heaven. "You may well ask!"

"And yet," pursues Belinda, regarding her sister with an air of stern wonder, "when you wrote to announce your engagement to me, you said that you did not know what you had done to deserve such happiness!"

"I did not—I did not!" cries Sarah, reddening for once with genuine shame, and putting her fingers before her face. "Do not say it; it is not true! It was not about him; it was one of the others!"

"One of the others!" echoes Belinda, scornfully curl-

ing up her fine nose. "How pleasant and dignified to be bandied about! ONE OF THE OTHERS!"

"It may not be dignified," replies Sarah impudently, though under the lash of her sister's words even her throat has crimsoned, "but it is not so very unpleasant!"

"You know," continues Belinda sternly, "that I took a solemn oath to wash my hands of your affairs, last time, when I had that painful scene with poor young Manners, and he walked round the room on his knees after me, clutching my skirts and sobbing!"

"He always sobbed!" interjects Sarah hard-heartedly. "I have seen him cry like a pump!"

"I have already told six men that you had only been making fools of them," continues the elder sister, contemptuously passing by her junior's lame attempt at palliation.

"Six! Come now, gently."

"I repeat, six! In fact, I think I am rather understating it; and I will not tell a seventh!"

"A seventh!!!"

"If you imply that I am exaggerating, I am quite willing to count. First"—checking off on her long white fingers beginning with the thumb—"first, young Manners!"

"We have had him once already!"

"Second"—traveling on to the forefinger—"Colonel Greene. Poor fellow! he sobbed too!"

"More shame for him!"—brazenly.

"Third, the young clergyman whom you picked up at the seaside, and whose name I never can remember."

"No more can I!" cries Sarah, with animation. "How strange! Pooh! What was it again? Did it begin with a B?"

"Fourth," continues Belinda relentlessly, arriving at her third finger—"fourth, old Lord Blucher, who was so deaf that I could not get him to understand what I meant."

But Sarah's light mind was still on the track of her lover's lost initial.

"I am almost sure that it began with an L!" she says thoughtfully.

"Fifth"—extending her little finger—"Mr. Brabazon."

"You counted him before!"

"I did not!"

"I think you did."

"I am sure I did not; but to make certain, we will begin all over again. First"—returning to her thumb—"poor young Manners—"

"Stop!" cries Sarah loudly, putting her fingers in her ears, and abandoning the search for the young clergyman's name. "I will grant that there were six, sixteen, sixty—anything to put an end to that intolerable arithmetic of yours!"

Belinda is preparing to begin on her other hand, but at this concession she lets them both drop in her lap, and ceases counting. There is a silence. Sarah's roving eyes are despondently fastened on the white earthenware stove, and Belinda's large grave gaze is straying through the window, taking in at once the poetry of the blooming pear-tree and the prose of the Bohemian railway, and the ugly straight stuccoed houses beyond it.

"What could have been your inducement in this case," she says presently, turning with a judicial air to the offender, "I am quite at a loss to conjecture; it certainly could have been neither pleasure nor profit!"

"It certainly could not," answers Sarah, sighing profoundly, and wagging her head from side to side; "any

one who saw him would exonerate me from the suspicion of either motive!"

"Such a conquest could not have even gratified your vanity!" pursues Belinda relentlessly.

"Yes, but it did!" replies Sarah, abandoning her dispirited pose, and speaking with an animation which shows that she does not altogether relish this wholesale depreciation of her latest victim: "you may not think much of him, but I can assure you that he is considered a great luminary at Oxbridge. At the house where I met him they could not make enough of him; it seems he has written a book upon the Digamma!"

"And what is the Digamma?" asks Belinda curiously, totally unmoved by this evidence of erudition.

"You do not know what the Digamma is?" cries Sarah, lifting her eyebrows, and speaking with an air of pompous astonishment. "Well, then," breaking into a laugh, and even demeaning herself so far as to be guilty of the faintest possible shadow of a wink, "to tell you a secret, no more do I!"

"You cannot live upon the Digamma, I suppose!" says Belinda grimly, not much infected by her sister's mirth.

"I should be very sorry to try!" still laughing.

"Then I am quite as much in the dark as ever!" rejoins the other, inexorably grave.

"Well, it was not *only* the Digamma, of course," says Sarah, frowning in reluctant retrospect; "though as far as I could make out that appeared to be his *cheval de bataille*; but he was looked upon as a genius generally. You should have seen how they all sat at his feet—such feet—and hung on his words. There was one girl—she was at Gorton—who waited on him hand and foot; she always warmed his great-coat for him, and helped him on with his goloshes!"

"Well?"

"Well, you know," impatiently, as if stating something too obvious to be contradicted, "one would not have been human if one could have stood calmly by and looked on. I rushed into the fray. I, too, warmed his great-coat and put on his goloshes. Ugh! what a size they were! I could have lived roomily and commodiously in one of them!"

"Well?"

"Well, indeed! I do not call it at all well! I call it very ill!"

"There I have the good fortune thoroughly to agree with you."

"Well, as I was saying," resuming the thread of her narrative with a heavy sigh, "I rushed into the fray. I was successful, dreadfully successful! You know the sequel, as they say in books."

"I do not know the sequel," replies Belinda sternly; "all I know is that I will have neither part nor lot in it!"

"No? and yet," fawningly, "it would come so much better from you."

"Better or worse, it will not come from me."

"When *you* break it to them," sidling up with a cajoling air, "it does not hurt them nearly so much! I declare I think they almost like it!"

No answer. A silence cut into only by the uncouth shriek of a departing engine.

"Why, at least, did you drag him here?" asks Belinda presently, still opposing a front of granite to her sister's blandishments.

"I am afraid I cannot quite defend it," replies Sarah, in a small voice, and again hanging her head; "but to tell the truth—which, indeed, I always try to do—times were slack! There was nobody else much just then, and

I thought I could at least make him fetch and carry!" Then, with an acute change of key and excess of emotion: "I was grossly deceived; he is too disobliging to fetch, and too much afraid of over-fatiguing himself to carry!"

Another pause. A quick wind-whiff tosses through the window a little storm of pear-petals, and throws them on Belinda's lap.

"Now, if the cases were reversed," says Sarah, kneeling down at her senior's elbow, and folding her hands with an extremely insinuating gesture of supplication, "if *you* were in difficulties—"

"I never am in difficulties."

"I do not see much to brag of in that, for my part!" springing to her feet again.

"No more do I," replies Belinda dryly. "I am never in difficulties, as you call them, because I never have any temptation to be; perhaps if I had I might; but as you are well aware," stifling a sigh, "I have not, and never had any charm for men!"

"It is very odd, is not it?" says Sarah, not attempting to combat this assertion, but looking at her sister with an expression of compassionate curiosity. "I cannot think why it is. I have often wondered what the reason could be; sometimes I think it is your nose!"

"My nose?" repeats Belinda hastily, involuntarily glancing round in search of a mirror, and putting up her hand to her face; "what is the matter with my nose?"

"There is nothing the matter with it," rejoins Sarah, still speculatively gauging her sister's attractions; "perhaps it would be better for you if there were: it is only too good! I cannot fancy any man venturing to love such a nose; it looks too high and mighty to inspire anything short of veneration!"

"It is not so *very* high either!" cries Belinda hurriedly, drawing from her pocket a very fine handkerchief, and applying a corner of it in careful measurement to her traduced feature. "There," marking off a small portion with her thumb; "only that much."

"It is not a case of measurement," says Sarah gravely; "I have seen noses several hands higher that were not nearly so alarming. It is a case of feeling; somehow yours makes them feel small. Take my word for it," with a shrewd look, "the one thing that they never can either forgive or forget is to be made to feel small."

Belinda laughs a little bitterly.

"It is clear, then, that nothing short of amputation could make me attractive, and I am afraid even that might fail; but I do not know why we digressed to me at all."

"I had a little plan," says Sarah, her airy gayety giving sudden place again to gloom at the returning thought of her own sorrows; "but you have frightened it away."

"What is it?" very shortly.

"Well, you know," instantly resuming her wheedling air and her coaxing posture at her sister's knees, "that we are going to drive to Moritzburg to-day, you and I; of course Professor Forth," with a slight grimace, "will be on duty there to meet us; equally of course, young Rivers, who seems to have contracted a not altogether reprehensible habit of dogging our steps, will be there too."

"Well?" averting her head a little.

"Well, I thought—but you are not a pleasant person to unfold one's little schemes to—I thought that for once you might be obliging, and pair off casually with my dear, and take an opportunity of softly breathing to him that nobody—I least of all—will try to stop him if

he effects a graceful retreat to Oxbridge and the Di-gamma!"

"And meanwhile you?" in a rather low and suppressed voice, and with face still turned away.

"And meanwhile I," replies Sarah, jovially, "killing two birds with one stone—keeping the coast clear, that is to say, and marking my gratitude for that haystack of gardenias—shall be straying hand-in-hand through the vernal woods with—"

But that sentence is destined never to be ended.

Belinda has risen from her seat with a gesture so sudden and violent as almost to destroy the equilibrium of the girl so caressingly propped against her, and has thrust head and neck out of the window, as if, even in this fresh room, she gasped for air.

It is a moment before she speaks; and even then her voice sounds odd.

"I have already told you that I utterly decline to be mixed up in your entanglements. I forbid you to mention the subject to me again."

"Whew-w-w!" says Sarah by-and-by, in a low key, when she has recovered the breath reft from her by her stupefaction at her sister's procedure, enough to speak at all; remaining seated meanwhile in stunned isolation on her lonely stool. "Forbid! What an ugly word! After all," speculatively, "I am not much surprised that men are frightened at you. I am frightened at you myself sometimes; and so no wonder that they shake in their shoes, and dare not call their harmless souls their own."

"How many times are you going to tell me that?" cries Belinda, veering round in sudden passion. "Do you think that it can be very pleasant to hear that I can never inspire anything but alarm and aversion? I am as well aware of it as you can be; but I am a little tired of hearing it."

"And you might inspire such different feelings," says Sarah, in a tone of the purest artistic regret; "it is a pity to see advantages which would have made me famous if I had had them, absolutely thrown away upon you! I suppose," with a sigh, "that it is the old story of the people with large appetites and nothing to eat, and the people with plenty to eat and no appetites."

CHAPTER III.

"For mirth of May, with skipplis and with hoppis,
The birds sang upon the tender croppis,
The curiose notes, as Venus' chapell clerkis:
The roses yong, new spreading of their knoppis,
Were powdered brycht with hevynly beriall droppis,
Throu' bemes rede birnyng as ruby sperkis,
The skyes rang for schouting of the larkis."

AWAY they go to Moritzburg, when the noon sun is warm and high; away they go, handsome, gay and chaperonless. There is no reason why their grandmother, who is a perfectly able-bodied old lady, should not escort them; but as she is sixty-five years of age, has no expectation of meeting a lover, and is quite indifferent to spring tints and German Schlosses, she wisely chooses to stay at home.

"If you cannot behave like young gentlewomen without having me always at your heels, why all I can say, my dears, is that I am sorry for you," is the formula with which she mostly salves her own conscience and dismisses them.

The result is perhaps not worse than that of more pretentious exhortations; for the girls, having a sense of being on parole, do behave like young gentlewomen: at least Belinda always does, and Sarah very often.

They get into their carriage in a quick and cautious manner; casting, meanwhile, apprehensive glances toward a house a good deal lower down the street, and which they will be obliged to pass.

"Sarah," says Belinda impressively, unconsciously speaking half under her breath, "if you hear a window open, mind you do not look that way: she is quite capable of bawling at us from the balcony, and if she finds out where we are going to, she is certain to insist on coming, too."

"If she gets into this carriage to-day," replies Sarah firmly, "it will be over my dead body!" and away they go.

With lowered parasols and held breath they pass the dreaded house—pass it in safety. Not a sound issues from its silent casements. Away they go, across the Elbe, over the many-arched bridge, where the people, more leisurely than in our breathless London, are standing to watch the rafts floating down the river, and guided between the piles; through the Neustadt, where the Strong August forever prances in bronze; past the Leipzig railway station, under the Acacia alley, leaving on their right the great, new, dreary barracks, backed by the pine-wood; along, along, between the young birches that silver-trunked, baby-leaved, stand on each side of the way; off a-pleasuring into the country.

They do not talk much—at least to each other. To herself, Belinda is saying over and over the same one thing continuously: "He will not be there! I do not at all expect him." She says it superstitiously, in the trembling hope that if she can cajole the envious gods into believing that she does not count upon it, they may let her have her wish. "He will not be there!" But her racing pulse and her flushing cheeks say differently; differently, too, say the wedded birds and the springing grasses and the opening buds. They say, altogether:

"He will be there! He will—he will!"

But perhaps, beside him, there may be some one else, not quite so eagerly desired.

They are not far beyond the town, and are jogging tranquilly along in the sunshine, when Belinda is roused with a start from her love-musings by an agitated series of ejaculations from Sarah.

"Belinda! She is there! On your side! Quick! Hold down your parasol! Perhaps she may not see us!"

Swift as lightning Belinda has obeyed. Totally irrespective of the sun's position, her *en-tout-cas* stoops till it shields—imperviously, one would think—the inmates of the carriage from all passers-by on that side.

But there are eyes, hard, horny and inquisitive, to which an *en-tout-cas*—nay, a stone wall, if need be—is as glass. The coachman checks his horses; and Sarah, leaning angrily out to bid him drive quicker, perceives that he has no alternative, if he would not drive over a burly, middle-aged figure gesticulating, with raised arms and waved umbrella, in mid-road, and crying: "Halt, Kutscher!" with all the power of a strong pair of lungs.

"It is no use!" says the girl, sinking back in disgusted resignation on the cushions. "It never is any use!"

The next moment the lady to whom she alludes is presenting a hot, red face, a grizzled fringe of hair, and a large-patterned black and white plaid gown at the carriage-door.

"I was afraid you might not see me!" she says, shaking hands warmly. "How are you? Where are you going to? I thought I must just stop you for a minute, to ask where you are going to? To Moritzburg? How pleasant! I wish I were going to Moritzburg, too!"

Then, as no invitation follows this very broad hint: "I dare say, now, as you seem to have plenty of room, you would not mind giving me a lift."

"It would be delightful!" said Belinda, with suspicious precipitancy; "but I am afraid—"

"I do not in the least mind sitting back, if that is what you are going to say. It is all one to me how I sit. If you had traveled as much as I, it would be all one to you!"

"If Belinda had traveled as much as you," says Sarah sarcastically, "I am sure that her one hope and prayer would be to be allowed to stay at home for the rest of her life. Well," with a would-be valedictory wave of the hand, "it is too unlucky; but as we have unfortunately promised to meet some people—"

"Some people! What people?" repeats the other inquisitively. "Any one I know, I wonder? Professor Forth, of course, for one," with a meaning smile. "I saw him setting off this morning somewhere. I knew that it must be an excursion of some kind, because he had two overcoats; but I could not make out where. I asked at his lodgings, but the Dienst-mädchen did not know. And Rivers—young Rivers?—are you going to meet him, too? *Apropos*, what Rivers is he? I want to find out what Rivers he is; I know so many Rivers."

"I will ask him at once," says Sarah gravely. "I will say to him, 'What Rivers are you?' *Au revoir*. Drive on, Kutscher."

"Where are you going to-morrow? What are you going to do to-morrow? Will you come to Wesenstein? I want you all to come to Wesenstein! With a little packing we might all get into one carriage. What do you say to a long day at Wesenstein? or, better still, Tharandt? What do you say to a long day at Tharandt?"

But the carriage has rolled inexorably away; and the latter part of these propositions is addressed to the empty air.

"A form of thanksgiving to be used on land!" says Sarah, drawing a long breath, and blowing a kiss in ironical adieu to the lessening figure of their baffled friend.

They are nearing their goal now. Along the straight avenue of young horse-chestnuts and limes they trot; the wind-swept flat plain on either hand, and the long vista of tree-shaded road, ended by the Schloss.

They are driving up to the Gast-hoff Au Bon Marché. Belinda shuts her eyes. If he is here, he will be to be seen at once, or not at all. If he is not here, she will be ignorant of it for yet one moment more. She shuts her eyes; but in an instant Sarah's sarcastic ejaculation, obviously called forth by the first sight of her betrothed, "My king! my king!" makes her open them again; open them to see that she has succeeded in tricking the gods; that he is here; and that, judging by his looks, he too has been shutting his eyes and dreading.

"How do you do?" says Sarah gayly, giving him her hand; "I have a message for you from Miss Watson; she wants to know what Rivers you are! I was so afraid of forgetting that I thought I had better deliver it at once; think it over, I advise you, against you meet her next. Bah! he does not hear a word I say!"

A quarter of an hour later they are all seated on deal chairs at a deal table under a primitive shed, that does duty as an arbor; waited on by a civil, homely Dienst-mädchen in a blue bib, and eating beefsteaks. At least two of them are. Two of them are past eating. For them the beefsteak cuts juicily; for them the schnitzel swims greasily; for them the excellent light lager beer foams in lidded mugs—in vain. It is indeed dubious

whether any one except Sarah enjoys the luncheon *quâ* luncheon. The Professor is doubtful as to the digestibility of the schnitzel, and more than doubtful as to the prudence of lurching out of doors in a high wind on the 2d of May. He had indeed gone so far as to have luncheon laid in the little beer and smoke-stained inn parlor; but his betrothed has explained to him so kindly yet firmly that if he lunches in-doors he will lunch alone, that he has sullenly submitted, merely putting on ostentatiously, one atop of another, the two overcoats which, as Miss Watson faithfully reported, he had providently brought with him. And yet, though the wind is high, it is not spiteful. It rocks playfully the tall oleanders in pots, and swings the little wooden boxes hung in the trees to oblige the birds, who find them a quite satisfactory substitute for nests, judging, at least, by the easy cheerfulness with which the short-tailed, wise-faced starlings go in and out of the tiny apertures.

Whether or not it has pleased or been digestible, luncheon is now ended, and Professor Forth is surveying the bill through his spectacles.

"Six marks, sixty pfennigs!" he says, proclaiming the total in a tone which announces how very far from content he is with it; "one mark, sixty-five pfennigs a head! A very high charge, I should say; undoubtedly prices in Germany have doubled since the war! *Viermal Bistek!*" reading aloud the items—"as it turned out, *zweimal* would have been ample. *Zweimal Kartoffeln!*"

He breaks off suddenly, for Sarah has twitched the paper out of his hand.

"In mercy spare us!" she cries. "What can be more dreadful than the recapitulation of the items of the food one has just swallowed! it is like beginning luncheon all over again, to which, with my present feelings, death would be preferable!"

By-and-by they set off to visit the Schloss—the four-towered Schloss, with its round red domes, and all its little pinnacles and dormer windows—falling, as they go, into two couples, though this is not accomplished without a slight maneuvering on the part of one.

"In heaven's name stop a moment to admire this pump!" says Rivers, in an eager whisper to Belinda. "Nothing to admire in it?—of course there is not! I never saw an uglier pump in my life, but it will give them a good start!"

"Are you so sure that they are anxious to get a good start?" asks Belinda with a significant look ahead at Sarah, who, continually throwing back restless glances over her shoulder, lagging, stopping on every possible pretext, if she cherishes a desire for a *lête-à-lête*, certainly disguises it admirably.

"I am not at all sure," replies the young man, with a dry laugh. "What I am sure of is that I wish it."

"Do you think that her back looks as if she were being tolerably civil to him?" pursues Belinda, talking on quickly and nervously; "one can gather so much from a person's back. I am afraid that the way in which she is jerking her head about does not augur very well for him. Was not she rude to him at luncheon? he must have heard her whisper to me that he was an old skinflint."

"Perhaps they are all right when they are alone," replies Rivers sanguinely.

Belinda shakes her head.

"I doubt it!"

They have reached the Schloss and its broad slabbed terrace. Belinda is leaning on the old stone balustrade, low and weather-worn, that runs around it. Her eyes are fixed on the carved stone figures, weather-worn too,

that stand out against the pallid fair sky in their old-world quaintness; the fat Cupids with abnormal Dachs-hunds; the ancient vases, rough with stone lilies and roses; the fat Cupids again.

Belinda looks at the Cupids, and Rivers looks at her; looks at her as a wholesome minded and bodied boy of twenty-two does look at his first love. To him nothing now exists save that opaque white cheek: that small disdainful nose on which Sarah hangs all its owner's mischances; that lovely stature that makes other women look squat and bunch. To him all creation that is not Belinda—sun, moon, stars, Schloss, Professor, bifsteaks—is an irrelevant and impertinent accident.

"He might not in house, field or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill."

"After all," he says, with a trembling in his vigorous, fresh voice, "I do not think that I should much mind how like a dog the woman I loved treated me in company, if she were—if she were—as I would have her when we were alone!"

"Would not you?" replies Belinda, suddenly changing color at the application that she herself makes of this speech; and then in fevered consciousness of her own untimely flush she adds with a callous, cold laugh: "I think I should agree with the poet:

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why need you kick me down stairs?"

The poor boy looks terribly thrown back; and indeed what ardent young lover would not, at such a turn given to a tender speech? And yet in her heart she had felt as tender as he, though no human being could have guessed it. Both now lean their elbows on the balustrade, and look down on the garden grass, and the stiff fir-trees cut into prim yew-shapes; so that unless you look at them very closely you would swear that they were yews. And beyond the grass and the firs comes the ruffled blue water, which like a broad moat girds the Schloss around. The water is running to-day into little waves and ridges; and trees just greening are verdantly bordering its brim. In the garden beneath the fir-trees a pair of figures are seen soberly pacing.

"There they are!" cries Belinda, pointing to them, and thankful for a safe subject with which to break the strained silence; "is it possible that she has taken his arm? No; I thought it could not be! I wonder what progress she has made toward telling him that she does not mean to marry him."

"Is that what she is telling him?" says Rivers, roused to interest by fellow-feeling, and craning his neck to look; "unhappy old devil!"

Belinda nods.

"I think so; that is what she meant to tell him; and if I do not mistake, his haggling over the luncheon gave him his *coup de grâce*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GULF COAST OF FLORIDA.

THE season is at hand when those who, like the birds of summer, take annually their flight southward will be thinking of running away from winter. There are many who seek genial airs and sunlit waters for pleasure only, others to escape from the chilling discomforts of winter; and the great invalid corps, turning its back on cold and death when the leaves fall, makes its pilgrimage to sunny lands.

In the choice of a climate for invalids in general, there are certain health-giving factors which may be summed up as *equability of temperature, purity of atmosphere and comparative dryness*.

I regard it as essential for most invalids that the temperature shall be such that they may be able to remain for an indefinite time out in the open air without discomfort, and to freely permit it to enter their apartments at all hours of the day and night.

The general prevalence of bright, clear, sunny days, with the rarity of cloudiness and a light rainfall, are essentials of a winter health resort for lung diseases. The physiological, and specially the stimulating and morphological, effects of sunlight on the human system, are well recognized; but, owing to the in-door habits of invalids, are too little regarded.

The discomfort and depression produced by the prevalence of violent winds are familiar to most conditions of invalidism, and climates of continuous and moderate air-movements are found to be the most desirable.

An atmosphere of varying electric conditions, with the consequent production of ozone, purifying the air and keeping it free from septic germs, is favorable.

A dry soil of sand or gravel, which quickly absorbs and filters away the rainfall from its surface, and does

not keep the air moist by evaporation, is an essential of a winter health resort for pulmonary affections.

The salubrious atmosphere from extensive pine forests, with their ozone and antiseptic influences, should incline invalids to a choice of such proximity.

Facility for sea-bathing, at a tolerable temperature throughout the winter, gives occupation and pleasure and is an important adjuvant in the treatment of some morbid conditions.

As in incipient and developing pulmonary tuberculosis, and in many other diseases prevalent among the dwellers in cities, it is essential that there shall be a change of habits from a sedentary to an out-door life, the region for a health resort should be one in which there are abundant opportunities for amusement or for agreeable and profitable work in the open air. In a region of country where open-air amusements can be varied by riding, hunting and sailing, and where the scenery is an attractive blending of vistas of forests and stretches of water, the conditions most favorable to an out-door life will be most happily presented.

The poorly-nourished victim of tuberculosis should not be banished to a land where his diet may be impoverished by the lack of fresh meats and vegetables. If he is where he can add to his fare by the products of his recreations of hunting and fishing, then will good digestion be most likely to wait on appetite.

Agreeable society is an essential of happiness and a preventive of depression of spirits in that class of invalids who are obliged to seek winter quarters away from home. Their associations should not be in a crowded caravansary, where the halls echo with the sad sound of coughing, and the corridors seem sepulchral

with the hoarse voices of sufferers. Far better is it to find companionship with the woodsman or the fisherman, and be entertained by their woodcraft or simple lore of boats, bays and streams.

The ideal winter climate for invalids, embracing perfectly all the essentials and suited to the fancy and caprice of sufferers, may not be found, but it can be approximated in its most important requisites.

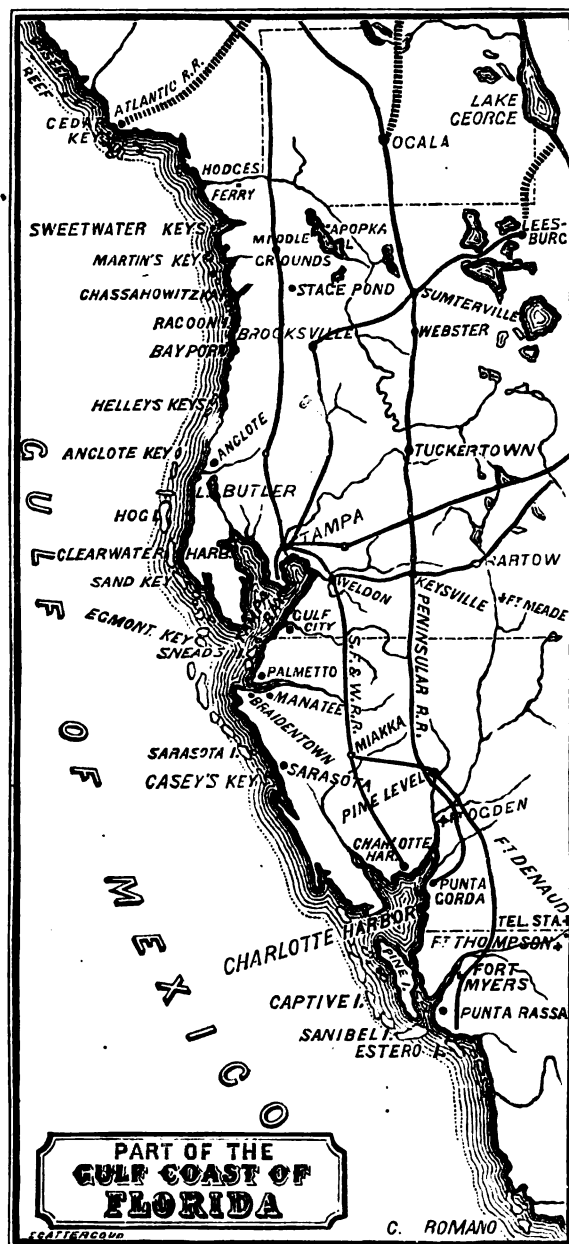
It is evident that in Europe and in this country mild or warm climates have of recent years grown most in favor as winter health resorts. In our own land Florida has become the great winter sanitarium for consumptive invalids, for the nervous and debilitated and for valetudinarians of all degrees, with the prospect of increasing in repute as the merits of some of its most advantageous localities become more generally known. My personal observations of Florida have extended over the regions usually visited by invalids and tourists, and over a domain of wilderness beyond the ready access of travelers. The greater part of the territory of the entire state still remains inaccessible to invalids, and the tide of travel is mostly confined to the great water-course of the St. John's river and its vicinity; but the increased developments of railroads and the coast and interior navigation are about to speedily spread travel over a most attractive sanitary region. That there are portions of Florida much more suited for winter homes than those generally resorted to it is the object of this article to state.

Florida is a land of many waters. It has a coast line of about twelve hundred miles. Its rivers, lakes, everglades and lagoons are numberless. It is estimated that from a fourth to a third of the entire state, varying with the season of the year, is covered by water. To its extensive and peculiar water containings and surroundings is due its unique and wonderfully mild and equable climate. Florida is our nether land, which, as Sidney Lanier wrote, by "its peninsular curve whimsically terminates our country in an interrogation point." It geographically and climatically resembles Italy, but its air is more bland and healthful, and its soil has even a greater range of productiveness.

No known land is exempt from the liability of its inhabitants to pulmonary consumption, but in this country statistics of the last two decades show that the disease progressively diminishes from our extreme Northern States southward to Florida. The mortality from consumption, as compared with all other causes of deaths in Florida, is, by the census, but 58 to the 1000; whilst in the State of Maine it is 258 to the 1000; Connecticut, 179; Pennsylvania, 142; and South Carolina, 90.

The low consumption mortality of Florida exists, notwithstanding the number of Northern invalids who seek too late its healthy air, only to end their days and add to the normally very low death rate. The best authority on the subject, Dr. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, who has given much intelligent attention to climate in the cure of consumption and to sanitary statistics in general, believes that the mortality from consumption among the permanent residents of Florida does not actually exceed thirty deaths to the thousand from all causes.

Of the extended seaboard of Florida the Gulf Coast stretches over seven hundred miles. The climate of this coast has, in my opinion, more of the essentials of a good winter resort for invalids than any other of which I know. I make this statement after some personal experience over a large extent of the coast, from much conference with invalids who have happily tested its merits, and from a comparison with the thermometric



and hygrometric records of many of the various popular health resorts of the world. The west, or Gulf, coast of Florida has a temperature more mild, equable and dry than that of the corresponding Atlantic border. As compared with that of the much-frequented region of the St. John's river, in the winter season it is free from malarious influences, fogs are unknown, and the opportunities and inducements for an out-door life are far greater. Sidney Lanier, the poet, whose failing days were prolonged by a residence in Florida, says that the air of the Gulf Coast is "milder and dryer than on the eastern coast in midwinter; and it is to be greatly hoped that increased facilities for reaching these favorable regions will soon render them practicable to those who now find the journey too trying."

For the agriculturist and the orange-grower, and for the gardener who raises early vegetables for the Northern

markets, this coast offers a fertile soil and a climate freer from destructive frosts than any other part of the peninsula. To the capitalist and the investor, for speedy increase in values of lands—the rapid development of railroads—now stretching their competing lines to the fertile hummock lands and numerous harbors of this coast region it gives assurance of a flood time of immigration—

'The first faint wash of waves where soon
Shall roll the human sea.'

The Gulf Coast has great advantages in its many excellent harbors, and is, in this respect, more favored than the Atlantic border of the peninsula, which, south of the mouth of the St. John's River, has not a single good harbor. The best harbors of the west coast are at Cedar Keys, the Anclote River, Clear Water Harbor, Tampa Bay, Charlotte Harbor and San Carlos Harbor; but there are innumerable inlets, with moderate depths of water, passing in between the thousands of beautiful islands which border the entire coast line. These islands or keys are lovely, fertile tracts, mostly in primitive wilderness, capable of high cultivation, with a delightful climate, and their only disadvantage is the liability to partial overflow from the occasional hurricane tides of late summer or early autumn. Residences on them can be safely located only on eminences above the possible reach of the waters, which may rise six or eight feet above the normal level.

The whole of the Gulf Coast, from Cedar Keys southward, is attractive for health and pleasure-seekers, but the southern limit is sharply defined near the end of the peninsula by a region so afflicted with insect annoyances as to render human existence intolerable. How far southward the coast may be in all respects desirable for winter residences, my explorations have not determined; but from Homosassa down as far as the Ten Thousand Islands, a region included between the 26th and 28th degrees of latitude, the invalid will find a winter climate presenting the essentials, as I have stated them, of *equability of temperature, purity of atmosphere and comparative dryness.*

At the United States Signal Station at Punta Rassa, about two hundred miles south of Cedar Keys and one hundred north of Cape Sable, the mean temperature for the five cold months for a period of five years is shown in the following table:

	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean for 5 months.
Punta Rassa	69.7	64.8	65.5	65.9	69.8	67.1

Another table shows the maximum and minimum temperatures for the same months in the years 1878 and 1879:

Punta Rassa.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean.
Maximum	81	76	79	77	81	78.8
Minimum	48	38	41	44	55	45.2

Here is shown a winter temperature which, with its well-known equability, renders out-door life agreeable, and dwelling apartments can always be kept open to the free admission of air. The winter temperature is rarely so low as to require even the open wood-fire. The

skies, from sunrise over the tops of the pines and palms to the dip of a red sunset into the warm waters of the Gulf, are almost always bright and blue, checkered only by white flying clouds. The balmy breezes blow mildly and almost without ceasing, excepting during an occasional lull of calm at the sunset hour, so that the advantage to health of continuous and moderate air movements prevails.

As to purity of atmosphere the situation and surroundings are extremely favorable. The breezes blow from either the vast area of waters of the Gulf or from over great forests of pine, palm and cypress, with their ozonizing influences. It is due to these agencies and to the remarkable dryness that an aseptic condition of the atmosphere exists. I have seen venison, game birds and other meats remain for many days, or even for weeks, hanging unprotected in the open air, free from taint and merely become hard and dry without decomposition.

No claim for the sanitary merits of the Gulf Coast of Florida will create so much surprise as that of the comparative dryness of its atmosphere. The natural and popular inference that it has a moist climate must be from a consideration of its vast traverses and surroundings of water, fresh and salt, and not from the trustworthy reports of the Signal Service or from personal observation. I am not able to give a reasonable explanation of the cause of the remarkable dryness of the atmosphere, amidst such a realm of waters, but that the climate of this coast is comparatively dry and bracing can be proven by the records of official observation and attested by the permanent residents of the region. The following table, from official data, of relative humidity of some winter resorts of Europe and America shows particularly well for Punta Rassa, on the Gulf Coast of Florida, during the five cold months:

	Years.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean for 5 months.
		per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.
Mentone and Cannes.	3	71.8	74.2	72.0	70.7	73.3	72.4
Atlantic City, N. J.	5	76.9	79.1	80.6	77.3	76.8	78.1
Breckenridge, Minn.	5	76.9	83.2	76.8	81.8	79.5	79.6
St. Paul, Minn.	5	70.3	73.5	75.2	70.7	67.1	71.3
Punta Rassa, Fla.	5	72.7	73.2	74.2	73.7	69.9	72.7
Key West, Fla.	5	77.1	78.7	78.9	77.2	72.2	76.8
Jacksonville, Fla.	5	71.9	69.3	70.2	68.5	63.9	68.8

Data supplied by the United States Signal Service prove that during the five cold months the relative humidity of Florida, as taken at a number of widely-separated stations of observation, is less than that of what is popularly the "dry winter climate of Minnesota."

For an attractive out-door life in the winter for invalids I know of no region equaling the Gulf Coast of Florida, with its great bays and harbors for sailing, its wonderful fishing and excellent deer hunting, and the great abundance of feathered game in the forests and on the waters. There is perpetual inducement to spend time in the open air. The sun does not parch, the winds do not chill, and the atmosphere has that indefinable poetic quality called "dreamy." I have felt comfortable in the bracing air when very lightly dressed, and not oppressed when heavily clothed. Sea-bathing is agreeable on the shelly or white sandy beaches all through the winter, and I have found the water warmer on the western than on the eastern coast of the peninsula.

The reason why the Gulf Coast has not been more

popularly known as a sanitary resort was the want of convenient access and of accommodations for sojourners, but a happy change is at hand. Coasting steamers now run into all of the more important harbors, as those of Anclote, Tampa, Charlotte and San Carlos: and railroads are rapidly being constructed to reach the towns all along the coast. The want of convenient residences for invalids is now quite overcome, and comfortable accommodations can be had in every village. The hospitality of the people renders the stay genial and social, and it is a common remark, which I have happily verified, that in Florida wherever you see a house you can find a home, for every home seems open to welcome the stranger.

At a most attractive and salubrious location on the high peninsula between Tampa Bay and the Gulf Coast, on the shore of Lake Butler, a beautiful sight for villas is being developed, and a large hotel will be ready this winter for the accommodation of health or pleasure-seeking visitors. This locality can be readily reached

by the coasting steamers from Cedar Keys to the Anclote River, about seventy-five miles. A railroad tending in that direction, by way of Waldo, Ocala and Brookville has now reached within a short stage ride of the coast near Lake Butler. The land here is much elevated, overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, Lake Butler and the great Tarpon Spring. The elevation of this region, which is the highest on the coast, and its extensive water surroundings render it most favorable for a winter resort, and indeed for residence during the entire year. A number of persons from the North are about erecting cottages on the shores of Lake Butler, so that abundant accommodations will soon be ready for winter visitors to this favorable locality.

To all who would escape from the severity and dangers of our Northern winters and seek a mild, equable and comparatively dry climate, free from malarial influences, and where life in the open air is always practicable and agreeable, I commend a journey to the Gulf Coast of Florida.

R. J. LEVIE, M. D.

HOT PLOWSHARES.

By Albion W. Tourgee, Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BRIDGING THE CHASM.

UPON the day when Dawson Fox was to arrive, Mr. Kortright was unusually busy. He requested the other members of the committee to accompany Mrs. Kortright in his carriage to the station, two miles away, to welcome their distinguished guest to his old home. Only the wife fathomed the subtlety of this maneuver. To her the silent, reserved man had year by year become more and more transparent. She saw through his loving artifice when he told her that morning how he had planned for the day.

"And I shan't be home till supper; so you must take care of him, and not let him wear himself out talking to everybody. You'd better keep him quiet here at home, or perhaps take him out riding toward evening."

The comely dame looked at him with a loving smile, and said:

"I didn't know much about you when we were married."

"Not know me?" said the 'Squire in amaze. "Why, we were boy and girl together."

"Yes," meditatively.

"And you knew all there was to know about me."

"It takes a long while to learn a man."

"There's where you're mistaken. One sees clear through us at first sight. It's you women that are deep. Only think how long we had lived together and I never knew—"

"There wasn't anything to know," interrupted the matron, with a blush that swept like a wave over her comely face and up to the line of her soft gray hair.

"And there isn't anything to know now," laughed the 'Squire, as he put his left arm about her, and with the cane dangling by its crooked neck over his right, lifted her chin and looked lovingly down into her face.

"Oh, yes, there is," she said, as she laid her head on

his shoulder. "I shall never learn all your kindness and thoughtfulness for others—"

"There, there," said he, with a sudden moistening of the eyelids. "Don't let us be a couple of old fools. I just thought the poor fellow mightn't feel quite so bad if he got used to seeing you again without having me around to remind him of his loss."

"And my gain," said the quick-witted woman, looking up at him archly and proudly.

"See here, I'm a-going," said the 'Squire, as he limped quickly away (he had always limped and always carried a cane since that first day we saw him). He turned as he reached the door, shook his head at his wife, and went away with a warm light upon his thin gray face and in his deep gray eye.

There was a light in her face, too—a love-light that deepened its matronly beauty and made the soft, silvery crown above seem like a refulgent halo to the weary-looking man who came down the platform between Shields and Van Wormer and was introduced to her as the Rev. Dawson Fox. There was a half-startled look in his eye, his lip trembled under the grizzled moustache, his hand clasped hers half-nervously. Then he looked into her eyes; saw the light there, read the earnest, quiet welcome before it fell from her lips, and, taking the seat beside her, felt a strange sense of rest. There was no spurious sentimentality about the man. He had loved Mattie Ermendorf, and had never loved any other. But that love had been pure and unselfish. His ceaseless prayer had been for her happiness. The older and broader he had grown the deeper and tenderer had become his devotion to his youthful dream. He had dreaded to be awakened from it. He feared to read in her eyes something he would not wish to see—the evidence of a life not altogether complete and perfect. He feared to find the trace of sorrow, tears and discontent. Instead, he found only the ripe fruitage of

peace and love. He was content. He saw with languid interest the young city through which they drove. He heard the rumble of the water-wheels and listened to the story of Lake Memnona's subjugation. He noted here and there a remembered object—asked dreamily after this and that half-forgotten name. He had lived here once—or some one like him—but it was in some previous state of existence. He had wandered over the hills—he had known the woods and fields; yet he hardly realized that it was himself who had once dwelt there. His life lay between—a life of labor and disappointment and ill-success—in another world. He tried to go back to that old time, but he could not. What there had been he dimly remembered; for what there was he hardly cared. The world had gone away and left him. He was dead already save where he touched the world's life at one vital spot. He laid himself back on the cushions, closed his eyes, and tried to think whether he were dreaming or waking. His face was pinched and worn. The long tawny beard only half hid its ghastliness.

"He's just about tuckered out," said Shields in a whisper. The younger man assented with a nod. The woman watched him keenly, and knew better than they the secret of his weariness. He roused himself in a moment and begged pardon for his incivility. The committee stopped at the store of the younger, and Dawson Fox and his hostess drove on alone across the new bridge, past the old school-house to the mansion of Harrison Kortright. He reached out and took her hand. A soft, contented smile passed over his face. He was at rest. Then they came to the end. Two tall, drooping evergreens flanked the doorway—two glimpses of the orient. He saw them; guessed their origin in a moment, pressed the hand he held fervently and turned dewy eyes upon his companion. He was satisfied. The past had been suddenly bridged. The boy was alive again. Weariness, pain and defeat were all forgotten. He had been remembered—kindly, tenderly, truly. Happiness had not induced forgetfulness. The love which shone in her eyes for the man she had married had not led her to cast aside the memory of the lover whose passion had been unveiled too late. When he had been shown to his room he fell upon his knees and asked that a blessing might rest upon the home he had entered. The broken life had been reunited, and when in the afternoon Mrs. Kortright took her guest to ride, hunting up the old scenes and pointing out the changes that had been wrought, there was no longer any apathy or weariness. The man had become a boy again. His eye beamed; his voice was full of glee. The woman and the man touched hands across the chasm of the years and were once more boy and girl together. Their route led by Sturmhold, and the fond mother proudly told the story of her son's love and its return by the bright, gifted heiress. As she showed him through its rooms and chattered of its history, the master's life and the prospects of her son, they came suddenly upon Lida. The poor woman gazed a moment vacantly into the bright face of Mrs. Kortright, then, with a cry of recognition, sprang toward her and seized her hand. Mrs. Kortright was surprised. She had heard that the woman had sane intervals and that they were becoming more and more frequent, but she had never seen one of them before. In her surprise and ignorance she uttered the very worst thing she could have said.

"How do you do?" she cried, warmly clasping the other's hand. "How pleased Hilda will be to know that you are well again. I shall write and tell her."

"Hilda?" said the other with a startled look.

"Hilda? Oh, yes—I know—Hilda." Then her look changed to one of mortal hate. She snatched away her hand and said impetuously, "You need not trouble yourself, madam; I shall write to Hilda myself."

Then she turned and stalked angrily away.

"That woman looks too dangerous to be at large," said Fox, watching her retreating figure.

"Oh not at all," said Mrs. Kortright. "Her attendants are very careful, but she has never shown any inclination to do mischief."

"She glared at you very angrily."

"Yes, indeed. She seems always to dislike me since her misfortune, and that is as near being violent as she ever gets."

When they returned home Mr. Kortright came out upon the porch to receive them. There was a thrill of rapture in the heart of the still fair woman, who stood by and watched their hearty greeting at the thought that these two men had loved her—aye, loved her still. A blush came to her soft cheek with this last thought, and then as the two men turned to the old times, each evidently full of admiration for the other, she laughed as she followed them within at the thought that her Martin, if present, would be as full of the future as they were of the past. They were not old men. Both of them were progressives, who counted the present but the stepping-stone of to-morrow; but they had reached the age when retrospect grows pleasant as the background of to-day. She almost wished that Martin were there, as he would have been but for her fear that the excitement of the morrow might awaken his longing to take part in the struggle then going on in Kansas and stir his enthusiasm to a pitch which might defy even his word of honor plighted to the absent Captain Hargrove. As this name floated through her mind, she wondered where he was and what had befallen the master of Sturmhold. The time was drawing near when in obedience to his request, if he were not heard from, her husband was to take charge of his affairs and act upon the presumption of his death. Her heart stood still with foreboding as she sat down in the unlighted sitting-room. The two men's voices sounded far away, though she could almost reach them with her outstretched hand. She was nervous, she said to herself, as she went out to see that the evening meal was in readiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A HARD BARGAIN.

SKENDOAH is full of life, yet strangely silent. The wheels stand idle. The water ripples peacefully over them, trickles through the mossy trunks, overflows the silent flumes and runs in a sparkling current down the rocky channel. The mills are silent, and the rows of windows in the factories only give back the light that shines from the public hall, or reflect the beams of the moon as it wades through fleecy autumn clouds. The water had been shut off at four o'clock, and when the water was shut off Skendoah was dead. The head-gate by which the race below was fed was the great aortic valve of the village life. When that was closed all its activities ceased. The pulleys, belts and spindles were still. The cogged wheels ceased to grind and gnaw. The trip-hammers hung poised and motionless. The breath of the forges failed. The anvils grew cold and silent. The din of warfare betwixt man and matter ceased. The laborers had left their stations. The dust was settling slowly within, even as the silent dew without.

It was two hours since the autumn twilight began,

and more than an hour had passed since the glare of torches, the beating of drums and blare of brazen instruments, with the tramp of many feet had sounded in the streets. The town had gathered in its council hall. The miniature republic had assembled its witanagemote, where rich and poor and high and low and old and young—male and female—considered of the nation's weal. One of the prime integers of republican power took counsel as to the country's future and its part therein. The people, in whose hands is the sceptre of authority, had met in the town hall to decide as to how it should be exercised.

They were not all agreed. The struggle of parties in the little town had been very fierce. Yet in that free-working, free-thinking community the majority had daily grown stronger and the minority weaker as the contest between liberty and slavery approached its culmination. At first there had been little rancor. Among the scattered farmers of the hillsides political thought and controversy had been, in a great measure, a diversion. The conflict of parties had seemed like a great national game, in which all took a part and all felt an interest, as in any other game; but very few took the result seriously to heart. As one or the other side achieved success the jest of defeat was shifted back and forth, and Whig and Democrat exchanged condolence or congratulation with only enough of chagrin or exultation to give zest to the recurrent conflict. When, however, the question of human right came to be actually and directly involved in the contest, it gradually took on a more serious cast. The line of demarcation was more sharply drawn. Neighbors grew cool to one another. Friends began to abate something of customary warmth. Business followed in the wake of preference. Churches were divided. Families were sundered.

In Skendoah these rules had suffered no exception. So there were some who were by no means pleased at the demonstration that was taking place. There were some who took no pride in Dawson Fox, and no interest in the cause he represented. Or rather, there were some who contemned him because of the cause he represented. These were not many, however, and the limit of their opposition was silence, or at the utmost, sneers. Those who indulged in these were generally considered to be largely moved by jealousy of Harrison Kortright and envy of his remarkable success. Saving these few, who sulked at home, and those others whom care or illness kept away, the town had poured itself into the great rectangular hall, whose platform, from its first dedication to popular use, had been a veritable tribunal of liberty. Save for its flashing windows and a few feeble lights here and there, the town was dark. But for the regular shouts of applause, the steady rhythm of an orator's full and animated tones, a burst of song or a snatch of martial music, the town was silent. The horses of those who had driven in from the neighboring county were hitched around the public square. A few of the shops were yet open, in the hope of catching a penny from some belated purchaser. The long rows of factories that lined the water's edge were dark and desolate. There was something weird in the contrast between the abundant life and light within the hall and the silence and darkness without.

Dawson Fox was telling the dwellers of his boyhood home the story of Kansas—"bleeding Kansas," as it was then the fashion to style the territory on which the skirmishers of the two great hosts were encamped, and not unfrequently engaged. The crowded hall

showed a sea of earnest faces. All types and nationalities were gathered there. Almost every part of Europe had its representatives. A half-dozen colored men and women were there, some with the watchful, hunted look of the fugitive, and others with that self-importance which naturally arose from a consciousness that their race was in fact the bone of contention, the cause of war. But the most noticeable in numbers and in evident preponderance of character, were they of that type of face we call American—keen, watchful, scrutinizing, almost skeptical in its attent earnestness. They were jurors in the greatest assize of earth—knights and barons, holding *in capite* under the Great King, and accountable to Him alone. Dawson Fox was the advocate, not of himself nor of the Free-State settlers of Kansas, but of the principle they represented—of the cause that underlay their occupancy of the boundless prairies. He had entirely lost his worn and haggard look of the day before. The inspiration of the orator and the fervor of the prophet had overborne his physical infirmities. His thin face was flushed, his spare form erect and full, and his step upon the platform was as proud as that of a conqueror. His faith discounted the ages, and the triumph he foretold was of the far millennial days. His audience listened calmly. The crowd's feet about the keen, watchful eyes grew deeper and plainer. The sharp, worn faces—men's faces and women's faces—on which the struggle of life had carved lines of care—the indices of self-reliant, independent natures—followed his words with keen, curious looks of questioning or approval, until little by little their language became unanimous, and the orator led them without dissent to his conclusions. Then his eloquence grew more fervid. He had not only to convince them that he was right, but to inspire them to act on that conviction. He sought not only to awaken faith, but to secure the works that testify belief.

The night without grew dark. The clouds that swept across the moon's face were denser. The autumn wind arose and moaned pitifully around the nooks and angles of the building. The signs upon the streets below creaked and clattered. The horses fastened to the railing along the public square looked wistfully about for their masters, and shifted their positions to avoid the wind and the clouds of dry dust which it whirled before it.

The orator became more and more impassioned; the audience more enrapt. The chairman, the Hon. Harrison Kortright, leaned forward, his keen white face aglow with interest. His deep gray eyes flashed fire, and his sharp, firm mouth was closed with almost angry determination. He had no need to be convinced, but only to be awakened. By his side sat Shields, one of the vice-presidents of the meeting, and the oldest of the orator's youthful acquaintances. His thin features seemed thinner than ever before, as little by little he drew forward his chair until it stood almost at the speaker's side. His narrow bald head shone in the light of the overhanging chandelier, while his scattering gray locks were thrust back upon one side, and his left hand, encircling the upturned ear made surer that he should lose no word the speaker uttered. And those words came thick and hot. Mrs. Kortright listened with a pale, wondering face to the story which he told of struggle in that new western land. She heard how the legions of slavery overran the border; how homes were ravaged and burned; the stock driven off and crops destroyed. Oh! many a heart stood still as the tale of murder was told—cruel, unprovoked, save by the advocacy of free thought and free speech. He told how,

under the forms of law, men were arrested, torn from their families, exposed to every privation and torture; and even women and children made victims by infuriate bands to whom slavery seemed fair and sacred, and liberty—the liberty of the colored man—foul and unmeasurable wrong to the white man. The audience listened breathlessly. Mrs. Kortright thanked God in her heart that Martin was not present. She was sure that no power could restrain him should he hear this impassioned plea.

The light poured out of the windows and shone with a red, fitful glare upon the windows of the factory opposite. The clouds shut in the moon. The wind whirled in boisterous gusts through the unpaved streets. How the factory windows glowed! It was almost ghostly the red reflection from the lighted hall. One could almost fancy the usual night work in progress. What a row of glittering panes! Two hundred and forty feet of shafting in one line! Ah! what a forest of belts and pulleys and wheels! How the floor was studded with wondrous combinations of wood and iron! How many polished forms, now cold and dead, would wake to life when the water was turned on upon the morrow! Windows! Ah, the whole front was studded with them! Light is as important to the work done in this mill, which is the pride of Harrison Kortright's heart—the crown and climax of his success—as the great wheel which gives power to the polished shaft and life to the flying belts! Ah, what an array of windows! How they glow in the reflected light. How clear the sashes show between the panes!

Harrison Kortright, looking past the speaker, sees them through the windows of the hall. His bosom swells with self-reproach as he thinks of the wealth those gleaming windows represent, and remembers how little he has done for the cause the orator is presenting. He turns his eyes again with admiration and resolve toward the speaker. He will give liberally to aid the Kansas pioneers. As God has dealt generously with him so will he deal with his oppressed and needy fellows. Then he remembered how plainly the sashes showed in the windows a hundred yards away. It was queer. He had never thought the whole front of the factory would be so lighted up with the glare from the hall. It was so red, too. It must be on account of the darkness of the night. He looked again. The windows were still brighter than before! and—what a silly dreamer he was—he could almost swear that he saw the polished shafts and idle belts! No, the machinery was in motion! He almost laughed outright as he thought what a silly fool he was. He had studied it so much that he saw it, as it was by day, even through the night and the distance. It was queer. It must be one of those optical delusions which we are all subject to at times. It was strange that he could see only the windows of the second story, too. He remembered that they were just on a level with those of the hall. He had sighted across the sills one day while they were putting them in and ascertained that fact. So the angle was just right for him to catch the reflection. Yet it was strange the first and third stories were so dark. And the second was growing lighter! It was—could it be? He shaded his eyes with his left hand to look the closer. The right, which grasped his cane, grew rigid as he gazed. His face could not be more colorless or inscrutable, but the light went out of his eyes—the lines about his mouth grew deeper.

There was a cry without.

The orator paused.

Harrison Kortright was at his side in a moment and

whispering in his ear, "There must be no alarm. If there is a rush a hundred will be trampled to death."

The speaker understood, and pressed his hand in silence.

"Fire!"

One shrill, wild cry, that the winds took up and whirled away into the night. The audience looked from one to another in questioning surprise. Thank God, the windows were too high for them to see what was visible from the platform. The door was upon the opposite side of the building, too.

"Fire! Fire!"

There were two voices now, but the wind whistled and mocked at them. Some of the audience started from their seats. The speaker held up his right hand, the palm toward them. The buzz of alarm subsided instantly.

"This," said the orator, "is no doubt a trick of the enemy."

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

There were three voices now, and the wind could not drown them. Kortright whispered in the speaker's ear. Shields looked from the speaker to the audience in surprise.

"It is not," said the speaker, "the first time that an alarm of fire has been raised to break up an Abolition meeting!"

The windows of the mill were light enough now. The wheels were turning, the belts flying, the empty arms of the machines clashing and flashing against the red flames that lighted up the panes.

"Fire! Clang! Boom! Fire!"

The alarm-bell joined its terrors to the voices of shouting men without.

"Keep quiet!" said Kortright sternly. "They've probably made a bonfire on the public square."

"It is just time to close our meeting, anyhow," said the orator, consulting his watch.

A few started toward the door.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the speaker pleasantly.

"The band will now play 'The Star-spangled Banner.'"

The band played. The audience was uneasy. Very many started to go out.

"We will meet here to-morrow at twelve to see our boys off for Kansas!" shouted Kortright in a pause of the music. "Don't forget it."

The blare of the trumpets filled the hall. The people, reassured by his words and manner, moved quietly toward the stairs; Harrison Kortright watched anxiously, clasping his friend's hand as if in congratulation and speaking to him with careless animation. They stepped toward Shields and turned his attention another way. The hall was half emptied of the unsuspecting hearers, when up the stairway came the roar of many voices:

"Fire! Fire! Kortright's mill is on fire!"

Outside the rush of many feet, the clamor of unnumbered voices and the clang of the alarm-bell mingled on the breeze. The three men on the platform turned toward the window and saw the red flame and dense clouds of prisoned smoke burst through the flashing, crashing panes and roll upward around the doomed building.

"Thank God," said Kortright, "no life has been lost."

Then he rushed off the platform, spoke a word of cheer to his white-faced wife, who, standing upon a chair, was gazing at the scene of desolation, and in a moment more was out of doors directing and stimulating the efforts of the people to control the fire.

From end to end the great factory was now wrapped in a sheet of red, leaping, smoke-tipped flame. The

whole second story was ablaze. The fire leaped out of the windows on either side; ran up the wooden walls; climbed upon the roof; burst through the floor into the third story and ate its way downward into the first. The wind tossed the flames about in wild mockery. It caught up burning fragments and bore them here and there. It swept the flames down upon the pallid multitude, who gazed helplessly on the havoc that was being wrought, and scattered them with its fierce breath. The light flashed up against the clouds and painted their darkness with lurid colors. A hungry roar went up from the devouring flames as if an insensate demon asked for more.

The firemen tried in vain to save the nearest building. The factories stood thick along the banks of the narrow rivulet. The hill rose sharply just behind them and across the narrow street stood thick and close the houses of the workingmen. The wind blew from the southwestward. In front of this factory was the public square and the hall beyond. Mrs. Kortright, with her face pressed against the window, saw her husband, his gray hair and white upturned face lighted by the flames, stop the firemen who were trying to save the mill above, which was his own, and lead them down to that which stood below, in which he had no interest. But this lay in the path of the flames, between the blazing factory and the people's houses—between it and a score of other mills and factories below. Side by side with him was Dawson Fox—the self-constituted leader of the men he was addressing but a moment before. She saw the fire-light shine on his flushed face. His long, light beard floated on the wind that was now a gale. His eye flashed as he half turned his face toward her and waved his hand in the direction of the houses on the exposed hillside below. She knew all in a moment. They were going to abandon the factory in the attempt to save the dwellings.

Already the people had divined their danger, and the panic-stricken crowd rushed each to his own threshold. Men, women and children were stripping the houses in hot haste. Whatever was deemed most precious was seized first and carried to a place of safety or abandoned for something more valuable. It was a mad, raging crowd, that in its terror despoiled themselves almost as much as the fiend that followed hard upon their footsteps would have done.

She started to go. Her husband had bidden her to wait there in safety. She paused; then laid aside her wrappings; tied a red scarf about her head; flung her India shawl about her chest scarf-wise, and went out to aid in bringing order out of confusion—to cheer the men who stood in the pathway of the flame and bade defiance to its lurid wrath.

Dawson Fox, with a gallant band who followed his lead without question, was at the apex of the flame that crept swiftly and fiercely toward the factory below and was already scorching with its hot breath the first of the tenement-houses across the street.

"Only hold it back a little," Kortright had said to him hoarsely, "until I can get this wild mob organized so that we can fight it inch by inch. Of course, Smith's factory must go; but we may be able to save the houses—some of them at least. Those who own them cannot afford to lose them."

Fortunately the flumes were full. The little hand-engine—the pride of the village on its holiday parades—sucked the water from the race that ran in front of the mill and threw it on the flame through only a single length of hose. Strong arms manned the brakes, and as one dropped off wearied with the terrific exertion, another took his place. The men's faces glowed with

excitement and perspiration. They dipped water from the race to slake their thirst. The water cracked and spluttered as it left the nozzle; hissed weakly as it struck the flame-wrapped building, or was transformed into clouds of vapor that showed soft and fleecy against the red light and dense up-rolling billows of smoke. Then the wind swept the flame down into their faces. The smoke and soot choked them. The heat singed their eyebrows and blistered their arms and faces. They fell back along the canal a few steps, and renewed the conflict. Nearer and nearer crept the flame to the doomed factory below—nearer and nearer to the doomed dwellings across the narrow street. Fainter and more hopeless grew the struggle of the puny engine with the mighty conflagration.

But every moment Kortright was educing order out of confusion. Already the corner house, which was most threatened, was swathed in dripping blankets from sill to ridge-pole. Ladders were placed at the farther side, up which buckets were passed to men upon the roof. They knew that it must go eventually, but while they held it the movable belongings of other homes were being rapidly and systematically removed to a place of safety.

All at once the race began to overflow. The engine was with difficulty dragged across a narrow bridge, whose planks were already floating away. The mill below was abandoned to its fate. Its upper gable was hardly ten yards away from the blazing pile. Already the flames seemed about to leap across the intervening space.

The owner of the imperiled mill had wrought like a Hercules for its preservation.

"It's no use!" he said, when it was proposed to carry the hose across the race and keep up the struggle. "It's no use. Forty such engines couldn't save it."

"I'm afraid that's so," said Kortright. "If there was a chance we'd take it. The only thing now is to save the houses if we can."

"Yes," said the owner dejectedly. Then suddenly, as if a new thought had occurred to him, "How came the water to be turned on to-night, 'Squire?"

"How came the water to be turned on?" echoed Kortright angrily. "How came that mill on fire?" he asked, pointing to the flaming pile.

"Really, I don't know. Some accident, I suppose," said the other, somewhat abashed by his impetuosity.

"Accident?" said Kortright scornfully; "the gate was raised and the machinery was running when the fire broke out?"

"So? I remember now," said the other; "though I had not thought of it before."

"You can hear the wheel now?"

The other listened.

"That's a fact," with a look of horror. "It must have been set on fire."

"Unquestionably."

"By whom?"

"God only knows!"

"You have not an enemy in Skendoah."

"Not that I know of."

"Then why—?"

"See here, Smith," said Kortright, turning on him fiercely, "if I have not an enemy in Skendoah, liberty has!"

"You don't mean—?"

"Aren't you hurt as well as I?" pointing to the exposed gable that was already beginning to smoke.

"Ruined, ruined, sir," shaking his head hopelessly.

"Every cent lost, and a load of debt beside."

"Where were you an hour ago?"

"In the hall."

"And those people?" jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the dwellings in the rear.

"At the hall, too."

"Don't you see who the man meant to strike at that lighted that fire, started my machinery and lifted that gate?"

"My God! you don't mean—?"

"Of course I do!" hissed Kortright through his set teeth, "but, God helping me, he shall fail."

"You don't expect to save anything below here," with a wave of the hand taking in half the town.

"I will," fiercely.

"How?"

"I don't know."

"I guess not. It can't be done."

"Hark! What is that?"

A dull, heavy sound was heard as he spoke. It was not the rumble of the wheel beneath the fated mill nor the rush of the devouring flames, but a muffled roar that shook the earth beneath them. Every one stopped and listened in amazement. Then a man who stood upon the bridge that spanned the stream a hundred yards below, looked up toward the great dam, and saw a strange white something leap out of the darkness, out of the very base of the great wall which had so long imprisoned the waters of Memnona, and rush down the old bed of the torrent. He saw it swell and rise until it filled and overflowed the narrow channel which had been almost closed up and built over since the waters had been shut up behind the great wall of earth and stone. He beheld its white crest flash beneath the red rays of the burning mill before he half comprehended what it meant. Then he rushed across the bridge toward the breathless, waiting crowd and cried:

"The dam's broke! The lake's coming!"

"Impossible!" said Smith, incredulously.

"Impossible!" said Kortright, decidedly, remembering the foundations on which it rested.

"Impossible!" echoed every one who heard.

All waited breathlessly.

The roar grew louder. The earth trembled beneath their feet. The flames burned unheeded. Dawson Fox stepped to the side of Mrs. Kortright, as if apprehensive for her safety. She had been one of the most active. Her example had done much to quiet the panic which had at first seized men as well as women. Her eyes were fixed on the white-haired man in the middle of the street. He stood listening, wondering. All at once he raised his head, and, with uplifted hands, shouted:

"Thank God! Thank God!"

Those who heard him thought Harrison Kortright had suddenly become crazed.

"Mr. Smith!" he cried. "Sejanus Smith!"

"Here!" answered the proprietor, who had stepped back a few paces in apprehension.

"What will you take for that mill?"

The fire was already curling up the smoking clapboards.

"In addition to the insurance?" cautiously.

"Yes, in addition to that."

"Ten cents," contemptuously.

"I will give you ten thousand dollars!"

"What?"

"I will give you ten thousand dollars."

"It is sure to burn."

"Of course. Will you take it?"

"Certainly, if you mean it."

"All right! Shake hands!"

The two men clasped each other's hands in the street. The bargain was confirmed. The hot breath of the flame swept over them. They were almost alone on the bank of the race. The crowd wondered what it meant.

The flame leaped across the narrow space, and, with a roar like that of artillery, the gable of the mill Kortright had just purchased burst into a blaze from sill to cornice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEAD LIMB.

Cut off that dead limb!

Is that what you said?

O woodman! I'd rather

You'd cut off my head.

My little brown bird—

It was made just for him—

He comes every day

And swings on that limb.

There are green boughs above

And green boughs below;

Why he takes the bare branch

For his seat, I don't know.

What his reason may be

I really don't care,

If, when I look out,

I see that he's there.

He loves me I know,

For his song he begins;

And I show him by signs

That my favor he wins.

He has many homes

Far up in the air;

But my lonely lot

It has pleased him to share.

He swings and he sings

On the branch all the day;

Woe be to the man

Who drives him away!

Woe be to the man

Who cuts off the limb;

If he'd never been born,

'Twould be better for him!

My bonnie brown bird,

Swing and sing at your ease;

No one shall disturb

Your home in the trees.

Through all the Spring and Summer weather,
Your heart and mine have grown together.

ROSALIE VANDERWATER.



MISS RHODA BROUGHTON has won for herself a peculiar place among modern novelists. She has her admirers by the hundred thousand, and her critics in equal numbers, but of imitators she thus far has none that are worth considering. Her originality of style, indeed, renders imitation well nigh impossible; and her daring portrayal of social and family scenes is so contrary to the treatment which such scenes ordinarily receive that cynics read with wicked delight, and other people wonder if this is the way English people treat one another in their own homes. What should we say if Mr. James were to represent two American sisters in the light wherein Belinda and Sarah appear in the first installment of Miss Broughton's new story begun in this number of *THE CONTINENT*?

THERE is some danger lest in the perfectly justifiable indignation concerning recent sacrilegious violations of burial grounds, the public may forget what it owes to the great medical schools of Philadelphia. What these schools have been in the past, and what they now are, is forcibly shown in the article on "Medical Education" in the present number of *THE CONTINENT*. The fine engraving on page 78 is the first that has been made from Mr. Eakin's great painting, which attracted so much attention when exhibited in New York a year or two ago, and which is now one of the notable treasures of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. This engraving was specially executed for the place which it occupies in our pages, and is probably the best attainable reproduction of the painting.

THE President's recommendations in regard to Civil Service Reform have been received by the advocates of the life-tenure and written-examination theory with most unbecoming levity. The President is known to be in favor of a definite limited term for all placemen under government. There is no reason to believe that he is any less sincere in this belief than they in their devotion to life-tenure. There are not a few who have the right to claim sincerity and have their claim admitted, who believe that a system of life-tenure of office in the Republic would be a most dangerous backward step. But whichever of these is believed by them, let the Republicans in Congress take the matter up and put it in train for solution. Let them begin at the root and bring forward a proposition to amend the Constitution so as to make this method of regulating the civil service compulsory, and not resting on the will of each successive administration. That will make a sharp issue. The Democratic party would be compelled to stop coquetting with the Reformers, or stand squarely with them—neither of which it desires to do. Whatever may be the merits of the question, there is not a particle of doubt that the President's plan of Civil Service Reform would be approved by the people in any conflict between it and the life-tenure idea.

Nor long ago a life-long invalid, whose chief solace is books, was discovered beginning "Monte Cristo" for the third time. "What do you see in the book?" said a surprised and critical friend; and, after a half-deprecating

pause for reflection, the answer came: "It is so deliciously and consistently impossible."

Such is the verdict to be pronounced on a collection of short stories¹ now before the public, but meeting far less recognition than their merit deserves; for the art of really telling a story is almost a lost one, analysis having taken its place. The present form of novel is a problem to be studied, and rest and recuperation for the reader no part of its intention. It is thus doubly refreshing to take up a book which immediately absorbs and holds one to the very end. The premises are all absurd; but admitting such premises, the whole preposterous course of events is consistent and to be expected. The Caliph naturally in this nineteenth century is succeeded by Prince Florizel of Bohemia, and the famous cream-tarts appear in the opening story. There is no other resemblance, though the incidents supposed to take place in London and Paris are as wild as anything in the remotest East. Mr. Stevenson's style is admirable. It is finished, though never in the Henry James sense, having a very distinct and strong individuality, with yet no touch of mannerism. It is merely delightful English, every word in the right place, and the whole effect simple yet powerful. Properly speaking, the book constitutes two volumes, the "Nights" ending with the first one, the second being made up of less distinctive but quite as brilliant work. The "Suicide Club" opens the book. The Caliph and Grand Vizier are represented by Prince Florizel and his attendant, Colonel Geraldine, and both are introduced by a young man who is selling cream-tarts in Leicester Square, into the secrets of a society organized for bringing about suicide by mutual murder. The neophyte must be tired of life and willing to pay forty pounds in money; and the Prince and the Colonel, professing the first and producing the second, are led into a room with one high window, where is assembled a "little band of members pledged to decide by the fall of the cards which shall kill and be killed."

The club and its members are graphically drawn, and the intense excitement of the final scene is shared by the reader. Each chapter is complete, yet linked to the preceding one, and the double series of adventures sustain their interest to the last.

In the second part, "The Pavilion on the Links," is a story of extraordinary intensity, here and there suggesting Blackmore in "Lorna Doone," or some pages of "Wuthering Heights," but with a power quite its own. "A Lodging for the Night; a Story of Francis Villon," is a drama in itself. The whole spirit of the evil time is there, each player "absorbed by his own mean interest, but all united in a confraternity of evil." The gambling quarrel, the murder; Villon's terrified escape and search for shelter; the stormy night; the wretched woman frozen to death in the pitiless sleet and snow; the old French knight of the Fifteenth century, who at last gives him shelter and exhorts him to repentance, are so real that the ending is a personal pain. Through the whole is a subtle and pervading humor, which one is sure must have been enjoyed as much by author as it is by the reader. It is a new departure in romance writing, and perhaps the keynote of a new era.

(1) NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Leisure Hour Series. (16mo, pp. 329, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York).



MR. WALTER BESANT is a busy man, and has added to his other labors that of writing a biography of the late Professor E. H. Palmer.

ANOTHER collection of sonnets, edited by Mr. H. J. Nicoll, is to appear in Edinburgh, under the somewhat affected title of "C. Sonnets, by C. Authors."

"EUROPEAN BREEZES," Margery Dean's (Mrs. Pitman's) gossip little book of travels has proved so popular that Lee & Shepard, her publishers, have issued a special holiday edition, for which there is said to be a large demand.

IT is a curious fact that "The Tale of Two Cities," the most dramatic and artistic of all Dickens' books, has had less sale than any other. "Pickwick" leads, and during the twelve years since the novelist's death, some 4,239,000 of his books have been sold in England alone.

PRANG'S CHRISTMAS CARDS have already had such full description in every quarter that it is hardly necessary to do more than confirm the popular verdict. Their artistic qualities improve each year, and whether plain or in their dress of fringe and cord, they are one of the most attractive forms of holiday remembrance.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER's views of American life, and the proceedings at the farewell banquet given to him November 11, 1882, have been published in a neat pamphlet, by D. Appleton & Co., and will interest all who failed to read the press reports, or who care to preserve a record of both interview and comments upon it.

"THE BOOK OF FORTY PUDDINGS," by Susan Anna Brown—the puddings being forty cents and the sauces ten—is a pretty oblong volume, in which all has been done that paper, print and binding can do toward making a topic attractive. The receipts are excellent, and only one thing is wanting—an index. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

"THE YOUTH'S COMPANION" remains as much a favorite as fifty years ago, its illustrations being the most objectionable work about it. Its corps of brilliant contributors make up deficiencies in this respect, and 1883 promises even more profuse entertainment than previous years have held. Mr. Butterworth does some of the most painstaking and attractive work for young people, and the paper owes much to his services.

AMONG the many attractive calendars for 1883, three take the lead. Miss Sanborn's "Sunshine Calendar" issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., which is on so liberal a scale that each leaf holds two or more selections, and the Longfellow and Emerson calendars, from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., each made up of carefully selected quotations, and each a store-house of pleasure for whoever becomes the owner. Each \$1.00.

MR. A. J. H. DUGANNE's book, "Governments of the World: Their History and Structure," is really a dictionary of governments, and one of the most valuable books that has appeared during the year. It has involved an enormous amount of labor, and really gives, in brief, the political history of mankind. Questions have been added, which fit it for use as a text-book, and it may well be used as a reference book by all who want fuller knowledge of the subject, as it certainly will be by all who have de-

sired precisely such a condensed and accurate arrangement of facts. (8vo., pp. 881, \$2.00; James S. Burton, New York).

MRS. EMMA P. EWING, whose "Cooking and Castle-Building," is one of the most charming contributions to the esthetic side of cookery, is preparing a set of little manuals for use in cooking schools. The first one treats of "Soup and Soup Making," and ends with a set of questions on the topics treated. The work is very simply and comprehensively done, and its low price, twenty-five cents, makes it accessible to all. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., Chicago.

THE title of Mrs. Jane G. Austin's pleasant little volume disarms criticism at once, for who could look coldly upon anything so eminently unpretending as "Nantucket Scraps. Being the Experience of an Off-Islander, In Season and Out of Season, Among a Passing People." What an "Off-Islander" is, is fully explained, together with many other scraps of information, and, though treading on dangerous ground, there is nothing that can wound the feelings of the most susceptible Nantucketer. (pp. 354, \$1.25; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

AN unusually well-written though slightly improbable story for children is found in "Paul and Persis; or, The Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley," by Mary E. Brush. Persis is a waif, left at the door of Paul's grandmother, and brought up by her, her parentage being finally discovered in very melodramatic fashion. The German element of the valley and the daily life of the period are well described, and the whole will give small readers a vivid idea of the war and its effects in this then remote and almost unknown region. (pp. 228, \$1.00; Lee and Shepard, Boston).

LONG before "The Boys of '61" and other equally fascinating books had made Charles Carleton Coffin's name familiar to boy readers, "Our Young Folks," that dearly-loved and long-mourned magazine, contained in its early years a serial story, called "Winning His Way." No story for boys ever better deserved the place it took and has kept, and the publishers do well in giving a new edition, fully illustrated, in which the boy of to-day may follow the fortunes of Paul Parker, and dance for joy, as at least one boy was known to do, when he comes home from the war at last, weak, wounded and half-dead, to the faithful friends who believed in him through evil as well as good report, and to the girl who proved more than friend. (Square 12mo, pp. 208, \$1.25; Estes & Lauriat, Boston).

THE literary life, arduous as it in some ways is, has preservative qualities. Mr. Alcott is recovering from his paralytic shock, and Dr. Holmes, though long past seventy, carries his years lightly, and speaks in the January *Atlantic* with no lack of his old force, and with a promise of future work delightful to every one of his readers. "Having laid down the burden which for more than thirty-five years I have carried cheerfully," he says, "I might naturally seek the quiet of my chimney corner, and purr away the twilight of my life unheard beyond the circle about my own fireplace. But when I see what my living contemporaries are doing, I am shamed out of absolute inertness and silence. The men of my birth-year are so painfully industrious at this very time that one of the same date hardly dares to be idle."

IN selecting Lieutenant F. V. Greene as the chronicler of the latest issue in the "Campaigns of the Civil War" series, "The Mississippi," the publishers have deviated from their usual custom of choosing a participant in the scenes and events described. Lieutenant Greene has no personal knowledge of this campaign, and may be, for this reason, a more disinterested historian. There are small traces of the vivacity which distinguished his "Army Life in Russia." The subject seems to have weighed upon him, and in his anxiety to be accurate he

becomes tedious, his narrative being constantly interrupted by verifications. His estimate of many of the chief officers of this campaign is quite at variance with popular opinions regarding them. He gives the fact, not before made known, and to be found in unpublished papers of General Pemberton's, that the army in Vicksburg "were mutinous, and refused to undertake a march and battle with the design of cutting their way through the Union lines and abandoning the city," and the uncertainty of temper of the final days is described minutely. As a whole, the book, though the least interesting of the series, presents some new points, and is a good summary of this special phase of the Rebellion. (12mo, pp. 276, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

In the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* Mr. Herbert Spencer writes of the "Gospel of Recreation," with especial reference to his American observations. "Everywhere," he says, "I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. We hear a great deal about 'the vile body,' and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health; but Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish."

Gossip about art and artists has an unflinching charm, and thus "Parisian Art and Artists," by Henry Bacon, will find an audience through curiosity alone. The title, "Parisian Art," the author hastens to say, is by no means limited to French art. "Sweden, Russia, Hungary, Spain, Italy, England and America contribute to this common fund of esthetic talent, aspiration and endeavor." Mr. Bacon is a careful and discriminating critic, and has caught the spirit of this curious mixture, with its tendencies and effects, wonderfully well. Each artist is represented by one or more sketches, often of extreme interest, as showing their methods of work, though there are cases where such selection by no means does them justice, as on page 18, where Alfred Stevens' "Autumn" shows a right arm and hand that are of inconceivable stiffness and disproportion. As a whole, however, the illustrations are of great value, the book affording many details inaccessible elsewhere, and being of permanent and solid value, though of most interest to those who already have some knowledge of the subjects treated, the want of fullness being at times exceedingly provoking. (Illustrated, square 12mo, pp. 239, \$3.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

For those who are not content till a knowledge of personal details concerning an author has been reached, there will undoubtedly be a certain interest in Mr. W. Sloane Kennedy's volume entitled "John Greenleaf Whittier: His Life, Genius and Writings." The book is written in a chatty, familiar style; Mr. Kennedy is a fair and reasonable critic, and many glimpses of the poet are not only new but interesting, as when he writes: "Whittier is now an old man, somewhat hard of hearing, and with the fixed sadness of time upon his pleasant face. But ever and anon, as you converse with him, his countenance is irradiated by a sudden smile, sweet and strange and full of benignity—like a perfume from a bed of white violets, or a glint of rich sunlight on an April day. His is one of

those Emersonian natures that everybody loves at first sight. The very mole under the right eye seems somehow the birthmark or sign-manual of kindliness. The quaint grammatical solecisms of the Quaker and the New England farmer—the 'thee's' and the omission of the *g's* from present participles and other words ending 'ing'—give to the poet's conversation a certain slight piquancy and picturesqueness." In spite of as much inoffensiveness as such writing can hold, it must be said that the book is an offense to good taste, the very fact of undertaking a memoir while its subject still lives giving the feeling that speedy death is anticipated, and the biographer wants to be first in the market. (16mo, pp. 311, \$1.50; S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

CHATTERBOX. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A., 1882. \$1.50, pp. 411. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

THE PRIZE. For Boys and Girls, 1882. 75 cts., pp. 140. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Phebe Earle Gibbons. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. \$1.50, pp. 427. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE LAND OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Being Travels Through Egypt, Arabia and Persia to Bagdad. By William Perry Fogg, A. M. With an Introduction by Bayard Taylor. 12mo, pp. 350, \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

EMERSON AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Moncure Daniel Conway. 12mo, pp. 383, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

RARE POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. A Supplement to the Anthologies, Collected and Edited with Notes. By W. J. Linton. \$2.00, pp. 264. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

MY HOUSEHOLD OF PETS. By Théophile Gautier. Translated by Susan Coolidge. With Illustrations. \$1.35, pp. 132. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE WIFE'S MANUAL; Or, Prayers, Thoughts and Songs on Several Occasions of a Matron's Life. By the Rev. W. Calvert, M. A. \$2.25, pp. 102. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

PAUL AND PERSIS; Or, the Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley. By Mary E. Brush. \$1.00, pp. 228. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE ROMANCE OF LADY HELEN CLYDE. By Abram Lent Smith. Square 16mo, illustrated, pp. 42, \$1.50. C. T. Dillingham, New York.

WATER ANALYSIS. A Hand-Book for Water Drinkers. By G. L. Austin, M. D. 50 cts., pp. 48. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

HESTER STANLEY AT ST. MARK'S. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. With Illustrations, 16mo, pp. 194, \$1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

DIVORCE. By Margaret Lee. 16mo, pp. 411, 50 cents. John W. Lovell Co., New York.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated. \$1.50, pp. 45. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

A WHIMSICAL WOOING. By Anton Giulio Barilli. From the Italian by Clara Bell. 90 cts., pp. 88. William Gottsberger, New York.

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN WINTER RESORTS. For Tourists and Invalids. With Maps. Revised for Season of 1882-83. 50 cts., pp. 138. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE WINNERS IN LIFE'S RACE; Or, The Great Backboned Family. By Arabella B. Buckley. 12mo, pp. 367, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

FACTS AND PHASES OF ANIMAL LIFE. Interspersed with Original and Amusing Anecdotes. By Vernon S. Morwood. 75 wood engravings, 12mo, pp. 286, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS. Selected and Annotated by Austin Dobson. Parchment Series. 16mo, pp. 284, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Vol. 1. The Tempest, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure. Parchment Series. 16mo, pp. 330, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

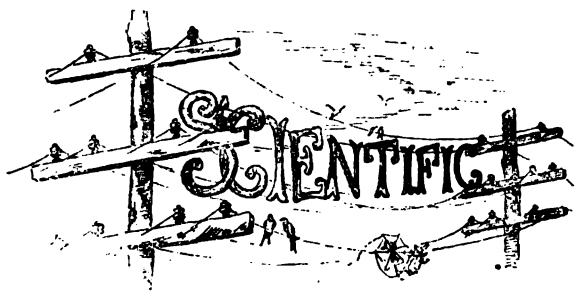
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS; WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA; OLD CHRISTMAS and BRACEBRIDGE HALL. 1 vol., illustrated, \$1.50. Macmillan & Co., New York.

OUR BOYS IN INDIA. The Wanderings of Two Young Americans in Hindustan, with their Adventures on the Sacred Rivers, etc. By Harry W. French. 145 Illustrations, pp. 484, \$2.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

RAGNAROK. The Age of Fire and Gravel. By Ignatius Donnelly. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 452, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HEART OF STEEL: A Novel. By Christian Reid. 16mo, pp. 543, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE YOUNG MOOSE HUNTERS. A Backwoods Boy's Story. By C. A. Stephens. Fully illustrated, 12mo, pp. 288, \$1.75. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.



BRADFORD, in England, represents the seat of English woollen manufacture from time immemorial. There is manufactured here, perhaps, every variety of wool grown in the world; hence an account of the wools used at Bradford is tantamount to a description of the principal varieties of the article from all countries. Of countries abroad, the largest supply is derived from the Australian colonies, and there the assortment of qualities and lengths is even greater than in England. They vary from the long, bright New Zealand cross-bred wools, resembling in character the finest Port Philip merinos. These wools arrive, some "in the grease," without washing either on the sheeps' backs or after having been clipped; some washed on the sheeps' backs, and some scoured by machinery after clipping. The tendency is to encourage importation "in the grease," as in that condition the wool best retains its desirable properties, and, besides, no danger exists of its being damaged by any bad process of scouring or washing. Wools from the Cape of Good Hope are not largely used in Bradford, but are better adapted for the Scotch and West of England manufacturers of men's cloth. French, Spanish and Italian wools are mostly used in the countries producing them, but still find their way thither in small quantities. Dutch wool, which is long, coarse and of a certain brightness, is also used. It is received generally unwashed, and is of a lower character than the English production of a similar general quality. Russian wool is largely imported, and varies, as may be expected in so vast a country, from fine merino to the lowest classes. It is chiefly used for moreens. Camel's hair is also imported, both from Russia and China. Besides all these, mohair from Turkey and the Cape and alpaca from Chili and Peru are largely used. The descriptions of goods into which the wools of each country are worked can only be described approximately. They are mixed with each other in infinite variety, and the lower qualities of many ranges of goods are made from different kinds of wools to those used in the better qualities of the same range; that is to say, a low Coburg is frequently made from non-lustre English or Irish wool, while the better Coburgs are made from English down wools or from Australia. The warp for all wool fabrics requiring length and strength is generally made from longer and stronger wool than the weft, which is most frequently spun from linen and softer wool. As will be seen, therefore, the warp of all wool goods is often made of quite different wool from the weft. Speaking generally, it may be said that from the strongest sorts of English wools, such as those grown in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, there are made Orleans mixed dress goods of lustrous character, such as low princettas, dress cords, Russell cords, used for both women's and men's wear; Sicilians and glacés, which latter are very light dress-goods, and, like all the descriptions now named, are made with cotton warp. The next grade in wools, such as those from Northumberland, the south of Scotland and Kent, are made into lastings for linings and for the tops of women's boots, damask and reps for furniture, yarns used in the making of braids and stockings, Coburgs, and all medium, non-lustrous dress goods. The finer kinds of goods, such as the downs from Sussex and Hampshire and the finest from other countries,

are made into "finger-yarns," for knitting, and the better stocking-yarns, non-lustrous dress goods (of a better quality than the last named), common serges and paramattas. The stronger kinds of Australian wools, called cross-breds, are often used for the same purposes as similar qualities in English wools, such as the weft for the lower and middle qualities of Coburgs, Thibets, Sicilians and Italians. All these, especially the last, are largely used for linings. All-wool and mixed serges are also made from these wools. The finer sorts of colonial wools are woven into the best Thibets, Persians, cords, Italians and all-wool cashmeres; also into any other goods where fineness and softness are desired. Common Mediterranean wools are largely used for carpets, moreens and strong, heavy goods. Mohair, the fleece of the goat, is the brightest fibre used. It is made into excellent dress goods, mixed with cotton, wool or silk, and the yarn from it is used in heavy quantities for making braids, and also in manufacturing imitation sealskins, mantles and rugs. Alpaca is also of a bright nature, and is used almost entirely for dress goods; but as fashion for a long time past has been for materials of a soft, dull finish, rather than those having a bright appearance, mohair and alpaca have become much lower in price as compared with wool than formerly.

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CHEMISTS have found much of interest in the critical examination of sea-water. The facts discovered in the progress of these investigations have been fruitful of suggestions as to the geological history of inland seas. The analysis of numerous specimens of waters from the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Suez Canal, Chinese Sea and the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, shows the wide-spread existence of lithium and boric acid in all these seas. This fact leads to the following hypothesis as to the origin of saline deposits in different soils: If a mineral water contains magnesium chloride and at the same time lithium and boric acid in such quantities as to be readily detected in a few drops of the water, the water in all probability consists of a sea-water concentrated by evaporation; and, in like manner, when lithium and boric acid do not exist simultaneously in the water in appreciable quantities, it is absolutely certain that it is not the result, at least directly, of the evaporation of sea-water. The water of the Dead Sea contains lithium in such quantities that its presence may be detected by means of the spectroscope in a minute fraction of a drop, while a few drops afford sufficient boric acid to show its presence when examined spectroscopically. According to this hypothesis, it would appear that the waters of the Dead Sea are the residue of an inland sea, analogous to that of the Caspian Sea, or more particularly to that of the Karabaghaz, and has been separated from the ocean at some former time.

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A CURIOUS project in the way of recreation, by M. Joyen, is published. Suppose a large circular wooden chamber, lit from above, but giving no view of outer objects from within, and rotated smoothly and rapidly on a vertical axis. A person standing in it would have to bend his body toward the centre, by reason of centrifugal force, and the more so the further he might be from the centre and the higher speed. M. Joyen supposes he would be subject to the illusion that the floor was inclined upward from his position to the centre; if he had to place himself at an angle of forty-five degrees, the floor would seem inclined at this angle, and a person standing in the corresponding place on the opposite side would seem horizontal, for he too would have to make an angle of forty-five degrees. Only at the centre would the floor seem horizontal, and if a number of persons were in the chamber it is only there one would see them in their real positions. A person walking round the circumference would seem to be at the outside of the base of a cone, which turned under him. To facilitate the position of persons,

M. Joyen would make the floor not horizontal, but inclining upwards at a certain distance from the centre. M. Tissandier does not feel certain that the illusions described would actually occur, but regards the scheme as an attractive curiosity. The apparatus is named "Plagioscope."

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AN interesting experiment has recently been made in Paris. A small balloon, measuring about one hundred cubic feet, and filled with pure hydrogen, was sent up, being held captive by a rope containing two copper wires. A Swan incandescent light having been placed in the gas and attached to the top of the balloon was lighted and the whole aerial machine, which was quite translucent, was splendidly illuminated. It was shown by systematic interruptions that the dots and dashes of the Morse system could be imitated for giving military signals at a great distance.

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MOUNTAIN CORK has been recently used in Germany as a substitute for animal charcoal for the removal of color from molasses. The mountain cork, a variety of amphibole, is dried, ignited and soaked in molasses, then again dried and ignited. This process is repeated several times, until some 3.5 per cent of carbon has become fixed in the mineral, which is then ready for use. It is more efficient than charcoal in removing the alkalies from molasses.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

December 14.—William Ewart Gladstone resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and Hugh C. Childers, Secretary of State for War, was appointed in his stead. Mr. Gladstone retains his party leadership.—The Royal Palace at Hampton Court, containing many invaluable works of historical and artistic worth was damaged by fire. The paintings were saved. Loss estimated at \$150,000.—The United States Senate, by a vote of 20 to 34, refused to increase the efficiency of Navy Chaplains by raising their pay.—At Washington, the new trial of the Star Route conspirators begun.—A fire at Bay Ridge, N. Y., occasioned a loss of \$100,000 in buildings and rolling stock belonging to the Manhattan Beach Railway.—An armistice binding the Great Northwestern Railway lines to maintain a fixed schedule of rates for one year was signed in New York. . . Dec. 15.—The Senate passed the long pending French Spoliation Claims bill.—The finest business block in Toledo, Ohio, was burned. Estimated loss, \$650,000.—Robert Ould, Assistant Secretary of War for the Confederacy, and Confederate Commissioner for the Exchange of Prisoners during the war, died in Richmond, Va., aged 62 years. . . Dec. 16.—Farther changes took place in the British Cabinet; Lord Derby is Colonial Secretary, Lord Hartington, War Secretary and Lord Kimberly, Secretary for India.—Dr. J. Forsyth Meigs, of Jefferson Medical College, died of pneumonia in Philadelphia, aged 62 years. . . Dec. 17.—Hayes' planing mill at Pittsburg, Pa., was burned; loss \$50,000.—A fire occurred at West Kansas City, resulting in the destruction of property to the amount of some \$80,000 in grain and building.—Sixty buildings were destroyed in Newport, Ark.; loss \$150,000. . . Dec. 18.—The United States Supreme Court confirmed the constitutionality of the law under which the Civil Service Reform Association of New York procured the indictment of N. M. Curtis for making political assessments.—At Minneapolis the Barton block was burned; loss \$90,000.—Henry James, Sr., father of the novelist and himself a writer on philosophical subjects, died in Cambridge, Mass., aged 71 years.—Henry D. Denison, of Syracuse, N. Y., died of pneumonia. . . Dec. 19.—In the Senate the Indian Appropriation bill was passed.—A sharp earthquake shock occurred, about a quarter past five o'clock, in Concord, Dover, Contoocook, Manchester, Great Falls and other New Hampshire towns. It lasted from eight to ten seconds, causing people to rush into the streets. The earth wave traveled from east to west.—Dr. William S. Forbes, of Jefferson College, was indicted by the Grand Jury for complicity in the grave robberies at

Lebanon Cemetery, Philadelphia.—Five stores and other buildings were burned at Grand Forks, Dakota, involving a loss of \$100,000.

THE DRAMA.

"PEROLA; OR, THE REJECTED TITLE" is the name of a travesty on "Iolanthe" to be produced in London.

MME. JANAUSCHEK, it is said, will produce a new play, entitled "Boadicea," written for her by a Providence gentleman, for the first time during her forthcoming engagement at Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia.

"IOLANTHE" has packed the Standard Theatre, New York, at every performance since its opening night. It has been equally successful at the Lyceum, Philadelphia, under the management of Messrs. Murphy and Donnelly, who have presented it with the strictest attention to every detail.

MR. LYTTON SOTHERN, a son of the famous comedian, will play an extended engagement in this country next season, producing the plays in which his father achieved his great fame and fortune. He will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Eva Sothern, a lady whose personal attractions are highly praised.

THE same enthusiastic receptions greeted Mme. Nilsson in Chicago and San Francisco as were extended to her in Eastern cities. It is thought possible that she may be seen in grand opera in New York ere her departure for Europe, and that she may inaugurate the Broadway Opera House, now in course of erection.

"THE SORCERER" has had a very prosperous run at the Bijou Opera House, New York. It will be succeeded by a new opera by Messrs. Solomon and Stephens, called "Virginia." These co-workers are now engaged on a spectacular opera, entitled "The Snow Queen," which is to be produced at Booth's Theatre in the spring.

DURING the week commencing December 11, Mr. Jefferson fulfilled an engagement at the National Theatre, Washington. It proved quite a strange coincidence, as in the corresponding week of December, 1835, his father was playing in that city at a theatre also called the National, supporting Mr. James Wallack and Miss Wheatley.

ANOTHER theatre is to be built in New York in Third Avenue, corner of Thirty-first Street. It is to be managed by Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, and is advertised to be ready in September next. Popular prices will prevail, and it is intended to supply the wants of the up-town east-side population, as the Grand Opera House on Eighth Avenue does for the western side of the city.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD, who was very favorably received earlier in the season in the operas of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Les Manteaux Noirs" at the Standard Theatre, New York, has joined the Union Square Theatre, and makes his first appearance there in M. Octave Feuillet's "A Parisian Romance." Difference of opinion with the management of the Standard Theatre as to the rendering of one of the principal parts in "Iolanthe" caused his withdrawal.

MR. A. C. GUNTER, the author of "Two Nights in Rome," one of the best dramas of any modern American playwright; "Fresh, the American," one of Mr. John T. Raymond's successes, and others of lesser note, will shortly produce a new play, called "Courage," at the Park Theatre, Boston. Mr. Gunter assumes all the risk of production, so that if the play meets the success he anticipates the reward will be all his own. Messrs. Merry and Goatcher have painted the scenery, and the incidental music has been composed by Mr. Jesse Williams, the conductor of the Bijou Opera House, New York.

"SIBERIA," Mr. Bartley Campbell's latest contribution to dramatic literature, achieved immediate success upon its initial production on any stage at the California Theatre, San Francisco, some weeks since. The story treats of the persecution of the Jews in Russia, also of Nihilism, and is strong and full of interest. The play is seven acts, several of which are spectacular, ballet being introduced. The central character, "Sara," daughter of a Jew who has turned Christian, was played by Miss Georgia Cayvan. Mr. Augustus Levick and Mr. George Wessels interpreted the leading male characters. "Siberia" will be produced next in New York, to receive the Eastern verdict.



An Arrest for Carrying Congealed Weapons.

Answers to Correspondents.

Allida.—According to some of the best Shakspearean commentators the refrain in the witches' song in "Macbeth," "Double, double, toil and trouble," refers to the alleged twins of which Mrs. Macbeth was the mother.

Bridget.—Yes, you are quite correct. If you pour kerosene on a dull fire it will quicken it effectually. If you are lucky, you may survive the quickening of that fire and live to try it again; but the chances are agin it, Bridget—the chances are agin it!

Lawyer.—Your scruples of conscience do you great credit. Feeling as you do, it would no doubt injure your professional standing should you undertake the defense of a criminal belonging to a low-down family. Don't you defend any criminal whose social standing is not first-rate.

Eliza Jane.—Trim your light-blue silk dress with old-gold satin ribbon (green-lined, if possible), and have a good many oxidized silver buttons in front. Your long yellow gloves will go admirably with this costume, and with your maroon velvet hat you will look quite too altogether bewitching for anything.

Thomas W.—Well, let us suppose that the burglar is in one of the upper rooms and you want to catch him. You just get the rolling-pin, or two or three of them if you can, and lay them on the stairs. Then make a row and the burglar will run down, but he won't run far before stepping on a rolling-pin, and then you can descend at your leisure and capture the remains of him at the foot of the stairs. It isn't a good plan, however, to keep rolling-pins on the stairs habitually. The wrong person is sure to forget them, and then there is trouble and a doctor's bill.

Angelina.—No, my dear. If you are young and good looking, and possessed of a private fortune of \$100,000 in your own right, don't you go and get married if you want to succeed as an author. If you can only persuade the editorial fraternity that you have the above-mentioned

points in your favor you've no idea what a high opinion they will form of your manuscripts. They will accept everything you can write, and will correspond with you in the most friendly way. But just as sure as you get married they will lose all interest in you, and will even decline with thanks the pretty little sonnets which you will indite to "Our Home" and "My Baby" and the rest. No, Angelina, don't you do it. That's our advice; but if you are really bent upon marriage, and your intentions are strictly honorable, why we might put you in the way of hearing something to your advantage. Anyhow, suppose you send us your real name and address. We might hear of something that would suit you, you know.

James.—We are always glad to give advice to young men who, like you, have \$5000 with which they wish to speculate in Wall street. You want to get introduced to some broker, in the first place, and tell him your plans. He will tell you not to put your money up unless you can afford to lose it; and then he will show you how, if you had called the day before, you might have doubled your investment. He won't give you any advice—not he—but he will take your \$5000, and, by a neat and mysterious process which he calls buying on a margin, he will lay in about a million dollars' worth of some mining stock, which is bound to rise to par next week, and

make you a millionaire. Every day you watch the reports, and pretty soon your broker will sell you out at a small loss, and re-invest in something else, and at the end of three or four weeks your money will be all gone. That is all there is. Nothing difficult about it! Oh, by all means go and put money that you can afford to lose in Wall street! It will be safe there! So safe that you will never get it again. But then you will know where it is, and you will enjoy seeing your broker driving his span of bays in the park.

DR. OLLAPOD.

His Devotions.

THE organ peals, the choir is singing;
I wonder if she knows I'm here!
Her thoughts, no doubt, are upward winging,
While mine sink, clogged with doubt and fear.

'Tis she, of course; there's no mistaking
Her crowded, glossy braids of brown,
And that's the bonnet she was making—
I sat and watched her bead the crown.

How deft her fingers are—how busy!
Ah! happy man within whose home—
But, stay! such thoughts, they make me dizzy,
And have no place beneath this dome.

Far better should I ponder grimly
My faults committed, duties missed.
How neat her glove is, and how trimly
It buttons round her slender wrist!

Ah! vain and poor is earthly pleasure;
No wonder that our sad hearts yearn
To some more high and lasting treasure—
They're sitting down. Perhaps she'll turn.

Thank Heaven, she sees me! She is flinging
A sweet reproachful glance my way—
Yes, dear, indeed I've been singing,
And now, my saint, I mean to pray! M. BRIDGES.

THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 50.



THE BEGGARS—REMBRANDT.

AN ART FOR ENTHUSIASTS.

THE increase of interest in everything relating to art which very recent years have witnessed among us, appears to many only as a passing freak of fashion, which will soon give place to some other whim as all-absorbing for the moment and as short-lived in the end. Perhaps the best evidence that it is more than this is found in the directions it has taken, and in the forms it has assumed, rather than in the ardor which, in certain quarters at least, distinguishes its devotees.

The movement is popular in the fullest sense. There might have been a good deal more founding of art

schools than we have seen, more rearing of public monuments, more giving of state commissions for works of imposing size, with subjects of national importance. There might have been, in many ways, more ambitious and conspicuous movements in the patronage and encouragement of art by the few who occupy places from which such patronage and encouragement can be dispensed, without, at the same time, anything like the evidence of substantial improvement in popular standards of taste which one sees everywhere to-day. For the impulse is felt, in one form or another, in every



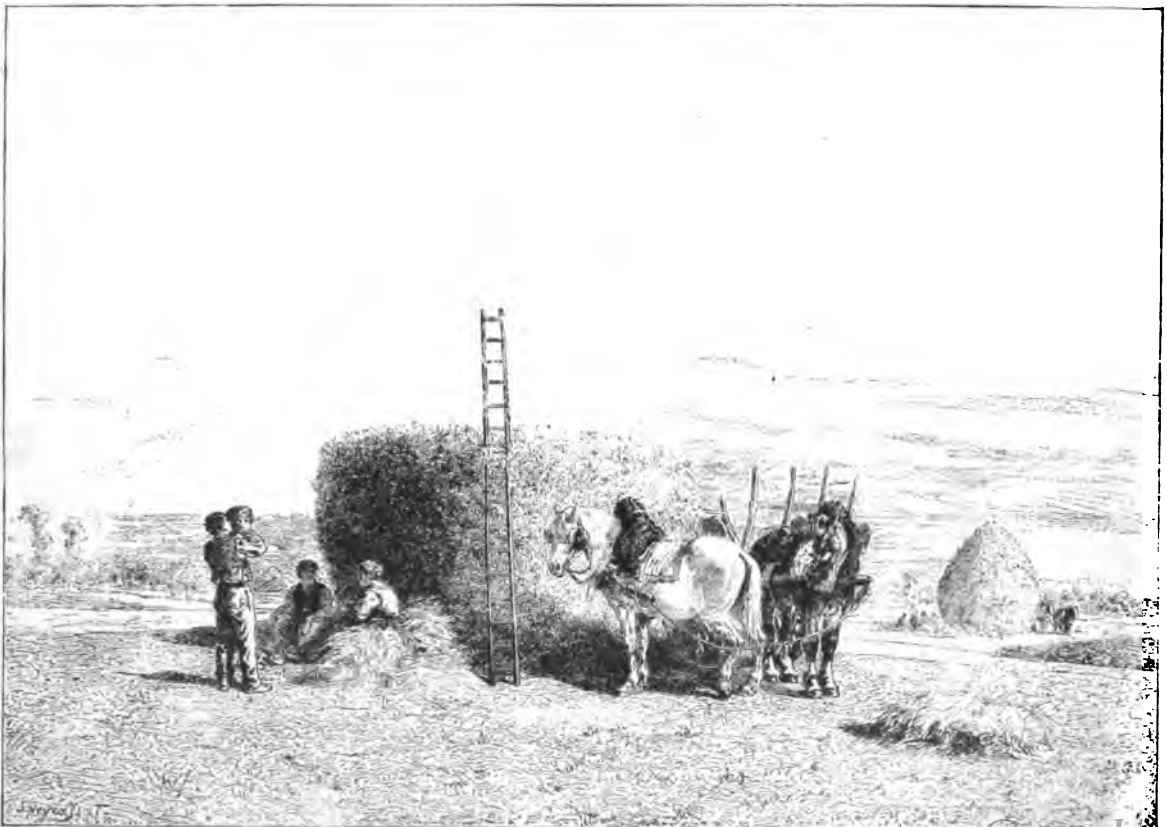
FULHAM ON THE THAMES—SEYMOUR HADEN.

household, and a touch of refinement is given to the humblest, which, however slight, is everywhere regarded as genuine and sincere.

I am not speaking of "household art" in any restricted sense, but only of that which is distinctively domestic and familiar, as opposed to that which is meant for the public place; and the changes one notices in the relation of almost everything pertaining to these private needs, though following prevalent fashions, of course—we always do that—are yet, it must be

allowed, with hardly an exception, changes in the direction of those preferences that are recognized as "artistic," because associated in our minds with an influence which lives through the changes of fashion, and which gives enduring value to whatever is felt to be in harmony with its spirit.

The increased interest which is felt in etching, and the changed feeling with which it has come to be regarded, is significant of this improvement in the public taste. Not that the densest ignorance of its methods



HARVESTERS AT REST—VEYRASSAT.



AN EXQUISITE—LOUIS LELOIR.

and completest misapprehension of its spirit are not prevalent enough, as they are prevalent concerning other arts; not that much of the enthusiasm one hears expressed about it is anything more than harmless "gush," which would expend itself as lavishly and as aimlessly on some other subject if this were wanting; not that young ladies, in many respects well brought up, and who might at least be reasonably expected to understand the meaning of common English words, are not still to be found in great numbers who confound etching with work in pen and ink and misapply the name to the more or less artistic devices which they execute, by this means, on holly-wood or linen; not that, to large numbers of very respectable citizens who turn with pleasure the leaves of illustrated books, or regularly expend a portion of their income on prints for their walls, an etching is not still a kind of slipshod and out-at-elbows engraving, to which they much prefer the tidy trimness of the steel plate, with its formal and perhaps machine-made lines; but among those who have learned to recognize what is genuine and original, under whatever form it is presented, etching has long ago come to be regarded as among the most satisfactory of the arts which the printing press disseminates. Most of all, perhaps, this is the case with artists who find in the directness of its methods enlarged opportunities for artistic expression, as well as a healthful change in their habits of work and exercise for faculties which the painter is apt to neglect; and if the renewed activity in

the arts and the apparent love for them which we notice on every hand is indeed a genuine awakening of the artistic spirit among a people who have systematically neglected it hitherto, it need hardly be wondered at that among the first branches of art to feel the new impulse should be one which lends itself so readily to the expression of this spirit.

A very large and successful exhibition by the Society of Etchers has been open in Philadelphia since Christmas, and an equally important one by the New York society will be opened in that city next month. The most original and distinguished etcher of modern times, Mr. Seymour Haden, of London, is spending the winter with us, and has given his views about his beloved art before large and enthusiastic audiences in the principal cities. It is worth while—and the time is a favorable one—to consider some of the claims for preference which etching makes, and some of the causes which have hitherto hindered their recognition.

"The comparison," says Mr. Haden, "of the etching needle with the burin is the comparison of the pen with the plow." The lecturer, in his zeal, has sometimes gone out of his way to belittle and degrade a very noble art, and as far as he means in the simile to make the plow a symbol of clumsiness and the engraver only a plodding toiler, I am sure he is unjust. Within certain limits, however, the comparison is not unfair, and expresses with considerable truth the relation between the untrammelled expression of mental activity which is possi-



AT THE FOUNTAIN—J. F. MILLET.

ble on the one hand, and the patient and persevering industry, which is certainly a conspicuous element of success, on the other.

It is the least satisfactory way of advocating the merits of one art to assail another. This is the mistake which has been made by Mr. Haden, and I should not, in anything I have to say about etching, continue the comparison with engraving at all, if the common objections to etching did not seem to be chiefly associated with and perhaps owing to such a comparison. If then, I ask the reader to consider for a moment the purpose of both the etcher's and the engraver's work, and the sources of such interest as we feel in both their performances, he will please understand that the comparison between them, which is inevitable, is rather an attempt to vindicate the one than an effort to disparage the other.

Such a consideration involves, at the outset, nothing less than an inquiry into the spirit and purpose of art itself. Is it an affair of mental capacity and emotion, or is it a struggle with material obstacles to the utterance of these? In a sense it is both. But I think we shall all agree that the noblest form of expression is that which voices the emotion with most directness, and in which the physical effort is least apparent.

This, of course, is all that is meant by the saws about its being the "end of art to conceal art," on the one hand, and on the other, that those arts are "fine" in the truest sense, in which the material employed offers least difficulty in its manipulation, an attempt at classification which has before now been applied to the several arts. It is unsatisfactory, certainly, if for no other reason than that it is difficult if not impossible to tell which art is "easier" than another, but it contains an element of truth as indicating that the mind does its best work when it is hindered the least.

Not that the spectacle of the mind triumphing over material difficulties is not in itself a very noble one; but this is, for the most part, a question of ingenuity and persistence in other fields than those we are contemplating, chiefly in that of mechanics, and it only confuses our whole conception of the nature of things to mix up our feelings regarding these with our ideas concerning art.

Now, great as the artistic capacity of the really eminent engravers has often been, the evidence of ingenuity and persistence which their work necessarily bears is so great that it is not strange if it sometimes blinds us to the former quality, especially since so large a part of the engraver's effort has always been directed to the re-



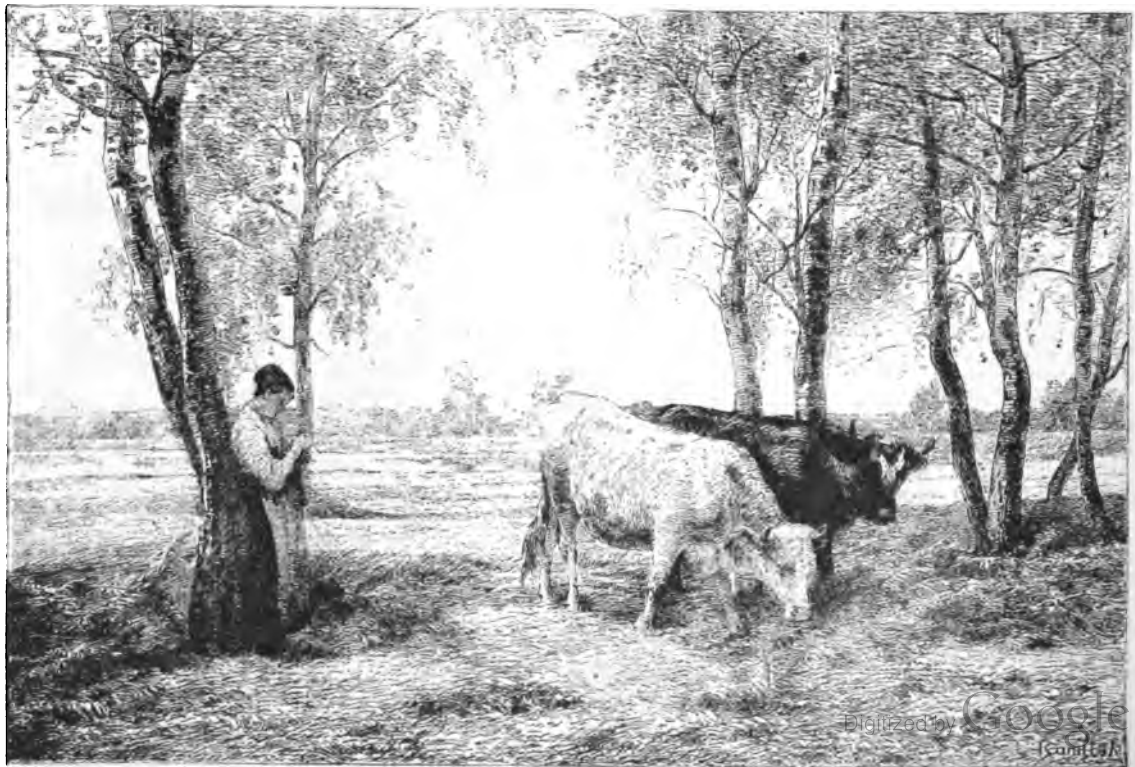
AVANT LA PÊCHE—P. BILLET.



AN OLD QUARTER OF VITRÉ—MAXIME LALANNE.



ETCHING—CHARLES JACQUE.



THE PASTURES OF BRESSA—L. BARILLOT.

production and dissemination of the creations of others. So large a part, I say, because it is by no means true, as some have asserted, that engraving is, in its nature, exclusively imitative, and that it is essentially an art at second-hand.

It is probably not so much because its capability of original expression is so limited that artists do not oftener practice engraving, but because the mechanical difficulties are so great and the amount of time required to overcome them so out of proportion to what it is in other arts. I do indeed think that the opportunities for the expression of individual peculiarities of thought and feeling are greater in etching than in engraving, and that if a comparison must be made, the former is

zine, there have appeared from time to time engravings which have been cut on wood in *fac-simile* of etchers' work. As examples at the same time of patient skill and of exquisite refinement of the perceptive faculties they are marvelous; but I wonder how many of the readers who admired them for a moment as they turned the leaves were aware that into each of those little "cuts," as they are called, went the labor of perhaps a month. A month's hard work to copy on wood the lines which the artist-etcher had dashed off in a morning! If I admired the skill of the engraver less, I should feel less regret that it had not been more worthily employed.

With the steel engraver the case is still worse, for



REST—H. LEROLLE.

the finer art of the two, for this reason as well as for the simple fact that less severe and less prolonged effort is apparent in the one than in the other; for it seems to me that evidence of labor, so far from giving pleasure—which, under the names of "conscience," etc., it seems to some people to do—is always a terrible drawback to the enjoyment of a work of art.

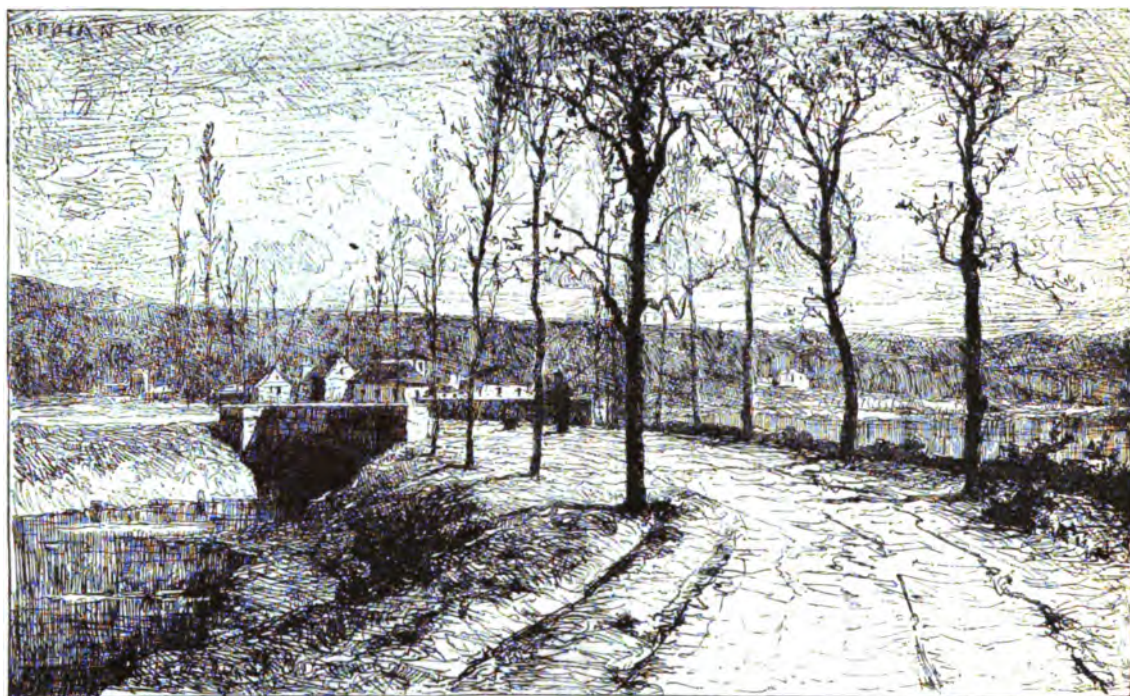
I hope such considerations as these do not prevent my appreciation of the work of the engraver, and I believe I am not wanting in admiration either for the exquisite skill or the devoted enthusiasm which the best of his class constantly show. I have no doubt that he very often possesses noble powers, both mental and moral, in which many a successful etcher is sadly deficient, or for which he finds little employment; but this does not alter, for a moment, the question concerning the artistic qualities of the two arts.

Among the superb illustrations in *The Century* maga-

it is no uncommon thing for him to spend years on a single plate. Think of an artist of spirit, and with such splendid powers as many an engraver possesses, being chained to his stool like that, to copy, after all, the work of somebody else! Talk about devotion to art and the beauty of the self-sacrificing spirit! The engraver is your true martyr when he possesses any spirit, or any enthusiasm at all.

Now the peculiar and, indeed, the only distinctive merit of etching is that, while much richer in resources than the crayon or pen and ink, the hand is as free as it is when either of these is employed. Free in the sense of allowing extreme rapidity of execution, as well as in admitting methods of treatment the most varied and original.

"Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race obtains a foothold, there will be horse-racing and portrait-painting," said an acute observer of another day; and wherever the ar-



APPROACH TO THE VILLAGE OF ARTEMARE—APPIAN.



LA HALTE, FROM THE PICTURE BY MEISSONIER—LEOPOLD FLAMENG.



LE GUITARISTE—FORTUNY.

tistic spirit is understood and appreciated, the claims of etching cannot fail to be recognized. By precisely the same rule, the causes of its unpopularity, when it is unpopular, may be understood, too, and prevalent misconceptions concerning it may be shown to be only a part of the prevalent misconceptions concerning art itself. What artist has not been mortified to find what different qualities than those he has striven after, his patron values in his work? What court-painter has not at some time earned his bread rather through the painting of buttons and ribbons than of men and women? Now, steel engraving has one distinguishing merit. No other method is comparable to it for the rendering of subtle gradations of light. Nothing can excel the delicacy of its tones in the hands of a master—a delicacy which makes it possible to imitate with surprising accuracy the daintiest textures. Not even the painter can render with more truthfulness the sheen of satin or the softness of down, the glitter of metal or the tender light of an evening sky. All this is obtained at a considerable sacrifice, it is true—the sacrifice of almost everything that the artist commonly values in the way of individual expression and natural suggestion, but it is obtained all the same, and let due credit be always

given for it. The substitution, by the engraver, of mechanical precision and formal arrangement in the lines employed for the freedom and versatility of the etcher's needle, is closely associated with, if it is not in great measure responsible for, two influences which cannot sufficiently be deplored. In the first place—for I think this is the most serious of the two—the neatness and prettiness which the most commonplace steel engraving almost always shows has come to take the place in popular estimation of far more important qualities. So true is this that a work of art, executed in any medium, if it is to become in any sense "popular," must exhibit this flimsy quality, which generally goes by the name of "finish."

It is this childish taste that makes possible the sale of those ridiculous travesties of sculpture with which Italian marble-cutters periodically flood the auction-shops. It is what prevents us from according to water-color, as practiced by the best modern painters, anything like the place to which it is entitled. It is what forces every young painter, who really has to live by his art, to tinker over his work for weeks after he has already done all that he feels is really worth doing, to make it "sell." Many a good picture has been ruined in the



GLOUCESTER, MASS.—CHARLES A. PLATT.

process. "I painted it in two days," said one of these men to me of a large landscape, the exhibition of which was regarded as something of an event a few years ago; "but it would never have done to let it go so, and I worked at it two months after that, though I certainly did not improve it at all." I am afraid that to the average patron this two months' work was what commended the picture, however, and that the necessity for it which the painter felt is a pretty constant quantity in the calculations of artists who expect to find purchasers.

Now if this so-called finish meant, as Mr. Ruskin says it ought to mean, "added truth," there would, of course, be nothing but what was eminently desirable in it. I am afraid that it very rarely means anything of

the kind; but that, almost without exception, it means only smoothness and neatness, the careful covering of the canvas with pretty color and in such a way that the brush-marks shall not show. What painter does not feel that so far from meaning added truth it usually means the suppression of truth—a toning down of the real facts in consideration of the tastes to which it is addressed, to the end that there may be, as in the court play, "no offense in it?"

Now I believe the reasons that the merits of etching are not more generally appreciated is chiefly owing to this shortcoming of popular standards of judgment in art; and that the reason why good works of this class are not more universally admired is not because they



A SPRING DAY IN AN OLD SUBURB—STEPHEN PARRISH.

are wanting in the subtle tones of the steel engraving, but because they have not its pretty surface and its air of perfect tidiness. Now it is easy enough for the etcher to obtain a good deal of this neatness if he chooses, as any one knows who has taken the trouble to inform himself how large a part of the steel engraver's work is really etching, or who has ever seen such etchings as, for instance, Mr. Chapman's pictures of the Roman Campagna, which were bitten by the acid in steel; but all is done as cleanly as an engraver would do it, the straight lines being ruled with as much precision as distinguishes the drawings of any architect's apprentice.

I need not remind the reader that it is not for this kind of thing that the etcher cares, and that he would

At the same time it will not be out of place here to remind the stickler for correctness of drawing that he is in some danger of confounding correctness of *statement* with correctness of impression and *ex-pression*, even if he does not, as many certainly do, confound beauty of outline with beautiful treatment by lines, and I have no apology to offer for the artist who has never learned how to draw. It is in him the unpardonable sin, for which he should be held to the strictest account, in these days, at least, when good drawing schools are established in almost every city. But really truthful drawing does not consist so much in imitation or definition of actual form as in the power to produce in a work of art the effect which the forms themselves produce in nature; a very different affair, as every artist and every



MORNING ON THE RIVER—HENRY FARRER.

rather not etch at all if his work is not to possess very different qualities from these. But it is not these popular standards of judgment only to which the spirit of the best etching is opposed. It cannot be reconciled to that form of culture which crystallizes into academic formulas. Hence it has been called the "art of the bad draughtsman," and, as Mr. Ruskin himself has styled it, "a bungling art."

To discuss, at anything like the length which its importance demands, the question as to what constitutes good drawing and what does not, is not the purpose, and would far exceed the limits, of this paper. It is, moreover, as I believe, quite unnecessary, at this time, to insist much upon the shortcomings of academical standards of correctness by which the draughtsman's work is apt to be judged, partly because academical training is about the last thing from which art in America seems likely to suffer for many years to come, and partly because I think the academies and even the academicians have received rather more than their share of abuse already.

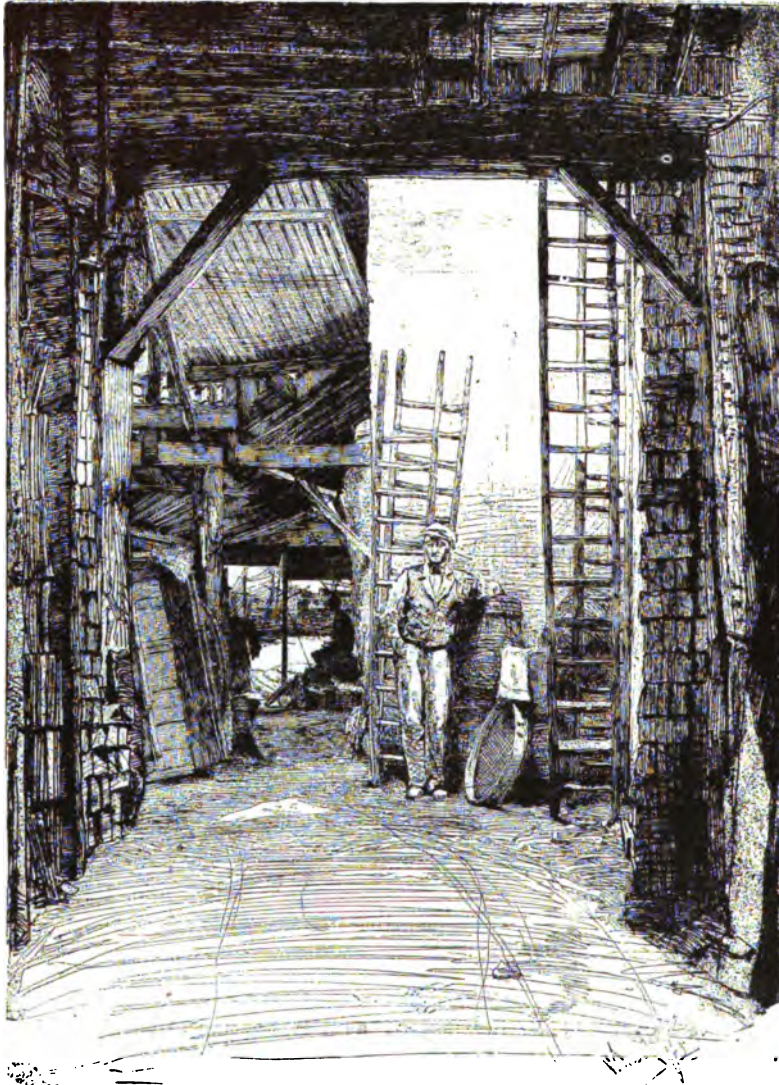
true connoisseur knows well enough. Now, necessary as it is that the artist should be able, on occasion, to define forms with a precise outline, it must be allowed that he needs to gain this power chiefly that he can afford to do without its exercise, for a hard outline is certainly the rarest thing to appear in nature; and I cannot help thinking that the peculiar charm of the etched line, its melting, tremulous quality, is largely owing to its truthfulness to the appearance of natural forms, the sharpest and most immovable of which have always an element of uncertainty about them, even when seen very near and in the clearest light. Now it is this truth of appearance that the draughtsman is after. No diagrams will answer, however accurate their measurements may be. His art is conventional, of course; all art is conventional, from one end to the other, only his work will be strong if with original power he is not hampered by traditions, but makes the conventionalisms his own.

Mr. Haden certainly goes too far when he says that

the engraved line is "without identity," for men of the most original power have often managed to express themselves by means of the burin. Still, whatever the other difficulties which the etcher has to encounter, he is considerably less hampered by traditions than the engraver, and has much more opportunity to invent his own; and if his work is judged in a really catholic spirit—if full allowance is made for personal peculiarities and aims,

well as an engraver—the art of etching was brought to a high degree of perfection by Rembrandt and his contemporaries in the first half of the sixteenth century.

Zealous advocates of its merits repel indignantly the suggestion that it is in any sense an "easy" art, but it is evident enough that it is a difficult one only in the sense that all art is difficult and all high accomplishment rare. As far as actual *technique* is concerned,



THE LIME BURNERS—J. MC NIEL WHISTLER.

which the capabilities of his art allow, and even invite him to exercise so freely—I believe the etchers who have made any record at all will be found to hold their own, even if accuracy of draughtsmanship alone is considered, with their brethren of the burin or the brush.

That it is easy enough to fall into slovenly habits is true, of course, but it is the business of the connoisseur to recognize slovenly work wherever he sees it, and there is certainly no need of charging the faults of the artist to the art which he practices.

Invented, for aught we know to the contrary, almost as long ago as engraving—for Dürer was an etcher as

there can be little doubt that it was its facility that first recommended it to the painter as a means of disseminating his designs and of enabling him to reach a larger public than was possible with his painted work. The same facility and the fact that everything, even to the printing, could be conveniently done by the artist himself—Rembrandt's printing-press was in a handsome room, which opened out of his parlor—have continued to recommend it ever since to a certain class of genuinely artistic minds; splendidly gifted men who, desiring to have their published works issue fresh from their own hands, have yet been too busy or too impa-



NEAR THE SEA—PETER MORAN.

tient to make use of the long and laborious process of engraving.

Such a man was Vandyke, for example, who is believed to have painted a portrait at a single sitting, and who, in etching a hundred of his heads for publication, produced one of the most superb set of works that ever came from the hand of an artist; or Rembrandt, who, besides his many paintings, is credited with having etched three hundred and fifty odd plates, a work in which he not only developed to the fullest the technical resources of the art, but in which he exhibited a conception of art itself and its mission in the world, at once so original and so comprehensive, a humanity so broad and a sentiment so profound, that if a parallel achievement is sought it is only to be found in the thirty-seven plays which Shakspeare produced in the twenty years of his busy life as actor and manager.

Not to mention the contemporaries and immediate successors of these, whose work is only less famous than their own, but whose names it would be out of place to catalogue here, there have been in our own day such men as Meryon—the peer of any in the old or

the new times—to whom nature denied, it is true, the gift of color, but whom she fairly overloaded with other gifts until his marvelous drawings were published like Tasso's song, from a mad-house; and Millet, who combined with the finest executive powers, so profound a dislike for the glamor of technique and the conventions of the schools that the simplicity and directness of his work are a constant protest against their misleading graces and hollow charms. It is men like these who have found in etching a means of expression suited to their genius, and whose brilliant performances have added, for all succeeding time, a kind of lustre to the art itself.

This art shares, of course, the limitations of the temperaments to which it commends itself so readily. Its freedom is sometimes caprice, and its simplicity sometimes inclines to meagreness and poverty, while it is not, it must be confessed, itself exempt from certain more or less misleading charms, such as the soft lights and velvety depths of shadow which it owes, perhaps, for the most part to the printer, and which occasionally blind us to the absence of more enduring qualities.



PILOT TOWN, MISSISSIPPI DELTA—PENNELL.

This matter of the printing is indeed one of which a great deal has been made, and to which I cannot help thinking too much importance is apt to attach in the minds of both artists and connoisseurs. Not that I underrate the beauty of effect which the artist often produces on his plate independently of that which the etched lines give. In the monotypes of Mr. Walker, Mr. Bicknell and others, the effects are produced without any etched or engraved lines at all, and the effects so produced are often—those of Mr. Walker especially—simply magnificent. If the etcher will only print his own work, there is no limit to be assigned to the added and varied charm which may be given to his impressions.* Only it seems hardly fair for him to expect the professional printer to do this for his plates, nor to confound the effect which he himself manages to produce on the surface of his copper with the merits of his etching. Of course the etcher has a right to expect

something the printer can give it. He is rarely suited, of course, and is fond of asserting that only two or three people in the world are competent to print an etching; this is very sad of course, but as far as I am able to judge, it is something that gives least trouble to those whose work is best worth preserving. There is very little evidence in Rembrandt's work of anything but the simplest kind of printing, and what was good enough for him ought to be good enough for those who are only too glad to sit at his feet and be reckoned his disciples, unless, as I have said, they are willing to do their own printing.

The truth is that Rembrandt managed to leave his plate in such a condition that the ink *had* to stay where it was wanted. His works are certainly not deficient either in local color or in light and shade, when he is minded to express these qualities. It was not the beauty of his line that first charmed the distinguished



THE SOUVENIR—FREDERIC S. CHURCH.

when an edition of impressions is taken from his plate that it shall be done by a skillful and intelligent person—and skillful and intelligent persons are none too common in any profession; but there is evidence that he often expects his plate to be *artistically* printed, that is, he expects the effect to be helped out and added to by

critic, Charles Blanc, who has studied so closely and described so well the distinctive merits of the master's work, but "his strange and startling effects and his mysterious tones, the fantastic play of his lights and the *silence* of his shadows." But it is clear enough from a study of his plates that the effects were produced

* The reader who cares to inform himself concerning the *technique* of etching and the materials and processes employed, will find pretty much everything that is to be said about the subject in the admirable little "Treatise on Etching," by Monsieur Lalanne, one of the most delightful of modern etchers, as he is perhaps the most successful of teachers. The book has been translated by S. R. Koehler, who has added an introductory chapter and many notes that will be of great value to the American reader, and it is published with the original plates and at a moderate price by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. As one of the most accomplished of American etchers said to me the other day: "You don't want any other book than Lalanne's to tell you all that can be *told* about the subject." For the benefit, however, of such of my readers as have not taken the trouble to inform themselves on the subject at all, I may be allowed to describe here so much of the *technique* of etching as will enable them to understand in what respects it differs from engraving, and in what a different spirit the artist who practices it may be allowed and even expected to work from that which distinguishes the professional engraver. In engraving, the lines are cut in the steel or the wood by a sharp tool, which is grasped firmly and made to cut only by the application of considerable force. The tools used and the methods employed in the engraving of a picture do not differ greatly from those which are employed in the chasing of jewelry or the "marking" of silver. An impression is taken by filling the lines which have been cut in the metal with ink. The surface of the plate is then wiped clean. The plate then presents the appearance of work in black enamel, and it was, indeed, from a piece of ornamental work in this black enamel—or *niello*, as it was

called—that the first engraving was printed, by pure accident it is currently believed, as the freshly-painted inscription on the packing-box is transferred to the trousers of the unsuspecting loungers. The damp paper is laid upon the clean plate, whose lines have been filled with ink, and the whole is submitted to the pressure of the roller-press. The soft paper is pressed into the lines and receives the ink. An etching is printed in the same way, but the lines, instead of being engraved on the metal plate, are bitten (*i. e.*, eaten or etched, *vide* the dictionary) into it with some strong acid in this way: The plate is covered with a thin coating of wax or soft varnish, that does not become brittle by drying, and which resists the action of the acid. The artist then draws on the plate, which is usually of copper, with a sharp point, like a needle—it is, in fact, very often nothing but a common darning-needle, passed, perhaps, through a bit of cork, and held in a crayon-holder. This point glides freely and easily over the plate in any direction, removing the varnish, or ground as it is called, and exposing the copper. The plate is then immersed in a bath of some strong *mordant*. Nitric or muriatic acid is commonly used, which eats into the exposed lines, precisely as rust, by a slower process, eats into the iron which is not carefully guarded from its attack. Of course the lines are drawn with one point or with several of different sizes, and are graduated in their depths by carefully-watched and well-timed "bitings," the thick, deep lines being allowed to remain quite a long time in the acid, while the more delicate parts require but a few moments. Sometimes, as I have already shown, they are not bitten in by the acid at all, but are merely scratched in the soft copper with a strong needle. This is "Dry Point."



SAND DUNES, SQUIBNOCK BEACH—EDMUND H. GARRET.

simply enough by lines in the copper, and that with reasonable care in the press-work the pictures could hardly have printed otherwise than as they did.

I purposely avoid, as much as possible, dwelling upon the technical questions which are here involved. They would hardly interest the general reader, and those who are especially interested have either taken pains to inform themselves on these points already, or may readily do so by consulting works which treat of them in a much more satisfactory manner than is possible within the limits of a brief and general article like this, especially as it is out of the question to give illustrations which should convey any idea of the qualities we are considering. It is, however, impossible to discuss intelligently the merits of the art at all without some little reference to the means by which they are produced.

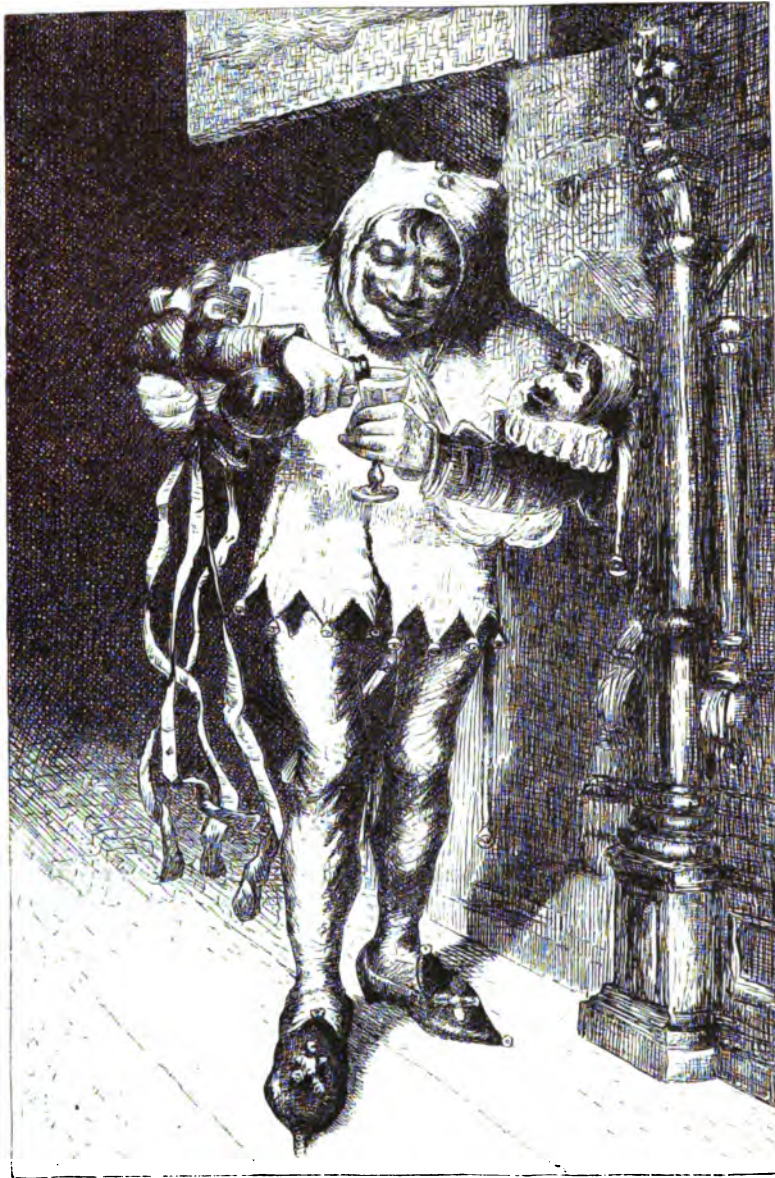
It is clear enough that Rembrandt allowed himself to be bothered about working with the "pure etched line" much less than a good many of his modern followers have done; he used any kind of line that would serve his purpose and that could be put in the most readily, so that, although there was often an admirable *suggestion* of shadow in his etched lines, he seems to have depended very much on the dry point when he wanted the

shadow itself, as I have explained in the note. The "dry point" is nothing but a needle or some such sharp instrument, with which the bare copper is easily scratched deep enough for all the lines which are needed in drawing flesh, or such other parts as need to be very delicately treated. But it is not only at the light end of the scale that the dry point is available. If it is used in close lines, and the little "bur" which it raises is allowed to remain, it produces the most intense blacks which it is possible to obtain by printing; so that by the use of the dry point alone the depth and the delicacy of a charcoal drawing are obtained readily and at once. Now it was chiefly by this means, or by etched lines so thin and close as to answer the same purpose, in parts which were to be neither so delicately modeled on the one hand, nor so deeply dark on the other, that Rembrandt managed to put his shadows and his lights where they belonged, and where even an ordinary printer could not spoil them. The reader who wishes to see of what exquisite effects the dry point is capable, will find beautiful examples of it in the work of Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who is well represented in the exhibition which is open at present in Philadelphia.

Among modern etchers no one holds a higher place



DORDRECHT, HOLLAND—VANDERHOOF.



THE COURT JESTER, FROM THE PAINTING BY WILL M. CHASE—CHAS. H. TURNER.

for originality and just appreciation of the distinctive merits of his art, as well as for the splendor of his own executive powers, than Mr. Seymour Haden, who may in some respects be regarded as a leader in the movement of which we are the witnesses, and if one wished to illustrate the versatility of the art he could not, perhaps, do better than to compare the work of this central figure among the etchers of to-day with that of the greatest of the old masters. Instead of the close, fine work in which Rembrandt delighted, Mr. Haden's—the best of it, at least—is frank and open, and into comparatively few lines is compressed the greatest possible amount of expression and animation. Nothing is elaborated or imitative. Everything is full of suggestion; the suggestion of light and of motion—of the everlasting freshness of nature. His landscapes have that delightful quality of impressive restfulness which one receives from nature, but which is rare enough in pictures, how-

ever cleverly worked out in parts. In a word, his etchings always have those qualities of largeness and breadth which the painter prizes above almost everything else. In fact, he is throughout an artist for artists; for, although he professes to esteem technical qualities as of less importance than mental grasp, it is evident that the admiration which is unreservedly accorded to him is excited, in great part, by his superb *technique* which only the artist deeply understands. His work is chiefly in landscape, though he can draw the figure with considerable power when he chooses. For vigor of conception and masterly execution in work demanding the utmost sureness of hand and the confidence that only perfect mastery of his methods can give, such etchings as his "Agamemnon" or his "Calais Pier," after Turner's magnificent picture, are worthy of any man, and are certainly among the most genuine triumphs of modern art.

L. W. MILLER.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE CURSE OF CALGARTH.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

On the northernmost bound of Windermere,
That loveliest gem of the English lakes,
Whose silvery flow in the light wind shakes,
Or mirrors the sky when smooth and clear—
Its floating clouds and its blue wells deep—
Here, where the shores fond memories keep
Of more than one Titan of minstrelsy,
Stood the humble home, to its owners dear,
Of Kraster Cook and his Dorothy.

Calgarth was the homely name it wore,
And slenderly noted wears to-day;
For the guide-books lead us another way
Than the road to Calgarth's unfettered door.
'Tis but little of picturesque it owns,
Yet a legend clings to the mossy stones,
As meet for a Southey's pen as much
Of the far-away life of mystic lore
That caught his fancy and warmed his touch.

Close to Calgarth, on Windermere,
Lay a broad estate of wealth begot—
So broad that heaven alone knows what
Could have made the covetous master peer
With jealous eye on the farmer's mite;
Yet the riddle is old as our race is, quite,
And the rich Myles Phillipson, Magistrate,
Burdened with acres, sleek with cheer,
For the field of his neighbor lay in wait.

To his every bribe he was answered, "Nay;"
But Myles swore inly he'd have the place,
Be they "live or dead;" and he waxed apace
More kind to its owners day by day.
Thus the days made weeks, and the weeks flew past,
Till the snows of the Yuletide fell at last;
When the 'Squire spread feast for his neighbors all—
For rich and for poor, as was then the way—
And Kraster heeded the friendly call.

Dame Dorothy donned her wedding gown,
In lavender laid so long away;
And Kraster gave to his locks of gray
A brighter gloss as he brushed them down
Straight o'er his forehead, Vandyke style;
Both faces fairer through hope, the while
They rode on one saddle keen to see,
And share the riches of far renown
That smiled in the Phillipson treasury!

The hall was gay in its Christmas dress.
Time flew; yet the wassail-bowl still was sweet;
The smoking odors of wine and meat
Still savored of rollicking happiness;
Still, the tender grace of the mistletoe
Tempted new dancers to and fro,
When a cry was raised for a missing cup—
A cup of gold that was worth no less
Than the all of some that were there to sup.

'Twas Kraster Cook who the last was seen
To drink therefrom of the steaming brew;
But that was at midnight; now 'twas two
O' the clock, and the honest pair had been
Home at Calgarth for an hour in bed—
Resting, as honest folk do, well fed,
Well housed from the cold, and nothing loth
To turn to their life of content again
From a scene of reveling keen to both.

Like the winter night that lies sleeping long,
The farmer, unburthened too, would sleep;
But soon from his slumbers soundly deep
He is roused by a knocking, loud and strong,
On his unlocked door; and by Dorothy
Crying, "Gudeman, Kraster, wake and see
What means this din in the morning gray—
'Tis strange, indeed, for such noisy throng
To come at all, in the night or day."

Scarce time had the old folks clothes to don
Ere the drunken roisterers tumbled in:
Some good men, some of them steeped in sin,
All flushed from 'Squire Phillipson's, bent upon
Righting their host if the fact turned up
That Kraster had stolen the golden cup.
Some thought so, some doubted, a search would tell—
To the kitchen, the cupboard—ah! there it shone—
And the shout that rose was a funeral knell.

For the 'Squire was magistrate—that you know;
And you've guessed how the cup in the cupboard came,
Since you cannot forget the 'Squire's one aim
To possess Calgarth—by any means, so
No land of another should bar the clear
Line of his vision to Windermere.
Two innocent victims—what were they?
(Theft was a death-crime long ago)
What, indeed, to his willful way?

Followed a trial—false of course;
Of justice there was not a ray of hope
For the fated pair; while a hempen rope
Swung in the sentence, and no remorse
Softened the magistrate's cruel face.
Sudden, uprose in the prisoner's place
Old Dorothy, bold in her rightful ire;
And the court-room shook with the ominous force
Of the curse she hurled at the 'Squire.

"Fool! vain shalt thou guard thyself! Vain
Shall thy hope be to prosper! thy breed
Shall henceforth be subjects of greed,
And perish of loss and of pain!
Their schemes shall all wither in hand!
Ere long not an inch of the land
Shall be his that a Phillipson owns!
And in wretched Calgarth you never again
Shall be rid of us haunting its stones!"

The 'Squire's beard whitened under the rain
Of Dorothy's withering speech;
Poor Kraster could only a hand outreach
With motions of protest in vain.
His wife, once so timid, was brave of mien,
As though she a vision of grace had seen,
And further cared nothing for breath;
The awe-stricken people to pity were fain,
But a voice muttered, "On to the death."

The curse to the end was fulfilled;
Came repentance, if ever, too late;
Every Phillipson bowed to the fate
That the pride of the Phillipsons willed.
On the shore of the lake yet is told
How the ghosts were ne'er laid till the gold
Of each Phillipson dwindled away;
Nor till all of the race had been stilled
In the silence that deadens decay.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve."

PRESENTLY they move, and passing down the slabbed incline, and across the water into the King's garden, tread very slowly the fine gravel of the broad walk, as sentinels on either hand of which stand heaven-high firs, that yet have been clipped out of all fir semblance, and, like their brothers round the Schloss, wear the likeness of yews, cut into such tall, narrow sugar-loafs that their forest kin would disown them. Silently they step along. Perhaps the utter repose, the absence of progress and hurry, the sober stillness of all around, tells sleepily upon their young spirits. Perhaps to them speech is not so easy as it was a month ago. It is Belinda who resumes the conversation.

"I suppose that will devolve upon me after all?" she says with a sigh.

"That what will devolve upon you?" asks Rivers dreamily.

He has forgotten all about Professor Forth, and is lost in a sea of speculation as to whether ever woman in this world had such a short upper lip.

"To tell Professor Forth that I do not think he will be my brother-in-law," she answers, smiling.

"You think that Miss Churchill will shirk it?" absently.

The Professor is still a mist-figure to him. It is her chin now. Was there ever such a ravishing round chin?

"I think so; she generally does."

"Generally!" awaked for a moment from his trance by shocked surprise. "Does it often happen?"

"It was a slip of the tongue," she answers, laughing; "it has happened once or twice before."

"And you?"

The bold wind has loosened a very small strand of her hair, and is blowing it against her cheek. How many years of his life—ten? fifteen? twenty?—would he give to be allowed to replace it behind her ear?

"And I? Oh, I dry the victims' eyes, and tell them that there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"And yours?" That little lock is still frolicking distractingly; ought he to tell her of it? "Who dries your victims' eyes?"

"They have not any eyes to dry," she answers precipitately. "I do not mean that they are blind, but that there are no such people—they do not exist."

"You mean, I suppose," he says, reddening, "that I had no business to ask about them?"

"I mean what I say, neither more nor less: they do not exist!"

Her tone is cold and trenchant, as of one who would check a displeasing topic. In point of fact it is intense shyness—the shyness of hearing herself talked about, and talked about by him—that makes it so; but to a listener it has all the effect of a freezing haughtiness, repressing impudent intrusion. She hears it herself with bitterness.

"Is it any wonder that no one has ever loved me?" she says internally.

It is clear that he hears too.

"You are offended," he cries miserably. "I wish to heaven that I had never come to-day! Everything has gone wrong! You let Professor Forth help you out of the carriage! you let him hand you the potatoes—"

She smiles involuntarily.

"On the contrary; he recommended me not to take any; he said they were rancid!"

"You let him pick up your pocket-handkerchief!"

Again she smiles more broadly.

"He certainly did not avail himself of the permission. I think that his knees are scarcely supple enough for him to be very anxious to pick up even Sarah's."

As she speaks she puts up her hand and carelessly pushes back her wandering love-lock; but one little tendril still escapes and frisks in the breeze.

He thrusts his hands hard down into his pockets to resist the intense though monstrous temptation to aid her in its recapture.

"If you knew," he says hurriedly, "what I felt when you drove up to the Gast-hoff to-day; in what an agony of dread lest you should think me presumptuous for having forced myself into your party—lest you should murder me with one of those terrible frozen looks of yours—"

"One of those terrible frozen looks of mine?" repeats she with a puzzled air. "It is very odd! I wonder how I do them?"

"You may think me as great an ass as you please," pursues he rapidly—"and, indeed, you would not be human if you did not—but I give you my word of honor, for the first moment I dared not look. I shut my eyes!"

At this she smiles subtly.

"How, in Heaven's name, have you managed to make me so much afraid of you?" continues the lad, with gathering agitation. "You are never rude; you are not sarcastic; nothing makes you angry; you speak most softly; and yet—"

"And yet," she says, finishing his sentence for him with a rather bitter smile, "and yet you shake in your shoes before me! I know you all do. Ever since I grew up—nay, before; I think that at fourteen I began to inspire dread—I have always been hearing how frightened people are of me. It is so pleasant! No doubt you had been told it before you came to know me, had not you?"

In the eagerness of that query she has stopped and faced him, the color hurrying up to her cheeks, and her eyes fastened in imperative asking on his.

He does not answer for a moment. He is dizzily marveling whether blood of so wondrous a tint had ever flooded lily cheek before. She repeats her question with emphasis:

"Had not you?"

"I—I—*had* heard that you snubbed people!"

"Have you found it true?" she says, in a low and rather anxious voice. "Have I—have I—" hesitating, "snubbed you?"

To this question she has honestly expected a reply in the negative, and is proportionately startled by the virile energy of the affirmative that instead follows.

"That you have—times out of mind!"

"Have I?" she says, in a key of genuine bewilderment. "How? When? Where? What is it that I do?"

He does not answer.

"Is it," she goes on diffidently, Sarah's dictum as to the one unforgivable sin committable by women against men flashing across her mind, sinister and appropriate, "is it that I make you feel small?"

"Small! Yes," exclaims he, with pungent emphasis; "I should think you did! invisibly, imperceptibly small. But that is not the worst. I was prepared for that. I had heard it was your way!"

She laughs grimly. "What a pleasant way!"

"There are days on which—I do not know how you do it—you made me feel as aloof from you as if—"

"As if what?"

"As if I were I down here, and you were—"

"And I were what?" with an accent of sincere and puzzled curiosity.

"And you were—and you were—one of the heavenly host up there!" ends the young man, baldly and stammering. But love is no brightener of the wits.

"One of the heavenly host?" repeats she, justly infuriated at this stale comparison. "An angel, in short! Must I always be an angel, or goddess? If any one knew how sick I am of being a goddess! I declare I should be thankful to be called a *Fury*, or even a *Ghoul*, for a change!"

So saying, she turns her shoulder peevishly to him; and leaving the garden, begins to walk quickly along the road by the water, as fit to make up for her late loitering. He keeps pace with her, dumb in snubbed contrition, stupefied by love, and, unhappily for himself, fully conscious of it: burningly aware of the hopeless flatness of his last simile, and rendered by his situation quite incapable of redeeming it by any brighter sally.

Presently they leave the water and all its rioting wavelets, and pace through the fir-wood toward the little Schloss—the big one's quaint baby-brother.

Beneath the fir-trees the blue hepaticas flower plentiful and late, and the young stitchworts open their fresh eyes to the spring. Regardless of ten-groschen penalties, Belinda leaves the road, and stoops to pick the little blossoms.

Docilely following her motions, he stoops and picks too. He picks to more purpose than she, indeed; for when, by-and-by, they straighten themselves again and compare results, his is by far the largest nosegay.

"Will you take them?" he says, timidly proffering them, for her tart speech has robbed him of his last barleycorn of courage; "or shall I—shall I—carry them for you?"

What would not he carry for her? A newspaper parcel down St. James' Street; a bulging carpet-bag through Rotten Row!

"Thank you, I will carry them myself," she answers, stretching out her pretty, bare hand for them. "They shall make up to me," smiling, "for the gardenias of which I was deprived by—an accident. Do you know that I was not allowed even to smell them? Did I not bear my loss like a Trojan?" Then, hesitating a little, she steps a pace or so nearer to him, and, half-shyly holding out her own little bunch, "Exchange is no robbery," she says with a soft look. "Will you," gently mocking his frightened tone, "will you take them? or shall I—shall I—carry them for you?"

He makes her no answer; he is quite unable. The tears have sprung to his eyes. He is very young, has never loved before; and it seems to him that at that fair

hand holding out its little blue bunch, Heaven opens to him.

There are days on which Heaven opens to us all, but to most of us next day it shuts again.

Above them the pines lay their dark heads stilly together against the fair sky, that looks austere, yet not unkind. Here the loud wind is kept at bay, and whispers scarcely more noisily than they themselves are doing in their safe retreat.

With what halting words of lame ecstasy he would have thanked her will never now be known. Dumbly he has received her gift, refraining, by what iron constraint put upon himself, from any least detention of those cool, pale fingers that just unintentionally touch his, and then innocently withdraw. The laboring syllables that are struggling to his lips are forever driven thence by the sound of a high-pitched young voice calling clearly through the still wood:

"Where are you? What has become of you? We have been searching high and low for you! Have you been searching high and low for us? Ah! evidently you have!" laughing ironically. "Well, now you have had the good fortune to find us!"

Ere the end of this sentence, Sarah has frisked up to them, and, for the time, Heaven's door shuts in their faces, and Earth's dull portals reopen for them.

"Are you aware that there is a fine of ten groschen for leaving the road?" calls out the Professor from the distance, but nobody heeds him.

"Are you picking flowers?" asks Sarah demurely. "How nice! Pick me some." Then turning to Rivers, she adds maliciously: "I am not greedy; I shall be quite content with that miserable little bunch that you are clutching so tightly. Give it me!"

But at that he finds his tongue again.

"Not if you were to go down on your knees to me for it!" he cries tragically, lifting his right hand and holding his poor little prize high above her restless, small head.

"Not if I were to go down on my knees?" repeated she in accents of the deepest incredulity. "Come, that is *trop fort*! It is worth putting to the test!"

As she speaks, she sinks at once upon her knees on the crushed herbage, and joining her hands as in prayer, looks up at him, and says, in a small, childish voice, whose alluring properties she has tested on many a hard-fought field, "*Please!*"

She might as well have knelt to and allured one of the solemn straight pines. He does not even avert his eyes from her, as though, if he saw her, he must yield. He looks her full in the face and says doggedly:

"Not if you knelt there till the Day of Judgment!"

"What are you about, Sarah?" comes the Professor's voice again, from the road, where the ten-groschen penalty still keeps him. "Are not you aware that although the grass may appear dry on the surface, the ground still contains a great deal of latent moisture!"

But a second time he speaks to the wind.

"Not if I knelt here till the Day of Judgment?" repeats Sarah, still hardly believing her own ears; then wisely taking the only course left open to her, with as good a grace as may be: "If that is the case, of course I will get up again at once!"

So saying she rises, apparently not at all put out of countenance, and flicks the bits of grass from the knees that had bent in vain.

"Do not you wish to see the King's boars fed? I understood you to say that you wished to see the King's boars fed!" shouts the Professor, striking in snappishly

the third time, the contumely with which his remarks have been treated beginning to tell very perceptibly upon his tone.

"The King's boars?" repeats Sarah *sotto voce*, descending to a degrading pun, and accompanying it with a wink that is worthy of it. "Do you think the King has room for one more in his menagerie? if so, I might be permitted to offer him mine! Yes," raising her voice and beginning to trip back toward her betrothed, "of course we are coming!"

She has not gone two steps, however, before she bethinks herself; and turning back, tucks her arm determinately under her sister's.

"Belinda," she says resolutely, "you have not seen the Little Schloss! you have not seen the lighthouse! you have not seen the pheasantries! you shall see the boars!"

So saying she sweeps her off hurriedly ahead; and Rivers, cursing fearfully, is compelled to follow with the Professor, with whom he has about as much in common as a non-reading, hard-rowing, foot-balling, crick-eting undergraduate mostly has with an exceptionally stiff-backed and donnish Don.

Nor is the Professor, whose contempt for undergraduates in general is not to be equaled save by his aversion, very much better pleased with the arrangement.

However, it does not last long. A few minutes of brisk walking brings them to the clear space in mid-wood—the sandy spot railed round with palings where his Majesty of Saxony's pigs have their daily rations dealt out to them.

There the girls sit down on the wooden bench provided for the accommodation of admiring spectators. Many dark forms have already arrived, and are rooting and grubbing hither and thither. They have immensely long noses, long dark hair, large dark ears, hind-quarters that run away like hyenas, and a general air of absurdity and unpiglike pigness. Amongst them are several fierce-looking old gentlemen with their ugly lips lifted over formidable tusks, shaggy as bears, and with their long gray hair wet and shiny, as if they had been rolling in some muddy place. Every moment there is an arrival; a fresh pig, two fresh pigs emerging from the wood and trotting hastily, with ears anxiously erect, to the rendezvous, afraid of having arrived too late.

About the whole family, when united, there is a general unamiability, a spiteful biting and nipping at each other; a squeaking and angrily grunting; a wrathful pursuit and hasty flight. The little piglets, tawny-colored and striped like tiny tigers, toddle sweetly about in their artless babyhood.

Irresistibly attracted by the childlike graces of one of these latter, yet smaller, more striped, weirder than its brethren, Sarah has run after it, and is now scampering in pursuit round the arena.

The Professor, relieved at having found a sandy spot, is standing, stork-like, at a little distance off, poised on one leg, and cautiously seeking for traces of moisture on the sole of the other boot.

Once more Rivers and Belinda are alone.

"I will be the death of her!" says the boy, with an angry smile, shaking his fist in the direction of the sportive Sarah.

But apparently the latter's ears are nearly as long as those of the objects of her chase.

"Whom will you be the death of?" she cries, desisting suddenly. "The mischief is in the pig! I cannot catch it; and I am sure I do not know what I should have done with it if I had! Well," having by this time

come up to them again, "of whom will you be the death?"

"Of you," replies the young fellow stoutly, though in his heart he is a little scared at the unexpected distance to which his threat has carried. "Yes, of you," looking full at her with his straightforward, handsome, angry eyes; "at least, if I am not the death of you, as I should like to be, I will be even with you some fine day—see if I am not!"

She looks back at him, coolly pondering, but does not answer. A flash of almost compassionate astonishment is darting across her mind that any man in the possession of sight, health, and vigor—any man, more especially at the most inflammable of all ages, can look at her with the unsimulated indifference, slightly colored with dislike, that this Rivers is doing! At once he rises in her esteem. Turning away, she walks thoughtfully back to the pigs.

By-and-by, as through the long, light evenings the girls bowl smoothly homewards, before the shy white stars look out, Sarah suddenly breaks the silence that, for several quiet miles, has lain upon both.

"Belinda!" she says abruptly; "by all laws, human and divine, that bouquet was yours! The gardenias are now the color of old leather, and smell rather nastily than otherwise; but, such as they are, they are yours!"

And even on these terms, poor Belinda is glad and thankful to have her nose again!

CHAPTER V.

"HE knew whose gentle hand was at the latch
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies.
And constant as her vespers would he watch
Because her face was turned to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear
To hear her morning step upon the stair."

UPON the fair town of Dresden a new morning has opened—opened in sunshine, joy, and lusty growth. For one blossom-bunch that swung fragily on the pear-tree yesterday, there are twenty to-day. The slow small leaves are beginning to break less timorously from their outgrown sheaths.

I do not suppose that Belinda can have grown in the night; but about her, too, this morning there is a look of expansion and spring: as if she too were uncurling her leaves and disclosing her shy buds to her sun.

The two girls are sitting together in the pretty be-hyacinthed, be-china'd, Anglicised salon that looks to the street. The morning sun does not shine on that side of the house, and it makes the room dark; but so it is, that all the blinds are drawn to the bottom; nor does either, as would seem natural, make any attempt to pull them up again.

"So you never did it after all yesterday?" Belinda is saying in a tone of disapproving surprise.

Sarah shakes her head.

"No; Love's chain still binds us!" she answers, making a face.

"You will do it to-day?"

"No!"

"To-morrow?"

"I think not."

"The day after?"

"It is improbable."

"If you are waiting," says Belinda, stopping in mid-row of the stocking she is knitting to look severely at her sister, and speaking with an extremely clear and de-

cided accent, "for me to do it for you, you will wait, as I told you yesterday, a very long time."

"I am aware of it," replies Sarah calmly. "Since I realized that you are engaged in a little pursuit of your own, I have abandoned the idea!"

"Pursuit!" cries Belinda, with a shocked start, and crimsoning. "You are the first person who ever dared to say that I pursued any one!"

"You would have been much pleasanter if you had," rejoins Sarah coolly. "Well, do not let us quarrel over a word! I did not say what part you took in the pursuit—whether you were the hunter, or the hare!"

But Belinda has stooped her angry, blonde head over her stocking, and is speechlessly knitting her resentment into it.

"After all," says Sarah, discourteously jerking the slumbering pug off the sofa, and throwing herself down on it, "it is very unselfish of me; nobody gives me the credit for any virtues, but in point of fact it is almost entirely in your interest that I am acting!" She pauses for a moment, expecting to be asked for an explanation, but Belinda deigns no syllable. "Supposing that I did give my Solomon the sack—by-the-by, what a neat alliteration! Swinburne might have made it," continues Sarah yawning—"what would become of me during all those rural excursions that I see stretching ahead of us in long perspective? We could not let you and young Rivers set off upon them *tête-à-tête*! we really could not! It would pass even Granny's and my latitude! I search the horizon in vain for a sail!—I mean for any one else to pair off with! My life would be spent in trying to look the other way, and in intercepting fond glances that were not meant for me!"

"And so," says Belinda, lifting a head whose cheeks still blaze, and speaking in a withering voice, "and so he is to wriggle on the hook a little longer? How much longer, pray?"

"How much longer?" repeats Sarah, with a malicious look; "why, you can answer that better than I! As long as young Rivers wriggles on yours?"

Belinda winces.

Who—high-strung and palpitating in young love's first ecstasy—would not wince at such a phrase?

"Come, now," says Sarah, sliding off the sofa again, assuming her cajoling voice, and sitting down on the parquet at her sister's feet, "tell me a little about him! I have confided to you so many touching traits about my beloved, and if you are good I will tell you plenty more; but confidence should be reciprocal: what is he doing here? Why has he come to Dresden?"

"He is learning German," replies Belinda reluctantly.

"H'm! I wonder how much he has learnt?" with a dry laugh.

"His only books were woman's looks,
And folly what they taught him!"

Belinda's sole response to this pleasantry is to push her chair back very decidedly, and isolate her sister on the floor.

"What does he do when he is at home?" continues Sarah, taking no notice of this evidence of displeasure, and obstinately pursuing her catechism.

"He has just left Oxbridge," rather sulkily.

"Where, no doubt, he took several Double Firsts!" with an ironical smile.

"He rowed stroke in the University Eight last year," very precipitately, and reddening under this floor.

"Is he his own father, or has he a father?"

"He has a father."

"And what is the father—what does the father do?"

"I believe—he is in business," grudgingly.

"In business?" with raised eyebrows, and an accent of surprise and dissatisfaction. "Well," more cheerfully, "there is business and business! Have you any idea what sort of business it is?"

"Not the slightest," very curtly.

"It is a liberal age," says Sarah, philosophically, "but one must draw the line somewhere. I draw the line at artificial manure! Come, now, have you any reason for supposing that it is artificial manure?"

Belinda laughs a little, but most unwillingly.

"I dare say it is. I never asked."

"Do you remember," says Sarah, "the little Frenchman, covered with orders—Legions of Honor and Saint Esprits by the gross—that we met at the ball at Cannes, who told me that he was '*dans le commerce*,' and when I inquired what branch, and suggested that perhaps he was '*dans les vins*?' answered grandiosely, '*Non, mademoiselle; je suis dans les bougies*!'"

A pause.

The pug has arisen from the cold parquet, and, with her tail still half-mast high in the enervation of slumber, has stepped delicately on to Sarah, and cast herself, with a deep, slow sigh, upon her warm lap.

"Your friend does not look as if he were '*dans les bougies*,'" says Sarah presently, with an air of thoughtful generosity; "still less *dans le*—I declare, I do not know what is French for artificial manure! How Granny has neglected our educations!"

But Belinda is not attending. Belinda's head is raised, and upon her face has come a look of blissful listening. Her fine ear has detected a footfall in the ante-room outside—a footfall that not even Slutty, the pug, has yet suspected; a step that she has discriminated from that of the flat foot of Gustel.

"It is you, is it?" says Sarah, in a not particularly exhilarated voice, scrambling to her feet as Rivers, ushered in by an infant English page, who divides the cares of the *ménage* with Gustel, enters.

She gives him two contemptuous fingers.

Of what use to give more to a man who holds them as if they were a bundle of sticks. She might have given him ten, or twenty, or none, for all he knows. His eyes have strayed away over her, to him, totally irrelevant head, and have fastened on his mistress, asking eagerly if this can indeed be she, alive and real, whom all night long he has pursued through his radiant dreams.

"Perhaps you can help us," says Sarah, with an innocent look. "We have just been wondering what the French for artificial manure is?"

He does not hear. Belinda's hand in his is making summer in his veins, and his happy eyes are drowned in hers as happy. But Belinda hears.

"Sarah is speaking to you!" she says low and hurriedly.

He turns round reluctantly with a start.

"I beg your pardon! I—I—did not quite catch what you were saying."

"I was only asking you if you knew the French for artificial manure?" she answers demurely.

"For artificial manure!" repeats he, astounded. "Of course I do not! Why should I? Why do you want to know what is the French for artificial manure? Is it a riddle?"

Even for his explanation he has turned again to Belinda, as inevitably as the sunflower to the sun.

"We were only talking of—of—agriculture; were not we, Belinda?" replies the other, smiling malevolently at her sister's obvious, and to Rivers' incomprehensible, discomfiture.

That his Egeria could look foolish, as she is indisputably doing, would never, indeed, occur to him; but nothing short of total blindness could prevent his seeing the sudden cascade of scarlet which has poured over her. For one instant, indeed, the blest idea has darted across his mind that this lovely flag may be hung out for him; but his humility—for real love is ever most humble—at once dismisses the scarcely-formed thought as too good to be true.

Perhaps it is his scrutiny, silent and intense, that embarrasses her. Of course he ought to say something. On a morning visit one must say something.

"Why are you sitting in the dark?" he asks, glancing at the carefully drawn-down blinds. "The sun is not on this side of the house, and there is no glare anywhere to-day!"

"It is very gloomy, is not it?" replies Belinda, who is slowly recovering her countenance; "and we are so fond of light and air, too. But it cannot be helped; we are obliged to have them down because of Miss Watson."

"Because of Miss Watson? I do not understand."

"She lives on the other side of the street, a little farther down, and she has lately set up a spy-glass or telescope of some kind in her window, with which she rakes us fore and aft. She told us triumphantly on Tuesday that she could see everything we did! I believe that she can tell by the movement of our lips what we are saying!"

"If I thought so," said Sarah viciously, "what things I would say about her!"

"It will end in our being forced to leave the apartment," says Belinda with a shrug. "A friend of ours was. She has now taken one that looks upon a blank wall as being her only real security."

"Miss Watson combines all the worst qualities of the gnat and the rhinoceros," says Sarah gravely; "but I think her most offensive trait—though, indeed, among so many it is invidious to give the preference to any one—is her continual persecution of us to go on expeditions with her."

"Then I am afraid that you will look upon me as a second Miss Watson," says Rivers bluntly, and coloring, as he delivers himself with untold difficulty of his simple errand; "for that is exactly what I came here this morning to do!"

"Another expedition?" cries Sarah, in a tone of anything but gratification. "Why, it seems as if we had not been back five minutes from the last!"

"It would evidently be an empty civility to ask

whether you enjoyed it!" says Rivers with a rather mortified laugh. "And you?"—the sunflower turning again greedily to its sun.

"I was not bored," answers Belinda in a constrained voice. "I enjoy expeditions! I like Moritzburg."

This is all that she has to say about the hours that had made him sick with desire in anticipation, stammering with bliss in fruition, drunk with joy in retrospect!

He looks at her with an intense wistfulness that is almost incredulity; but she gives him back no glance. How can she, knowing, as she does by long experience, that Sarah has eyes in the back of her head? Sarah, who is ostensibly, and as he in the innocence of his heart believes really, entirely absorbed in making Sluttly miserable, by affecting to suppose that she looks faint and holding smelling-salts to her outraged nose.

"I thought," he says in a chapfallen voice, "that it would not be a bad day for Wesenstein; or, if you liked that better, Tharandt."

"You really must be related to Miss Watson!" cries Sarah, bursting out laughing. "Wesenstein! Tharandt! Those are her two *chevaux de bataille*. If we do not go to Wesenstein we must go to Tharandt; and if we do not go to Tharandt we must go to Wesenstein! Good heavens!" suddenly stopping in mid-laugh; "Unberufen! I hear her on the stairs! Hers is the only voice that one can hear through the double doors."

"She has come to make us go to Wesenstein with her!" says Belinda in a low key of consternation.

"It is the finger of Providence!" cries Sarah, resuming her merriment. "Mr. Rivers, you want to go to Wesenstein. She wants to go to Wesenstein! Why should not you go together? I will arrange it for you!"

"If you do," says the young man, stepping threateningly toward her, and speaking in a tone of the most genuine alarm and exasperation, "I'll—"

"You will be the death of me!" interrupts Sarah pertly, finishing his sentence for him. "I know. So you said yesterday. I wish you would invent a new threat."

For a moment they all listen silently.

"I believe it was a false alarm," says Belinda, drawing a long breath.

"No, it was not!" rejoins Sarah, shaking her head. "There is no mistaking that bison's voice. She is only stopping on the stairs to ask Tommy what wages he has, and whether Granny gives him enough to eat!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROBBER.

My life had been broken and entered, and theft
Committed 'gainst me;
Peace and rest had been stolen. The single clew left
Was a memory.

That life was so bare; rest gone; nought but grief
By the hearth,
That I took the sweet memory, and searched for the thief
Through the earth.

I knew her again by the peace and the rest
That returned unto me;
But when the lost gems were restored to my breast,
She did not go free;

For, by strongest of fetters, the thief I have bound
And imprisoned for life:
I guard in my heart with the treasures I found—
My robber, my wife.

H. K. SPOFFORD.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Pigs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

A GROAN that was heard above the roar of the flames burst from the crowd who were watching the conflagration. The last faint ray of hope had disappeared. Up to that moment it had seemed possible to prevent the spread of the flames. The factory that was already half-consumed was farther removed from the other buildings of the town than any of the others, because of the open square in front of it. It is true that the wind drove the fire directly toward the corner of a block, but the street with the overflowing race was between them, and it was believed that with the most strenuous exertions it might be saved. For this Harrison Kortright had abundantly provided, and for a quarter of an hour—an interval that seems nothing less than an age at such a time—the efforts of all had been directed to that end. Smith's factory, however, which was now on fire, owing to a bend in the stream which was followed by the street, was thrust like a wedge into the most thickly-built portion of the town. Its lower end, with hardly the interval of a yard, overlapped for half its width another monster mill, whose destruction was inevitable if the flames consumed the one they had now attacked. Along the whole front of these, dwellings and business houses were thickly built just beyond the narrow street. These the demoralized crowd were about to attack in the hope of saving whatever could be borne away. Already they had begun to break open the doors and windows, when the voice of Harrison Kortright was heard exclaiming:

"I want fifty good men to help me save Skendoah. Every man who is willing to obey me, step forward!"

More than a hundred were about him in an instant. He sprang upon a box, which had been carried half across the street and abandoned, so that he might be the better heard.

"Gentlemen, if you will follow my directions, I will save the town."

There was an incredulous silence.

"I see you do not believe me. You did not believe me when I set out to build the town, either."

There were cries of "That's so!" "Go on!" "Hurrah for 'Squire Kortright!" It was a vote of confidence—elliptical but sincere. The man who had created the town out of nothing might surely be trusted to save it if possible. The crowd gathered closer and listened attentively.

"I am not surprised that you hardly believe it, but I mean what I say. You all know me, and you know I

am not accustomed to give fancy prices for anything. Isn't that so?"

"That's truth. No doubt of that!"

"Well, I've just invested a little more in Skendoah property. You know I sold Smith his water-right and land a few years ago for three thousand dollars. Well, I've just bought it back for ten."

"Ah, the devil! It'll be many a long day afore ye'll see the money back, I'm thinkin'," said a quick-witted Irishman.

"I never shall see it back unless we save the town, and we can do that if every man will act as I direct. Will you do it?"

"Aye! Aye!"

"Then we must organize. I will name a few whom all must obey. As I call their names, let them come forward and receive orders."

He glanced sharply over the crowd, and by the light of the fire quickly selected his lieutenants. As they came up he gave one after another his instructions, and the crowd was soon dispersed to their execution, except half a dozen who remained grouped around their gray-haired leader. It was evident at once that the confidence which had been expressed by those about him was shared by all to whom Kortright's determination was conveyed. The panic was quickly suppressed, and the crowd quietly urged back by those whom he had detailed for that purpose. Then he spoke a few words to the men who remained, laying his hand impressively upon the shoulder of the man he had chosen to be their leader.

"I know," said he, "that it is a dangerous duty, and I have selected you men because I know you will not flinch. If you succeed, the town is safe. If not, Harrison Kortright will be with you. I never ask a man to do what I would shrink from myself."

"We'll 'tend to it, boss; you never mind," said one.

"No," said Kortright, decidedly. "You bring it here and I will do the rest. Remember, you have promised to obey."

"Yes, but—"

"Make haste! There is not a minute to lose!"

He waved his hand imperiously and the men started off at a run.

Dawson Fox stepped forward and took Kortright's hand. He had heard every word.

"Let me do this," he said, looking up into the other's face.

"You cannot," decidedly.

"But I—"

"You know nothing of the premises. The man who

is to do that must have every foot of that mill as clear in his mind as that fire is in your eye."

"Then I think I ought to be the man," said the recent owner hesitatingly.

He had stood by and heard the plan which Kortright had devised. The firelight shone on his face. It was pale, but his lips were shut tightly and his voice was steady.

Kortright gave him his hand.

"You are a young man, Smith, with a young family. Besides," with a smile, "it is my mill, you know. By the way, Fox, you will remember if anything happens to me that I owe Sejanus Smith ten thousand dollars."

"And what shall I do?" asked Smith, huskily. There must be something—

"Yes, certainly. Get your men ready and some of Tanner's, and, as soon as it is over, cover the gable of Tanner's mill with wet blankets and throw up an embankment at the lower end of your mill. It would be a good thing if you could dam the race, too."

"All right," said Smith, as he started off. "It shall be done!"

"And I," said Dawson Fox, looking reverently upon the white-faced man who stepped down from the box and glanced sharply round at the flames, "What shall I do?"

Harrison Kortright looked swiftly up and down the flame-lit street before he answered. The engine had been driven from the race by the heat and was now plying from some well or cistern on the exposed corner. Men were on the roofs along the whole row of buildings, supplied with buckets, to put out the coals and cinders that might fall upon the shingle roofs. Others patrolled the street similarly equipped and watched the fronts of the buildings. The crowd had disappeared. Kortright's eyes beamed with satisfaction as he saw how readily his instructions had been carried out. At the entrance to an alley almost opposite he saw his wife watching him with a countenance full of anxiety.

"What can I do?" repeated Dawson Fox.

"You," said Kortright, solemnly, "You will look after Mattie!" His lip quivered and the clasp of his hand was like a vise, but his voice was firm.

"But I would rather—"

"You cannot do what is to be done. If you stay with me she will be alone. If you are with her I know she will be safe."

Dawson Fox bowed, wrung his hand and turned away just as the men who had been sent away returned bearing between them through the heated street a number of casks, each of which was marked:

"Powder."

Placing himself at the head of these men Kortright crossed the race and entered the building he had so recently purchased, the upper end of which was already aflame, while the heated currents of smoke rolled through the upper stories, scorching and searing like the blast of a furnace. Dawson Fox re-crossed the street and took his place by the side of Mrs. Kortright in the shadow of a brick building where she stood. An instant afterward all but one of the men returned, and, running up and down the street, cautioned every one to retire to a place of safety. After a moment Harrison Kortright and the foreman of the mill, who had remained with him, came out, and seeing that all were out of danger, the former, after some protestation on the part of his companion, went again into the mill. The foreman stepped nervously toward the narrow foot-bridge that crossed the race. The shouting was hushed. Only the sound of the flames was heard,

and the roar of rushing waters. Around every corner peered an anxious face. Presently Harrison Kortright rushed out through smoke that was now pouring from every door and window. He staggered, half-blinded, toward the foot-bridge. Seeing the foreman waiting there he cried out:

"Run! Run! It is all right."

The man turned and fled. Harrison Kortright rushed upon the bridge as fast as his lameness would permit. Half-way across he turned as if to see that the train he had lighted was burning properly. As he did so his foot fell upon the end of a loose board; the other end flew up, and in an instant he was struggling in the water. As he fell a shadow darted out of the shaded alley opposite, and the lookers-on saw Dawson Fox fly across the street toward him. Just as he reached the bank of the race there was a dull roar that was heard above the tumult of the waters and the rush of the flame that towered above the doomed building. Then the walls of the lower factory trembled. The whole structure seemed to be lifted up. The blazing gable was thrown back upon the pile from which it had caught the flame. The windows bulged outward. The roof parted at the ridge-pole, and then fell inwards. A vast cloud of black smoke and dust shut out the whole from sight, and shot upward against the white, fleecy clouds that just then had opened around the cold, full moon. Then there was another and a sharper explosion. The earth shook with the force of the concussion. A thousand pounds of powder had been exploded beneath the mill. The vast pile rose and crumbled. A bright flash shot upward from the centre. Then the whole sank down into a shapeless mass. The air seemed full of broken fragments. Pieces of the shattered building rattled like hail upon the roofs of the houses opposite. Mrs. Kortright started to rush to her husband through the shower of fragments. A strong arm held her back.

"It's no use, Mrs. Kortright," said Smith, as he refused to release her. "You cannot help them. The water is not deep. If your husband is not hit with the falling pieces he is safe."

A moment after a hundred feet were hurrying to the place where Kortright had disappeared. Dawson Fox had halted for an instant when the explosion had occurred, and then had leaped into the race. Those who came to the rescue saw a man struggling in the water. A dozen hands seized him and drew him forth. Strangled, gasping, dripping, they bore him to the middle of the street. The light of the burning mill fell on the white, drawn face of Harrison Kortright. For a moment all else was forgotten. Mrs. Kortright sat in the dusty roadway with his head upon her lap. The crowd rushed forth from their hiding places and pressed around with anxious faces. Some one brought a torch of blazing fragments and held it near him. All else was forgotten in the danger of the founder and benefactor of the town. The village doctor made a hasty examination. The patient lay pallid and gasping. A thousand suggestions were made. His breathing grew stronger and more regular. The richly-dressed woman wiped his face with her white handkerchief, and held him tightly to her breast. Presently he opened his eyes and tried to speak. The physician rose and said cheerfully:

"He is not hurt; only strangled and confused."

Then there was a shout. They took him in their arms to bear him to a place of comfort and shelter. He shook himself loose; sat up; gazed wildly about, and chokingly exclaimed:

"Fox! Fox! where is he!"

Where, indeed! In their anxiety for their friend and neighbor they had forgotten the stranger.

Instant search was made, and from the swollen race was soon dragged forth another form. This one was silent and limp. No stertorous gasp gave promise of life. When his face was turned toward the fire-light a deep red gash showed upon the temple, and the hands of those who held his head were deeply stained with blood. The physician placed his thumb upon the wound and felt a harsh, dull grating answer to his pressure. He shook his head hopelessly, and wiped the blood from his hand. Dawson Fox was dead. A fragment of the building had struck him as he stood over the man he sought to rescue. He had saved the husband of his boy-love by yielding up his own life instead. There were many tearful eyes that marked a sad, sweet smile upon the cold dead face as it lay there in the dusty roadway lighted by the raging fire.

Harrison Kortright heard the sad tidings and offered no more resistance to those who would bear him away. He realized as no one else could the sacrifice that had been made for him. He remembered the brave, set face lighted by the lurid glow of the explosion, that for a moment hung over him. He remembered the strong arms that for an instant clasped him close, held him above the strangling current and then relaxed their hold, tremulous and weak, while he who had come to rescue fell prone across his breast and bore him again beneath the water.

As the crowd started on along a narrow street that

led up the hill-side from the bank of the stream with their sad burden, there came a cry from those whom Smith had rallied to protect the mill below:

"The water is rising! The bridge has gone!"

At the same time the flame that was springing up in the debris of the explosion began to hiss and splutter.

"The sluice-gates are open," said Kortright feebly. "It is all right. The channel is too narrow and the water will back up so as to overflow the lower story. Thank God! the town is safe."

He was right. The long unused channel of the mountain torrent had been so obstructed by walls and piers that when the tide poured out of the sluice-gates there was not space for it to flow off, and it had choked and fouled until it overspread its banks and poured into the lower story of the mills that lined them. By this means the fire was prevented from spreading, and Skendoah was saved from a disaster which for a time seemed to be unavoidable. Yet the tale of destruction was not yet ended. As they bore the living and the dead up the hill to the shelter of a friendly house some one uttered an exclamation which caused all to look around. Upon the dark hill-side beyond, the roaring torrent that boiled between, a sheet of yellow flame shot up, lighting the whole surrounding region. Mrs. Kortright saw at a glance what it meant.

"Move on, move on!" she cried lustily to those who bore her husband. She dreaded, above all things, lest his dull eyes should learn the truth. Paradise Bay was wrapped in flame.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NIGHTFALL.

I stood on the hill as the sun went down,
Flooding with glory the cloudland West,
While lengthening shadows crept over the town,
And night descended with peace and rest.

Soft tinges of violet, crimson and gold
Crowned the far hill-tops, then faded away,
And the sentinel ranges of years untold,
Were wrapped in a mantle of sombre gray.

The wearying hum of the spindle and reel
Below in the village at last was still;
And down in its dungeon the water-wheel
Slumbered under the silent mill.

And I heard the sounds that the twilight brings—
The myriad voices of eventide;
The chirping of crickets, the rustling wings
Of insects fluttering far and wide.

A cloudlike mist from the shadowed stream
Sailed over the lowlands of grass and grain.
And shapes grotesque in the moon's weird gleam
Moved to and fro in a mystic train.

I heard the cry of the bird of night—
A flute-note sadder than words can tell—
And a clear, low voice—did I hear aright?
Or was it only a strange, sweet spell?—

An influence born of the scene and hour—
That wakened remembrance from her sleep?
Perhaps, high up in the tree-top tower,
Among the boughs where the south winds sweep,

Some marvelous harp, by the breeze caressed,
Answered and echoed the low refrain,
While darkness shadowed the hills of the West,
And night, incarnate, came down again.

For the beautiful singer who sang the song—
The beautiful one with the brave, sweet eyes—
In dreamless slumber, the whole year long,
Through all the day and the darkness lies.

THE HOUSEHOLD—THE WATER SUPPLY.

THE reader of scientific journals and periodicals needs no persuasion to make him admit with the greatest alacrity that his neighbor's well is undoubtedly poisoned by defective drainage. His own, he claims, is necessarily all right, and argument on that point an impertinence and superfluity. If the well-informed are so curiously sensitive, it is not at all surprising that the ill, or not-at-all-informed, resent as a personal insult any hint that their water supply is not of the purest.

It is certainly in order here to ask what is the purest, and this has already been done by one or two correspondents. Rain water, collected in clean, open vessels, as it falls, is the nearest approximation to the chemical formula, eight-ninths of oxygen and one-ninth of hydrogen, the latter gas having, like oxygen, where both are pure, neither taste nor smell. But such rain water, though the very type of purity, requires, like people, a slight admixture of earthiness to make it really likable. This earthiness, however, must not be dirtiness, and as such water runs usually over dusty roofs and through tin or wooden leaders of uncertain age, but very certain dirtiness, it reaches the cistern or other reservoir loaded with soot, dust and any other impurity found on the way.

A filter thus becomes necessary, no matter for what use the water is intended, and this is made in several ways. Some cisterns are simply divided into two parts, the water being received on one side and filtering slowly through the dividing wall of porous brick, considered by many practical engineers as a sufficiently efficient filter. Another method is to build a circular brick cistern, cemented inside and domed over. In the centre a square shaft about two feet by two is built the whole height of the cistern, and in brick closely jointed in cement. Into this shaft the water is carried and filtered through the brick, as in the first plan mentioned. In other cases a much more elaborate one is used, divided into upper and under parts, the upper one holding the usual arrangement of iron, charcoal, sponge and sand or gravel.

Whatever the form adopted, one rule is imperative for all. Never allow the overflow-pipe to be connected with any other drain whatever, as a siphonage may take place that will fill the upper part of the cistern with foul air, which will escape as it can, often by one of the leaders from the roof, which, if near a bed-room window, will fill the room at night with poisonous gas, and in due course of time insure the carrying off of the inmate of that room, if not by diphtheria, then by typhus or typhoid, all of them most mysterious and sad dispensations of—not the Lord, but men.

With a free current of air passing over rain water it gains sparkle and flavor, but is, on the whole, excessively flat and to most people unpleasant, having none of the earthy salts and the carbonic acid gas found in good spring or river water, which is really a far more satisfactory and, if filtered, quite as healthful a drink.

Whether well or cistern water be used, or that of rivers, which of course requires a system of pipes as leaders, no impurity that we can guard against should be allowed to enter it. A shallow well fed by surface springs will necessarily hold all the impurities of the soil, and so to dig deep is the first essential of all wells.

"A well," says Dr. Parker, of England, in one of his papers on "Practical Hygiene," "drains an extent of ground about it in the shape of an inverted cone, which is in proportion to its own depth and the looseness of the soil. In very loose soils, a well of sixty or eighty feet will drain a large area, as much as two hundred feet in diameter or even more; but the exact amount is not, as far as I know, precisely determined.

"As there is now no doubt that typhoid fever, cholera

and dysentery may be caused by water rendered impure by the evacuations passed in these diseases, and as simple diarrhea seems also to be largely caused by animal organic matter in suspension or solution, it is evident how necessary it is to be quick-sighted in regard to the possible impurity of water from incidental causes of this kind. Therefore all tanks and cisterns should be inspected regularly, and any accidental source of impurity must be looked out for. Wells should be covered; a guard put round to prevent substances from being washed down; the distances from cesspools and dung-heaps should be carefully noted; no sewer should be allowed to pass near a well. The same precautions should be taken with springs. In the case of rivers we must consider if contamination can result from the discharge of fecal matter, trade refuse, etc."

As a matter of fact, such precautions are, nine times out of ten, disregarded. In many a New England and Middle States farm-house may be found this state of things: First, a well dug near the kitchen door and between kitchen and barn. Second, an open drain leading from the kitchen sink, pouring out all the dirty water of washing day and every other day, which sinks in the ground about and becomes one feeder of the waiting well. Even when the drain is nominally closed and out of sight, it is not an earthen or iron pipe, but simply a wooden conductor, parting with its contents at every joint. But for not only New England, but South and West as well, the open drain is the general rule. Such drain having contributed its share toward the family water supply, the manure pile in the barn-yard sends its quota, not at once, but gradually soaking through and infiltrating the ground; and last and worst, the privies in the same manner finish the work. And the most startling of all these most disagreeable and unsavory facts is that with every one of these conditions in existence, the water may be unchanged in odor or taste; may even be especially sparkling and delightful, this having been proved in various well known cases too long to cite here. With the result we shall have to deal again.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Does the color of the glass bottles or cans in which liquids are kept have any influence upon them, and in what degree?"

J. B. S., Newark, N. J.

In an article published in one of the German scientific journals on the effect of the color of glass bottles on the liquid contained in them, some interesting facts are stated. It appears from this that liquors contained in colorless bottles, when exposed for some time to the light, acquire a disagreeable taste, notwithstanding the fact that they may have been of superior quality before being so treated; liquors contained in brown or green bottles, however, remain unchanged in quality, even if exposed to direct sunlight. Since, then, the results in question are due to the chemical action of light, it follows that red, orange, yellow, green or opaque bottles are essential to the preservation of liquors, while colorless, blue and violet ones are to be discarded.

"We are going to Florida for the winter and want a rule for preserving sweet oranges. Have you any one can trust?"

A. V. W.

Here is one which has never yet failed to satisfy: Cut or grate off the yellow outside rind of the oranges and squeeze out most of the juice and seeds; leave in the pulp. To a dozen (ripe) oranges put a handful of salt scattered over them in a dish; let them lie in it from afternoon till next morning. Wash that off well; then let them lie three hours in alum-water, made in the proportion of a gallon of water and a piece of alum size of a hickory-nut; this brings them into good shape. Then dip them into clear water and weigh them. Make a syrup with three-quarters of their weight in sugar, and boil and simmer them five hours; add the juice which was squeezed out. They will come out white, tender and delicious.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



THE advantages of an alliance between the Civil Service Reformers and the Democracy are very forcibly shown in recent Congressional action. By means of this alliance the Democracy secured the executive control of a half dozen of the most important states of the North and an overwhelming majority in Congress at the late election. The avowed purpose of the alliance was to promote civil service reform. The result of it has been to demonstrate that the most active and determined opponents of any movement that tends to limit official patronage are to be found in the Democratic party. The course of its representative men in Congress has not only disclosed this fact but it has also shown what should have been apparent from the first, the futility of all hope of reform from a party constituted as that is. The Bourbons of the South are by training and inheritance political traders. They instinctively fight for success, and success means to them the right to rule and to enjoy the perquisites of victory. They constitute two-thirds of the Democratic electoral strength. The most trustworthy portion of the other one-third is to be found in that part of the population of the great cities of the North who are the faithful and abject followers of the "bosses." The big end of Democratic strength at the North is made up of men like those who mourn "the good old times" of Tweed and his "Ring" in New York. Should the party cut away from these two elements it would be more of a skeleton organization than our army at its meanest estate. Speaking through their representatives in the Senate, both these elements have boldly declared their hostility to the peculiar dogma of their astute allies. The result is evident even to the dullest mind. The success of the Democratic party in 1884 has been rendered all but certain by this alliance; and when it is remembered that no sort of Congressional action can in any manner limit the discretion of the President in making appointments to office, unless he shall elect to be bound thereby, it will be seen that the immediate effect of the treaty between these two peculiarly discordant elements is to defer all practical advancement in this direction until the close of the period of Democratic ascendancy which it makes probable.

THE "Stone Age," the "Age of Brass," the "Iron Age," the "Golden Age"—all these have a certain euphonic ring when spoken, and convey a distinct idea when they are printed; but who can hope to round a period or construct a well-cadenced sentence or work into passable poetry such a word as "alum," or its more scientific form "aluminium"? "The Age of Alum" neither looks nor sounds especially inspiring. It irresistibly suggests the little ten-cent packages sold by druggists to mammas with cankerous children. There is certainly nothing grand about it, and yet the indications are that we are on the august threshold of An Age of Alum! Next to the omnipresent silica alum forms in combination with other constituents perhaps the most abundant element of known geological strata. It exists in all the clay formations, is far more abundant than iron, and is therefore cheaper if we can get at it. In its metallic form, aluminium, it is not much heavier than the hard woods, but is as strong as steel. It can be hammered, or spun from sheets, or

drawn out into wire or tubing. Rust does not corrupt it, nor is it chemically affected by heat or cold. In spite, however, of the prodigal fashion in which nature has scattered this valuable metal about, she has hitherto kept safe the secret of its reduction to commercial uses, although metallurgists have for years been working and experimenting to wrest the secret from its keeper. Progress has been slow, and, though the methods of manufacture have been greatly simplified, the cost of aluminium still remains at fifty cents to a dollar an ounce, which, of course, forbids its use in most of the thousand ways for which it seems so admirably adapted. The announcement that a process for its cheap production has been discovered in England, while as yet lacking detailed confirmation, comes from a quarter which justifies its acceptance with a degree of faith. Should it prove to be true the discovery may well take rank with the greatest of the age, or indeed of any age. Should the substance approximate in cheapness to iron it would at once take the place of that metal wherever lightness and strength are required. Bridges, truss-work of all descriptions, many kinds and parts of machinery, ships and buildings would be largely constructed of aluminium, which, owing to its non-rusting properties, its great tensile strength, its beautiful surface, and its lightness, is greatly to be preferred to iron or steel. A very important consideration in regard to this metal is its relation to the possibilities of aerial navigation. The one insurmountable difficulty in the way of setting

". . . the nation's airy navies
Grappling in the central blue"

has thus far been the impossibility of combining lightness and strength in the motive power. This lack aluminium, if cheap, would very probably supply, and in combination with some of the improved electric motors might lead the way to human exploration in the fields of air.

"THE gentleman whose funeral we have just attended was a sweet and beautiful soul—but I have forgotten his name." So said Emerson with the frankness of second childhood, just after his friend Longfellow had been laid in the grave—Emerson, the poet's poet, great thinker and scholar, already enfeebled by age, his memory gone, and himself soon to follow to the land of the immortals. Very suggestive are the words. The name which every lover of a pure literature hopes will be gratefully cherished while time endures, had already gone from his recollection, but the impression of the man's character remained—Emerson still remembered his "sweet and beautiful soul." It is thus that the soul of a man is more than any outward symbol of him. His name may perish from the earth, but the character endures; the influence which he has exerted he leaves behind him as a subtle force, to do its work for good or ill through all time. If Longfellow should be forgotten; if his name should be obliterated from every book, from every portrait of his noble face and form, from every place with which it is now associated, even from the memorial shaft that is to rise above his grave; it is not possible that "his sweet and beautiful soul" can cease to bless the world. Love will always have sweeter expression because he has lived;

home will be a more delightful name for the tender thoughts with which he has beautified it; life will be nobler, fuller, more expressive, more significant, grander in its possibilities and in its destiny, because of the life he has lived. If that age ever comes to the world when the name of Longfellow is known no more to men, there will even then be those who, still feeling the inspiration of his thoughts, and catching the echoes of his songs, will know and say that in his time there must have lived such an one as he was. His name they may not know, perhaps never discover it, but that he was "a sweet and beautiful soul" they will declare, as did the aged philosopher who had forgotten his name before the turf was laid above his resting place.

A FRIEND who sends us a club of thirty-three new subscribers remarks: "I made it up in a little better than three hours. I found that all that was needed to get subscribers for *THE CONTINENT* was to bring it to the notice of my friends and business acquaintances." He has hit the nail upon the head—a little friendly exertion on the part of our readers is worth more than all other agencies combined to promote the circulation of such a publication as this.

WE beg leave to invite the attention of our readers to the announcement on our second cover page of "*THE HOUSEKEEPER'S YEAR BOOK*." This volume, which is obtainable only by subscription to *THE CONTINENT*, is entirely unique in design. It comprises a housekeeper's account-book—weekly memoranda of needed work, hints for every season, timely marketing, and a *menu* for each week, with many other valuable suggestions. The purpose of the volume is to assist every housekeeper in lightening and systematizing her yearly routine of labor and responsibility. The system of accounting is peculiarly simple, and the insertion of two flexible slate pages for transient memoranda makes it an indispensable companion to the careful housewife. It is prepared with the utmost care by Mrs. Helen Campbell, the accomplished editor of our Household Department and author of "*The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking*." Every formula and receipt given in its pages may be relied upon with absolute certainty, having been fully tested and approved by the most competent authority. Having demonstrated that the easiest way is the best, Mrs. Campbell, in this little *cadecumecum*, has shown how to reach the easiest way. Every new subscriber for one year to *THE CONTINENT* and every subscriber sending us a new yearly subscriber, is entitled to one of these manuals. Club subscribers are included in this offer, as also subscribers through agents, but subscribers who select other premiums will not be entitled to receive this one.

It is only a very few years since the art of etching gained a foothold among Americans, and even now there are thousands who know it only as a not altogether admirable species of engraving. To such the first part of Mr. Miller's "*Art for Enthusiasts*," published in this number of *THE CONTINENT*, will convey a great deal of fresh information and suggestion. For the illustrations of this article we are indebted to many of the artists who contribute to the present exhibition of etchings, and desire to express our obligations also to Mr. James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia, who has kindly lent us for reproduction in these pages a number of valuable etchings from his private collection, well known for its completeness in this department and for the rarity and beauty of particular examples. The article will be concluded in the next number of *THE CONTINENT*, including in the two installments more than a score of etchings from the best work of this and other lands.

BIOGRAPHY is so likely to be one-sided and untrustworthy in its presentments, that one turns naturally to the letters on the subject with a feeling that in them, if anywhere, the real person will stand revealed. Now and then there is disappointment, the writer choosing to pose rather than sit naturally and quietly; but in the present case¹ no such difficulty will be encountered. Written with the greatest freedom to a number of friends of very varying character and pursuits, through a period of sixty-three years, and containing her views and convictions on every imaginable topic, they form one of the most perfect portraits we have had for long. It is not only a typical New Englander whose conscientiousness and thrift and power of self-sacrifice are shown on every page, but something finer and broader. Never were stronger sympathies or a keener sense of justice given to mortal women, and hardly a woman has lived among us who has ever shown more perfectly not only these, but other strong characteristics, which could hardly have been fostered in any other country, and which rank her first among representative American women.

Her opportunity was a large one, but it needed a large mind to embrace and use it. Born to narrow means, or what to-day seems so, it was yet the almost comfortable limitation peculiar to New England, where no man or woman can be called poor who has two hands and a clear brain to direct their use. In her case there was no struggle, for her father was a substantial citizen of the little town of Medford, Mass., and her earliest recollections were of giving, all the needy in town having a warm supper the night before Thanksgiving. Education was limited to the public schools, save one year at a private seminary; but she had a natural thirst for knowledge, and her brother, Convers Francis, afterwards theological professor at Harvard College, stimulated her in every way. At twenty-one, she had written her first novel, "*Hobomok*," which was quickly followed by "*The Rebels*; a *Tale of the Revolution*." "*The Mothers' Book*" succeeded it, running through eight American editions, twelve English and one German, and she became "the most popular literary woman in the United States."

Fifty years ago this could easily be, for the literary ranks were very thin in more senses than one; but her success was a genuinely deserved one. She did the first work for children ever attempted, and all her work bore the stamp of a sweet and steadily-growing nature—full, not only of kindness, but of a bright and delicate humor, a quick fancy, and great gift of expression. At twenty-six she married David Lee Child, and, if the book held no other record, it would be of immeasurable value in its unconscious yet lovely picture of an almost ideal marriage. The two were lovers to the end, and one in every thought and purpose. Five years later came the turning-point in her life. The Anti-slavery party had become a fact. She joined it, and wrote an "Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans."

A thunderbolt could not have caused greater consternation in the society that had delighted to honor her, and which rejected her with a speed and indignation that, at the present day, seem incredible. The sale of her books almost ceased, and her brilliant career seemed over once for all. Her friends mourned, but her own courage never failed. In fact, she never seemed to realize that courage was needed, but went her serene way undisturbed.

In these letters she writes at this time: "Why use the word sacrifice? I was never conscious of any sacrifice. A new stimulus seized my whole being." "Besides, it is impossible to estimate how much one's own character gains by a warfare which keeps the intellect wide awake, and compels one to reflect upon moral principles."

(1) LETTERS OF L. MARIA CHILD. With biographical introduction by John G. Whittier, and an Appendix by Wendell Phillips. (16mo, pp. 280, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Whatever losses may have come, there are some permanent gains. As usual in a moral crisis, her friends were thoroughly sifted, and only the wheat remained. The noblest and best in the land were from henceforth side-by-side with her. More tolerant than many of them, her views were juster; but to the end of her life she scouted respectability in its narrow sense, and cared more and more for the masses. Her literary power was for a period merely, and as author she may be forgotten, but her lovely and benignant personality is a possession for all time—a memory we cannot afford to put aside even if we would.



A NEW work in dialogue form is in preparation by Walter Pater, the scene being laid in Rome, in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

MADAME ADAMS' volume, "La Chanson des Nouveaux Epoux," has been illustrated with original drawings by Doré, Munkaczy, Dettaille and other distinguished artists.

THE exciting correspondence on the copyright question still goes on in the London *Athenæum*, and, as it at present stands, the English publisher is apparently quite as merciless with his authors as the American.

PROBABLY no more silly book was ever published than "Novissimum Organon; The Certainties, Guesses and Observations of John Thinkingmachine," by James Ferdinand Mallenckrodt, issued by the Hugh R. Hildreth Printing Company, St. Louis. It has absolutely no excuse for being, but may be had for 75 cents.

THE children of the period are encouraged to climb to a proper understanding of the laws of nature by means of the Science Ladder of D'Anvers, constructed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The fifth round, just finished, is called "Lowest Forms of Water Animals." It is simple, compact and very entertaining. Like the preceding books of the series, it is destined to be popular and useful. (Square 12mo, pp. 59, 50 cts.).

PAUL FEVAL, who made a large fortune by his books, "The Mysteries of London" and "The Nights of Paris," is dying in extreme want. His fortune was lost by speculation, and he became directly after this event as religious as he had been skeptical. The Jesuits held him entirely, and in writing up church legends he became rich once more. This second fortune he lent to a friend, who in turn speculated and again ruined him, this time hopelessly.

AN excellent collection of short plays, charades, etc., has been published by Lee & Shepard under the title of "Footlight Frolics," by Mrs. Charles Fernald, which will be found of great use in getting up school entertainments or in small parties at home. The collection is quite free from slang or objectionable features, and thus can be put in the hands of young people without fear of increasing any tendencies in such directions. (Paper, 30 cents).

MARGARET VANDEGRIFF'S "Holidays at Home" is a handsome volume for boys and girls, containing thirty-two separate stories and fifty-nine illustrations. The author has delicate taste, a keen sense of humor, imagination and sensibility, all of which are employed in this book. The lessons of her well-told tales are such as parents will be glad to see inculcated, being cheerful, helpful and good. There are stories in verse as well as prose. The wood-cuts

are very unequal, some being excellent and others very poorly executed. (pp. 302, \$1.75; Porter & Coates).

THE Buffalo *Express* states that the journal to be published by the lunatics on Ward's Island, under the title of *The Moon*, is not the first periodical printed by the inmates of an insane asylum. Thirty years ago, *The Express* says, the prisoners in the Utica Insane Asylum published a monthly magazine called *The Opal*, which contained some of the craziest poetry ever printed. It quotes this couplet as an example:

"Canst thou be the mackerel's queen,
Blighted, plighted Isoline?"

On the whole, this is no crazier than much that comes to the reviewer's table.

It will surprise the many who have been convinced that aside from Lowell's Commemoration Ode and a few minor productions, we had no patriotic poems, to discover with what success Mr. J. Brander Matthews has met in the compilation of his volume, "Poems of American Patriotism." The arrangement is, as far as possible, chronological, and Mr. Emerson's "Boston" is chosen as the opening poem. There are many old favorites—some less familiar, but there is hardly an American poet who has not written stirring verse on some incident or suggestion in our history, though most, as would be expected, date from the Rebellion. The collection is a valuable one, and should have its place in every library. (12mo, pp. 269, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons).

THE readers of THE CONTINENT need no introduction to Mr. E. C. Gardner's delightful work in "The House That Jill Built, After Jack's had Proved a Failure." A Book on Home Architecture, with illustrations. Mr. Gardner's reputation as a practical architect would in any case give value, and, unlike many architects, he has an educated sense in interior as well as exterior decoration, and full knowledge of every sanitary law. He is wise as well as witty, and the little thread of story on which the papers are strung is very delicately managed. The illustrations have in reproduction lost some of their original clearness, but unpretentious as the book is, it would be hard to find a more comprehensive or faithful guide to needed work. (OUR CONTINENT LIBRARY. 16mo, pp. 249, \$1.00; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

It is pleasant to find that grammar is coming to take its true position, and that even teachers admit it has had small influence on the speech of the masses. "We do not wonder," says the *Augusta Chronicle*, "that pupils regard their lessons with loathing, and it is a most hopeful sign when teachers begin to comprehend the true nature of the case and aid in exploding the whole fabric which has been befogging the infant mind for generations. The technical science of language is well enough to know as a specialty, but is no more necessary for ordinary purposes than is the technical knowledge of the art of poetry to a genuinely inspired writer of verse who has an ear attuned to musical expression. Good prose and good poetry can be written without such instruction in book form, crammed as a memory lesson."

In a recent criticism on Paul Heyse's latest novel the London *Spectator*, in some points the most discriminating of all the weeklies, says: "Heyse's speech is a very apt illustration how the language of every country is an evidence in record of its characters and manners. Such situations, modes of thought and feeling as Heyse has depicted in "Children of the World" are imaginable in Germany and in the German tongue, but they lose a large part of their not too solid reality in their divorce from their native speech, gaining instead an uncomfortable semblance of absurdity and childishness. Certain modes of thought can be naturalized as little as certain words, because, in fact, the feelings which the latter would express do not exist. We believe that this fact in large part accounts for the

circumstance that translations from German novels so rarely find favor in this country. Though the two languages start from kindred sources, they have too hopelessly diverged for the hazy dreamings of the one country to be rendered into the speech which expresses the more practical instincts of the other."

DORÉ has seldom done work more representative of his peculiar power and scope than in the illustrations to "Dante's Inferno." Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. have published them in quarto form, with the Rev. Henry Francis Cary's translation, the present edition having critical and explanatory notes, a life of Dante and chronology. Half an inch more of margin would have made the book without flaw, but it is, in any case, a very beautiful gift for holidays or any days. (pp. 183, \$6.00).

So much travel comes to us this season disguised as fiction, that a travel wave would seem to have swept over the whole publishing world, who send out volume after volume of sugar-coated information. The most resolute parent, however, will be forced to yield to the charm of the latest one, "Our Boys in India; the Wanderings of Two Young Americans in Hindustan," by Henry W. French. Profusely illustrated, and with an exciting story as background for the travels, any boy will fare well into whose possession it comes, the facts being given in a very picturesque and lively style. (Square 12mo, pp. 484, \$2.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

TWO TEA PARTIES. By Rosalie Vanderwater. Illustrated, \$2.00. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS. Chiefly Relating to the Book of Genesis and the Hebrew Scriptures. By Edson L. Clark. 12mo, pp. 217, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

MILITARY LIFE IN ITALY. Sketches by Edmondo De Amicis. Translated by Willelmina W. Cady. 12mo, pp. 440, \$2.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MERV OASIS. Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian during the Years 1879-80-81, including Five Months' Residence Among the Tekkés of Merv. By Edmond O'Donovan, Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*. With Portrait, Maps and Fac-similes of State Documents. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 502, 500.

WINNING HIS WAY. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Square 16mo, pp. 208, \$1.25. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

FORTY YEARS IN PHRENOLOGY. Embracing Recollections of History, Anecdote and Experience. By Nelson Sizer. 12mo, pp. 413, \$1.50. Fowler & Wells, New York.

THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. Select Tales, not included by Galland or Lane. 12mo, pp. 390, \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE STILL HUNTER. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. 12mo, pp. 390, \$2.00. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

LOWEST FORMS OF WATER ANIMALS. An Illustrated Natural History Reader. By N. D'Anvers. Science Ladders No. V. 50 cents, pp. 58. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE BRYANT BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Arranged by Janet E. Ruutz-Rees. \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.

DANTE'S INFERNO. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M. A. From the original of Dante Alighieri and illustrated with the designs of M. Gustave Doré. New edition, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, Life of Dante, and Chronology. Imperial quarto. \$6.00, pp. 183. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

CONSELO. A Novel, By George Sand. Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson. 12mo, pp. 527, \$1.00. T. B. Peterson & Bros.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF MEXICO. By Frederick A. Ober. Illustrated, 16mo, pp. 334, \$1.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

PHYLLIS BROWNE. By Flora L. Shaw. Illustrated, 16mo, pp. 383, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

STORIES OF DISCOVERY. Told by Discoverers. By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, pp. 287, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SONGS OF AN IDLE HOUR. By William J. Coughlin. 16mo, pp. 214, \$1.00. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

OLE BULL. A Memoir. By Sara C. Bull. With Ole Bull's Violin Notes and Dr. A. B. Crosby's Anatomy of the Violinist. 8vo, pp. 408, \$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

POETIC MUSINGS. By Joseph Hodgson. Patriotic, Religious and Sentimental. 32mo, pp. 104, 50 cents. Printed by Frank Roehr, Chicago.



At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society Sir John Lubbock read an account of his further observations on the habits of insects made during the past year. The two queen ants which have lived with him since 1874, and which are now, therefore, no less than eight years old, are still alive, and laid eggs last summer, as usual. His oldest workers are seven years old. Dr. Müller, in a recent review, had courteously criticised his experiments on the color-sense of bees, but Sir John Lubbock pointed out that he had anticipated the objections suggested by Dr. Müller, and had guarded against the supposed source of error. The difference was, moreover, not one of principle, nor does Dr. Müller question the main conclusions arrived at, or doubt the preference of bees for blue, which, indeed, is strongly indicated by his own observations on flowers. Sir John also recorded some further experiments with a reference to the power of hearing. Some bees were trained to come to honey which was placed on a musical box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window, and only about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however, did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came to it readily enough. Other experiments with a microphone were without results. Every one knows that bees when swarming are popularly, and have been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by clanging kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists are now disposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John suggests that even if it has—with reference to which he expressed no opinion—it is possible that what the bees hear are not the loud, low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing. As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four A. M.), and worked on later in the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of the wasp, as it might be that they are less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bee's proboscis is admirably adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey is exposed, as in this case, the wasp appears able to swallow it more rapidly. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission until a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time it paid Sir John one hundred and sixteen visits.

FEATHERS to the amount of \$6,250,000 are exported from South Africa every year. Nine-tenths of these feathers are taken from tame birds. Ostriches pay considerably better than any other kind of live stock. The breeding is managed in the following way: A pair of birds, which cost at Cape Colony, Africa, from \$750 to \$1200—or what is called a set, that is, a cock and two hens—are inclosed in a paddock varying in size from forty by sixty yards to two acres. If the birds are in good condition, they will soon begin to lay. Then the eggs are taken from them and put into an incubator for hatching. They will lay thirty eggs before setting, and, if well fed, begin again in two or three weeks. The number of eggs each bird will lay varies from

forty to ninety a year. One set of three birds, a cock and two hens, from June 30, 1873, to June 30, 1873, laid 188 eggs, which produced 133 chicks. Of these 18 died, leaving 115 young birds. Seventy-four were sold at three months old for \$80 each, and allowing the remaining 41 to be worth only \$60 each, we have a return of \$8380 from one set of birds. The next year the same set laid 113 eggs, producing 77 chicks, and the first six months of the third year they laid 97 eggs, producing 81 chicks! The average increase is from 30 to 45 chickens a year from each pair. The chickens are worth, when a month old, from \$40 to \$50 each; a year old, \$100; two years old, \$150; four years old, from \$200 to \$250. At five years, when they begin to lay, they are worth from \$600 to \$1000 a pair. The chickens require careful attention for the first three months, after which time until breeding they are run in a flock like sheep and mustered for plucking every seven months. Each pair of full-grown birds will furnish feathers worth \$60 at each period of plucking, or \$120 worth every fourteen months. The white ostrich feathers bring in the London markets from \$120 to \$150 a pound. The diseases to which ostriches are liable are few. It is thought that California would be a good place for ostriches. They might do well also in Virginia, Florida, Texas and Colorado, and in some other parts of the country. It is proposed to form a company in New York City for the breeding of these birds in California. A capital of \$25,000 only will be required to begin with.

For a long time the favorite mode of committing suicide in Paris has been by leaping from one of the towers of the Notre-Dame. This choice of place is not a mere whim, but rests on a belief that in falling so great a distance the velocity would become so great that respiration would be impossible, and death would really take place before the body could strike the ground. Indeed, in a recent case, a physician has testified that such was the real cause of death. The height of the balustrade of the tower of Notre-Dame is sixty-six metres above the pavement. Now according to the well-known law of falling bodies the descent would take place with a velocity accelerating as follows: Five metres the first second; fifteen metres the next; twenty-five metres the third; and thirty-five metres the fourth—in all, eighty metres in four seconds. Hence, the fall from the tower requires less than four seconds, and the final velocity does not reach thirty-five metres per second. Now railway trains not unfrequently attain a velocity of one hundred and twenty kilometres per hour. This would give two kilometres per minute or thirty-three metres per second. This is almost precisely the velocity a body would acquire at the end of the fall through the space in question. Now, as engine-drivers experience no danger of suffocation in moving through the air at this rate, and whether the direction of motion is horizontal or vertical being immaterial, it is plain that all Parisian suicides who have leaped from the historic tower of Notre-Dame have done so under an erroneous theory; but, like so many other mistakes, the discovery came too late, and the poor, deluded wretch met, after all, the fate he climbed so high to avoid.

ACONITE is a member of the buttercup family, and is a native principally of Europe and Northern Asia. About a dozen species have been introduced and cultivated in gardens for their showy flowers, the most common being familiarly known as monk's-hood and wolf's-bane. Its showy blue flowers make it a favorite in cottage gardens, but it and its allies are poisonous in the highest degree, accidents having occurred through eating the leaves for parsley, and death having frequently occurred from using the roots in place of horse-radish. Much might be done to prevent such mistakes by exhibiting in school-rooms the figures of the two plants and their roots, their nature being ex-

plained by the teacher. The chemical alkaloid called aconitine is obtained from the roots of this plant; it possesses all the virulent poisonous properties of the plant in a tenfold degree.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

December 20.—The Senate passed the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill.—The House passed the bill permitting retired army officers to hold civil offices in the territories; also the Post-Office Appropriation bill.—The Senate confirmed Clayton McMichael, of Philadelphia, to be Marshal of the District of Columbia; J. C. Bancroft Davis, of New York, Judge of the Court of Claims, and Commodore Edward R. Calhoun to be rear-admiral.—The City Bank of Rochester, N. Y., failed.—The Second National Bank of Jefferson, Ohio, suspended.—In Pembroke, Canada, the Copeland Hotel and an adjoining block were burned; loss, \$100,000.—The Hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Big Rapids, Mich., was burned.—Goldsmith's Hall, Philadelphia, was burned; total losses about \$300,000. . . Dec. 21.—The Right Rev. Dr. Benson, Bishop of Truro, is raised to the primacy of the Church of England, *vice* the late Archbishop Tait.—The new building of the *Commercial Advertiser*, in Buffalo, was burned, and the Masonic Hall was nearly destroyed. The total loss was near \$300,000.—Rear-Admiral James F. Schenck, retired, died in Dayton, Ohio, aged seventy-five years.—Benjamin G. Humphreys, ex-Governor of Mississippi, died, aged seventy years. . . Dec. 22.—The House resolved to make eleven o'clock A. M. the hour for meeting during the present session. . . Dec. 23.—Congress took a recess until December 27. . . Dec. 24.—A fire at Livermore, Iowa, destroyed the post-office and eastern section of the village, causing a loss of \$30,000.—The *Herald* office and the People's National Bank building at Pulaski, Tennessee, were burned. . . Dec. 25.—Street fights of a serious character occurred during the day and night at Petersburg, Va., the participants being whites and negroes.

THE DRAMA.

MR. JOSEPH MURPHY, the successful Irish low comedian, has added another play to his repertory, entitled "The Donagh," by Mr. George Fawcett Rowe.

MRS. LANGTRY played to her first slim audiences in Brooklyn—the performances there on Christmas day were but sparsely attended. The *furore* about the imported "professional beauty" is deservedly and speedily dying out.

"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP" will be sent "on the road" immediately, bearing the stamp of approval of New York. Certain members of the original company will be sent from the Madison Square Theatre, New York, to San Francisco to produce it in that city.

"THE RANTZAUS," although pronounced by many to have been one of the best dramas ever produced at the Union Square Theatre, proved but a slight pecuniary success. The name, it is held, militated against its popularity. It was withdrawn after a few weeks' run in favor of M. Octave Feuillet's "A Parisian Romance" cast to the full strength of the Union Square Company.

"OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS" was revived at Wallack's, New York, on December 20. Mr. John Gilbert, who made his first appearance since his recent dangerous illness, received a most hearty welcome from the large audience present, being applauded at every exit and frequently summoned before the curtain. The occasion was rendered still more interesting by the presence in one of the boxes of the author of the comedy, Mr. Dion Boucicault, who had just arrived from England. It was the anniversary of the playwright's birthday, too, December 20, 1823, being the date of his birth. What a rare gratification it must have been for the author to witness the interest of the public in his forty-year-old play. The peculiar coincidences at the latest production of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" served to make the occasion especially noteworthy.



CLEARING OFF THE HOLIDAY SURPLUS.

Miss Lydia (who has just purchased a pair of gloves). "Oh, thanks! I will take the gloves with me, and you may send the chromos home for me. I haven't room in the carriage." (Exit, leaving clerk in a state of daze.)

Tying the Knot.

"THIS is a *true-lover's knot*," he said,
As he twisted over a bit of thread,
And carefully drawing the ends out straight,
Presented the form of the figure eight.

"It is, my darling, a double noose,
Pretty to look at if left quite loose,
But two hearts closely we may unite
By pulling the ends of the cord up tight.

"This is a *bowline knot*," quoth he,
To the merry maiden upon his knee;
"And terrible things on the mighty ship
Would happen, you know, if this knot should slip:
In dropping the anchor, in hoisting sail,
In making safe from the fearful gale:
And the bowline knot you will understand
Should never be made by a careless hand.

"And this is a *weaver's knot*, my dear;
An intricate puzzle to you, I fear;
But you'll find you'll often have use for it
When the children's stockings you learn to knit.
O, what confusion and loss beside,
If a knot in the warp were left untied!
Hither and yon would the stitches run,
And the weaver's weaving be soon undone.

"In tying a knot, if you tie it wrong
You can't depend on it very long;

But if made as it ought to be—firm
and fast—
'Twill hold, and tighten, and always
last.
Now which of these knots do you like
the best?"
Said he—and the maiden whom he ad-
dressed
Like a woman answered, and queried,
too,
"I like the true-lover's knot. Don't
you?"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

In an Album.

THIS page is small; but were it great,
and lain
So that its mighty length would
reach, may be,
From California to the lakes of Maine,
And wrap the earth in white from
sea to sea,
E'en then its snowy breast could not
contain
Half the good wishes that I have for
thee.

H. C. F.

An Agnostic.*

UNDER the apple-boughs heavy with
bloom,
Lulled by bee-murmurings—steeped
in perfume,
All the wild tumult of heartache is
stilled
That erst through this Agnostic bosom
has thrilled.
As I lie at full length on the grass-cov-
ered mead,
I muse on the Unknown—the sad, surg-
ing need
Of those who in life its dread meaning
have sought,

Believing in Nothing and Solaced by Naught!
And I bless the Unknowable, feeling secure
That this to the end will surely endure.

MEL. R. COLQUITT.

Practical Venice.

(By a Commercial Child Harold.)

I STOOD in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A factory, a mill on either hand:
I saw from out the wave tall chimneys rise,
And wharves and busy steam-cranes edge the strand,
And palaces to warehouses expand.
A murky air, where sunshine never smiles,
As black as Bradford. This was once the land
Where poets sang its countless marble piles,
And Ruskin wrote and reveled in its sunny isles!
In Venice Ruskin's echoes are no more,
And steam has stopped the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crammed with goods galore,
And barcarolles no longer meet the ear:
Those days are past—but Enterprise is here.
Shares fall, Stocks fade, but Commerce doth not die,
But reckons dodges more than Doges dear,
And gain above artistic sanctity;
Accounting best on earth, the Trade of Italy!

Punch.

* Happy am I in this calm thought—That "naught is everything and everything is naught."

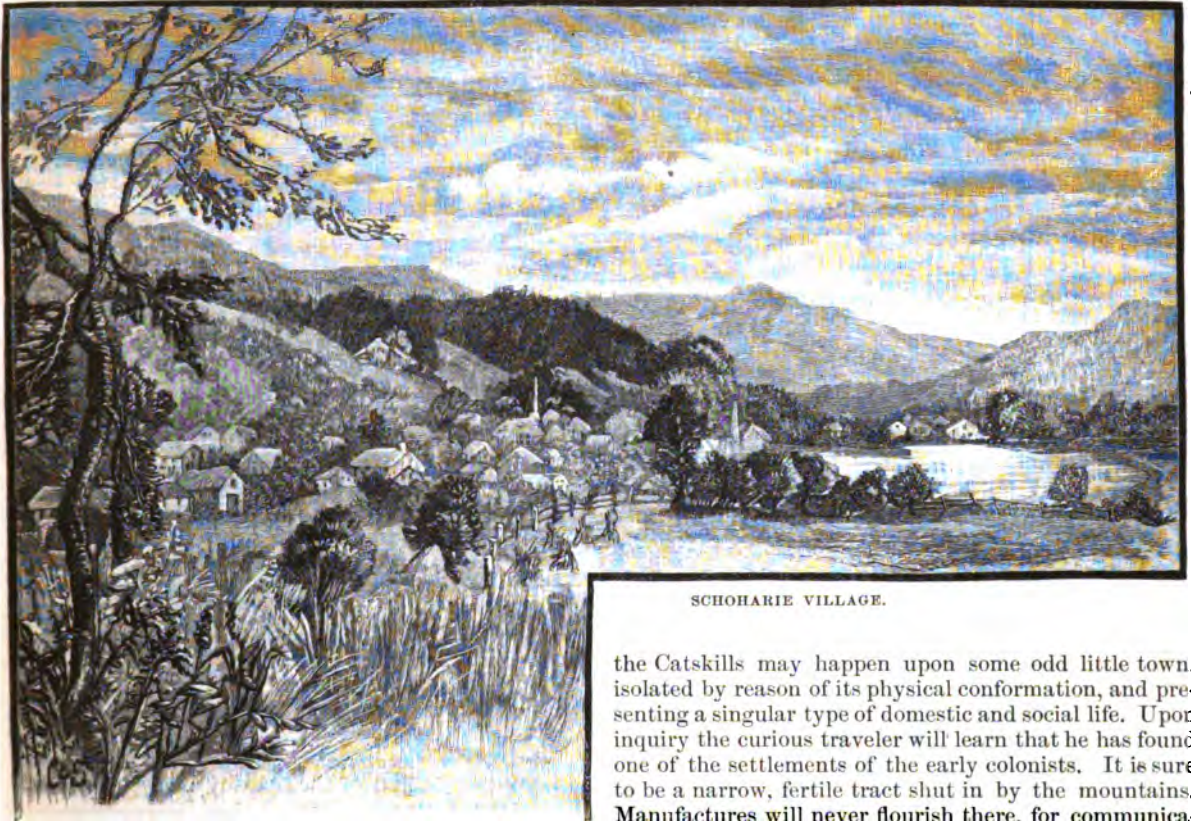
THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 51.

AN OLD DUTCH SETTLEMENT.



SCHOHARIE VILLAGE.

WANDERING over the Catskills one summer's day we came upon the queer little village of Schoharie, snugly ensconced among the hills. Nowadays, when a body of immigrants strike out to found a new colony, they carefully examine the features of the surrounding country with a view to the selection of some spot not only suited to their immediate wants, but which from the character of the surface, soil and climate, may become a centre for future emigration, and also afford accommodation for the natural increase of their numbers. Not so thought the early colonists. To entrench themselves in some secluded spot, not readily accessible to outsiders, or otherwise to settle in some place from which they could easily escape on the approach of intruders, was their first regard; hence the mountains and the sea-coast were usually chosen, and immigrants seldom settled upon the open plains. If they concerned themselves at all about posterity it was probably to reflect that they could best discharge their duties in that regard by taking care of themselves.

Travelers through the Green Mountains and along

the Catskills may happen upon some odd little town, isolated by reason of its physical conformation, and presenting a singular type of domestic and social life. Upon inquiry the curious traveler will learn that he has found one of the settlements of the early colonists. It is sure to be a narrow, fertile tract shut in by the mountains. Manufactures will never flourish there, for communication with the outside world—the world of railroads and steamboats and canals—can only be had by climbing over those rugged mountains; and not the most reckless legislature that will ever legislate will subsidize a tunnel through ten miles of rock for the sake of getting into a valley that is only a mile wide and five miles long.

Conformably with the general teaching and belief, this secluded nook, guarded by the impregnable hills, and secure against the contamination of city vices, should present a picture of stalwart virtue, blooming health and tranquil innocence. Here we should find the moral as well as physical stature of that race of heroes who peopled the "good old times," but we feel our respect for our ancestors dwindling away as we pursue such reflections; for before us is a people weak-kneed, loose-jointed, hollow-chested, and with moral constitutions equally infirm. Tipplers, almost to a man; and as for the women, the female physique and the parish records are alike abnormal and irregular. Insanity, epilepsy and cretinism are frequent disorders. Out of a hundred people whom you would meet on Broadway the average individual would present a more robust ap-

pearance than would the average of the same number taken at random from one of these insular settlements.

But this condition of things is by no means chargeable to defects in the original stock. The evils of isolation are far more ruinous and certain to produce decay in a community than are the extravagances and excesses of an urban population.

In the spring of 1711 a colony of six hundred German Palatinates, under the patronage of Queen Anne, went up the Hudson to Albany, and there encamped, sending out scouts into the neighboring country in search of a spot suitable for making a permanent settlement. On comparing reports it was voted that the valley of the Schoharie, about thirty miles to the northwest, should be the site of their new home. Very beautiful must have been the spectacle presented to the longing eyes of the weary pilgrims on that April day when they entered

standing, though but few lives were lost, for the citizens, being warned of the approach of the British, were gathered into their forts, which they gallantly defended. You will hardly find a man in Schoharie who will not tell you of the brave deeds of his ancestors upon that day. One of the forts is still standing, in a good state of preservation, and there is an annual appropriation by the state for its repair. It was built for a Dutch Reformed Church, and on the stones which appear in the foundation we read the names of the founders—and we read them again on the slabs in the adjacent cemetery. The names of their grandchildren we read, with scarce a break, upon the sign-boards along the main streets. Droll, unpronounceable, many-syllabled names they were, too, but succeeding generations have cut them down and trimmed them up, seriously curtailing, thereby, their ancient Dutch dimensions.



A PRE-REVOLUTIONARY DUTCH MANSE—SCHOHARIE.

that picturesque valley—a fertile tract sharply inclosed by spurs of the Catskills, and lying some twenty-three hundred feet above tide.

They first called their settlement Bruna Dorf, signifying the town of springs; afterward adopting the Indian name, Schoharie, meaning driftwood. At the junction of Fox Creek with the Schoharie, near the site of the village, a quantity of driftwood had collected, forming a natural bridge—hence the name.

In a neighboring valley was a tribe of Indians composed of refugees from other tribes and under the chieftainship of Karighondontee, a French Indian, who had been taken prisoner by the Mohawks. The daughter of the Mohawk chief having fallen in love with the prisoner, he was spared on condition that he should espouse the maiden; and his father-in-law, moreover, gave him as much land along the Schoharie as would be required for planting such quantity of corn as his dusky bride could carry away in her petticoat. So runs the tradition.

It was a little more than a hundred years ago—the crops being snugly harvested—that Colonel Johnson, with an army of five hundred troops, swept down upon the beautiful valley of the Schoharie, leaving ruin and desolation in his wake. Scarcely a house was left

Since the opening of the Albany and Susquehanna road, a few years ago, the town has lost something of its habits of isolation. A convenient cleft in the mountain admits the passage of the local road to a point about a mile from the village, and a handsome new court-house proclaims that Schoharie has become the county-seat. Through that mountain-cleft the breath of a newer civilization has crept in, and the external evidences of the old life are fast passing away; but enough remains to impress the stranger very forcibly. The township includes several outlying hamlets, but that portion which is known as Schoharie, and which was settled over two hundred and fifty years ago by six hundred people, now numbers only a population of about twelve hundred, and of that number three hundred are the blacks and their descendants emancipated by the law of 1824. The phlegmatic Dutchman, less alert than the prudent Yankee, did not sell his slaves on the eve of their emancipation.

Old Jacko, who still hobbles about the premises on which he was born, loves to tell about the “dark day,” when the cows ran lowing through the fields, and the cocks crowed, and the people said their prayers with more than Sunday unction. Old Jacko enjoys the distinction of being “the oldest inhabitant.” He is



THE SCHOHARIE BRIDGE.

probably about a hundred and eight years old. He never learned to read nor write; but he is the repository of all the local traditions, which he rehearses with solemn satisfaction, as one who feels the importance of his office.

The negroes rank second best in the social scale, while a third class of poor whites, known by the descriptive term of *Slughters*, are huddled together in miserable shanties on the outskirts of the village. Strike out in any direction from Main Street, and at the end of the second mile you will be sure to come upon the habitations of the *Slughters*. They toil not, neither do they spin, and life presents no harder problem to the *Slughter* than is involved in the scrutiny of his neighbor's crops, and the calculation of *per centum* which is likely to accrue to him in the distribution of the township alms.

If the student of social science should come hither he will not go away empty. As a brief summary of facts gathered from the town records, we have here a hardy, long-lived, industrious people, of sober and religious habit, living in a beautiful and fertile district, but under conditions which for generations isolate them almost wholly from the rest of the world. Gradually we find the land passing into the hands of the thrifty few; and not long after mention is made of the almshouse; and presently the criminal records grow more bulky. Thus, by easy stages, we reach the logical outcome of these conditions—*Slughters*. Marriages of consanguinity have been inevitable, and grow more frequent as the land-owners become fewer in number; and the ranks of the *Slughters* are constantly recruited by defections from the superior classes.

We also remark the general decrease in longevity, the increase of infant mortality, marasmus, paralysis, epilepsy, insanity, and, lastly, cretinism—the lowest form of human life.

Here, too, is a striking verification of the theory that nature does, in extremity, exercise a law of limitation tending to the extinction of deterior-

ated races. Under normal conditions the number of males born in a community is considerably greater than the number of females, but should the stock become enfeebled or diseased, not only does the number of normal births decrease, but the births of males become relatively fewer. Since the opening of the present century there has been a steady decrease in the ratio of male births.

Leaving the apostle of social science to the pursuit of such moral and philosophical reflections as are here



A FORTIFIED CHURCH.



THE GRIST MILL.

ancient beaches, now converted into the valuable bluish slab used for sidewalks, are found in the quarries. Here are Silurian shells, and the likeness of ripples marked by the retreating waters, and probably covered by a fresh layer of sand from the adjacent rocks before the waves came back again to form new ripples along the tide-washed shore. It is doubtful if there is another spot in this

country containing so much that is of interest to the geologist within the given area. The movement of glaciers is beautifully marked throughout the valley, pursuing a southeasterly course to the Hudson with the Chemung Mountains for a background. The limestone regions abound in caves, from

thrown out, we turn again to the hills. Geologists from all civilized countries have wandered over their rugged sides, making collections from their rich stores of fossils. Here Sir Charles Lyell came before the compilation of his charming work on geology. The deposits at Schoharie belong to the Hamilton group. Sections from

country containing so much that is of interest to the geologist within the given area. The movement of glaciers is beautifully marked throughout the valley, pursuing a southeasterly course to the Hudson with the Chemung Mountains for a background. The limestone regions abound in caves, from



WHERE THE SLOUGHTERS LIVE.



REQUIESCANT.

which fortunate collectors have gathered stalactites of pure white, translucent and solid, sulphate of barytes, calcite, satin-spar, tufa, bog ore, black oxide of iron and aragonite. Among the fossils crinoids and spirifers are found in great abundance and perfection. Occasionally a patient search may be rewarded by the discovery of trilobites. Branches of coral and sea-weed may be picked out by careful hands from the shaly stone which is scattered over the mountains.

Hither the city-worn artist comes to sketch this splendid scenery and gather fresh inspiration as he inhales

the keen, bright air which seems to come from illimitable distances as it sweeps over the mountain tops. And here the late tourist loves to linger while the mellow autumn haze hangs over the hills, softening their rugged outlines until they seem to meet and mingle with the shifting clouds. The sumac and the maple flaunt in crimson and gold, and overhead is the stir and flutter of the South-returning birds, whose punctual migrations constitute the chiefest share of travel between this pretty niche and the great world beyond.

ELEANOR M. LAWNEY.



THE MOUNTAIN WALL.

A BIRTHDAY.

How strange the magic of this golden day !
 From dawn to eve the calm autumnal air
 Has brooded, like the shadow of a prayer,
 Above the hushed waves of the tranquil bay :
 Through the clear dusk now shines with steadfast ray
 One peaceful star, in lonely beauty, where
 Slow, step by step, down Twilight's sombre stair
 The sun has passed upon his westward way.

Even so, dear heart, your face has shone for me
 Since, on this day, in God's good time, you came
 My guide, my guerdon and my goal to be ;
 And even so your love's pure, ardent flame
 Shall light the way 'mid all my dreary gloom,
 Like that lone lamp that burned in Tullia's tomb.

BARTON GREY.

MRS. BISHOP AND HER BAG.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

A FAMILY long subjected to malarial influences sought, years ago, health and strength from a sojourn in the barren regions of the pines. Many impressions there formed on the mind of one of its child-members still remain; but clearest cut of these intaglios of memory is that of Mrs. Bishop and her bag, and it shall form the subject of this sketch.

A weird procession of three wound up the pine-crowned hill to the village church one evening, each member bearing a flickering pine-torch in her hand. Arrayed in scarlet calico, with coarse locks straggling on the breeze, what wonder that to a youthful imagination Mrs. Bishop and her two daughters, Miranda and Rejoice, seemed, beneath the fantastic glare of the torches, to be Macbeth's witches in the very flesh?

A closer survey, however, under the cross-barred wooden candle-holder, which formed the literal "drip-pings of this sanctuary," revealed a grim, gaunt woman and two strong, sun-burnt girls.

Brass-bowed spectacles covered the woman's bright eyes, and a large blue bag, whose use did not appear, was suspended from her arm.

"Seem like she caynt step 'thout that bag," some one whispered near; and from that moment the article, which, in accordance with this statement was so necessary to Mrs. Bishop's well-being, became invested for me with a peculiar interest.

"Does your maw want to buy any quilts, sis, as you knows on?" was the question with which I was accosted, as a few days later the mysterious bag and its owner appeared at our front gate.

"I'll light and come in," was added ere I had time to reply.

"Here, Dood," to a boy who rode behind, "hitch the critter an' foller me."

The specimens of handiwork shortly displayed for our gratification were gorgeous creations of scarlet, green and yellow calico, and bore such striking names as "Star of the Evening," "Wicked Ways of the World," "Pride of the Prairie," and "Solomon's Temple."

When my mother had conveyed to Mrs. Bishop as gently as possible the fact that we had no need for the articles offered, she replied, "Now, ma'am, don't you go to thinkin' I feels put out about it. Laws, no! it's enough for me to have 'sociated fur awhile with the quality ef I hain't made no sale."

"What is your little boy's name?" asked my mother, with a compassionate glance at the little woe-begone-looking creature.

"Doodney is the name he was baptiz by, but we calls him Dood for short."

"Is it a French name?" she further inquired, doubtless thinking of the beautiful name Dieu-donné, or God-given.

"Laws no, ma'am! me an' his paw is strong Primity Baptises, and wouldn't never give no chile of our'n a heathen name. Brother Stuart, an old preacher, named the chile, and I reckon it's a mighty good, religious name, 'cause Brother Stuart is a pow'ful good man. He ain't in this deestrick no mo' now, but he'll be here come next foot-washin' time, an' it'll jes' do you good to hear him e'zort and laugh them holy laughs of his'n."

After a short conversation in regard to a cow which my mother thought of purchasing, and which her visitor averred "gin a bushel of milk," Mrs. Bishop rose to go.

"Let me put these apples in your bag," said my mother; "the little boy may like them."

"Much obleeged, ma'am, but I won't sile the bag. Here, Dood, put them apples in your pocket, and don't you begin a-eatin' of 'em now," as she noted the brightening of the little fellow's eyes.

So the bag went empty as it came, and its use was not yet discovered.

I will state here, digressively, that "come next foot-washin' time," which we found to be a ceremony of great solemnity, we heard "Brother Stuart" first "endeavor to jine the two eends of his mind together" by singing entirely alone a "hyme" six verses in length, and then hold forth for two long hours from the text, "A great king r'ared his bul'arks agin a city, an' the city tuck an' fell," during which he indulged frequently in that peculiar form of nervous excitement called "the holy laugh."

After the sale of some butter and eggs brought a few days later, but *not* in the bag, which flapped idly from her arm, Mrs. Bishop remarked to my mother, "If that there chile was mine," alluding to my humble self, "I'd set her on my mantel-board an' never take eyes offen her. She looks to me jes' like a alabaster image."

"Like as not, honey," turning with a sudden inconsequence to me, "you never seed a country dance, did you? There's a-goin' to be one out to Meachem's to-morrer night, an' I hope your maw'll let you go. Me an' Mirandy'll be there, and will see that you are well took care of."

After much coaxing, permission was granted me to attend the desired dance, and in charge of a trusty servant I went out on the next night to "Meachem's."

A log cabin, containing but one room, from which all furniture had been removed, served as the dancing apartment. This was illuminated by dismal lanterns hung from the walls, and a blazing pile of pine knots in the mud chimney.

A negro fiddler furnished the music, and as he fell asleep at intervals during the playing, many of his airs might have been styled "dreamy."

"Mirandy," her mother and the bag were present. Miranda wore a dress of pink paper cambric, cut in notches at all the edges, and festooned with ribbons of every conceivable hue, and I soon discovered she was quite a belle. Dancing was vigorously carried forward by all the young people, but her nimble gymnastics were something wonderful to behold. Once she passed us at a flying leap which set every ribbon dancing, and Mrs. Bishop remarked, with maternal pride, "Well, that chile's got grace in her heels ef she hain't in her heart."

While the gayety was at its very height there came a strong swaying in the boards beneath our feet, and before its cause could be conjectured the whole company was thrown into a large heap in the middle of the room—the floor had given way!

With much laughter and breathlessness, all were rescued unhurt, and the dancing was resumed in the yard,

whither the fiddler and the dismal lanterns were at once transferred. Seeing the host and a few of the male guests under the house endeavoring to re-establish its frail foundations, Mrs. Bishop playfully remarked:

"Come now, Meachem, 'taint no ways likely you can r'ar them bul'arks agin to-night; so s'pose you come out and try your hand at vittlin' the company."

Mr. Meachem good-naturedly acquiesced in this view of the matter, and shortly after appeared with the refreshments, which, to my unbounded astonishment, consisted wholly of pie—thirteen different varieties!

"Ah, now I see why Mrs. Bishop carries the bag," thought I, as, the party over and the guests departing, I saw her deftly open its capacious mouth preparatory to introducing an immense pie. But no, I was mistaken, for, after a moment's deliberation, she laid the bag aside and wrapped the pie in a large pink calico handkerchief instead; so the mystery still remained unsolved.

Mrs. Bishop's next errand at our house was to inquire if we "took ary a fashion paper" that she "could borror the loan of?" I want to make a pa'sol like your maw's," she added, by way of explanation, "an' I 'lowed I could find somethin' in that to go by."

My mother, though deeming the proposed undertaking one of a difficult nature, offered no discouragement, but produced not only the "fashion papers," but allowed Mrs. Bishop to make a thorough examination of her parasol.

The ubiquitous bag hung as usual at her side, but she did not deposit the papers in it when she rose to go. She placed them under her arm instead, and the bag again went empty.

A week later, as I sat drowsily conning my lessons in the village school, which began at seven in the morning and lasted till half past five at night, I saw Mrs. Bishop, her daughter Rejoice, and the bag advancing. In her hand Mrs. Bishop bore an object, which was both "fearfully and wonderfully made," and it required several moments' close inspection to convince me of the fact that it was a "pa'sol" made in imitation of my mother's. This remarkable structure, instead of assuming the modest, drooping tendency peculiar to that class of objects, was of so aspiring a nature as to turn completely wrong side out and point its ribs up at the sky. All effort to lower the willful article at the door proved fruitless, so Mrs. Bishop sailed into the school-room with it held complacently aloft, thus upsetting the gravity of several of the small band assembled there.

"I've brung Jicey to school," she announced with a flourish of her parasol toward her daughter. "Not that I want to get shet of the chile. Laws, no! for she's a mighty help to me about weavin', milkin' and so on; but it's time she took to book-larnin'. When I was twelve year old," with an air of virtue, "I knowed a right smart outen books. 'Twas then I larned that a lizzard was a symptoms (species) of a snake, an' many other cur'os things I disremember now. Now, Jicey here, she's eleven past, an' peert enough to learn e'enamost anything, ef she'll only try; so this mornin' I tole old Bishop—that's her paw—that she should be brung to school; an' here she is."

The subject of these remarks hung a blushing head as her mother thrust her forward, and began a wild endeavor to dig a hole in the floor with her toes. She was clad, as to bonnet, apron, dress and pantalettes, in striped homespun, and was as sturdy a young creature as one would wish to see.

Poor child, her trials began from that hour. Her

mother's parting injunction to the teacher was that "ef she didn't take to larnin' naterally, it was to be druv into her with a stick." Weeks and weeks had sped, however, before she had even reached that part of the "First Reader" wherein is affirmed the fact, "These boys have no hats." This sentence she learned by heart, and when called on to read rendered it thus: "These here boys hain't got nary a hat."

"Jicey," I impulsively asked one day, after Mrs. Bishop had made a visit at the school, bearing the empty bag upon her arm, "why does your mother always carry that bag?"

"Dunno," was the satisfactory reply; "reckin it's 'case she wants ter."

Was my curiosity never to be gratified?

"I kim to town to-day for two reasons," explained Mrs. Bishop while calling at our house one morning. "One was to fetch Rempster's little gal in to see the keers, an' the other was to borrow a bit of mournin' from your maw."

"Have you lost any of your family, Mrs. Bishop?" asked my mother in alarm, remembering little Doodney's pale face in Sunday-school the Sabbath before.

"Oh, no'm. The mournin' is to be wore as a token of respec to a ole friend of mine, whose funeral sermont is to be preached to-morrer. Poor Piety Ann," she continued, "little did she think when she died as her remains wouldn't be done justice to for fifteen long ye'r."

"Fifteen years!" exclaimed my mother, in shocked surprise.

"Yes'm. Fifteen ye'r! I'll just tell you how it was: Brother Brown, her husband that was—and a tol'able good man, too, as men go—lost her some fifteen ye'r ago. He took on a right smart at the time, and 'peared quite 'flicted at his gereavement; but, if you'll believe me, ma'am, he didn't even so much as put a piece of black on his hat afterwards to implicate his feelin's; an' he never had no funeral sermont preached; an' what should he do in less'n six weeks but up an' marry agin! Oh, men is so owdacious!"

"Now I'd knowed Piety Ann ever sence she was a sucklin' babe, an' there never was a better 'ooman born. So when Brown's second wife turned out a reg'lar ternygrunt, I wa'n't in no wise upset, for he needed a come-uppance, an' he got it in her."

"Well, Number Two she finally took an' died, an' Brown was quite chipper-like for a while; but lately somethin' has been a-workin' on his mine, and last week he 'lowed to me openly that he'd wronged Piety Ann, an' was a-goin' to do jestic now, an' have her funeral sermont preached at last."

A "bit of mourning" in the shape of a black tissue veil was brought forth by my mother. Mrs. Bishop expressed herself as highly pleased with its suitability to the occasion and took her departure.

Imagine our surprise when we saw her at church next day arrayed in a startling dress of red calico, the blue bag hung as usual on her arm, and the borrowed veil trailing back in sable darkness from a bonnet profusely trimmed in green!

As one of the chief mourners she occupied the pew with "Brother Brown," who in tardy reparation for past indifference had tied an immense piece of black calico about his hat. As if further to attest his grief, he wore this funereal-looking object during the whole sermon.

Brother Stuart conducted the services. He quoted the line "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," which

he said "was the voice of Piety Ann a-asking for her dew." He once referred to the departed lady as "a extra fine cabbage-biler," and again as "a bewingled angel." After each assertion as to her excellent qualities he asked in mournful accents, "Ain't that so, Brother Brown?" To which "Brother Brown" would always reply with a lugubrious "yes," and a nod of his grief-laden head.

With a prayer, in which Brother Stuart earnestly desired that "each member's heart might be putrefied," the services were closed.

I dreamed that night that Mrs. Bishop passed our front door bearing "Brother Brown" in an immense blue bag toward the cemetery, and that she was repeating again and again the sentence, "Oh, men is so owdacious!" Was that bag to haunt me even in my dreams?

"Ef you 'll look in that splint basket on the table," said Mrs. Bishop to me when she called to return the veil, "you 'll find some pa'tridge eggs Doodney sent you. Seem like that chile ain't never done a-thinkin' about you an' your maw."

"How is Doodney?" inquired my mother, who had grown quite attached to the little fellow as a member of her Sunday-school class.

"Why, he's quite peaked an' pinin' from some cause or 'n'er. I've been a-doctorin' him, too, with shuck-tea, pine-water an' boneset, but it don't 'pear to do no good."

"I 'll send Doctor Holmes out this evening," said my mother with decision. "He may need immediate care."

On the next morning my mother and I drove out to Mrs. Bishop's house, a distance of five miles, to inquire after Doodney, and carry him some delicacies. We found him hot and restless with fever, but he gave us a sweet smile of welcome, and clung closely to my mother's proffered hand.

All during our stay his bright, distended eyes were fastened with a dumb affection on her face, and when we came to leave he panted out, "I likes you, I do for true, an' I likes your little girl, an' I likes the Sunday-school, too."

"I wish we could take him home with us, mamma,"

I said earnestly as we drove away, "he is so bright and quick; I'm sure you could teach him to be a nice boy when he is well again."

"He will never be well again, my child," she answered with tears in her voice. "He was the brightest and best of my little class, and I would gladly have trained him to a higher standard, but 'Death will soon teach him more than this melancholy world doth know.'"

Her words were prophetic. Little Doodney died the next day, and two days later we went out to the funeral.

As we neared the door Mrs. Bishop came out to meet us, and for the first time we saw her without the bag.

Depict to yourself our astonishment when, on entering the room to take a last look at our dear little friend, we found that the bright blue object, so long familiar to us as a bag, had been transformed into a pair of little trousers and in these Dieu-donné, now Dieu-*pris*, was clothed for his last, long sleep.

"I reckon you 'll reganize them breeches?" said Mrs. Bishop as she gazed at the quiet, little figure through dripping tears. "I sot a heap o' store by that bag," she continued. "I bought it two ye'r ago to kerry about and be handy to put things in, but seem like I couldn't never make up my mind to use it. It 'peared to be a shame to sile it. So I jes' kep a-kerryin' of it, more fur a ornament like than anythin' else. Doodney," with a broken voice, "allus egmired the bag so much that when the poor little feller come to die, says I, I 'll make a purty little pair of breeches outen it and put on him, an' it 'll kinder make him feel more cheerfuller like when he wakes up all strange, an' so fur from his paw an' me."

So thus at last the matter was explained, and from this simple and touching recital I learned both the history and the mystery of the bag.

Time has wiped out many pictures of that past, but not less vivid to-day than when I saw it last is the one of little Dieu-donné, lying ready for his early grave, his yellow hair, black lashes and pallid brow brought out in strong relief by the bright blue of the little trousers which were to cheer him when he woke, and which had so long haunted me in the shape of his mother's bag.

SLEEP.

DAY that I hailed with gladness, bright and fair,

How glad I am that you are spent at last!

And nerves and limbs, that have been pricked with care,

In loose night robes upon the sheets are cast.

Cares of to-day, your needle-book is shut,

With the sharp, tiny points in wool encased,

Another leaf from Life's worn book is cut,

In the Recording Angel's fingers placed.

Scissors and needles, put them quite away;

And that poor page that sums the petty whole,

Take it, my God, and read it right, I pray!

Seal it with safety for my stifled soul.

Questions that vex, and griefs, whose heavy weight

We wear like armor fitted close and hard;

Matters it that the lonesome hour and late

With burning planets on the dark is starred,

Or that the moon-tide o'er the moss-edged roof,

Slips to the gallery spreading silently,

Weaves in the starry threads a silver woof,

Chaste as a bridal robe? I will not see!

I'm tired, so tired to-night! earth's bright things call

No pulse to gladness rhyming happily.

I'm dully tired, and in thine arms would fall,

Merciful Sleep! The good friend left to me.

Always thou comest unto me at last:

Tho' sometimes I must long implore, I know

That thou wilt kindly come and hold me fast,

As nightly to thy white-kept shrine I go.

Some time these hurried hands, this life-lashed heart,

Will come unto thee where grave shadows creep,

Claiming at darker doors the well-earned part

In thy domain of silence, Holy Sleep!

LUCAS R. JEFFERIES.



OLD COMRADES—FRANK T. MERRILL.

AN ART FOR ENTHUSIASTS.—II.

Of a different type from the etchers mentioned in the preceding number is Mr. Whistler, who, as he was born here, will always be claimed, in a sense, as an American, though almost his whole artist-life has been spent abroad. He, too, is, in his way, the centre of a group, and, if you will, the founder of a school.

I have spoken of the limitations as well as of the peculiar excellences of the artistic temperament. There are things to be overlooked or forgiven as well as things to be admired; things to be taken for granted as well as those actually expressed.

Among the artists of the present generation who have made themselves conspicuous, and—I am sorry to say—notorious, I suppose no one asks us to forgive or to overlook more than does Mr. Whistler. No one seems

in his work to ask us to take more for granted, and, with all deference to those who disagree with me, I think that no one has a better right to expect it. No one's caprices have more the stamp of authority. In the work of none do the vagaries of fancy bear more unmistakably the sign of original power.

I presume that no student will take Mr. Whistler's work as a model in *technique*; the way in which his work is done is probably the last thing he cares about, and much as I admire good work for its own sake, I frankly confess that I like his work all the better for this evident disregard of means. There is in his work, as, in a much nobler way there is in that of Millet, a protest against certain blandishments of the artist's craft; the graces of execution which are very apt to



THE EDGE OF THE POND—VAN ELTEN.

take the place of the end for which the artist is working—the impression which he wishes to convey. I know very little of Whistler's painting—I only know that his mother's portrait is superb—and it is not of this that I am speaking, but for genuine artistic insight into the essential qualities which it is the business of art to portray, such etchings as his "The Forge;" the series of old buildings, old boats and old men which he found along the Thames; the portfolio of a dozen little figure-studies, or the best of his recent sketches in Venice, entitle him to a high place among those who put artistic perception above the mechanism of any profession.

If he chooses to trifle with his reputation sometimes; if in his work he occasionally allows bravado to take the place of confidence, that is his own affair. We may be sorry—I am sure I am—but it ought not to prevent the fullest acknowledgment of the really splendid work which he has done.

It is only within the last ten years that artists in America have bestowed any very serious attention on etching, for although the traditions of the art have never been lost, and although its processes are for all practical purposes fully enough described in books which have been published any time within the last two hundred years and more, and although engravers' work is always in certain stages of it really etching and nothing else, yet it is only in very recent times that the proper atmosphere has been found for it to really flourish in. For it is, in an eminent degree—and in this is found, at the same time, the secret of its limitations and of its greatest charm—an art for enthusiasts, and it is something that goes without saying, that until very lately the enthusiasm of the American people—a quality in which I hope they are not deficient—has expended itself in other channels than in the patronage or pursuit of art.

M. Cadart, whose name is so closely associated with the best work which has been done in France, and which, in his capacity of printer or publisher, is found on so many of the best plates, did, it is true, come to

America in 1867, and hoped and tried to impart to artists and patrons here something of the fervor which he felt himself. But it was too early, and art in America was not ripe for the innovation. We were, as Turner said in refusing to let one of his pictures be brought to America, "not up to the mark yet."

Among the artists who first turned their attention to etching with any seriousness was Mr. Stephen Ferris, of Philadelphia, who began to make experiments and who even published a few plates in 1875. Mr. Peter Moran also began to etch about the same time, and the large etching of Wagner's, "The Chariot Race," which was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, was the product of their united labors, Mr. Moran having executed the horses and Mr. Ferris the rest of the plate. It is not in point of time alone that the work of these two artists demands prominent recognition in any notice of the progress of the art in America. It is in the work of Mr. Moran that one looks for the very best qualities which distinguish the painter of animals. Always sympathetic and refined; as modest, too, in the quiet strength of its execution as it is refined in sentiment, the work of no painter-etcher of to-day more easily maintains its place and asserts its charm in the midst of much that is importunate, not to say impertinent in noisier work by younger men, than the simple and elegant etchings of Peter Moran, while I suppose no American etcher has succeeded so well as Mr. Ferris in the delicate work in portraiture and in the treatment of the figure generally, by which he is best known. Whoever is familiar with his etchings after Fortuny or Vibert, or has seen his exquisite "Spring," after the younger Kaulbach, knows something of the possibilities of the art in the way of interpreting the subtler qualities of painting or of nature, in which etching is commonly supposed to be particularly deficient. The etchings of Mr. Gerome Ferris are almost, perhaps quite as good as the work of his father, while among those who bear the name of Moran there are so many artists of ability, who etch as well as paint, that it is out of the question to even name them all. There are, I believe, no

less than twelve of this name who would have made a name, each for himself, if they had not united their efforts to produce one. "The twelve apostles of American art" they have been called by a good-natured and sometimes facetious critic—critics, I believe, are always good-natured and are occasionally facetious. Among these, as among any other group of American artists, the work of Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran demands particular notice. I doubt whether in the work of any etcher in America or in Europe are to be found more painter-like qualities than hers exhibit, and if I were asked to select the etching by an American artist which exhibited these qualities in the greatest profusion, I should unhesitatingly name her "Twilight at Easthampton." Her work is not always equal to this, it is true—nobody is always at his best—but I am inclined to regard such work as this as about the high-water mark of etching in America. Perhaps if one were to seek for the etcher whose work exhibits the highest average of excellence, the best sustained effort, let us say, to borrow a somewhat hackneyed phrase, he would not go far wrong if he chose Stephen Parrish. Such classification and comparison as this is needless, however, besides being, on the whole, unfair. The work of no artist invites comparison with that of others less than Mr. Parrish's, or can better afford to do without it. He is original in the best sense in his treatment, not less than in his choice of subject; for he has made delightful pictures out of what to others would have offered little hint of artistic motive.

Among American etchers only less known than these, Mr. Charles A. Platt and Mr. Joseph Pennell deserve especial notice. Both are very young men; Mr. Platt is only twenty-one, and his first plate was etched but two years ago; and Mr. Pennell is hardly older either in years or in art. Mr. Pennell is well known as an illustrator also, but Mr. Platt's reputation rests on his etchings alone. Both show the genuine artistic insight



VENICE—ROSS TURNER.

in their choice of material and exceptional ability in making the most of its picturesque possibilities. Of the



CONWAY CASTLE, NORTH WALES—MARY NIMMO MORAN.



RETROSPECTION—GEROME FERRIS.

two I should say that Mr. Pennell was the most original in his methods, and that Mr. Platt was at present the most finished and confident workman.

My catalogue is already too long, for, after all, this is not an exhibition notice; but in recording, even imperfectly, the claims of etching as one of the finest of arts, and its progress in America, one cannot forget the charming work of Mr. R. Swain Gifford as tender and as true to the quiet scenes he loves to paint as his work in color; the simplicity and freshness of Mr. James D. Smillie, and the grace and beauty with which Mr. Farrer, Mr. Bellows and Mr. Van Elten know how to clothe homely and humble themes.

As with everything else in these days of organized enterprise, the increasing interest in the subject of etching has already assumed the proportions of a "movement." Every city has its society or club, by means of which the members are mutually instructed

and assisted. It is to the existence of such societies that we owe the exhibitions noticed in this and the preceding paper, and the creation of an atmosphere more favorable to artistic pursuits than the ordinary air of American towns is apt to be. It would be hard to tell how much beautiful work we owe directly to this influence. Other forms of art are encouraged by the commercial spirit, but hitherto it must be conceded that the etcher has appealed to a public too select for much inspiration to have been derived from this quarter. Among the illustrations to this article will be found a group of exquisite works from Boston artists. Mr. Garrett was a successful engraver, and Mr. Merrill was well known as an illustrator, but it is at least doubtful whether the delightful etchings which, within a few years, have come from their hands would have been produced had it not been for the influence of such associations as I have named, and of Mr. Ross

Turner and Mr. Charles H. Turner this is quite as true.

I have left to the last the one who perhaps illustrates best of all the point I wish to establish about etching, as compared with other forms of printed art—Mr. F. S. Church. For, while he cares less than any other for certain technical qualities which artists and connoisseurs are apt to prize very highly, his work shows, on the whole, rather more than that of any of his fellows the presence of those powers which are independent of all methods. I think he rather despises, as Millet despised, technical excellence as an end in art, and that he regards the labor spent in acquiring it as thrown away, unless it is to remain, as I am afraid it seldom does, the willing servant of the imagination. He leaves to others the embellishment of the story, which makes the mere telling of it delightful to talker and to hearer alike. He only delivers his message and is off. And he always has something to say. The voice of no one has a truer ring. Other artists have quaint conceits and fine fancies, but none, I think, are quite so quaint or quite so fine as his.

Mr. Haden says that of all the arts etching is the last one for the amateur. But the truth of this, like that of the larger lesson about the goodness and the badness of the world, "depends on how you take it." If by amateurs is meant that large and increasing class of persons who spend an hour or two a week at the studio of some poor artist in copying his productions, while they silence their consciences and delude their friends by the pleasant

fiction that they are "taking lessons," then it is true enough that they ought to be more profitably employed than in caricaturing the work of artist-etchers, though they are certainly no further from the mark in etching than in many other forms of art. But there are amateurs of another sort, students who are not the less earnest because they are not needy; men and women—their number is not small, and is increasing, too—to whom nothing seems quite so well worth doing as the work of the artist. I see no reason why less should be expected of them because their hands are free.

What, after all, was Goethe but an amateur? What was Leonardo but the prince of amateurs? I am sorry that so good a word has lost so much of its significance, and has come to be applied only to those who trifle with high occupations.

I think it is Mr. Ruskin who has somewhere said that the surest test of the quality of our minds is the use we make of leisure. Now of those who devote themselves to art I should say it is only the amateur who *has* leisure, and without him and his influence I hardly see how intelligent and appreciative patronage is possible. If the term is used with the significance which such a view of the subject makes possible, I am sure that for the very same reasons as those for which it commends itself to the professional painter, the most artistic and delightful of the arts in black and white commends itself to him who deserves the name of amateur.

L. W. MILLER.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

IT is too true. While the words are yet in Sarah's mouth, the door opens and admits the red face, the grizzled fringe, and the black and white plaid gown that they have all been apprehensively expecting.

"Any admittance?" cries the burly voice, as the owner enters without awaiting an answer to her question. "All alive and well?"

"We are all alive," replies Sarah gloomily, giving a hand ten degrees limper even than that one which she had vouchsafed to Rivers. "As to being well—"

"Why are you all sitting in the dark? Why are all your blinds down?" interrupts the other breathlessly, unable any longer to contain the curiosity with which she has been bursting all the way up the long stone stairs.

There is a moment of stupefied silence, as the conviction flashes coldly on all their minds that they have over-reached themselves.

"I happened to look up as I was passing," continues Miss Watson inquisitively, "and saw that the blinds were all drawn down. I thought that of course I had better inquire the reason at once; but I could not get any satisfactory answer out of your page-boy—Tommy he tells me his name is. I had a little talk with him on the stairs coming up; he does not seem a very intelligent boy—Tommy—does he?"

"We had him cheaper by getting him out of an idiot

asylum," replies Sarah gravely; and Rivers, moon-struck as he is, explodes.

"Grandmamma quite well?"

"Do you think that she is dead, and that that is why we have the blinds down?" says Sarah ironically. "Thanks, she is quite well, but she is not up yet. You see it is a little early!"

At this side-stroke Rivers winces. Does not it apply equally to him? But upon the object at whom it is aimed it is absolutely wasted.

"No bad news from England, eh?"

"Thanks, no!"

"I was afraid"—her eyes wandering inquisitively round—"by seeing the blinds down, that you might have heard of the loss of a relation. No? Well, then, why are they all down?"

There was a moment's silence. What question can be easier, and yet more difficult, to answer. At last:

"There is no reason why they should not be pulled up now!" says Sarah dryly. "Mr. Rivers, up with the blinds!"

Mr. Rivers obeys. The houses on the other side of the street again come into sight, and the gloom flies.

"I am so glad of this opportunity to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rivers!" says Miss Watson, following him to the window, and cordially extending her large hand. "As soon as I heard your name I longed to ask you what Rivers you are? I know so many Rivers. I

am sure that I must know all your people! What Rivers are you?"

The young man has turned, the blind-cord still in his hand, toward her. His face has grown nearly as red as hers, albeit the red is of a different quality.

"That is a rather posing question, is not it?" he says, with a confused laugh, the Englishman's difficulty in discussing himself being, in his case, intensified a hundredfold by the consciousness that Belinda is *eagerly* listening; "how can I describe myself?"

"All the rivers run into the sea, but the sea is not full!" says Sarah flippantly; and Rivers looks vexed.

There is not one among us, however wise and good and humble, who does not detest a joke upon his own name.

"I know Lord Rivers," continued Miss Watson, fixing him with her inexorable eye. "At least I may really say that I virtually know him; we were at the same hotel at Cairo for two nights together; and though we never exactly met, as he did not dine at the *table d'hôte*, yet there is a sort of freemasonry in being at the same hotel! How is Lord Rivers? is he quite well? Is there any chance of his coming here?"

"I have not the slightest idea," replied Rivers bluntly. "He is not the most distant connection of mine!"

"Ah! then—" with a look of enlightenment, "you are one of the *other* Rivers; one of the Stukeley Rivers—Sir Edward Rivers' family. Now do tell me, which of the brothers are you? I am always so puzzled amongst them! Are you Humphrey? or Randulphus? or a younger one still?"

"I am neither Humphrey, nor Randulphus, nor a younger one still!" answers Rivers sulkily, his usually amiable and always beautiful boy's face beginning to look rather dangerous under this continued baiting. "I am not related to Sir Edward Rivers, and I never heard of Stukeley!"

"Then I declare that I am quite at a loss," says she baffled.

But as her eye shows no sign of releasing him, as she is evidently bent upon extracting from him a response of some kind, he has to make what shift he can to answer her.

"I am sure I do not know what Rivers we are!" he says, in a shy, fierce voice, looking out of the window, as if with some vague idea of escape by it. "There are a good many of us, and we live in Yorkshire, and my father is in business!"

As the back of his head is turned to the room, and as, unlike Sarah, he has no eyes in it, perhaps she is justified in putting up one hand as a speaking-trumpet to her lips, and noiselessly mouthing through it for her sister's benefit the syllables, "Ar-ti-fi-ci-al ma-nure!" At all events, this is what she does.

"She is really gone!" says Sarah, turning away from the window half an hour later, after a cautious reconnoitre, and drawing a long breath. "Mercifully, the Greens were passing, and she fell upon them from behind, so that they could not escape her. Generally, she has a way of pretending to have forgotten her umbrella, and coming back to hear what one is saying of her."

"I wonder she has not been cured of that before now," says Belinda gravely, "as she never can have heard any good."

"It is the triumph of hope over experience!" rejoins Sarah. "Well," with a gay look at Rivers, "at least it is a comfort to think that she has at last found out conclusively what Rivers you are!"

"Or, rather, what Rivers I am not," replies he dryly; "it is not quite the same thing."

"To be neither Humphrey nor Randulphus!" says Belinda, with a happy, shy, rallying smile; "how sad!"

"I wonder, now, what your Christian name really is?" says Sarah. "Come out, Slutty; she is gone! Slutty always crawls under this bureau when Miss Watson calls; she hates her so! I have tried to teach her to bite her leg, but she will not go so far as that. Yes now, *what is your Christian name?*"

"What should you *think?*" he asks joyously, his heart leaping wildly at that *small* coy smile which his dear lady has just spared him. "What do I look like?"

"You might be *Arthur*," replies Sarah, sitting down with Slutty in her lap, and looking him over well and thoroughly; "there is no reason why you should not be *Reginald*; and I have heard of more unlikely things than your being *Guy*!"

"Wrong! grossly wrong!" replies he, enduring her scrutiny with the most perfect *sang froid*, and, indeed, giving her back her cool hardy look. "I never heard a worse shot! And *you*—what do you think?" his tone growing suddenly reverent, and his bold eyes veiled and shy.

"You shall give me only one guess?" she answers merrily. "I say—*David*!"

"*David*!" repeats Sarah scornfully. "How likely! Try Goliath at once!"

But Rivers, in an ecstasy of pleasure at his love's intuition, is crying out:

"How did you know? How did you find out? I never told you!"

"Was not it a good guess?" she says with a demure smile. "No; it was not a guess; I read it—you know you sat before us last Sunday—in the fly-leaf of your prayer-book in church!"

She blushes faintly as a China rose at this admission of how her thoughts and eyes had stolen away from praise and supplication to spell out his name.

"*David*!" repeats Sarah, in an extremely dubious voice. "H'm!"

"It is a family name among us," he adds in explanation; among my mother's people, that is."

There is a moment's silence. For the first and only time in her life Sarah wishes for Miss Watson back again, to ascertain, as she undoubtedly would by direct inquiry, who and what his mother's people are. But as she herself does not feel quite equal to the task, the fact remains wrapped in as much mystery as does the nature of his father's commercial operations.

"Well, I suppose," says the young man, sighing heavily, and gently and reluctantly setting down Slutty (Slutty loves him; he has mastered the exact spot in her back which demands delicate and perennial scratching. She has forsaken Sarah to jump up on his lap, though she has in general but a poor opinion of men's laps, as cold and hollow pretenses)—"I suppose I must be going. I am afraid that you have already had too much of me!"

He pauses, with a wistful look toward Belinda's bent and shining head, but neither girl contradicts him: the one because she so cordially agrees with him; the other because she so passionately dissents. He moves unwillingly to the door, but there halts again. "And—and Wessenstein?" he says desperately.

"What about it?" cries Sarah peevishly. "Did not you hear us calling all our gods to witness to Miss Watson that we were so broken with fatigue since Moritzburg that we could scarcely lift a finger?"

"I heard *you*," he answers bluntly, laying a significant stress upon the pronoun.

"Now I warn you," says she, holding up her forefinger threateningly at him, "that if you mention Wesenstein again, I shall stop my ears."

"There are other places besides Wesenstein," returns he pertinaciously; something about Belinda—not anything she has said, certainly, for she has said nothing—but possibly the unnatural fury with which she is knitting, encouraging him to persevere.

"Of course!" very snappishly; "Tharandt!"

"No, not Tharandt; there are other places beside Tharandt. Loch Mühle, for instance; have you ever seen Loch Mühle?"

"Never!" very crossly; "and I humbly hope that I never shall. Why should we go anywhere?" pursues she, burying her ill-humored face in the sofa-cushion; "leave me, leave me to repose. I have not the faintest wish to go anywhere."

"And you never do anything but what you wish yourself?" asks Rivers snubbingly, eyeing with extreme disfavor her petulant prettiness. To him she does not appear in the least pretty.

"Never, if I can help it!" replies she, raising her head, surprised and languidly titillated by his tone, which is not what she had expected in him. "Do you?"

He laughs dryly.

"Never, if I can help it; but in a large family one cannot help it."

"In a large family," repeats she. "You are one of a large family?"

"It depends upon what you call large; there are six of us."

"Five too many," rejoins she promptly. "And where do you come—third—fourth?"

"I come first."

"Are you taking a leaf out of Miss Watson's book?" asks Belinda severely, joining in the dialogue for the first time.

"I think I am," replies the other composedly.

"Well, then, we will make a bargain: I will ask you no more questions if you will promise to invite me to go no more expeditions; there!"

So saying, she re-buries her head in the pillows; and as she totally declines to raise it again, and as neither does Belinda add another syllable, he is at length obliged to withdraw defeated.

For a moment after he has disappeared, Belinda still knits violently, her forehead puckered, a warm pink wave ebbing and flowing in her cheeks, and a sharp brush between love and pride going on in her heart. For the first time in her life pride goes to the wall. She tosses down her stocking and springs to the door.

"Mr. Rivers!" she calls tremblingly; "Mr. Rivers!"

He must have walked very slowly, for he has only just reached the double doors of egress.

"Yes," he answers pantingly; "yes?"

"It is nothing," she says, faltering into deep shyness again, and quivering under the fervent expectancy of his look. "I only wanted to tell you that—that it is not my fault; that, for my part, I should have liked to go to Loch Mühle."

"Then why in Heaven's name could not you say so sooner?" asks Sarah, whose long ears have again served her faithfully, pouncing out upon them. "I am sorry that his name is *David*," she says reflectively, a little later, when he has gone, jubilant now, to arrange the excursion. "I am afraid it looks ill; the poor people are so fond of Scripture names."

A high sun, hot and benign; a west wind, sweet with last night's rain; myriads and myriads of blossomed fruit-trees; villages that seem built of and buried in snow; enormous bunches of pear-blossoms, that look as if the boughs must break under their weight; the ways all white with arches of cherry-bloom; the horses trotting over a carpet of strewn cherry-petals, as at some high wedding pomp; and a seat opposite Belinda, who has allowed him to open her parasol for her. Is it any wonder that Rivers has forgotten that it is near three o'clock, and that at an hour at which most people are full, he and his company are still fasting? But *they* have not forgotten. For the last mile and a half he has been pelted by an ever sharper shower of anxious and peevish questions as to whether the Kutscher knows the road; as to whether they have still a mile, two miles, half a mile to go; as to whether he is sure that there is a Gast-hof; as to whether, lastly and desperately this, he is certain that there is such a place as Lohmen (it is at Lohmen that they are to lunch) at all.

"I suppose," says the Professor finally, putting on his spectacles in order to look full and murderously at him through them (he does not often look at undergraduates, he dislikes them too much), "I suppose that you are aware that the whole responsibility of the excursion rests with you?"

"Yes, I am aware," replies Rivers inattentively and dreamily.

She has just deigned to accept a little switch from him—a flowered cherry-bough, blossomed to the end of each brown twig—and is daintily waving away the audacious summer flies with it.

The Professor has five distinct good reasons for being cross, and for most people one suffices. Firstly, he did not want to come at all; secondly, he has the threatenings of a snuffly cold, contracted in the long Moritzburg grass and among the Moritzburg pigs, and probably to be sensibly worsened by the present pleasure-trip; thirdly, he hates sitting with his back to the horses—a thing which his votaries indeed seldom suffer him to do—but in this case there has been no suggestion of offering him a front seat; fourthly, his digestion has been for so many years his master, that it now allows him with impunity no least derangement of his meal-times; fifthly and lastly, Sarah has three times flagrantly pretended not to hear him when he addressed her, and has once crabbedly asked him to let her have a little more room. For Sarah is, if possible, still crosser than he.

The low, trivial words that the sweet wind carries not to her, but alongside of her; the ardent iron-gray eyes that she is always accidentally meeting, and that instantly lose their ardor the moment they encounter hers; the dust, for, despite last night's rain, there is dust; the sense of physical emptiness, that no tickled vanity, no warmed passions redeem, have wrought her by the time they at length alight at the door of a simple but not untempting-looking Gast-hof to such a pitch of ill-humor as makes her betrothed's mild fractiousness pale beside it.

"How cross they are!" says Rivers, having, for the first time, realized this long sufficiently patent fact, and looking after them with sunny wonder, as the Professor hastens into the inn to order luncheon, eagerly followed by Sarah.

"And how greedy!" adds Belinda.

And having thus calmly characterized their companions' vices, they stray away together down the little garden path, where the bloody warriors and the cat-faced pansies merrily grow in the sandy border, and forget them. They have not, however, been long left to

watch the happy butterflies hover, and the young flowers blow, before a captious voice overtakes and recalls them.

"I thought," cries the Professor from the open Gasthof door, and in a voice whose exasperation is sensibly sharpened even since it was last heard in querulous inquiry five minutes ago—"I thought, Mr. Rivers, that you gave us to understand that there was a good hotel to be found here?"

"And is not there?" answers the young man absently.

He has just thieved a sweetbriar spray, young and vernal, and is making it fit for his love's tender hand by carefully nipping off all its thorns.

"I think," pursues the voice, "that an inn can hardly be qualified as good when there is not a single vegetable to be procured—not even a potato!"

"Of course it cannot," replies Rivers serenely. "Look!" pointing joyously out to his companion a poised butterfly opening and shutting its freaky wings on a dark pansy face; "does not he look jolly? He is the first tortoiseshell I have seen this spring."

"And where," continues the voice, in an intenser key of resentment, "there is absolutely nothing of any kind to be obtained except veal!"

"Except veal!" repeats Rivers, rousing himself with an effort into a simulation of interest; "you do not say so! Well, but," lapsing into unavoidable radiance again, "does it matter much? German veal is always so good. 'I hope,' looking sunnily round, 'that no one dislikes veal!'"

There is a sulky silence, broken only by Belinda's murmuring that she loves it, and by the Professor's remarking that all white meats are more or less indigestible. Whether they like it or not, however, further inquiry only serves to confirm the fact that they must either resign themselves to a luncheon of kalbfleisch and bread (calf-flesh being the one universally procurable flesh in Germany) or not lunch at all. Nor, when this is settled, does the calf-flesh seem in any hurry to appear. By-and-by, indeed, a leisuely Blowsabella of a serving-maid lays a coarse, clean cloth and some knives and forks in what she calls the bavillion, a homely arbor at the garden end; and thither the Professor at once repairs, and seating himself at his place before the empty table, lays his watch before him, and seems to derive a bitter solace from counting the numerous moments as they pass, and announcing them by five at a time aloud to Rivers. But Rivers does not hear.

"Do not let us go near them," he says in a cajoling, low voice to Belinda, willing her away again into the sun and the flowers; "in their present frame of mind, it is not safe."

"Well, you know it is not the first of April, and you have made fools of us!" she answers, a little dryly.

"Are you starving?" he cries, roused into sudden, tardy compunction.

The Professor's and Sarah's pangs had left him cold as a stone, merciless as Herod.

"Famished!" replies she; but she says it with such a charming smile of absolute well-being, making mirthful her grave lips, that his misgivings fly. For all they care, the kalbfleisch may be an hour, two hours, three in coming!

It has been smoking for a couple of minutes, indeed, on the table, and the Professor and Sarah have been seen greedily to help themselves before they think it worth while to draw nigh. When at length they do:

"It is uneatable!" says the Professor, laying down his knife and fork with a shocking calmness, and regard-

ing Rivers as he approaches in his infuriating, senseless radiance with a glassy look of vengeful despair.

"Impossible!" cries the young man, hastily helping himself, and boldly taking a good mouthful. "Pah!" changing countenance; "but it is, though! What filth!"

Nor is this expression, albeit strong, at all too strong to qualify the *plat* now set before these hungry persons. In the first place, it is but too clear that the kalb has originally died a natural death, and has afterwards, perhaps in order to disguise this slight accident, undergone every possible variation of baking, boiling, roasting, stewing, frying, seething! But, after all, it is not disguised.

There is a blank, sulphurous silence. They all look at Rivers.

"I thought," says the Professor, in a cutting, small voice, "that you gave us to understand—"

"What does it matter what he gave us to understand?" cries Sarah, in a fury, rudely interrupting him. "The more fools we to believe him! It would be more to the purpose if you or he or anybody would give us to understand how we are to get back to Dresden alive!"

Another murderous silence, broken this time by Belinda diffidently syllabing the word "eggs."

"Eggs, of course," cries Rivers, snatching at the happy suggestion, and darting a look of enamored gratitude at her who has made it. "How stupid not to think of them before! nothing in the world better than a fresh egg, nor more nutritious!"

This last clause is a poor little sop thrown to the Professor's ireful maw. In a moment he has fled swift as any scudding rabbit to the house, and in two seconds more is back again, beaming.

"Of course they can have eggs—any number; and in three minutes at the outside they will be cooked."

But the three minutes pass, and three more, and three more again.

"I wish," says Sarah, addressing herself in a tone of the most intense and poignant crossness to the young man, "that you would kindly sit somewhere where I could not see you; I think I could bear it better if you did. You look so idiotically cheeprful!"

Even as she speaks, the Dienst-mädchen comes into sight, sauntering deliberately down the path; having by her want of sympathy with their sufferings clearly amply dined herself, and with a plate upon which many eggs are drunkenly rolling about together in her hand.

At this simple sight the Professor smiles faintly, and even Sarah's sulky brow grows smooth. But alas! too soon do they exult! It takes but one glance to show that no new-laid eggs are these, milky and warm, over which the triumphant hens have but just ceased chuckling. Elderly, nay, veteran eggs are these, as their dirty, mottled hue but too plainly testifies. The only wonder is how a single family can have become possessed of so many addled eggs at once.

"You had better take care how you open it!" says Rivers, laughing nervously, and with an ill-timed attempt at a joke, as the Professor cautiously cracks one, his fellows looking breathlessly on; "it will probably go off with a bang!"

Nobody smiles.

CHAPTER VII.

"I HAVE cut my own throat," says Rivers ruefully, taking six addled eggs out of his pocket, in which he has carried them off, to prevent their being imposed as fresh upon any more unsuspecting travelers.

It is somewhat later in the day. They have shaken

the dust of Lohmen off their feet; have tramped, faint and silent, along a charming road whose wayside flowers they do not see, and through a long straggling village, whose high-pitched roofs and general picturesque-ness they execrate, to Loch Mühle, whither, with premature confidence in the Lohmen Gast-hof's powers of entertainment, they had sent on the carriage. They have passed down a gentle incline, and found at the foot the mill-house, sitting by the brisk mill-stream. The Frau Müllerin has brought them out excellent milk, coffee, cakes, and eggs, unimpeachably, splendidly fresh, and they have eaten them at a snowy-draped deal table, to the sound of the whizzing mill and the dripping water and the caroling birds. Here by the riverlet sits the floury mill, and past it the quick stream runs, and over a small weir, a few yards higher up, the noisy bright water pours. Ostensibly to look at the weir, but in reality only urged by that rage for being *tête-à-tête* which possesses such happy fools as they, even if it be only to say to one another, "How much dust!" or "How many flies!" Belinda and Rivers have left their companions, and now stand side by side at the river's edge.

"They might have got over the veal!" says Rivers, pensively regarding the eggs in his hand, previous to hurling them with vindictive force, one after the other, across the stream.

"Never!" interpolates Belinda, with emphasis.

"But it was these that gave them the *coup de grâce*!" adds the young man, wrathfully aiming the last one at an opposite rock, against which it breaks with a dull, addled thud. "I suppose they will never make an excursion with us again?"

"Never!" repeats Belinda, with still more energy. "I am sure that I would not, if I were they."

"Then next time," says Rivers hurriedly, and looking away, "we shall have to go by ourselves."

It is the most audacious and leading speech he has ever made her; and whether it be his own audacity or the picture his words have conjured up, his voice trembles. What a picture! A whole long summer-day!—she and he together, and alone! A day when he need never take his eyes off her; when he would ask leave to lie at her feet, and might pull her flowers and soft grasses, and could count her eyelashes and each breath she sweetly drew; and perhaps, at the very end of the day, if he were very good, and she in a very gentle mood—he has to own that she is not always gentle—she might give him one of her long white hands to kiss—once, just once! In his imagination he is already feeling its cool satin beneath his lips, when her reply comes and at once knocks down his card-house.

"How likely!" she says curtly, also turning her head, but in the opposite direction to that which he has turned his.

"You would not like it, of course?" he says, chappellenly, and yet with a sort of slight interrogation in his tone.

She would not like it! To herself she almost laughs. Is it possible that he does not guess that the reason why she has turned away her face is that she dares not let him see the stir and tumult that his mere suggestion has made there. But he would be very much keener-sighted, and a much greater coxcomb than he is, if he could draw this conclusion from her harsh and snubbing words.

"I never waste time," she says chillingly, "in speculating as to whether I should like or dislike what is absolutely out of the question."

There is a slight silence. Rivers feels as if a large

pail of half-frozen water had been thrown over him, and were now trickling down the nape of his neck. Belinda is still hearing, with passionate vexation, the sound of her own ungracious voice. Why is it that she never can hit the *juste milieu* of cool and friendly civility? How is it that her heart is so burning hot, and her words so icy cold? Her eyes, averse from meeting the reproach of his, look across to where, on the other side of the racing beck, the rocks rise straight up, and out of their clefts slight little fir-trees grow, grasping the stony soil with their shallow roots, and dainty green birches wave, and just-new creasy ferns droop and sprout, and hang their small spring ensigns.

"What an iceberg you are!" says the young man at last, in a low tone of irrepressible mortification.

"An iceberg?" she repeats, lifting one hand to her face, and with her forefinger and thumb gently pinching her own trembling under-lip. "Yes; so I have often been told. I think," after a slight pause, "that I am a little tired of being told it."

"Are you tired of *being* it?" says Rivers, sinking his voice still more, though there is no one but the brook to overhear him, and it is much too occupied with its own sweet chatter to attend to him, and giving her a piercing look as he speaks.

For all answer she leaves him at once, and walks with such speed as if a mad bull were behind her, back to the other pair of sweethearts. He follows her, despair at his heart—the light lover's despair, that is to say, that a frown engenders and a smile kills; thinking, heart-sickly, that he will now have to redeem his own rash forward step by half a dozen tiresome retrograde ones.

But fortune deals more kindly with him than he had expected of her. The Professor and Sarah are both asleep. Coffee is generally supposed to be a wakeful potion; but in their case, mixed in nice proportions with fatigue, ill-humor, and boredom, it has had a precisely contrary effect. The Professor's head has dropped forward on his chest—always a trying position to any one beyond rosy childhood; the veins on his forehead have started forward, the blood has run into his long nose, and his under-lip protrudes. It is clearly an unintended nap, which has overtaken him accidentally, in defiance of his rules, and contrary to his sanitary principles. Sarah's, on the other hand, is the slumber, deliberately undertaken, of a person who sees in sleep the most endurable mode of getting over an irksome period of time. Her feet, carefully covered by a shawl, repose on a chair in front of her; a light ulster, rolled up so as to form a little bolster, nicks comfortably into the nape of her neck; her head is so much thrown back as to afford an excellent opportunity for cutting her charming white throat.

A smile breaks over Belinda's face.

"It would be a pity to disturb them," she says, whispering.

"A thousand pities!" assents he eagerly. "Would not it be better," speaking with a timorousness born of his late rebuff, "for us to go out of earshot?"

She looks first at the mill, then reluctantly at him.

"Should you think that there was a nice path beyond?" she asks demurely.

So through the noisy white mill they go, nodding friendly to the powdery miller as they pass. Along the river path they saunter, rocks above their glad heads—rocks, not frowning nor grand, nor by any means very big and beetling, but with finest grass and yellow wall-flowers nestled in their rifts, and making mimic gardens of their little ridges and crannies.

On their other hand the small river frolicking, and on its farther side rocks again, grass again, sun and flowers again: drooping birches and straight pines. At every step that carries them farther from the mill Rivers' spirits rise.

"I hope," he says, chuckling over the recollection, "I hope, for his own sake, that Professor Forth will awake first. If Miss Churchill sees him as we have just done, I would not give much for his chance!"

"And I would not give much for it, whichever wakes first!" answers Belinda, ominously.

By-and-by, though they are not at all tired, they sit down. After all, it is not so very unlike his vision—the vision that she had so disdainfully pooh-poohed. Nor when she speaks, does she, as he half-fears that she would, break the illusion, for her voice is gentle, almost apologetic.

"I should like to explain something to you, if you will attend to me."

If he will attend to her! Could he ever dare to think that any utterance of his idol's might be nonsense, it would be now. *If he will attend to her!* He who, if at dinner she ask him to pass the salt, listens with such entranced reverence, as if it were to the Spheres together singing.

"Do I usually not attend when you speak?" he asks, with timid irony.

He has rested his elbow on a little plat of soft turf upon the rock, and his head on his right hand, which brings him fully an inch and a half nearer her (in itself no despicable gain), and is feasting with leisurely rapture—there must be no discomfort of posture to mar such high enjoyment—on each slow turn of her head, on its thick white throat; and without any fear of Sarah's gimlet eyes derisively perforating him.

"I know," continues Belinda, who is not leaning on either elbow, but is sitting very upright and looking shy, "I am conscious that I have taken things you have said to me—little harmless, unmeaning, civil things," with a hasty blush of fear, lest she should be supposed to have attached too much importance to them, "very awkwardly! very surly!"

"Have you?" he answers ruefully. "I do not think you have taken them at all! I think you have thrown them back in my face."

"I know," she answers penitently; "that is what I wanted to explain to you. In point of fact," no longer blushing, but looking at him directly with her honest eyes, "I am not used to them!"

"Not used to civil speeches?" repeats he, in an accent of the most profound astonishment; he who when in her company is in a continual state of biting his own tongue out to prevent it from breaking into extravagant laudations; and who cannot but believe that all other created things are laboring under the same difficulty with himself!

She shakes her head.

"No; I am not. I suppose," looking reflectively at the flower-lipped brook, "that it is an unusual case; I think it must be owing to my forbidding manner!"

"Then why, in Heaven's name, have you a forbidding manner?" asks he in a sort of involuntary passion of wonder.

Even he cannot altogether deny the fact: and yet it seems so coarsely inconsistent with everything else about her. A forbidding manner with that throat, and those ears, and that nape to her neck! Her hair is dressed rather high in the French fashion, and she often turns her back upon him, so that he has a good view of it.

"Why have I a short nose?" replies she, with a good-humored shrug; "you might just as well ask me that! It is a misfortune with which I was born!"

But as he makes no light rejoinder—poor fellow! he is beyond it, up to his neck in the hopeless dullness of a serious passion—only enveloping her with the smothered flame of his silent looks, she grows shy and grave again.

"It is a *bonâ fide* misfortune," she says, slightly shaking her head; "I have no wish to be forbidding. I think in my heart I am quite as anxious to please as any one else can be; I will even own," with a brief, nervous smile, "that I should like whenever I entered a room to hear a buzz of admiration run round it! No, no!" suddenly changing her tone and stretching out both hands forbiddingly toward him; "do not try to say that I might now; if you do, I shall go back to the mill at once!"

"It would hardly be worth while," replies he dryly; "you might put up with my clumsy compliments this once—by-the-bye, as it happens, I was not thinking of paying you one then—since it is, as you say, the last time!"

She has reddened painfully at the idea of having sought to avert a flattery which, after all, was not coming; but she tries to carry it off lightly.

"Perhaps it may not be the last," she says cheerfully; "we have always one resource left; we can ask Miss Watson to chaperon us. I never knew her refuse to go anywhere, at any time, with anybody, and she never has any previous engagement."

He laughs, but adds quickly with reflective seriousness:

"She would be better than nothing."

"She would be able, too," says Belinda, idly rolling her open parasol to and fro along the narrow path in front of her, and smiling rather consciously at her own thoughts, "she would be able, too, to repair any omission she may have made in the catechism she put you through the other day. She might ask you a few more home questions as to your ancestors and your social standing, etc."

"I am sure she is very welcome," answers the boy straightforwardly. "The only thing that I am afraid of, for her sake, is that she has already pumped me nearly dry! I think I have told her everything. What did I tell her—that I had just left Oxbridge?"

Belinda shakes her head.

"No, you did not tell her that; because, if you had, she would certainly have asked you at once if you had not been plowed; or if you were quite sure that you had not been expelled!"

"That we live in Yorkshire?" continues he, aiding memory by lifting a hand to his forehead; "that there are six of us? and that my father is an ironmaster?"

"An ironmaster!" repeats Belinda, suddenly discontinuing her idle fidgeting with her sunshade, and looking up with great animation. "No; you certainly did not tell her that! An ironmaster, is he?"

There is such obvious surprise and pleasure in her tone that Rivers looks at her with some astonishment.

"Yes," he answers, "an ironmaster. Why, what did you think he was?"

But this is a question to which it is, of course, quite impossible that she can truly respond. How can she unfold to him Sarah's degrading supposition, nor her own relief at learning to what an eminently respectable branch of commerce his family belong? An ironmaster, indeed! Why it is the stuff of which merchant princes are made! So she only answers, with something of a stammer:

"Oh, I—I—of course, I did not know! I had no idea!"

"It is to be hoped, for her own sake," says Rivers, raising himself from his elbow, and looking proud and eager, "that she will not get me upon the subject of my father, for it is a theme upon which I am apt to be long-winded."

"Is it?" she answers, interested, while in her heart she is calculating how soon she can produce to Sarah this triumphant refutation of her suspicion. Probably not before they reach home.

"I know that one cuts but a poor figure swaggering about one's own belongings," continues the young man, his love-sick air for the moment gone, and with courage and spirit in his eyes; "but if ever a man deserved to be looked up to, my father does!"

"Does he?" now very much interested.

"If ever a man made a plucky up-hill fight of it, it was he!" Her heart feels a slight qualm. *Up-hill!* it is clear, then, that he rose from the ranks! "To begin with, he started in life without a penny!" The qualm grows sicker. He is going to tell her that his admirable father swept out the warehouse! Well, recovering herself, very creditable of him if he did, and Sarah need never know! "My grandfather had got through most of his money racing," pursues Rivers innocently. Her spirits run up like quicksilver. Though there is undoubtedly greater moral culpability in squandering your children's heritage in horse-racing than in earning them an honest livelihood with a besom, yet, such is the force of habit and association, Belinda is relieved that her lover's grandfather apparently did the one and left undone the other! "And so father had nothing in the world but his younger son's share of my grandmother's fortune to look to; but he gave that up at once to the others, and faced the world without a stiver! You may think whether he had to put his shoulder to the wheel! For years he worked like a—like a navy. Poor dear old boy! when I think of what his youth was, and what mine is!"

He breaks off in genuine emotion, eyes kindling and hot color rising. And Belinda, lovingly thinking how well such generous enthusiasm becomes him, keeps a sympathetic silence.

"And now," continues Rivers, sighing—"now that we hoped he had got into smooth water, and might take breath and enjoy his life a little, comes this depression in iron; but," his diffidence rushing back in floods upon him at the thought of how he has been teasing with his egotism his dear Lady Disdain, "I do not know why I should bother you with all this!"

"I do not know why you should not," she answers softly.

If only she could always speak in that tone! At seeing her thus gentle, approachable, humane, all his splendid hopes seem suddenly set within his reach. Would not he be a poltroon who deserved to lose them forever if he did not now stretch out a hand to grasp them?

"I hope," he says, not daring to look fully at her, and covertly, unknown to her, touching an outlying ribbon of her gown to give himself courage—"I hope," trembling exceedingly, "that some day you will know my father."

"Do you?" she answers curtly.

Instantly she has frozen up again. Her heart is beating even faster than his. Eager as he may be to make her known to whatever is nearest and dearest to him on earth, he cannot be more eager than she is to be made known; but her repellent voice and her chill face—in

reality the outcome of a fierce shyness which she can no more master than she can control the course of her blood—give him to infer that in his last speech he has outstepped the bounds set him by her.

For a moment he keeps a hot, humiliated silence. Then, reflecting that he is but a dastard, who can be beaten back from his heart's desire by one rebuff; taking comfort, too, from what she had lately told him as to her own shortcomings in manner, he plucks up courage for one more effort.

"I should like," he says—but he has involuntarily moved half a pace further away from her, and in his tone there is less heartiness and more misgiving than before—"I should like you, of course, to know all my people."

"Should you?" she answers dryly. The very effort to steady it, the potency of the emotion which dominates her, making her voice harsh and surly; and with a discourteous, stiff laugh: "I am afraid it is not very likely!"

There is a dead silence. For to-day there is no more fear of his transgressing her limits. He sits looking blankly at the brook. If, in the crises of foolish men's and women's lives there were but a go-between to interpret! But there never is!

For full five minutes the river loudly runs, and the finches piercingly sing, without any human noise to break in upon their concert. At last Belinda, who has been snatching remorseful glances at the severe melancholy of her sweetheart's profile, hazards a timid propitiation:

"Have you many sisters?" she asks conciliatingly.

"Two," he answers shortly, looking straight before him; "but," with a spurious smile, "I have inflicted enough of my family upon you for one day."

She is too much wounded to make any rejoinder, and the conversation, which before had flown as glibly as the stream or as the lark's roulades, drops into silence again. At their feet the rock-shadows couch. The sun's rays, no longer vertical, blaze obliquely upon the water and upon the sunlike dandelion flowers.

"It must be late," says Belinda reluctantly, her eyes turning from the hurrying sparkles of the beck to consult his face; "had we better be going back?"

She had hoped for an earnest protest from him, a supplication for yet a few moments more of their bright solitude. But none such comes! He makes no sort of objection; but, on the contrary, rises at once and stands ready to attend her; and silently they return to the mill.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A whole long month of May in this sad plight,
Made their cheeks paler by the break of June.

'To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon!'

'Oh may I never see another night,
Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune.'
So spake they to their pillows; but alas!
Honeyless days and nights did he let pass."

"WHAT a mercy it is to be alone for a change!" says Sarah; "is not it? You do not assent with the warmth I should have expected, eh? And what a much richer and rarer mercy it is that we are not to be driven a-pleasuring twenty hot miles at a stretch, and carouse on rotten eggs at the end!"

It is near noon, and the sisters are walking in the Grosse Garten, that green and ample pleasure-ground, with its tall trees and its intersecting drives, of the Dresden burghers. Against a peevish sky the Museum of Antiquities lifts its greenish roof; in its pool, with the little swan-house in the middle, there is beginn-

to come a vernal glow from the reflections of the young-leaved horse-chestnuts standing round; in the flower-beds the pansies and cinerarias bloom purple and yellow.

Belinda's only answer to her sister's self-gratulations is to stoop and console Slutty, who has returned in some disorder from a slight excursion, having been coarsely hustled away by the shabby surly Polizei, who guard and pompously warn off profane dogs from the meagre blossoms.

"The beauty of these straight drives," continues Sarah, thoughtfully eyeing one of the long vistas of trees that gradually lessens away to nothing, "is that you never can be taken by surprise in them; nobody can pounce out upon you from round a corner; it is merely a question of long sight. Now, if I saw my admirer in the distance, I should simply whip behind one of these friendly trees," looking up at an oak that, still wintrily brown, rises from the tenderly greening undergrowth. "What would you do if you saw yours?"

"I do not know which you mean," answers Belinda, with an awkward attempt at gayety, for this morning she is not gay; "I have so many!"

"No, you have not," replies Sarah calmly; "but you have one. How long you will keep him is another question. Judging by the crushed and flattened condition to which you had reduced him last evening, I should say probably not long."

"At all events," cries Belinda, whom this chance cut has stung more deeply than it was intended, "at all events, I had not reduced him to the condition of foaming rage to which you had brought Professor Forth. He said," laughing unwillingly, "that if he had not known that you were sincerely attached to him, he should have had difficulty in overlooking your conduct!"

"Do you think he will jilt me?" cries Sarah in a delighted voice, and with a radiant smile. "No," shaking her head; "no such luck. My conduct was not good," with a candid air; "but it had its palliations—he fell asleep!"

"So did you."

"But did I look like him?" dryly. "Anyhow, with my good resolutions, it was a case of 'look in his face, and you forget them all.'"

A pause. A solitary rider is cantering along the drive. A blue Gardereiter is practicing his four-in-hand team of chestnuts in a sort of phaeton, up and down, up and down. The girls have reached a spot where there is a little quiet peep among the trees; a plot of lush green grass, vividly green, backed by sedate high firs, across which a few young birches are throwing their infinitely delicate leafage, and stretching their shining white stems.

"It seems he has a mother," says Sarah presently, her eyes following the diminishing Gardereiter and his team.

"Has! had, you mean!"

"Has. I am afraid I let him see that I thought it a remarkable instance of longevity." She stops to laugh, and then goes on, letting fall each little sentence with deliberate serenity. "She lives with him; she is in her dotage; she never stops asking questions; and it seems that the chiefest of his wife's married joys is to consist in answering them."

"Was it at that stage of his confidences that you cried out, '*Ceci est insupportable!*' and took to your heels and left him?" asks Belinda dryly.

"It must have been somewhere about then," answers Sarah modestly. "He did not recognize the quotation, and he was displeased at the sentiment. However,"

with a shrug, "I will not do it again, for your sake, and in your interests; and if he does not fall asleep, and shoot out his under lip, I think I shall be able to hold out until we go. This is the fourth," reflectively checking off the numbers on her fingers; "one, two, three, four, five—in less than five weeks we shall be in London."

"In less than five weeks!" repeats Belinda, stopping short and paling, while an expression of something very like terror looks out of the pupils of her dismayed eyes.

"In less than five weeks!" assents Sarah, nodding. "I heard granny telling Gustel that she would not need her services after the first of June, and courteously adding how glad she would be to be rid of her. Pooh!" laying her hand on her sister's shoulder, and giving her a shrewd, good-natured glance, "do not look so woe-begone; it is only a case of hurrying the pace a little."

Belinda's answer is a gesture of disgust. She walks quickly on.

"It is coarsely worded, I admit," continues the other, briskly following and keeping up with her; "but believe me, the advice is sound."

And so it may be; but as it is addressed to a person who is utterly incapable of making use of it, it is, like most other advice, wasted. To hurry the pace a little! For days and days afterwards the vile phrase recurs to her, dinning in her ears. As often—and that is not seldom—as the terror which had seized her in the Grosse Garten returns, so often does the brutal consolation with which her sister had tried to allay it. And as the priceless days slip by—slip away out of the fingers stretched forth in such a fever to detain them—it takes in her ears a horrible inflection of irony. Over and over and over again it keeps saying itself to her, as she lies awake at night, hour after hour—she can lie awake with the best of them now—hearing the engines screech and the trains thunder along the Böhmischer Bahn; watching the now withering blossoms drop from the pear-tree in the keen moonlight, and reckoning over to herself, until her brain grows dull and tardy sleep releases her, the small and diminishing hoard of precious hours during which there will be any object in living. For that what makes the essence of these days may not pass, may last on through a long transfigured lifetime, is a hope too glorious for her to dare lift her wet and dazzled eyes to its face. And meanwhile the days themselves are passing! Oh, how they are passing! To hurry the pace! How can she hurry the pace? she asks herself desperately, in the watches of the night, unconsciously accepting the detestable phrase. What can she, being she, do? How can she, tied down by her nature, by her stiff-necked virgin pride, by the very force of her dumb, pent passion, put out a finger to help herself? As easily can she make the gray irises of her eyes coal-black. Is it her fault that all strong emotion with her translates itself into a cold, hard voice, and a chill set face? With other women it translates itself into dimples and pink blushes and lowered eyes? Ah! but do they feel as she does? Sarah, for instance. When do men ever leave Sarah's company with the down-faced, baffled, white look with which Rivers has more than once quitted hers? Preening themselves rather; with sleeked feathers and cosseted vanity.

"I am not of the stuff of which the women that men love are made!" she says, thinking with an envious humility of her sister's graces, and staring blankly at the stove, beginning to glimmer white in the dawn. But to such a radical fault of nature and constitution, what remedy can there be? Tamely to copy her sister's airy charms and light coquetries?

"It would be the donkey playing the lap-dog!" she cries bitterly.

And yet, despite all their mischances, and their agues, and their desperations, what superb days these are? Few? Yes, perhaps. But when one reflects how much acute happiness may be packed into five minutes, and how many five minutes there are in a month, these two may be accounted to have been largely dowered, seeing that to many a one, not held to be specially spited by fortune, it is not given in all his or her lifetime to attain to one such day. Days when round each corner lurks a splendid possibility; days when each ring at the bell may mean that Heaven has opened. Very often it means nothing of the kind; it means Miss Watson, or Gustel, or a parcel; but it *may*.

In later life you may be as fortunate as you please; a laurel garland round your head, a colossal balance at Coutts', a chaste, fond wife and paragon children, but Heaven can no longer pounce upon you from round the street corner.

"Parting, they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart,
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

Yes, superb days! though on one or two of them the east wind blew piercingly, sweeping across the wide plain; and on another one or two the rain slid down from the heavy clouds, and blurred the windows.

But if it blurred the windows, did it not thereby make the task of Miss Watson's spyglass a more difficult one? and could the wind reach them in the little pine-wood behind the bleak Barracks, where they walked safe and warm on strewn fir-needles, and listened to its harmless scolding far above their happy heads?

How often they meet! how perpetually, how always! In the Alt Market, buying jonquils of the ugly German Fraus, as they sit under their great cotton umbrellas, queening it over their carrots and radishes; with the old houses, all different heights and shapes, russet-red roofed, endlessly dormer-windowed, standing round; at Plauen under the cool cherry orchards; at Meissen, in the hot Fabrik; in the Neu-Stadt, in the Alt-Stadt—everywhere. If, in after years, they revisit the bright city, what spot in all its precincts will be empty and innocent of associations to them?

Superb days! But they are going. Racing-pace they gallop by. How will it be when they are gone?

As the time passes, she grows ever less and less in a condition to face this problem. By-and-by she refuses to face it at all. When it comes it comes; but till then let her not be defrauded of her birthright. Let her, too, like the Mayflies and the Painted Ladies, have her span of careless, giddy bliss.

Whenever the conversation turns upon their departure, their journey, their arrival in London, upon anything that lies beyond the horizon of the now, and the here, if it be possible, she leaves the room; if it be not possible, she feverishly seeks to divert the talk into other channels.

But if she can fight thought off pretty well in the day, the variegated, distracting, kaleidoscope day, it indemonstrates itself at night. At night there it is, and nothing but it; no flickering leaves, or scudding clouds, or passers-by; nothing but it; an image drawn on night's plain black canvas with a hard, cutting clearness, as of an acid biting into steel; so that she must look at it.

As for her, at this time she would be thankful that there were no night at all. She does not need its refreshment. Without it her every power seems strung up to the highest pitch of efficiency, and she dreads,

oh, how she dreads its solitude and silence! In the daytime, however unconventionally early or improbably late may be the hour, there is always a possibility, nay, a likelihood, of seeing his strapping figure and his burning eyes following the infant stolidity of the page, Tommy, into the salon. But in the night this is impossible. The night, therefore, is time absolutely wasted; now, too, when there is so little time left to waste. Of what use is it but for lying broad awake in, counting up how many hours the different moments, half-hours, of their meetings make? To her, just so much of life is worth reckoning as life at all; the rest is unimportant padding.

And he? As to him, the pavement of the quiet Lütichau Strasse before her door is worn hollow by his footsteps; his eyes devour her; his tongue stutters in lame speech to her, and altogether omits to answer when addressed by any one else. He has abandoned all other occupations in life but that of dogging her. But he has not asked her to be his wife.

To how much more purpose would be that one short practical question than all his resultless, love-sick maneuvers; than all the enormous nose-gays with which her room is over-filled and over-scented—for she cannot bear to throw away even the dead ones.

Perhaps this thought crosses her mind now and again. It certainly does Sarah's. It not only crosses it, but finds not unfrequent egress through her lips.

And meanwhile, May is three-parts over. The twenty-fourth of that month is reached, and, indeed, is almost ended; for dinner is past, and the girls and their grandmother are loitering over their light and leisurely dessert.

Their grandmother is an old lady with a bright eye—strangely bright, considering that it has wept, or been supposed to weep, for a good-natured husband, five promising sons, and three dutiful daughters—with a skin that is still no penance and that, if tradition lies not, it was once considered a high treat to kiss, and with a cap whose secret will die with her.

"Granny's religious principles are slack," Sarah is wont to say; "her morality is hazy, and in moments of excitement I have even known her let fly an oath; but on the other hand, she is thoroughly clean, and she always laughs at my jokes; so that, taking her all round, I could better spare a better woman. One knows that if she were called upon for any of the sublimer virtues of life, she would be found wanting. But, after all, the sublimer virtues are the thousand-pound notes that one seldom needs to change, and granny has plenty of the sixpences."

At the present moment her attention is absorbed in the effort, aided by a cracknel, to induce her new pug Punch to give three cheers for the Queen, with the thorough mastery over which elegant accomplishment he has arrived credited. On the present occasion, however, this talent seems inclined to hang fire, for, though in general a remarkably free barker, he is now, relatively to his sovereign, either disloyally silent, or irrationally incoherent. He will give ten cheers, or one and a half, or five muffled ones and a sneeze, but he will not give three.

"Granny," says Sarah, desisting from a vain effort to make Slutty cheer too, an endeavor which the latter frustrates by instantly rolling over on her back, and remaining in that position until all attempt at education is suspended—"granny, do you know that we are going to have a long and happy day at that everlasting Wesenstein to-morrow?"

"By all means, my dear; so as you do not ask me to go with you."

"I believe," says Sarah, regarding her grandmother with an air of cool dispassionate speculation, "that if we were to tell you that we were going to Greenwich Fair, or the Argyll Rooms, you would say 'By all means, my dears!' Only that I am not at all so sure that in that case you would add, 'So as you do not expect me to go with you!'"

The old lady laughs pleasantly, as if her granddaughter had paid her a compliment.

"Are you going to take your sweethearts with you?" asks she gayly; "your popinjays? No, Punch! three *cheers*! Nobody asked you to sneeze for the Queen!"

"Our popinjays?" cries Sarah, delighted. "Not mine, thank God! By-the-by, granny, as I have no further use for him, I am thinking of arranging a marriage between you and him. Your ages are suitable; and, though you have slightly the advantage in externals, he is greatly your superior in intellect."

"God bless my soul! No, thank you, child!" replies Mrs. Churchill with energy; "I prefer Belinda's."

"So do we all!" says Sarah, with a dry look.

At this last speech, Belinda, who has been growing ever hotter and more restless since the word "Wesenstein" was mentioned, suddenly leaves her seat under the pretext of comforting Slutty. Slutty hates Punch and his tricks, and the *kudos* that attends them, and has now squeezed herself under a piece of furniture to which, in general, only Miss Watson's voice has power to banish her, and from beneath which there is now nothing visible of her but a small spiteful face, full of mortification and ire. As she firmly resists all Belinda's blandishing inducements to her to come forth, though the agitated beat of her tail upon the floor proves that she is not wholly unmoved by them, the young girl desists, and passes into the neighboring salon, where, as there is no one to comment on her actions, she at once walks rapidly to the window, and looks eagerly down the dull and empty street. Not for long, however. Ere many moments have passed, a hand is laid on her shoulder; a rallying voice sounds in her ear:

"Come! he cannot be in sight yet! He will surely have the good feeling to let us swallow our coffee in peace."

Belinda gives a great start, and angrily shakes off her sister's touch.

"I cannot think how it concerns you!" she says testily, in intense vexation at having been surprised on the watch; "he does not trouble *you* much!"

"That is the rub!" replies Sarah calmly. "If he did, my nose would probably be flattened against the pane as well as yours: but seriously, I should not mind how often he came—not much, at least—not more," in candid parenthesis, "than I always hate seeing other people made love to, if it seemed to lead to anything; but, as I live, I cannot see that you are a step further advanced than you were when I spoke to you in the Grosse Garten three weeks ago. Come now, are you?"

For a moment Belinda is silent. Perhaps she has put that question to her own heart before now, and been as unable as now to give a satisfactory answer to it.

Instead of replying, "What a mercy it would be!" she says irritably, bringing her hands sharply together in a wrathful clasp, "If you could be persuaded to mind your own business, and leave me to be happy in my own way."

"Happy in your own way," repeats Sarah, with a shrewd look. "Yes; and when he has taken his twelve German lessons and gone home to his papa, the iron-monger—ironmaster—what is he?—how happy you will be in your own way then, eh?"

The other's hands unclasp, her arms drop limply to her sides; a sudden cold pallor chases the fierce vermillion from her cheeks.

"I suppose," she says slowly, "that there is a sort of coarse and brutal common sense in what you say; but I wonder," her voice breaking a little, "that it does not occur to even you, that since I am *I*, and not you—"

"Granny and I both agree," interrupts Sarah, "that it is the most tedious courtship we ever assisted at. Granny's *idée fixe* is that it should be arranged by the first, so that he may travel with us and look after the luggage; for my own part, I rather doubt if even after the twelve lessons he will be able to take our tickets and order our baths; at least," breaking into a laugh, "I know that my Schatz was not, though he is in correspondence with half the savants of Germany."

Belinda has turned again to the window, but, that her motives may be beyond suspicion, she is ostentatiously gazing in the opposite direction to that whence Rivers will come. An occasional writhing, shivering movement of her shoulders alone betrays what suffering her sister's ruthless and irrepressible rummaging in her holy of holies is causing her.

"We do not blame him," continues Sarah, with a candid air: "in fairness, I must say that we do not blame him. He is always trying to pour out his poor little tale like water out of a jug; and you, for reasons best known to yourself, are always corking it back again. Mark my words," emphasizing the sentence with three pats on Slutty's chest—Slutty lying, as usual, reversed and Cleopatra-like upon her lap, "you will do it once too often!"

"What shall I do once too often?" cries poor Belinda in an agonized voice, wheeling suddenly round at bay. "What *do* I do? If you could only explain that to me! I believe," beginning to falter, "that you mean well; I would—would try to take any hints you could give me."

"I have always told you that your high and mighty airs would be the death of you," rejoins Sarah, not perceptibly conciliated by her sister's humility. "If you could make them up into a parcel and toss them into the Elbe, and perhaps throw in your high nose, too, you would be a better and a happier woman."

"But I cannot!" very regretfully.

"I confess," says Sarah, after a pause, her eyes speculatively fixed on the two smart shoes extended before her—shoes whose unnatural altitude of heel, arch of instep, and crowding of lacerated toes proclaim them of the highest fashion—"I confess that I am a little disappointed that the news of our approaching departure did not bring him to the point. I should have thought that when that fact transpired, not even you could have iced him into silence."

"He does not yet know that we are going," replies Belinda, murmuringly. "I have not told him."

"Have not you?" cries Sarah, joyfully leaping up and beginning to frolic about on one toe. "Courage! Then our best card is still unplayed!" Suddenly ceasing her frisking, approaching her sister, and speaking with great eagerness: "You must tell him to-morrow, at Wesenstein. Choose a good place; well in the wood, if possible, out of eye and ear and Watson shot; be a little depressed, and make him ask you what is the matter with you; if you could let fall a tear or two? No? Ah!" with a gesture of impatience, "I am sure you will spoil the whole situation! Dear me!" with an accent of sincere regret, "what a charming thing I could have made of it!"

"I will tell him," replies Belinda meekly, yet wincing.

"If it is not brought to a crisis at Wesenstein," pursues Sarah, brutally, "I warn you that I shall ask him his intentions. I have been trying to spirit up granny to do it, but you know how she always shirks every

duty; it would have come better from her, but since she will not, I must. I shall tell him that you are wasting away! I wonder," with an amused look at her sister's firm-fleshed, healthful beauty, "whether he will be idiot enough to believe it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PESSIMISM OF LEOPARDI.

STRANGELY enough the name of Giacomo Leopardi, which is slowly becoming familiar to English readers, is at present most often mentioned in connection with his views of pessimism. To have elaborated this is his least claim upon posterity, as those who know his writings are aware. It is because he is the leading Italian poet of the nineteenth century, and the most masterly Italian prose writer of any century, that he deserves a high place among the great intellects of the world. His philosophy, if I may dignify by this name the pessimism which is itself the surest proof of pitiable want of philosophy, overshadows all his works, prose and poetry alike; but even this cannot seriously mar their exquisite beauties. The steps by which Leopardi descended from the buoyant hopefulness of youth to the leaden gloom of despair were few, but they can be easily followed, for in few cases have the physical conditions stamped themselves so plainly on the moral and religious sides of a strong mind.

Born in the sleepy town of Recanati on June 29, 1798, of a noble and bigoted family, his youth was passed in studying the classics in his father's library. Partly deformed from his birth, his body was always sickly, his nerves became over-sensitive, and his intellect developed prematurely. At fourteen he had left his dull priestly tutors behind, thenceforth going on alone to master Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, German, French and Spanish. In Recanati was none to appreciate, to advise, to bear company. His father and mother were apparently blind to his genius and to his needs. At sixteen he finished a fragment of the "Lives of Fifty-five Fathers of the Church," soon followed by a treatise on the "Popular Errors of the Ancients," in which no less than four hundred ancient writers were quoted, showing his already wide range of classical literature. At this time his faith in the Roman Catholic Church, in which he had been brought up, still remained, although signs were not wanting to indicate that his daring, inquiring mind would not long be tethered by dogmas. In his treatise on the "Popular Errors" he says, addressing religion: "It is sweet to be able, with a firm and certain spirit, to conclude that there is no true philosopher who does not follow thee and respect thee." But beneath catholic utterances like this, we occasionally hear a low murmur, as if the young reason were already perplexed and in doubt. He remarks that even Kepler, astronomer and mathematician as he was, was led into error, and exclaims: "Terrible example! We might almost believe that errors, like comets, have an orbit, and that at the end of several centuries, when men have ceased to inveigh against them, they reappear on the scene under a new aspect. . . This reflection would lead us to think that the human mind does not follow a straight line, extended to infinity, but a limited circle, and returns perforce from time to time to the

same point." A eulogy upon Voltaire in the same essay indicates that Leopardi already knew and admired the writings of the great French skeptic, if he did not openly agree with them.

The chief influence upon Leopardi's intellectual development, however, was Greek literature. So thoroughly was he imbued with its vigor, its grace, its majesty, its consummate artless art, that in his writings he is the most Greek of all moderns, not excepting Goethe, Shelley and Keats. In the glorious masterpieces of Athens he learned his first lessons in human nature. His imagination drew pictures of men of Attic type; men full of virility, of enthusiasm, of patriotism, of passionate worship of beauty, capable of the loftiest achievements in war, in art, and in government. When he contrasted the men he saw around him with the portraits of his fancy, the disenchantment was mortal. Of all cities in priest-ridden Italy, Recanati was the dullest. Ignorance, like the dark slime of centuries which encrusts some statue and hides its pure marble and loveliness, encased all minds but his own. Not only were the works of the ancient world unknown; even the names of Dante, Petrarch and Alfieri needed an explanation and an apology. The aristocracy fairly reveled in its duncedom.

Leopardi, at eighteen, did not fail to make this comparison between the world of his ideal and the world as he found it, but though discouraged he still believed that elsewhere he might realize his dream. He felt that some persons must live who would blush to be slaves; who would be ashamed of ignorance; who aspired to be more than mere animals eating, drinking, sleeping and going to mass. He longed to travel, to enjoy the companionship of some of the brilliant men of letters with whom he was already in correspondence, to secure better opportunities for study; to dispel, by new sights and interests, "the obstinate, black, horrid, savage melancholy which wasted and devoured him."* For several years he was unable to carry out his desire. His father stubbornly refused to assign him even a moderate allowance, believing, it has been asserted, that Leopardi was too progressive and anti-clerical in his views. His health was further impaired by his excessive study, and for nearly a year he suffered blindness, accompanied by a nervous prostration which debarr'd any mental application.

At last, when he was too much of an invalid to enjoy his liberty, he was permitted to escape from Recanati. The annoyances and discomforts of travel often outweighed its pleasures. Then, too, instead of the Italy he had pictured to himself, he saw a land oppressed by despot, sunk in poverty and wretchedness, ill-hiding beneath her rags her festering constitutional sores. Rome was buried in moral degradation. Ignorance was

* Letter to Giordani, April 30, 1817.

the passport to success and promotion at the papal court, and in Leopardi's case a sojourn at the headquarters of Romanism dispelled not only all faith in its religion but the last vestige of respect for its methods. After a while his poverty dragged him back to the repugnant paternal roof, and at twenty-five he espoused a pessimism from which he was never afterward divorced.

Up to this time his mental growth had been marked by two phases. His profound acquaintance with the classics won him a reputation as a philologist so distinguished that he was acknowledged by such scholars as Niebuhr, Bunsen, Mai and Giordani to be the ablest Hellenist in Italy; while the publication, in 1818, of his odes "To Italy" and "To the Monument of Dante," placed him at once above all contemporary Italian poets. From that time until 1824, when he published the first collected edition of his poems, his work was evenly divided between poetry and philology. After that date he gave himself more closely to philosophical studies and to the perfection of a prose style which none of his countrymen has equaled. But although, during the last thirteen years of his life, he often avowed his preference for prose, he could not quench his poetic nature, and many of his most exquisite, passionate and majestic lyrics sprang from the sufferings and emotions of this period. His health grew worse, so that more than once he was unable to read for many months at a time, and the mere cessation of bodily pain was his single desire. Poverty was constantly at his side to harass, and death, earnestly invoked, delayed long to end his misery. Only on June 14, 1837, did she close a life more than half of which had been passed in daily anguish of body and mind.

Fatalism is the principle underlying Leopardi's pessimism. Unconsciously taking as a model his own career—which had been so persistently assailed by untoward circumstances—he inferred that Fate rules the world. Moreover, Fate is malignant, cruel, pitiless, delighting in torturing humanity. The only part of life that is worth living is made especially attractive in order to deepen the misery of the rest. Youth—the season of noble dreams, of boundless hopes, of indescribable loveliness—is only a delusion. We enjoy its pleasures because we are ignorant. But Fate, to accomplish its work fully, endows us with a craving for knowledge, and knowledge leads inevitably to disillusion. Those bright hopes, those joyous fancies, which ushered us into life, when examined through the glass of reason, prove to be thin, misty veils, concealing the black and desperate reality. As our expectations were high, our regret becomes poignant. Though we resolutely shut our eyes to the facts, and try to enjoy in spite of disillusion, we cannot. Relentless destiny has cut off even that frail consolation. We recognize our impotence and our powerlessness to remedy it; to know and not to be able—therein lies the quintessence of our pain and our despair. Who would choose to live to feel himself the victim of a demon against whom there was no battling; from whom justice, redress, mercy were impossible; whose gifts were a thousandfold more sorrow-causing than his torments? Had men been left in ignorance, like the brute creation, they might, like it, have a sensuous, careless existence; but men are forced to drink the sap of the tree of knowledge, which poisons but does not destroy. Morality and virtue have no reasonable ground on which to stand. Like everything else they are delusions, or, worse, perhaps, caprices of the scourging Fate. Nevertheless, with love, they take a strong hold upon us, and are among the last to be

eradicated by the remorseless harrow of Knowledge. Long after we understand their real emptiness, we continue to cherish them as errors sweeter far than truth. Finally, we reach the bottom of the abyss, and immortality itself—the earliest and deepest-rooted of all delusions—is torn up by our despairing spirit, which calmly awaits annihilation, without joy or sorrow, because, when the troubled soul has arrived at this awful stage it has ceased even to frame a wish.

A compressed statement of Leopardi's philosophy is found in this short poetical fragment, which he addresses "To Himself:"

"Now wilt thou rest forever, weary heart;
The last delusion—that I thought myself
Immortal—perished, died. Too well I feel
Not the hope only, but the wish is quenched.
Repose forever, for thou hast throbb'd enough,
Thy beatings naught avail; nor is the earth
Worth any sighing. Weariness and gall
Is life—no more—and the whole world is mire.
Henceforth be still. Breathe out thy last despair.
Fate to our race has granted death alone.
Nature—that brutish power, which, hidden, reigns
For common woe and for the infinite
Vanity of all things—now thee disdains."

Leopardi, cast away into this outer darkness, still retained a strong respect for his intellect, which, if it caused his sorrows, was also the source of those mental joys which he deemed the noblest that ignoble man is allowed to taste. He foresaw that posterity would attribute his pessimism to his own supremely unhappy life, and he attempted to refute in advance this criticism, which implied that his philosophical reasoning was worthless, being prejudiced by physical pain. He therefore wrote, several years before his death, to a friend: "You say truly that it is absurd to attribute to my writings a religious tendency. Whatever my misfortunes may be, which persons think seasonable to parade, and which, perhaps, they have a little exaggerated in this newspaper,* I have had enough courage not to seek to diminish their burden either by frivolous hopes of a pretended future and unknown happiness, or by a cowardly resignation. My sentiments regarding destiny have been and still are those which I have expressed in *Bruto Minore*. As a result of the same courage, having been led by my researches to a despairing philosophy, I have not hesitated to embrace it entirely; while, on the other hand, it has been only from the cowardice of men—who must be persuaded of the worth of existence—that they have chosen to consider my philosophical opinions as the result of my individual sufferings, and that they persist in attributing to my material circumstances what is due to my understanding alone. Before dying, I am going to protest against this invention of the weak and the vulgar, and to beg my readers to consent to destroy my observations and reasoning, rather than to accuse my illnesses."†

Notwithstanding this positive declaration truth compels us to discover in Leopardi's infirmities the moulding of his sentiments regarding destiny. To the end his mind kept its marvelous clearness for all subjects save philosophy. His power of diction was never more conspicuous than in one of his last poems, "La Ginestra." His memory, sparkling with the jewels of eight literatures, was still brilliant. But his pessimism was a monomania, and, like all those afflicted with similar mental troubles, he deemed himself sanest on the very topic on which he was least sane.

Not irrelevantly, the morbid creed of Leopardi sug-

* *L'Esperus*.

† Letter to De Sinner, written from Florence, May 24, 1832.

gests the no less wretched doctrines of Schopenhauer, who now enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the apostle of modern pessimism. By right, however, to the Italian is due the credit of being the earlier of the two to formulate the philosophy of despair; but their rival claims may well be waived when we remember that Buddha forestalled both of them by twenty-five hundred years. The Italian and German agree in regarding annihilation as more preferable than life, but beyond this they have nothing in common. Leopardi became a pessimist because unkind circumstances goaded to desperation an over-sensitive, lofty spirit; Schopenhauer became so because his spirit was essentially base. Few characters in history are more despicable than this German's, whose teachings have exercised a fatal fascination over his countrymen. Inordinately selfish, absolutely wanting in affection; cold, harsh, false; impure in life and thought, almost bestial in his immorality; monstrous in his self-esteem; a groveler to wealth and titles—it is fitting that Arthur Schopenhauer should have prostituted rare intellectual gifts to render popular a "philosophical system" to match his character. Low himself, he imagined all men low. Shameless in his disregard for morality, he denied the very existence of moral laws. Who can wonder that he pronounced annihilation to be the goal of a race of which he deemed himself the representative?

Leopardi, on the contrary, was by nature high-minded. He believed men better than he found them. His sensitive mind was shocked when it saw the prevalence of untruth and low ideals. Disappointment and disillusion, intensified by nearly crushing bodily ills, led to metaphysical monomania. Yet even after he had embraced pessimism entirely, Leopardi was nobly inconsistent. Unlike Schopenhauer, he did not try to prove the non-existence of virtue by being himself a repro-

bate. Pessimism logically leads to suicide, but he, for some reason unacknowledged to himself, recognized that it is the coward who flees from pain. Pessimism consistently confounds good and evil, but he was inconsistently virtuous. He never sought to discount future suffering by present sensuality, but was a staunch friend, a devoted brother; a dauntless enemy of superstition, bigotry, ignorance and oppression; a writer who was satisfied with nothing short of perfection in his own work. Modest as to his own attainments, he was generous and encouraging toward all his rivals. His most prominent failing, increased no doubt by his extreme nervousness, seems to have been suspicion, the cause of want of frankness with his father, whose tyrannical and uncandid treatment of his son at least showed that the fault was not wholly on the latter.

Not only did Leopardi not live up to his pessimism, but he also occasionally indicated that his theory of despair might not be applicable to mankind in general. Even in one of his saddest lyrics this admission is made: "This I know and feel, that of the eternal revolutions of the stars, and of my frail being, some good or pleasure perhaps another will have: to me life is evil."* His beautiful poem, *Il Risorgimento*, written at a time of comparative physical and mental health, is a still more striking proof of the fact that his pessimism was a disease.

In time, perhaps, Leopardi will be known among English readers for those qualities in his works which compel admiration. Meanwhile it is unfair to lay too deep emphasis upon his despairing theory of human life and of destiny. While we may justly pity him that he was driven to despair, we must discriminate between him and Schopenhauer, who deserves to be loathed.

WILLIAM R. THAYER.

* Canto Notturmo.

MY LETTERS.

ARE they lifeless all—my letters?

They seem like wingéd words,

Which fly to my breast in sweet unrest,

And flutter like nest-hid birds.

They cannot be mere white paper!

They thrill and tremble so;

There must be life-heat where pulses beat

With such a passionate glow.

Ofttimes, at the touch of their glowing breath,

My eyelids droop in shy surprise,

And I flush and tremble as though beneath

The passionate glance of love-lit eyes.

And if at eve upon my pillow

I fold their snow-white wings,

I can feel them beat beneath my cheek

All night like living things.

Oft when they come I hold them

With seal unbroke, and say:

"What loving word, oh, dainty bird,

Have you brought me this golden day?"

And then, when the seal is broke, I read,

While smiles and tears quick start,

To see how dear I have grown to be

To a loving and loyal heart.

Then the letters seem like a Venice cup,

Of crystal clear and fine,

Through which I gaze as it filleth up

With Love's rare ruby wine.

Thus my letters ne'er seem mere letters—

They are always living things,

That fly to my breast in sweet unrest

And fold love-laden wings.

REBECCA CAMERON.

THE HOUSEHOLD—A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE.

ALMOST every one likes coffee. Some people like it indiscriminately, the poor as well as the good; while others are made miserable unless their favorite beverage is just what it should be.

A thoroughly good cup of coffee is a very rare thing,—considerably more rare indeed than many people are willing to believe. So many observances go to the making it good that, considering the spirit of hurry and the spirit of saving that possess so large a portion of the civilized world, it would seem almost unreasonable to expect perfection except among the favored few who can command the best of everything.

The exhilarating cup is so often spoiled at the beginning, and the coffee devotee is often ready to declare that, if he would have a beverage fit to drink, he must raise his own berries.

Very satisfactory results, however, may be attained without going quite so far back as this; but to catch the berry in its green state and roast it at home is highly desirable. The point of perfection at this stage is to thoroughly brown and yet not burn the berries, as, if not sufficiently roasted, the coffee will have a raw, weak taste; while the other extreme will give a bitter flavor impossible to eradicate by any after process.

Before the roasted berries have quite cooled, the whites of as many eggs as there are pounds of coffee should be added, and the whole thoroughly stirred until every berry is coated with the egg. This preserves the aroma, or true coffee perfume, which is so often absent.

In coffee-growing countries, where the berry makes but a short journey from the bush to the mouth, this process is not necessary; and in the mountains of St. Domingo, the native darkies make coffee in very quick fashion. "They take the fresh berries and parch them for a few minutes, then crush them in a mortar—and for each person put a tablespoonful of the fragrant fragments into a conical-shaped bag; the exact number of coffee-cups full of boiling water is measured out and poured twice through the bag. This completes the process, and the result is—nectar."

Another method of preserving the aroma and properly browning coffee when there is no roaster, is to put the berries, after being thoroughly picked over and washed, into an oven or pan with a tight-fitting lid. When quite dry, a lump of butter the size of a walnut should be added to make it brown evenly. As soon as the coffee browns on top, the lid should be removed, and the mass thoroughly stirred and loosened—the top may then be leveled and the lid replaced, until the coffee is all of a light-brown hue, and will break with very hard pressure of the finger and thumb.

The vessel should then be taken from the fire and the lid left on until the coffee will bear the addition of egg without cooking it. This receipt recommends the use of both the whites and the yolks of the eggs; and the stirring is then resumed according to the directions in the former receipt. Great stress is laid upon keeping the coffee covered until the egg is added, as this is said to be even more important in preventing the escape of the aroma.

When dry, the coffee should be put into an air-tight canister, and only enough taken out at once for immediate use. It is desirable to have the coffee finely ground; and besides allowing a tablespoonful for each person, to put in one or two extra. Boiling water should then be

poured upon it, and the pot set on to boil for eight or ten minutes. Then a beaten egg mixed in a bowl of cold water should be added, and the whole thoroughly boiled for a moment longer. It should then be taken from the fire; and, if needed, more boiling water added before it is placed upon the table.

But some one comes forward with an air of authority and says: Take a coffee-cup of the best Java coffee browned to the color of chocolate (not scorched), ground not too fine, and mix with it half an egg. Put this into a coffee-pot, or boiler (which is as clean as the cup you drink from) and pour over it one quart of boiling water, stirring as you put the water in; boil slowly for fifteen minutes, then stand the boiler on the back of the range ten minutes to settle; turn all coffee off from the grounds at once into an urn or coffee-pot that can stand upon the stove to keep hot. Coffee loses its flavor by standing on the grounds longer than half an hour, and should be very hot to be good. Put into the cup a teaspoonful of "American condensed milk" and some boiled milk, and turn the coffee into it. No French coffee is any better.

"I know a better way than that," says some one else; and then discourses as follows: Put your ground coffee in a bowl, a large tablespoonful for each person (most authorities seem to agree about the quantity); break into it the white of an egg (we use an egg for two mornings, the white for one and the yolk and shell for the next),* stir this thoroughly—this is an important part of the process—then add cold water very slowly, stirring all the time, until a teaspoonful or more has been mixed in. Having previously scalded your coffee-pot, pour the coffee into it—rinsing out the bowl with a little cold water; fill the coffee-pot more than half full with boiling hot water; then, with a spoon, stir it a moment; set it on the fire, and when it first boils up, stir it down and add half a teaspoonful of cold water; this settles it. Then set it back on the range, when it will keep hot till your breakfast is ready. It should never be set back far enough to grow cold. When needed, let it boil up once more; and then pour into your silver coffee-pot, and serve up as hot as possible. Block sugar should be used and condensed milk, or cream; boiled milk alone will not give it the proper color or flavor. Any one who desires to get up a reputation for good coffee should not forget this.

There are persons, however, who dislike the taste of condensed milk, and cream is not always attainable. In such cases, there is nothing for it but boiled milk; but there must be plenty of it, for coffee weakened with milk and coffee weakened with water are very different things; and the housekeeper who is disposed to scant either coffee or milk will never produce satisfactory results.

The best coffee, according to a housekeeper who always has a delicious beverage on her table, is a mixture of three-fourths Java and Mocha in equal parts, and one-fourth chicory. The latter, she says, when judiciously used, gives body and color, and seems to bring out the delicate flavor of the other two.

Coffee should never be made long before using; and it should be served as hot as possible.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

* The editor of the Household Department while endorsing, as a whole, Mrs. Church's pleasant article, adds that a better method with the egg is to beat the whole egg, with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, using the shell also, which should be well broken up. As it is the albumen in the white, which possesses the settling property, it requires mixing with the yolk, which simply slightly enriches.



FOR a year or two Mr. James M. Hubbard, of Boston, has been waging a vigorous, and, it is to be hoped in some degree, a successful war against that class of fiction which people of modest habits of thought are prone to consider hurtful. His attention was first called to the enormous circulation of such literature through his connection, in an official capacity, with the Boston Public Library, and his protests have been based upon the very practical ground that if people will read such novels they ought to pay for them out of their own pockets, and not have them furnished gratis by the commonwealth. Eighteen months ago a list of seventy-eight books, with citations from competent critics, mostly foreign, was read before a committee of the Boston City Government, two of the library trustees being present. This list, selected at random from the catalogue, was intended simply to show that the public, including children of both sexes, had free access through the library to books which contained matter essentially objectionable from any rational standpoint. The discussion thus inaugurated caused the library trustees at first to hesitate, and finally to withdraw from circulation a number of the volumes specified. The list was sent to many libraries throughout the country, and on the strength of its showing a large number of the books were condemned and removed from circulation. At present the trustees state that no immoral book had ever been put into public use with the knowledge of the trustees, and that all books of an immoral influence are carefully excluded from circulation, especially among the young. To this Mr. Hubbard retorts that the library contains a large number of novels which have never been examined with a view to discovering whether they are moral or immoral. For, while there is small reason to believe that the fiction department has ever been thoroughly examined by competent persons, it is certain that the volumes of magazines and papers, chiefly devoted to stories, numbering several thousands, have never been subjected to any examination whatever. Considering the fact that these periodicals are read also by children in the reading rooms in vast numbers, it is a fact not to be questioned that of a considerable part of the fiction accessible to the children in the library the character is absolutely unknown, so far as its fitness for their reading is concerned. It appears then, by this showing, that Boston spends annually some thirty thousand dollars in supplying reading matter for the public, a large proportion of which is demonstrably unfit for decent people to read, and this work of insisting at least, upon some pretense of judicial discrimination is deserving of the highest praise.

It may be deplorably true that the art of story-telling is dying, and there are those who assert that the so-called story of modern literature is not a story at all; but be that as it may in regard to the literature of the period, it certainly is not altogether true in regard to social life. The present writer is not able to vouch for the status of story-telling among women when they are by themselves and without the restraining influence of the other sex, but you shall rarely find a coterie of men which has not

its story-teller or several of them. Clergymen and lawyers, when they convene at their stated yearly or quarterly gatherings; physicians, when they meet, as they often do at clubs or otherwise; artists at their informal evenings in one another's studios, enjoy many a hearty laugh over stories, told with admirable dramatic force and capital powers of mimicry. That too many of the stories—excepting, of course, and by courtesy, those current in clerical circles—are “off-color” must perforce be admitted, but this is by no means true of all, and the story-teller still has a recognized seat at masculine reunions everywhere. But how curiously his type varies! There are those who seem able to introduce a story at any time; there are others for whom an opportunity has to be made; and others again who are apparently always on the point of telling a good story, but never succeed, and this applies not only to stories, but to more or less extended remarks of all kinds. We have in mind a genial gentleman, who not infrequently “sets the table on a roar” by his unpremeditated comments, but who can never, save by the rarest chance—not even at his own table—satisfactorily tell a story or discourse at all beyond the limit of three or four sentences. When he begins to speak, be his topic what it may, something is sure to happen. The waiters come in with a fresh course; some one at the other end of the table starts a discussion which attracts all ears, save perhaps the unwilling ones of his immediate neighbors, who endeavor, with such politeness as they may be able to command, to hear two things at once. If the occasion be a dinner party, at which ladies are present, the case is even worse, and he is sure to find himself desperately hurrying to end what he fondly believed at the outset was a capital narrative—his sole auditor being the lady next him, who, to do her justice, really strives hard to keep her attention from wandering too obviously. How different is the fate of the born story-teller! The hum of conversation is general, perhaps, when he begins, but before he has spoken a dozen sentences every one is listening, afraid to lose a word. How he does it is a puzzle to every one who has tried and failed. He waits for no pause in the general talk; he raises not his voice; his manner is unobtrusive, yet he has things all his own way, and delighted laughter and good humor follow his concluding words. Mr. Bernand, in “Happy Thoughts,” if we remember rightly, introduces a character who affords a parallel. The poor fellow knows a sleight-of-hand trick with a shilling and a glass of water, and he is always seeking an opportunity to perform it. Half-a-dozen times, in salon or dining-room, he is on the point of success, but the tide invariably turns at the critical moment, and leaves him high and dry, with the shilling in one hand and the glass of water in the other. Our last glimpse of him is in this posture, the carriages of the guests having been announced while the servant was gone to the dining-room for the water. So it is with the story-teller who has not the true afflatus. He may as well give it up, in a social way, and reserve himself for state occasions, where there is a toast-master or a chairman to preserve order and give every one a chance who has been selected to furnish his quota for the general entertainment. Even then it is very

doubtful if he can really succeed in keeping the attention of his audience, and he will probably save himself and the rest of the company much discomfiture by confining himself to less conspicuous fields of action.

"DAISY MILLER" and the "Fair Barbarian" and "Miss Stackpole," and all the rest of their American sisterhood, old and young, are amply avenged at the hands of Miss Broughton, in the pages of her new story. So far as we are aware, no one has ventured to paint a venerable American gentlewoman in such colors as those in which the grandmother of the two Churchill girls is here set forth. "One knows," says the dutiful Sarah, in commenting on the old lady's character, "that if she were called upon for any of the sublimer virtues of life she would be found wanting. But, after all, the sublimer virtues are the thousand pound notes that one seldom needs to change, and granny has plenty of the sixpences." A good text that, by the way, for some able sermonizer to discuss. Then there is Miss Watson, a type of English-woman which we fervently hope American civilization may never develop. We are curious to see what our English contemporaries will have to say in regard to the two young ladies, especially Sarah, who appears to have all the effrontery, coquetry, beauty and lack of good breeding which the critics of the American young woman have decided are her peculiar property. Will not some transatlantic cousin relieve the suspense of Miss Broughton's American readers, and tell them what they are to infer from these strongly-drawn English characters.

THOSE who take up the latest work of Mr. W. E. Griffis on Corea¹ need expect little of the enjoyment which was to be found in "The Mikado's Empire." The larger part of the book, though of great value to the historian, is too hard reading ever to become very popular, the several chapters on domestic and social life being the only ones of general interest. These, however, are sufficiently fresh and peculiar to excite the attention of even the most jaded reader, the chapter on child-life in Corea being especially charming. There are specimens also of Korean folk-lore, and a collection of proverbs, and a valuable one on "Shahmanism and Mythical Zoology." So vivid are the descriptions that one finds it difficult to believe that Mr. Griffis has never been in Corea, and has simply used the results of long and patient research, his familiarity with Japanese history and antiquities giving him advantages which have been used to the utmost. Japanese scholars, interested in the subject, have worked with him, furnishing many of the details given; the journals of the Jesuit missionaries have afforded others, while maps, charts and photographs made by officers of the United States Navy in Corea, in 1871, are freely used. The record is thus, in many ways, a broader one than if limited to personal observation alone, and the author has known so well what to use and what to reject that the book must stand as the first and only valuable authority on the subject treated.

All culture in Corea is founded upon the Chinese classics, and a literary examination is the first condition in a civil-service appointment. Buddhism is the religion; but Chinese ethics and philosophy underlie it, Corea having adopted Chinese methods to the exclusion and abandonment of her own. Shahmanism, which peoples all nature with spiritual forms, is a more active faith than that in Buddhism, and the various gods of the hills and streams are worshipped in annual picnics, in some points very like our own camp-meetings. The King is very nearly a divinity, and his "person is hedged round with a divinity that has an antipathy to iron. This metal must never

touch his august body, and rather than have an abscess lanced, the King Cheng-Jong, in 1800, died from the effects of the disease. No ordinary mortal must touch him, and if, by accident, this is done, the individual must ever afterward wear a silk cord."

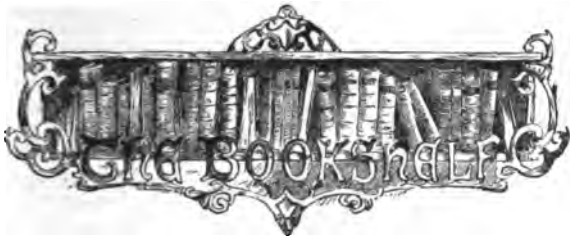
Four political parties vex the state, and every noble must belong to one or another. Every subject is obliged to have a certificate of identity. This, "for the people, is a piece of branded wood; for the soldiers, of horn; for the literary class and government officials, of bone. Often the tablet is in halves, the individual having one-half and the government keeping its tally. The people who cannot read or write have their labels tied to their clothing. When called upon to sign important documents or bear witness on trial, they make a blood signature by rudely tracing the signs set before them in their own blood."

Corean character, on the whole, would seem to be rather agreeable than otherwise, for, though very dirty, addicted to strong drink and a great deal of it, and with far less cultivation than either Chinese or Japanese, they are hospitable, kindly and honest. Their greatest fault seems to be voracity, and the author's description of this trait is very graphic:

"One striking fault of the Coreans at the table is their voracity, and to this trait of their character Japanese, French, Dutch and Chinese bear witness. It might be supposed that a Frenchman, who eats lightly, might make a criticism where an Englishman would be silent; but not so. All reports concerning them seem to agree. In this respect there is not the least difference between the rich and poor, noble or plebeian. To eat much is an honor, and the merit of a feast consists, not in the quality, but in the quantity of the food served. Little talking is done while eating, for each sentence might lose a mouthful. Hence, since a capacious stomach is a high accomplishment, it is the aim from infancy to develop a belly having all possible elasticity. Often mothers take their babies upon their knees, and after stuffing them with rice, like a wad in a gun, will tap them from time to time with the paddle of a ladle on the stomach, to see that it is fully spread out or rammed home, and only cease gorging when it is physically impossible for the child to swell up more. A Corean is always ready to eat; he attacks whatever he meets with, and rarely says "enough." Even between meals he will help himself to any edible that is offered. The ordinary portion of a laborer is about a quart of rice, which, when cooked, makes a good bulk. This, however, is no serious hindrance to his devouring double or treble the quantity when he can get it. Eating matches are common. When an ox is slaughtered, and the beef is served up, a heaping bowl of the steaming mess does not alarm any guest. Dog-meat is a common article of food, and the canine sirloins, served up in great trenchers, are laid before the guests, each one having his own small table to himself. When fruits, such as peaches or small melons, are served, they are devoured without peeling. Twenty or thirty peaches are considered an ordinary allowance, which rapidly disappears. Such a prodigality in victuals is, however, not common, and for one feast there are many fastings. Beef is not an article of daily food with the peasantry. Its use is regulated by law, the butcher being a sort of government official; and only under extraordinary circumstances, as when a grand festival is to be held, does the king allow an ox to be killed in each village. The Coreans are neither fastidious in their eating nor painstaking in their cooking. Nothing goes to waste. All is grist that comes to the mill in their mouths."

Corea has suddenly assumed importance from the fact, noted by Mr. Griffis, that she is "the pivot of the future history of Eastern Asia. On her soil will be decided the problem of supremacy by the jealous rivals, China, Japan and Russia. The sudden assumption of self-imposed tutelar duties by China proves her lively interest in the little country, which has been called both 'her right arm of defense' and 'her gloved hand'—the one to force back the ravenous Muscovite, the other to warn off the ambitious Japanese." The book has thus a special interest for all students of the time, and deserves it, not only for its scholarly qualities, but for its literary style, which is, if not brilliant, always clear and often exceedingly picturesque.

(1) COREA, THE HERMIT NATION. By William Elliott Griffis. 8vo, pp. 462, \$3.50; maps and illustrations; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



SIX different translations of Mr. Jenkins' "Paladin of Finance" have appeared in Russia, where the book is exceedingly popular, and there is still a steady demand for it.

AND now a "Dictionary of Political Economy" is to be added to our various handbooks, the project originating in England, where it is proposed that the work shall be done by specialists.

FUNK & WAGNALLS are issuing a cheap edition of Canon Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity," and Cassell, Peter & Galpin announce various forms, the cheapest, in paper covers, being only forty cents.

MARCUS WARD & Co. have sent out their usual illuminated calendars, "Day unto Day," holding a text for every day. The "Every Day Calendar" has quotations from various authors, and the Shaksperian is made up of apt quotations, the low price, fifty cents, making them an easy acquisition, while their beauty will commend them to everyone.

"BIRD SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND," by Harriet E. Paine, is a set of simple and often musical little poems, many of them giving as correct an imitation as possible of the actual song-notes of the birds. Red-lined and daintily made up, the little book is a pleasant reminder of New England summer days, and has already passed into a second edition. (50 cents, pp. 28; A. Williams & Co., Boston).

"HARPERS' CHRISTMAS" is by no means worthless when that season has ended. On the contrary, it has an intrinsic value that increases in possession, and the marvellous work of the engravings will gain rather than lose by time. Many critical people have mounted and framed one or another of the full-page illustrations, and the sheets must stand, in all points, as one of the most beautiful specimens of American presswork ever given to the public.

To the many who own and prize the beautiful little collection of religious poetry known as "Quiet Hours," there will be no need of recommending another compilation by the same editor, "Sunshine in the Soul," second series. The "Wisdom Series" has been carefully edited, and each number is valuable, its dainty letter-press and small size making it easily handled by an invalid, while it can also find room in the pocket. (32mo, pp. 159, 50 cents; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

MACMILLAN & Co. have issued in one volume several of their sixpenny editions: "Tom Brown's School Days," "Wanderings in South America," by Charles Waterton, and Irving's "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," the two latter being most profusely and delightfully illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. Though the varieties in type give a rather peculiar effect, the volume is an excellent one to own, and will be an unfailing source of entertainment as long as it holds together. (Price, \$1.50.)

MR. ROBERT GRANT, known to all as the very amusing author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confession of a Frivolous Girl," etc., has written a tragedy, "The Lambs," in which the adventures of various young speculators who go into the stock market and are painfully fleeced is recorded. The tragedy, profusely illustrated, is one of the daintiest pieces of book-making the

season has given, the design on the cover being especially good. (\$1.50, pp. 61; J. R. Osgood & Co.).

DR. HOLMES writes concerning the new Hawthorne romance "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret": "I feel as one might have felt who had been admitted to Rembrandt's studio. I have been closeted with a magician and admitted within his mysterious circle." Mr. Whittier says: "The work is Hawthorne's. There can be no question about it. It is one of his weird, unmistakable creations—a creation not fully rounded, chaotic, peopled with strange shapes, like our planet in its first discovery. It is powerful, of course, and will be read with interest by his admirers on both sides of the water."

A SECOND edition of Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century" has been issued by Macmillan & Co., the first having sold immediately. Age seems to increase the power of this brilliant author, whose work is of far higher grade than even ten years ago. It has always been pure and fresh, but stronger qualities have been added, and she bids fair to take the first place among literary women of to-day. With a story running in *Blackwood's* and another in *Macmillan's Magazine*, she has a third under way; is writing a life of Sheridan and editing a popular literary series.

If another birthday book can be tolerated at all, it is certainly one made up from Mrs. Browning's poems, and that Mr. R. H. Stoddard has edited it is sufficient guarantee for its excellence. He has made it not only a collection of choice extracts, but a summary of many of her opinions of the persons whose births are given, several representative names having been selected for each day. A portrait is also given, and the book has an especial value and interest from the method of its compilation, which has involved far more labor than appears. (18mo, \$1.00; James Miller, New York).

THE *American Canoeist*, now entering upon its second year, appeals to a limited but very appreciative audience of interested subscribers, who love the open air and seek recreation on inland lakes and streams, and along the sea-coast from Labrador to the Gulf. It is recognized as the official organ of the American Canoe Association, which includes several hundred members, and makes a special point of ruling out "professionals," and keeping the conduct of its affairs in the hands of those who have at heart the true interests of a manly, rational and health-giving recreation. (Published by Brentano, New York).

A VERY bright and charming story for children is "When Papa Comes Home: The Story of Tip, Tap, Toe," lately published by Macmillan & Co., with illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. Two girls and a boy own these abbreviated names, which are really Theresa, Theodora and Tregarva. "Papa" is in India, and the little story opens with preparations for Christmas, the day itself bringing news that he is coming home. The daily doings of the children, their lessons, their squabbles, their small adventures are told in the simplest way, but the book holds so much innocent life and gentle feeling that any child must be the better for reading it. The illustrations are far above the usual order. (16mo, pp. 183, \$1.25).

"THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR, a Record of Quiet Work in Unquiet Places," by Helen Campbell, is a collection of thirteen articles contributed to *Sunday Afternoon*, and, in part, to *Lippincott's Magazine*. They tell the story of the McAuley Mission in Five Points, New York, in a dramatic, vivid manner. Nothing is described, but the actors come forth and tell their own stories—Jerry McAuley and his wife Maria, Max, Jack and Nan. The story is told in an idiom that is as real as it is picturesque. There is also a paper on insanity, and the methods of incarcerating and treating patients; one on diet, and one story of a little cooking-school carried on by an old Scottish woman in her own kitchen. As the preface says, our

poor are so fast becoming our criminal class that it is plain that something beyond preaching will have to bring the remedy, and industrial education seems to be the only solution left. The men and women who are half-fed will drink, and no one need wonder; and out of dirt and disorder come impurity and rascality. As long as the poor live, sleep, work and eat under degraded, unwholesome conditions, so long will they be dangerous, and this little book has a value beyond its excellent literary character, as being a practical, clear-sighted putting of a terrible problem and its possible solution. (Cloth, 90 cts., pp. 244; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

A good work has been done by Rosalie Kaufman in furnishing a new volume of "Young Folks' History" by adapting and abridging from Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England." Those of us who nourished youthful imaginations on her lengthy volumes, will sigh over the loss of much picturesque detail, but this new book will be more frequently read. It covers the main events of the lives of the royal ladies down to and including Katherine Parr, the last Queen of Henry VIII. The spirit of the larger work is admirably retained, though the editor occasionally mistakes in making her style suitable for those too young to be interested. It is freely illustrated. (16mo, pp. 315, \$1.25; Estes & Lauriat).

ALPHONSE DAUDET gives an interesting account of his new novel, "L'Evangeliste," which is to appear in the *Paris Figaro*. He writes to some friends in Vienna: "I narrate this time the story of a Danish family in Paris. There is in Paris, you must know, a Scandinavian colony which has its own churches, coffee-houses, clubs, etc. This is all very characteristic and has never been described. The heroine of my novel is Eline Ebsen. She is engaged to be married. Some prayer-books are sent to her for translation, three sous a prayer. The commission is given by Madame Anthemaui, the wife of a very rich banker, who has a passion for proselytizing people. By degrees the young girl becomes a religious enthusiast. She avoids her family. The marriage project is broken up. One day the girl disappears, leaving only a letter for her mother, who, left entirely alone, a stranger in a strange country, applies successively to a lawyer, to the police, to the judge, but all in vain. The Anthemaui's are too rich. And this every-day experience: the power of gold assumes in this book a cruel and, I think, awful clearness. I have witnessed myself this family drama; I see this mother every day, and shall never forget her tears. The picture of religious fanaticism is relieved by some interesting characters; as in 'Fromont' a good-natured humor, a home-like tone, pervades the whole. In this manner are drawn the Aussandon couple, a clergyman's family, charming, truly religious. I thereby avoid any aggressive tendency of the book. Above all, it is purely human, something like the cry of a despairing heart, to which I would impart as much genuine fervor of feeling as possible. Should it prove a failure I'll have myself locked up in a monastery of Moravian brethren."

NEW BOOKS.

LITTLE SISTER. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 286, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT, AFTER JACK'S HAD PROVED A FAILURE. A Book on Home Architecture, with illustrations. By E. C. Gardner. 16mo, pp. 249, \$1.00. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Ruskin. Collected and Edited by James Osborne Wright. 12mo, pp. 234, \$1.50. John Wiley & Son, New York.

PICTURESQUE SCOTLAND: Its Romantic Scenes and Historical Associations; Described in Lay and Legend, Song and Story. By Frances Watt, M. A., and the Rev. Andrew Carter. Illustrated, 1 vol., 8vo, pp. 511, \$3.50. John Wiley & Son, New York.

HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA: From 1619 to 1880. Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers and as Citizens; together with a Prelimi-

nary Consideration of the Unity of the Human Family; an Historical Sketch of Africa, and an Account of the Negro Governments of Sierra Leone and Liberia. By George W. Williams, first colored member of the Ohio Legislature. In two vols, 8vo. Vol. 1, 1619 to 1800, pp. 481, \$3.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

MAGNIFIELD. By Björnstjerne, Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Hasmus B. Anderson. Author's Edition. 16mo, pp. 223, \$1.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE. By George MacDonald, LL.D. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 255, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

SOUP AND SOUP MAKING. By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing. Cookery Manuals, No. 1. 25 cts., pp. 40. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., Chicago and New York.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. American Men of Letters Series. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. 16mo, pp. 299, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MRS. BROWNING'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. \$1.00. James Miller, New York.

WHEN PAPA COMES HOME. The Story of Tip, Tap, Toe. By the Author of "When I Was a Little Girl." Illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. 16mo, pp. 183, \$1.25. Macmillan & Co., New York.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND. Abridged and Adapted from Strickland's Queens of England. By Rosalie Kaufman. Young Folks' History Series. Fully illustrated, 16mo, pp. 443, \$1.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

HERBERT SPENCER ON THE AMERICANS; And the Americans on Herbert Spencer, being a Full Report of His Interview, etc. Paper, 10 cts. D. Appleton & Co.

BOYS IN THE MOUNTAINS AND ON THE PLAINS; or, The Western Adventures of Tom Smart, Bob Edge and Peter Small. By William H. Ridgely. With numerous illustrations. Square 16mo, pp. 345, \$1.75. D. Appleton & Co.

GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD: Their History and Structure. By A. J. H. Duganne. 8vo, pp. 381, \$2.50. James S. Burnton, New York.

THE DRAMA.

THE composer Verdi purposes founding an hospital for the relief of the suffering poor in his native province of Parma, Italy.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT will tour the United States during next season, opening at the Grand Opera House, New York, in September. She will pass the winter and spring in Italy.

MME. MODJESKA played the title-rôle of Sardou's "Odette" for the first time in this country at Booth's Theatre on January 1st. The version of the play used follows more closely the original than the adaptation made by Mr. Augustin Daly, which has been produced successfully in the principal cities. Mme. Modjeska achieved great reputation and won the highest praise in London during a three months' run of "Odette," about a year ago.

MISS ADA DYAS has been successful thus far in her "starring" tour. Mr. Barton Hill is her principal support, and her repertory embraces "London Assurance," "An Unequal Match" and "Caste." The lady has been forced to do some very rapid traveling. She closed an engagement on a Saturday night in Brooklyn and on Monday opened in St. Louis. On January 29 she appears at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Miss Dyas has been engaged for "leading business" for next season by the Madison Square Theatre.

THE Metropolitan Concert Hall, erected in New York, on Broadway, corner of Forty-first street, three years ago, not proving remunerative, the interior was altered slightly, a temporary stage erected for the production of light opera, and its name changed to the Alcazar. This did not bring success, either. It is now being re-altered into a regular theatre, and Mr. Emmet, in "Fritz," will be the first attraction presented. It will be known as the Cosmopolitan Theatre, and will be under the management of Mr. S. M. Hickey.

MR. HENRY E. ABBEY, the leading, as well as the most successful American theatrical manager, is now in addition an operatic impresario of the first rank, having secured the management of the inauguration and first season of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. He announces that the opening will take place in October, and that Mme. Nilsson and Signora Campanini and Del Puente are the shining lights already secured. Mr. Abbey will pass several months of this year in Europe securing artists and attractions, both operatic and theatrical.

THE Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is the oldest theatre in the United States, having been built in 1808. Of late years it has been somewhat outranked by newer and more elegant houses. Messrs. Hall and Fleishman, who have but lately assumed the reins of management, have determined to reverse this order, and intend to restore the Walnut to a leading place among the theatres of the country. Mr. Charles Wyndham and company will make their initial bow in the Quaker City at this house in February, and the comedies of "Fourteen Days" and "Brighton" will be elaborately staged.

MR. JOHN HOWSON, whose "De Merrimac" in "Olivette" made him very widely and favorably known, possesses in a high degree the rare ability of absolutely sinking his own identity in his impersonations. He set the town talking about his lifelike portrait of the Rev. De Witt Talmage, whose appearance and personal characteristics he copied as the minister in the "Sorcerer" during the long run of the operetta at the Bijou Opera House, New York. In Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's "Virginia" he is cast for "Mephisto," and will make up exactly like Hermann, the conjurer. Mr. Howson adds to his merits as an actor a strong talent with the brush, and is an art critic of no mean order. His apartments are adorned with *chef d'œuvres* of chisel and palette.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

December 26.—Arabi Bey, the already half-forgotten Egyptian rebel, left Cairo with his companions in exile for Ceylon, whence they are to be life-long prisoners.—Another large fire in London, W. Whiteley's furniture store. Twenty-five engines were called out.—The Southern Hotel and a number of business structures were burned in Prescott, Ark. Loss, \$50,000. . . Dec. 27.—The Pope accepts the proposition of Great Britain to maintain a diplomatic representative at the Vatican.—The Senate passed the Civil Rights bill. Voté, 39 to 5.—An inter-tribal war has broken out among the Creeks in Indian Territory. United States troops are disarming the contestants.—General Estanislao Canedo has been appointed by the Mexican President Plenipotentiary to negotiate, in combination with Mr. Romero, a commercial treaty with the United States.—The main building of the Somerset Fibre Company, at Fairfield, Maine, was burned. Loss, \$55,000. . . Dec. 28.—The jewelry factory in North Attleboro, Mass., occupied by G. Whitney & Co. and others, was burned with its contents. The loss is estimated at \$105,000. . . Dec. 29.—The Senate passed a bill appropriating \$10,000 for a monument to Baron De Kalb at Annapolis.—Senator Logan made a long speech against the Fitz-John Porter bill.—Both Houses of the French Chambers of Deputies adjourned.—Disastrous floods on the Rhine. Some fifty lives have been lost.—Byrne & Smith's bleachery, at Lodi, N. J., was burned. The loss is estimated at \$200,000, and two hundred hands are thrown out of employment. . . Dec. 30.—Count Wimpffen, the Austrian Ambassador resident in Paris, committed suicide, the alleged cause being annoyances connected with his official position and the details of furnishing his new house.—The President moved into the Executive Mansion from the Soldiers' Home, where he has resided this winter. . . Jan. 1.—Governor Cleveland, of New York, was installed at the State Capital, Albany.—An earthquake shock was felt in Nova Scotia and Maine.—Mr. Léon Gambetta, the distinguished French political leader, died in Paris, after an illness of several weeks.—Elisha H. Allen, the Hawaiian Minister, died suddenly while attending the President's New Year Reception, in Washington. He was a native of Massachusetts, and in the seventy-ninth year of his age.—William Baldwin, Chief Commissioner of Highways, Philadelphia, died suddenly from heart disease. . . Jan. 2.—In the Senate General Logan continued his speech against the Fitz-John Porter bill.—An incendiary fire in Pine Bluff, Ark., destroyed a brick block occupied by dealers in furniture and plantation supplies. Several adjoining stores were also burned. The loss is estimated at \$125,000.—Rev. Charles Porterfield Krauth, D. D., Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in that institution, and Norton Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, died in his fifty-ninth year.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

At the Fair.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA IN ONE ACT.

Written by W. S. GILBERT. About as much as it was Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SCENE: A Large Hall.

A Chorus of Wheeling Maidens. A Chorus of Wheeled Visitors.

CHORUS OF WHEELING MAIDENS.

Busily hither and there we fly,
With smiling lip and watchful eye;
We wheedle in the name of charity,
Sweet charity, sweet charity;
We wheedle in the name of charity.

CHORUS OF VISITORS.

We enter with misgivings fearful,
Weak of knee and slightly tearful;
For a band arrayed to plunder,
Strain our pocketbooks asunder,
Put out cash, a captive, under
Its high French, French heel,
Meets us face to face
As we near this place.

SOLO: First Maiden (presiding at a stand).

Here's a raffle,
We are careful
That the book of names is ne'er full;
Always place for
In the race for
Prizes which this raffle pays for.
People's money,
That's the honey
That we gather. Ain't it funny?

CHORUS OF VISITORS (with a forced smile).

Awful jolly.
(Aside) What beastly folly
To be robbed by Maud or Molly.

DUET: Second Maiden (presiding at another stand).

Cedars of Lebanon,
From City of Solomon,
Made into tables for parlors.
Third Maiden (at another table).
Rocks from Mount Ararat,
To be disposed of at
Anything over ten dollars.

QUINTETTE: Fourth Maiden.

To beautiful tidies
Devoted this side is.

Fifth Maiden.

In these little bowers
Are sold dainty flowers.

Sixth Maiden.

If here you walk in
You can fish with a pin.

Seventh Maiden.

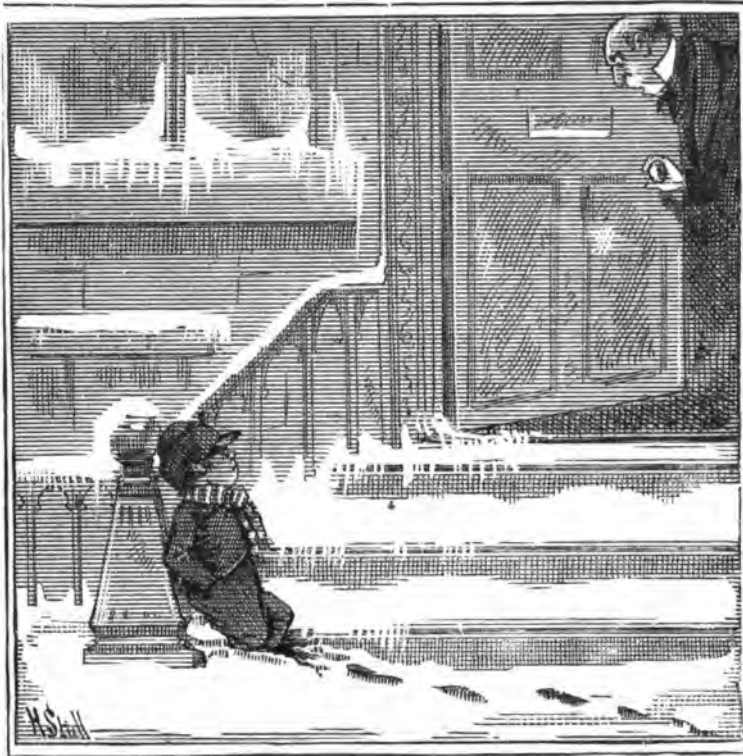
Here are letters for all,
Old and young, great and small.

Eighth Maiden.

At a dollar a plate
Cream will cool your palate.

BALLAD: First Maiden.

He buys. My laughing eyes must brighten,
The joy must be reflected in my face,
The load upon my breast doth lighten,
The load within my pocket doth increase.
The vacant spot will tell the story
To every other girl who hies by
Unto my stand. Mine is the glory;
My cup is full. He buys.



A SPECIAL PARTNER.

Householder—"Want to clean the snow off, hey? Where's your broom and shovel?"

Contractor—"Goin' to borrow your'n!" (And he gets them and the job too.)

He passes by. With stormy throbbing
My anxious heart goes pit-a-pat,
My parchéd throat is dry with sobbing,
While he looks this way and then that.
My fate is sealed. My pulses madly
Beat a funeral dirge, for I
Am left. He gazes toward me sadly,
And then—he passes by.

FINALE: *Chorus of Wheedling Maidens.*
The things that you will buy of us are singularly reasonable.

CHORUS OF VISITORS (*jocosely*).

Oh, my! you're telling us a joke.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS (*beseechingly*).

Here's seal-skin sacques and fur-lined cloaks and other things quite seasonable.

CHORUS OF VISITORS (*mockingly*).

Too-roo-loo-ral. Too-roo-loo-ral. Too-roo-lay.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS (*archly*).

You darling men, so kind. But then we ought not speak like that to you,
For if we should we know it would immediately scatter you;
That would, of course, be your resource, if we began to flatter you.

CHORUS OF MEN (*laughingly*).

Too-roo-loo-ral. Too-roo-loo-ral. Too-roo-lay.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS (*resolutely*).

Our blandishments and compliments, which certainly must frighten you,
We'll quickly stop, and to our shops and stands, with wiles we'll tighten you,
And of untold sums, bills and gold, we'll in a twinkling lighten you.

CHORUS OF MEN (*faintly*).

Too-roo-loo-ral. Too-roo-loo-ral. Too-roo-lay.

INVOCATION: *Tutti*.

Hail Charity! Sweet goddess, thou
To whom the suffering soul appealeth;
Thou causeth Selfishness to bow,
And in each heart some good revealeth.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Come buy of us, brothers,
Come fathers, come mothers;
Come dancing a measure,
Expressing a pleasure

That you're at the fair to-night, to-night.
That you're at the fair to-night.

ENSEMBLE.

1st Maiden.

Here is a beautiful basket.

2d Maiden.

Buy, oh! please buy this sweet vase.

3d Maiden.

Look at this jewelry casket.

4th Maiden.

Gaze at this stand for cigars.

5th Maiden.

I know for this cushion you're dying.

6th Maiden.

You'll buy this for Charity's sake.

7th Maiden.

You want *this*, I know by your sighing.

8th Maiden.

Oh, please take a chance in this cake!

CHORUS OF VISITORS.

Plague take you. Your brothers,
You fathers, your mothers,
Express their displeasure
In terms without measure

That they're at the fair to-night, to-night,
That they're at the fair to-night.

ENSEMBLE.

Chorus of Maidens.

Chorus of Visitors.

Come, buy of us, brothers, Plague take you, your brothers,
Come, fathers, etc. You fathers, etc.

First Maiden. Busily hither and there we fly,
With smiling lip and watchful eye;
We wheedle in the name of charity.

Chorus of Maidens. Sweet charity, sweet charity,
We wheedle in the name of charity.

Chorus of Visitors. Sadder and wiser homeward we hie,
Pockets and pocket-books all empty—
Ruined in the name of charity.
Sweet charity, sweet charity,
Ruined in the name of charity.

ENSEMBLE.

Chorus of Maidens.

Chorus of Visitors.

Busily hither and there we fly,
With smiling lip, etc. Sadder and wiser we homeward hie,
Pockets and pocket-books, etc.

Curtain.

H. C. FAULKNER.

A Winter Landscape.

DARK are the fir trees on the mountain side;
Above them soars the granite gray and hoary,
And there the lettered legends still abide
Which greet the summer tourist in his glory.
"Use Jones's Tonic!" thus the record points—
"Use Jones's Tonic! It is good for joints."

S. O. I.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 6.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7, 1883.

Whole No. 52.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

BY C. C. RHYS.



COME hither, little lass, with eyes
Reflecting Heaven's blue,
The while in innocent surprise
Your bouquet here they view.

The color's rich, the scent is sweet,
But all unknown to you
The lesson that the flowers repeat;
Then listen—I'll construe:

They're Old World flowers; and so 'tis well:
Better the old than new;
None that the city florists sell
Speak parable more true.

Laburnum, dahlia, these you twine
With yellow sprays of rue,
And add the tawny columbine,
Still diamonded with dew.

Laburnum's for the beauty which
Lives in a quiet place,
Retired, nor seeking to be rich,
And more of mind than face.

The dahlia is for proper pride,
Mark of a noble race,
Whose sires on field and scaffold died,
But never knew disgrace.

Rue's for disdain that you should give
Every dishonest case;
Better the rankest herbs that live
Than sweets that sin embrace.

The columbine in all her woe
She wore, who, for a space
Deserted, still was faithful. So,
There constancy we trace.

Dear little maid with turquoise eyes,
Is it not written fair,
The lesson that before you lies?
Early yourself prepare,

And as from flowers sweet perfumes rise,
So let your virtues rare
Ascend like incense to the skies,
And wing your pathway there.



KENTUCKY'S BIRTHPLACE.



HEREVER English is spoken Kentucky and Kentuckians are recognized elements in the motley array that goes to make up the very composite totality known as America. In matters appertaining to

the turf; among convivial connoisseurs of the beverage that cheers, and alas! inebriates; in the chronicles of dash and daring, in a strict code of gallantry toward the fairer sex, Kentucky has an established reputation which has augmented with her growth. While a tall, lank individual in homespun raiment and numerous embellishments of pistols and bowie-knives, a devotee to "long-green terbacker," and possessing an extensive vocabulary of oaths of varying degrees of intensity, together with an unquestioned judgment regarding "hoss" and whisky, and bearing the inevitable title of major or colonel, has long been the type of the genuine Kentuckian as accepted abroad, a closer acquaintance with him modifies the picture in several important particulars.

It is only within the last few years that esteemed valuation of antiquity has laid any hold on the American mind at large, and even now its manifestations are of a very modest, unassuming nature when viewed from a foreign standpoint—so modest, in fact, that it may be said to be only in an embryo state of existence at the present day. Even in the most fertile soil, however, the love of the antique is a plant of slow growth, to which each succeeding year adds a scarcely perceptible degree of development; and here, where civilization has not yet claimed the thousands of wild but productive acres, and broad tracts of primeval lands still show no indications of the imprint of advancing progress, imported American antiquity may yet be regarded as an exotic scarcely acclimated. I use the term imported because there is an indigenous article whose origin antedates the Indian traditions of the past, it is so remote, with only scattered tumuli here and there, standing as silent witnesses of a forgotten, mysterious race.

Of our own later history, it behooves us to regard the early developments with due favor and appreciation

wherever the opportunity offers, and to preserve its records with especial care, knowing that they constantly enhance in value as time speeds by. To this end I have thought to introduce to my readers a cradle spot in which historical reminiscences abound of those early pioneers whose energy, courage and enduring perseverance have to-day given us a broad and smiling landscape of fertile fields and shady woodlands, fitly called the Eden of Kentucky.

One hundred and seven years ago its site was without a vestige of human habitation or human presence, unless perchance a vigilant party of Cherokees or Shawnees on extensive hunting expeditions penetrated the dense thickets and forests of the surrounding country; for the primeval shades of oak, walnut, ash, maple and hickory gave shelter to the buffalo, elk, deer and bear, while extensive canebrakes and tracts of compact undergrowth afforded ample retreat for smaller game. All was one vast, unbroken wild.

From 1769 to 1774 occasional sorties had been made, both from Virginia and North Carolina, by daring explorers, for whom these prolific hunting-grounds possessed an irresistible charm; but not until the spring of 1774 was any move made toward permanent settlement in the wilderness. During that year a party of some forty men, in roughly-constructed boats came down the Ohio from the Monongahela country, to the mouth of the Kentucky, which they ascended for many miles, and, after disembarking, took a southwesterly course through the pathless forest, when, after several days march, they finally encamped for the summer on the site where the town of Harrodsburg now stands. The exact location was beneath an immense elm, a short distance from a beautiful and never-failing spring, which, to the present day, supplies with water the little creek that divides the town.

To this spring they gave the name of Spouting Spring, doubtless from the fact that, after heavy rains, a considerable volume of water is thrown up to the height of several feet. The sides of this reservoir have the appearance of a vast inverted funnel of unknown depth, and the water is very clear and icy cold.

The elm tree grew on land, afterward owned by my grandfather (a descendant of the Samuel Adams mentioned in early Kentucky history), and I yet recall the friendly shelter of its wide, spreading branches, as in my youth, I indulged in that luxurious pastime so dear to all small boys—wading in the creek; and, as this fa-

cinating pursuit was in direct opposition to parental commands, and conducted on strictly secret principles, of course the zest of the performance was proportionately enhanced, despite the frequent afterpieces, in which an avenging Nemesis in the form of wrathful parent or nurse took an active part.

A few years later this interesting tree was struck by lightning, during a thunderstorm, and, taking fire, was burned, despite the efforts made to extinguish it. The storm occurred during the night, when the murky clouds obscured every particle of light, except when the flashing lightning relieved for an instant the Egyptian darkness. The tree caught in the topmost branches, and, as the trunk was hollow, the wind drove the flames

tlement was, as the reader will perceive, a most hazardous enterprise. A mere handful of men, inured to hardship though they were, had chosen a dwelling-place remote from all civilization or protection, save their own prowess and the watchful care of Providence. They were in the midst of a wild country, whose trackless depths were only known to the various animals which inhabited it, or to the stealthily prowling Indian, more cruelly savage than bear or catamount, and whose unrelenting vindictiveness rendered the preservation of life or property an exceedingly uncertain thing.

The barest necessities of life were wanting; meat was not attainable unless the rifle or trap were called into requisition, but fruit and small berries which the



SPOUTING SPRING.

downward until the interior glowed like a furnace seven times heated. Midway from base to top was a large aperture, where a limb had rotted and fallen away, and through this opening the fierce wind blew myriads of sparks, illumining the scene for yards around, and furnishing a pyrotechnical display, difficult to excel and surpassingly beautiful to behold.

But to return: the leader of the little company, Captain James Harrod, first conceived the idea of establishing a permanent settlement here, and after some debate and a few suggestions in regard to locating on a larger stream, now known as the Chapline, which had been discovered by one of his men, whose name it bears, the point was settled by Captain Harrod proceeding to erect for himself a rude log cabin, of the most primitive description, whereupon several others were similarly constructed, and the nucleus of a future town was formed.

This laying a foundation-stone for a permanent set-

tlement was, as the reader will perceive, a most hazardous enterprise. A mere handful of men, inured to hardship though they were, had chosen a dwelling-place remote from all civilization or protection, save their own prowess and the watchful care of Providence.

Prior to this, dating from 1749, several adventurous parties had made brief excursions into this region, and three miles from the site of Harrodsburg Daniel Boone spent the winter of 1769-70 in a small cave, which afforded him comfortable shelter from the rigorous weather.

Above the mouth of the cave stands a large white oak tree, on the trunk of which the initials "D. B." were once faintly discernible. These were carved by Boone's own hand, and for a long time were protected by a frame and glass fastened on the side of the tree, while above it was nailed a pair of antlers. These letters have recently been cut from the tree and presented to the writer by the owner of the farm on which the cave is situated.

Within the cave a small, clear stream has worn a narrow groove along the rocky floor, and a thrifty house-

wife now keeps the produce of her dairy in excellent condition by means of its cool waters, which gurgles perpetually from subterranean passages.

The ruling passion of Boone's character was admirably portrayed by this extensive hunting excursion, when for nearly two years he saw no civilized human being except his brother, and once for three months not even him, he having returned home to obtain a supply of ammunition. Nor had he aught to eat save what his skill as a hunter procured. This love for the freedom of the forest caused him, in later years, to leave Kentucky, which was rapidly becoming settled, and seek the less frequented lands of Missouri, in which state he died. In 1845, September 13th, the remains of Boone and his wife were brought to Kentucky, and interred, with public honors at the Capital.

The cemetery is most picturesquely situated on the heights of a tall cliff, at whose base gently flow the waters of the Kentucky, and almost at the verge of the



BOONE'S CAVE.

cliff, where the wild vines clamber at will over the loose gray boulders, and the stalks of slender cane start up amid the gnarled roots of ancient tree-trunks, a gleaming marble shaft marks the last resting-place of Kentucky's famous pioneer.

On a commanding hill in Harrodsburg, a few hundred yards west of the first encampment, a fort was erected, and proved a sheltering and protecting friend on many trying occasions. About the year 1777 the fort was occupied the greater portion of the time, as the Indians infested the vicinity and kept the whites in constant apprehension of danger. They lay in ambush, time and again, in close proximity to the fort, and surprised the inhabitants on all possible occasions, rendering it unsafe to venture beyond the palisades.

It was at this juncture that a youth, not yet seventeen, evinced an amount of courage and daring which won the admiration even of old veterans in brave exploits. This was James Ray, whose hairbreadth escapes and cool intrepidity in times of imminent peril won him, in after years, a reputation second only to that of Boone in the annals of Kentucky history.

At the foot of the hill, on the north side of the fort, was a spring, which supplied the small colony with water, and which was connected with the fort by a long, covered passage made of heavy logs. This served to protect the women, who were usually the water-carriers, and also to guard against being cut off from this very necessary supply.

Young Ray would leave the fort before daylight by means of this passage, and wade down the creek to

Salt River, some two or three miles beyond, thus leaving no trace of his departure.

When at a sufficient distance, sometimes ten or fifteen miles away, he would kill whatever game presented itself, and, usually heavily-laden, return after nightfall to his hungering and waiting friends. Sometimes these jaunts would be taken upon an old horse, sole survivor of quite a number ridden by these emigrants from Virginia.

Collins' History of Kentucky gives an account of a thrilling adventure of this same young Ray, who, with a friend, was suddenly surprised one day, when a short distance from the fort, by a party of concealed savages. The first intimation he received of their presence was the sight of his friend shot dead by his side. Ray knew that his only chance lay in immediate flight, so ran toward the fort for dear life in its full significance. The Indians were in such close pursuit that those in the fort dared not open the gates, so that Ray was compelled to throw himself flat on the ground behind a small stump, scarcely large enough to shield his body, while those in the fort held the Indians at bay. Here, for several hours young Ray served as a target for Indian bullets, which ploughed up the ground all around, but happily failed to hit him. He at length implored those within the fort to dig under the wall and take him in, which ingenious method was actually accomplished. His mother was in the fort, and an eye-witness of the entire transaction.

On the south side of where the fort stood is located the oldest burying-ground in the state, many who are resting there having met a violent death in encounters with the savages. The older graves are unmarked, while one or two of later date bear the figures of 1800. This spot, doubly sacred for the dust of the brave and intrepid pioneers who rest beneath its sod, has been, I am sorry to state, long neglected and wantonly abused. The stone wall once inclosing it, has, in many places, fallen to the ground, and roaming cattle graze at will among its historic mounds. Even memory fails to note many of the occupants of its graves. They sleep on, as utterly forgotten as the autumn leaves that once rustled beneath their own footsteps in that long ago. What a surprise could they awaken and look forth to-day!

It would be difficult to reconcile the scene with that on which their eyes last closed, the peaceful village, with its church spires piercing the blue of heaven, and its yards and gardens bright with summer blossoms, the rich cultivated fields and tasteful farm-houses stretching out beyond, where all was once a dense canebrake or a tangled thicket, with here and there a small clearing and a rude log hut made by brawny, muscular energy that knew no fear of hardship nor of defeat.

Between the big spring and the site of the first encampment stands another tree which also figured in those early days. From this tree to the foot of Fort Hill was an unbroken canebrake or thicket, and during the long winter of 1779, which was a remarkably severe one, a party of Indians concealed themselves in the brake, while one of their number climbed into this tree and imitated the cry of a wild turkey, hoping to decoy the hunters from the fort, as they were known to be in want of provisions. Several of the white men were completely deceived by the ruse, and at once expressed a determination to discover the flock of turkeys and replenish their scanty larders; but young Ray, with his more acute ear, detected the subterfuge, and pronounced it to be a trap set by their wily foes. He prevailed on the others to remain in the fort on the alert, while he made a detour, avoiding the canebrake, and coming up



BOONE'S GRAVE.

behind the tree, from which he speedily dislodged the Indian, and then successfully made his way back to the fort.

Both James Ray and his brother passed through many exciting adventures, in one of which the latter was killed near Shawnee Spring in 1877. James lived to an advanced old age, and died in times of peace and prosperity, near the growing village his intrepidity had helped to establish.

In September of the year 1877, the first court ever held in Kentucky convened at the fort in Harrodsburg, the census of which then announced one hundred and ninety-eight men, women and children. All this portion of Kentucky was at that time known as the county of Lincoln, State of Virginia, and numerous old docu-

ments in the clerk's office at Harrodsburg bear the seal of Virginia. In the oldest deed book since Mercer county was established, we find a deed from James Harrod and his wife Ann to a Samuel Lawrence for a tract of land sold for three hundred pounds; and in the records of the court a long-continued law suit between Daniel Boone and James Harrod in regard to some land. This and a minor one are the only litigations in which Boone seems to have taken a part. Evidently he was only partially civilized.

A number of familiar historic names appear in these musty papers, among them Simon Kenton, Ray, McAfee, Adams, Wood, Hogue, Christopher Greenup, Hogan and others. We find, after much search among the dusty records, the following judgment:

Kentucky St.,	}	George Caldwell, Plt.,
March Rules.		Against Squire Boone,* Dft.

Judgement for Thirty pounds to be discharged by the payment of Fifteen pounds with Interest thereon, to be computed after the rate of Five per cent per Annum, from November 1786 till paid for Debt.

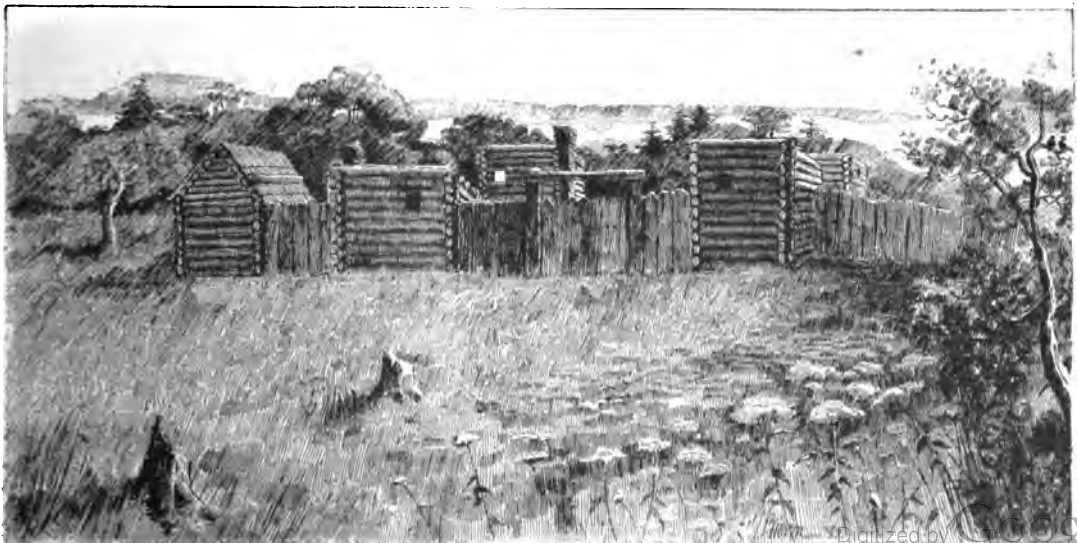
Also, One hundred and Fifty seven pounds of Tobacco for Costs.

Teste:

CHRIST. GREENUP, C. S. C.

Among other interesting records found in this office is the divorce of a certain Robbards from his wife, who afterward married Andrew Jackson, the circumstances of which union are sufficiently romantic to warrant a narration: There had been a temporary separation between Mrs. Robbards and her unworthy spouse, and she was staying with some friends in Tennessee when Jackson first saw her. He was a young lawyer just beginning his practice, and at a susceptible age, when a woman of Mrs. Robbards' accomplishments and brilliancy would inevitably produce a deep impression on his mind. So fascinating did she prove that he fell headlong in love with her, notwithstanding the rather serious obstacle of a husband already in possession. A knowledge of these matrimonial infelicities seemed, however, only to fan the flame of Jackson's adoration

*A brother of Daniel Boone.



THE OLD FORT.



TREE IN WHICH GENERAL RAY SHOT THE INDIAN.

into a more ardent blaze. When she had returned to Kentucky and was again living with her husband, Jackson, on learning of the unhappy life she led, coolly carried her off behind him one day on his horse, took her to Virginia, placed her with some friends, procured a divorce for her, and they were married.

Afterward, the legality of their marriage having been questioned, the ceremony was again performed and the two were doubly wedded. It was due to insinuations concerning this union that the famous duel between Dickinson and Jackson was fought, in which the former was killed.

The indomitable will of Jackson was apparent in this affair when he stood unmoved after receiving a severe wound, and with unfaltering aim sent a deadly bullet through his adversary's body, remarking to the few who were present, that if Dickinson had shot him through the heart he should still have lived long enough to kill his man.

The base insinuations made by the enemies of Jackson clung to the reputation of his hapless consort throughout her entire life.

In 1807, my grandfather, Archibald Wood, married Miss Annie Adams, and removed from the country to Harrodstown, as it was then called. In 1779, his father had emigrated to Kaintuckee County, as the entire state was known, and settled near McAfee station, having with several other families, made the long, tiresome journey on horseback from Botetourt County, Virginia, by way of Cumberland Gap.

When my grandfather settled in his new home, the town consisted of nine or ten houses, built mostly of logs, and even boasted a store, where wooden and pewter ware and a few other luxuries could be purchased in limited quantities by housekeepers or those contemplating it. Among the effects of my grandmother's dowry on her marriage was a small mirror, which had come from England to Virginia and thence to Kentucky on horseback, and this rare article, probably the first in the new country, lent an elegance and tone to her log establishment that provoked the admiring envy of all neighbors, who regarded it as a marked and highly gracious favor to be permitted to consult it upon special occasions.

A few wooden platters, bowls, delf and pewter dishes comprised her table-ware, while tables, benches, bedsteads and cupboards were all of home manufacture of a very primitive sort of Eastlake squareness of design. Of course bed and table linen were also of home construction. Gradually, as communication with other places became more frequent, and the inhabitants increased in prosperity and general welfare, more elegance began to manifest itself in the household. Manufactured bedsteads, whose turned posts resembled gigantic ninepins, replaced the rougher article of furniture, keeping in countenance the tall chest of drawers with its glass knobs, and diminutive looking-glass on the top, and the thin-legged tables turned to the utmost extent in spiral decorations. Thrifty matrons prided themselves on their well-scoured floors, their dexterity with the spinning-wheel, the product of their busy looms, and the gorgeousness of their bed-quilts; those for the "spare room" generally being marvels in pattern and colors—red, green, yellow and white usually the component parts.

About this time, the nearest place of worship was at Cane Run, situated some five miles east of the town, but as the building was falling somewhat into decay, and the majority of the congregation lived in or near the latter place, it was decided to erect a new church, and the site of the old fort was selected. This was in 1816. Meetings were held alternately here and at Old Providence, eleven miles north of Harrodsburg, Rev. Thomas Cleland presiding over the respective flocks. Three years later, a heavy wind demolished the church built on Fort hill. Fortunately this occurred on a Sunday



ARCHITECTURE OF EARLY DAYS.

when services were held at Providence, so that no one was injured. My grandmother witnessed the demolition from her door which she had gone to close on the approach of the storm.

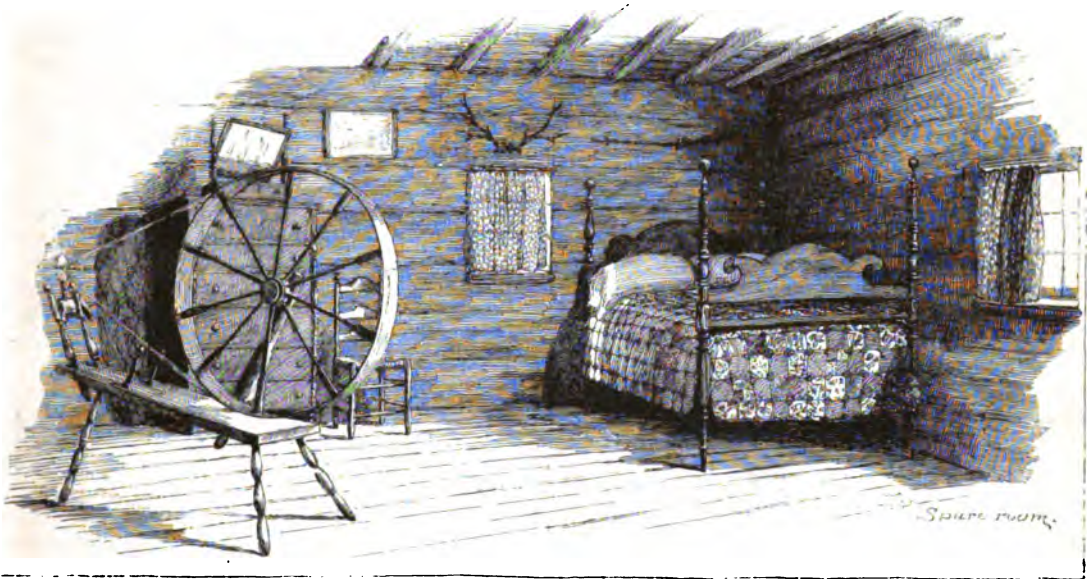
Weddings in those days were occurrences of universal interest to the entire community, and were conducted on a basis quite different from a matrimonial alliance of the present regime. The bride's trousseau was of an order that would now inspire Monsieur Worth with unutterable astonishment and horror—linsey and coarse linen dresses, woolen stockings, homespun under-garments and heavy shoes, the very appearance of which would cause a modern belle to faint outright. The bridegroom sported leather breeches, or leggings, or woolen trousers, unbleached linen shirts, and, if ultra aristocratic, a blue cloth coat, with numerous brass buttons, relics of still older days.

At a highly stylish affair which my grandmother

During this time the town was gradually, yet steadily improving. Several brick houses were built, a stone court-house erected and Main Street somewhat repaired, in which thoroughfare teams had heretofore frequently become stalled in rainy weather.

In 1836 Bacon College was founded, and about the same time the town began to attain notoriety as a watering-place, no less than seven or eight medicinal springs of excellent quality having been discovered in its immediate vicinity; the most famous of these were known as the Harrodsburg Springs, and were owned by Dr. Graham.

The grounds of this noted summer resort were naturally attractive, and by an outlay of some thousands of dollars were rendered exceedingly beautiful and commodious, containing one of the finest hotels in the West, besides numerous cottages and other buildings for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. The grounds



THE SPARE ROOM.

attended, where each housekeeper was requested to bring whatever dishes, spoons and cutlery she could conveniently spare, the guests were especially dazzled by the magnitude and embellishments of a pyramidal cake that adorned the festal board; for, in those early days, a very diminutive luxury of this sort was regarded as highly extravagant, consequently this prodigal display occasioned undisguised astonishment. To the chagrin of the expectant guests, however, it was emphatically requested that this cake should not be cut, but reserved for the happy couple to devour at their own sweet leisure; so, after supper, when the table was removed to make room for the inevitable reels and cotillions that always followed the marriage ceremony, the cake was transferred to the milk-house, with other surplus eatables; not, however, until one or two young men, on mischief bent, had noticed its place of storage. Later in the night, a select party of youths silently repaired to the milk-house to indulge surreptitiously in a most unusual and coveted repast. Picture their surprise, disappointment and disgust when, on cutting it, they found it to be only light corn pone, thus skillfully fashioned into a veritable "whited sepulchre."

were finally sold by the owner to the Government, which used them as a home for disabled soldiers, and, later, as a hospital, during the recent "unpleasantness." Since then all of the buildings have been either burned or torn away, and at the present day nothing remains of its former elegance or loveliness save an occasional overgrown avenue of intertwining maples, under whose pleasant shadows the beauty and chivalry of the North and South once leisurely strolled, perchance intent upon a recital of the old, old story, while time flew idly by on butterfly wings.

After the abandonment of the Springs, with their gay and giddy crowds, the town seemed to sink into a comatose state, which lasted for many years. Bacon College, having been destroyed by fire, was re-established in Lexington, and united with Transylvania University, under the name of Kentucky University. The female seminary, which has become widely known as Daughters' College, was established in 1855, and still retains its excellent prestige, its alumni gracing the refined society of nearly every state in the Union.

Prior to the establishment of this school, another, known as Greenville Institute, had flourished for many



HIGH BRIDGE.

years, and during one of its sessions an incident occurred in which Cupid played an important part. Among the young ladies was one, both wealthy and beautiful, who had been sent to this fountain-head of knowledge to store her mind with wisdom's lore, and especially to erase from her memory the attractions of a gay young fellow, who had found much greater favor in her eyes than in those of the old people, who fondly hoped that new surroundings would efface the remembrance of this little *affaire du cœur* from the daughter's thoughts. Special instructions were given to the principal of the institution that he should not only closely watch his lovely charge, but that any suspicious missives or appearances should be immediately reported at headquarters. Nothing of the kind, however, presented itself. The young lady was a model of decorum and submissiveness to all restrictive regulations pertaining to a large and well-conducted school.

There was, after a time, a handsome young stranger in the town, but he manifested no interest in the college or any of its inmates, and only a very acute ob-

ing to their appearance had been seen bowling rapidly along the turnpike, bound for parts unknown. Instantly the school was in an uproar. The frenzied principal hastily sought the nearest livery stable to procure a vehicle, in order to overtake the runaway pair. Every moving thing in the stable had been engaged. Another livery stable was sought, but with the same result. Every vehicle was hired. Horses and buggies were there, but they had been previously engaged by a handsome young fellow for the remainder of the day, and on no account could the keeper allow them to go out. In vain the principal explained the urgent state of the case; the livery man was sorry, but inflexible; and when finally a private conveyance was procured the happy pair were well on their way to receive ministerial permit for two hearts to beat as one, while Cupid slyly winked to himself as he drew another arrow from his quiver to sharpen it for future use.

During the town's somnolent state, most of the buildings retained their chronic appearance of invalidism and respectable decay, while the events of succeeding days were uniform to the verge of monotony.

"At morn and at eve" the stager's horn awoke the echoes among the neighboring hills, as the lumbering coach rattled into the town; when, for a brief space a faint excitement manifested itself among the denizens of this veritable "Sleepy Hollow," but the momentary stir as readily subsided as do the wavelets when a pebble is thrown into sluggish water.

The poet says, "All things must suffer change," and, in confirmation of this, a gradual awakening became manifest, while a more energetic spirit prevailed. New and substantial buildings were erected on the site of those swept away by two disastrous fires, the town slowly widened and lengthened, until finally a climax was attained in a branch railroad of four miles in total length, tapping the Cincinnati Southern, which is also but recently completed, and connects its namesake with the southern terminus of Chattanooga.

A single short branch road was an almost incredible step toward progress, and when the first train was expected the town turned out almost *en masse*, and patiently sat in a most ardent sun hour after hour awaiting



DAUGHTERS' COLLEGE.

server would have perceived that he was on terms of close intimacy with a small boy, who visited a medicinal spring in the college grounds regularly each morning, and brought away a bottle of its healing waters, frequently waiting on the young school-girls, who usually made it an objective point in their morning stroll about the place.

Suddenly, one day, the handsome stranger and the model school-girl were missing, while a couple answer-

its coming; and, although the train did not arrive until the following morning, the enthusiasm was still unbounded, and has since been only faintly reproduced on the appearance of the occasional circus, which has always proved an unfailing means of profoundly stirring the community. The village, as it now stands, is not an uncomely one, with its shade trees and comfortable dwellings and its attractive business houses, some thirty in number.

The churches comprise First and Second Presbyterian, Christian, Baptist, First and Second Methodist, Episcopal, Catholic and three churches belonging to colored congregations. Of these the majority may be said to be more useful than ornamental, while with the most picturesque one of the number, St. Philip's, the reverse is the case, services being held in it only semi-monthly.

There are also three hotels, a public hall and courthouse, where the famous Wilkinson trial was held, during which S. S. Prentice made one of his grand speeches. One of the jurors in that case is still living, and expatiates most enthusiastically on the eloquence of that sublime orator, who could move an audience at his will.

The latest census places the population of Harrodsburg at two thousand two hundred and two.

Few of the ancient landmarks now remain. Among them is the old Wingfield corner, once a flourishing tavern, whose hospitality both Prentice and Aaron Burr have enjoyed. Until within the last few years the ancient kitchen stood intact, with its immense cavernous fireplace, in which strong iron cranes were hung for the various pots and kettles considered indispensable in the production of an old-fashioned Kentucky dinner. In the ample dimensions of such a fireplace the yule-log might esteem itself comfortably at home.

There was certainly a genial air hovering about an ancient kitchen that no modern one, with all its improvements, can boast; while its extensive fireplace,

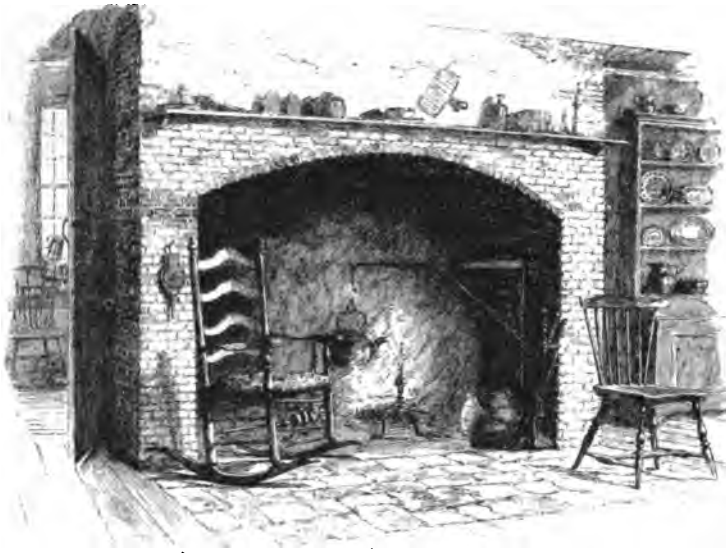


REQUIESCAT IN PACE.—LIBERAL TRANSLATION—"REST IN PIECES."

with its open countenance, swinging crane and auxiliary array of pots, pans, skillets and kettles, suggested a hospitality to the hungry stranger totally unknown to the stoves and ranges of the present day. There are those, too, who claim that there is a certain indefinable virtue in having the touch of fire on the viands. Scientific theorizers may prate as they will of the uniform effects of heat on food subjected to its action, but you



BLUE GRASS LAND.



THE USEFUL.

cannot persuade one who has tasted the culinary triumphs of an old-fashioned cook that the same results can be attained over the gaseous fumes of a modern coal range. Be that as it may, however, the cooking-stove is fast coming in even in remote regions of mountain and forest, and the open fire for domestic purposes is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

All indications of the fort are entirely obliterated. The hill is being quarried, and some interesting relics may possibly be brought to light. There are numerous caves in and around Harrodsburg; in fact, there is a honeycomb of caverns underneath the greater portion of the place, but, as most of them contain water, they have been but partially explored. They were exceedingly damp, slippery and unattractive as far as examined, and in many places the openings were too narrow to admit of further penetration. In several openings, after heavy rains, the loud rush of water can be heard far below in the gloom and obscurity.

There is abundance of excellent water, and the town is healthfully located at an altitude of nine hundred feet above the sea, and is in many respects a desirable abiding place. The citizens are kind, hospitable and generous, while there is more than the average amount of talent, culture and refinement usually found in towns of its size.

Six miles east is the quiet, delightful village of Pleasant Hill, a community of Shakers, who, in the simplicity and orderliness of their lives, recall the Acadian farmers "who dwell in the basin of Minas."

A mile further east of this village, High Bridge, on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, spans the Kentucky River at a point that has long

been noted for the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, which is not excelled by the famous Palisades of the Hudson. This bridge is remarkable for its height and general construction. The track is nearly three hundred feet from the river bed and the length over eleven hundred feet. The cost of construction was about four hundred thousand dollars. Frequent pleasure excursions are made to this spot from various points, and during the summer picnic parties are of almost daily occurrence.

Once a year a camp-meeting is held on grounds in the immediate vicinity. These grounds are tastefully and comfortably arranged for the purpose.

Those whose acquaintance with the famous blue grass of Kentucky is limited to the bare knowledge that such a species has a botanical existence may be interested to know that it is otherwise classified as June grass (*poa pratensis*), and is found in various parts of the world. It reaches its most perfect development, however, in this favored belt of Kentucky. Thanks to its kindly

influence, the thoroughbred stock of the region, both of horses and cattle, has attained an unrivaled reputation. In the subtle chemistry of nature blue grass is transformed into horse-flesh that is—so Kentuckians affirm—unsurpassed on the face of the earth. Perhaps state loyalty somewhat influences the favorable nature of this verdict, but certain it is that a strain of Kentucky thoroughbreds adds very materially to the value of a horse in professional eyes; and lovers of equestrian exercise are everywhere favorably impressed if it can be shown that the animal under consideration can trace his pedigree back to progenitors who breathed



THE ORNAMENTAL.

the air and cropped the herbage of these famous pastures.

Mercer, with its adjacent counties of Boyle, Anderson, Jessamine, Fayette, Woodford and Bourbon, comprise the greater portion of this renowned tract, so

famous for its fertile soil, thoroughbred stock, lovely women, good whisky, brave men and hospitable entertainment, and all who have visited the locality are fain to hold it in kindest remembrance.

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.



AN OLD CORNER—THE FIRST HOTEL IN KENTUCKY.

THE ARTISTS OF THE AIR.

THE busy artists of the air,
Unseen, came down the stormy stair,
To carve the wings of cherubs fair
 On crystal flakes of snow.
On the white ladder from aloft,
Ascending and descending oft,
From round to round, their steps so soft,
 Disturbed no sleep below.

So softly fell their wingéd feet
Upon the drifted snow and sleet,
No footprints marked the stainless sheet
 That covered hills and plains;
They graved devices here and there,
And strewed their art-work everywhere,
Their studio the boundless air,
 Their autographs on window-panes.

On stoop and fence and sill and door
Were mottoes never cut before,
In white words of the airy lore
 The skillful artists know;
Eagles of crystal, stars and shields,
And every weapon battle wield,
Were scattered over streets and fields,
 Lined and engraved on snow.

Each artist with a dainty hand
Wrote syllables of snow that stand,
Where falls the snow in every land,
 For memory and love;
And when the cloudless morning came,
Bearing aloft its torch of flame,
We could not trace an artist's name,
 Nor the white stairs above.

GEORGE W. BUNGAU.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"But for the general award of Love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness."

MISS WATSON has at length had her will. The party to Wesenstein is hers; not, indeed, as to the defraying of its expenses, about which she shows no ill-bred *empressement*, but in the inviting of the guests, arranging for their transport, etc. And as this arranging includes the right to bounce not only into the sitting-rooms, which is a latitude she always allows herself, but into the most secret chambers of the invited guests, they begin to look with some eagerness towards the end of this period of license. It is true that Miss Watson meets with a good many refusals. The older-established among the English residents into whose private affairs her nose had been thrust throughout the winter months, the details of whose butchers' bills, servants' wages, discreditable members of their family, she has mastered with grisly accuracy, combine in one deep and unanimous "No." Not less emphatic is Professor Forth in his negative, based on the plea of ill health. Nor do the very direct questions addressed to him as to the nature and *locale* of his ailments—whether he has anything wrong inside him?—nor the confident assurance that it is all fancy, and that what he needs is to have his liver well shaken up, by any means avail to change his decision. But with all these deductions, there is still left a considerable residuum of new-comers, who are at the stage—a very brief and early one—of thinking Miss Watson an agreeable woman who has seen a great deal of the world, a stage on which they will hereafter look back with indignant incredulity; of girls greedy for pleasure, and not fastidious as to the source whence it flows, and of handsome, solid German soldiers, ready to follow wherever battle, beer or maidens lead. To these is, of course, added Rivers—Rivers who hitherto has fled through back doors, has squeezed himself through attic windows, has bolted round corners, and run like a leveret whenever his long-sighted eyes have caught the farthest glimpse of a black-and-white plaid gown! For the last week this same Rivers has groveled at the feet of the black plaid, has told her as nearly as he can conjecture the amount of his father's annual commercial gains, his sisters' probable portions, and whatever else—there is a good deal else—she may please to ask him. For does it not rest with her whether, during all the distance that parts Dresden from Wesenstein, he shall sit in glory and bliss in the same carriage with his mistress, opposite to her, so that her lightest movement may be felt thrilling all through him, eye drowned in eye, for ten or twelve delirious miles? or, parted from her, pine and rage in separation, with some senseless, smirking doll-face for a *vis-à-vis*, and only now and again catch distant frenzied glimpses of his lady, exposed to the coarse homage of insolent hussar or fire-eating Uhlan?

He has attained his object, or he thinks so. The morning has broken in settled summer fairness. He has slept no wink all night. He has not broken his fast. He is long, long first at the rendezvous. It is in the Lüttichau Strasse. For how long he kicks his heels

in that gloomy thoroughfare he never knows. He would tell you that many hours passed before—several other unimportant ciphers having in the meanwhile packed themselves into various vehicles and set off—she at length comes stepping down the echoing stone stairs in her lofty, leisurely grace, clad in one of those lawny, lacy summer gowns, whose apparently inexpensive simplicity men innocently admire, and over the bills for which fathers and husbands wag their heads aghast. It is, in fact, her best gown, far too good for such an excursion, and its fellow is being thriftily saved by Sarah for future worthier London occasions. But to Belinda no occasion could ever seem worthier. She has taken her seat, and his one impulse is to spring in after her. It is only just in time that he saves himself from this fatal error.

Seeing that her companion, another young English girl, has preceded her, it follows that unless the Uhlan who is to make a fourth precedes him, the result will be that he, the Uhlan, and not Rivers, will sit knee to knee with Belinda through the long drive. As this idea strikes him, he takes his foot off the step again—as if it had been made of hot iron, and hastily retreating, eagerly motions the other forward. But the innocent soldier, attributing this movement solely to politeness, and in that determined not to be outdone, smilingly waves him on, to which Rivers responds by a more desperate backing. But as in any contest of bows and ceremonies and formal civilities an Englishman must always go to the wall, the dispute ends in the worsting of the person to whom alone it is of any consequence to succeed, who sees himself hopelessly excluded from the post which he had watched and fasted to obtain; and who, pale, empty, and miserable, hurls himself into his corner over against the blooming miss, who has seen, understood, and resented his frantic efforts to avoid her.

They are off; out of the town now; stretching steadily away across the flat country, that is now nothing but one gigantic nosegay. Every look they give rests on new flowers. Every mouthful of air they draw in is the breath of lilacs.

The cherry-snow is indeed gone, melted away as quickly as its cold prototype in thaw. But its crowding successors, the flushed apple-blossoms, the horse-chestnuts tardily breaking into pale spires, forbid them to remember or deplore it. What mood could be high or sweet enough to match the perfumed summer mornings? Certainly not Rivers'. He has exchanged the stunned silence in which he passed the two first miles for a wild garrulity. He talks *à tort et à travers*. He says foolish things, the sound of which surprises even himself. He insists on buttoning his miss's glove: a task which—certainly from no pleasure in the employment—his trembling fingers are long in accomplishing. In fact, to be exact, he never accomplishes it at all. For the glove being too small, and the hand plump, he succeeds at last in giving the latter such a painful nipping pinch, in the effort to effect a union between starting button and distant button-hole—not by any means "a lover's pinch that hurts and is desired"—that its owner angrily withdraws it.

From his garrulity he sinks back into a feverish dumbness, as apparently causeless as his former loquacity. How can his cruel cold lady look so calm and sunshiny under the hideous misadventure that has parted them? How dare she listen, with that sweet, high smile of hers, to her *vis-à-vis's* clumsy Teuton compliments? And what does he mean by crowding her so? Surely he could give her a little more room! And is she deaf, pray, that he must approach his ugly face so close to hers in conversation? Would not it be well to give him a hint that these are not the manners to which English gentlewomen are used? Happily his madness falls a little short of the execution of this wise project. And meanwhile, the unconscious Uhlan, *sémillant*, pleased with himself, with his position, with his plain clothes—rare luxury in which the stiff-buckramed German soldier is permitted to indulge in expeditions of this nature—airs his imperfect English, and slips from it continually back into his guttural mother-tongue, whither Rivers, despite the twelve lessons, cannot follow him, nor ascertain what amorous atrocities he may be committing in it. He is almost past deriving satisfaction from the perception of how ill-cut the plain clothes are, and of how much less comely poor Herr von — looks in them than he did yesterday in his showy uniform.

And Belinda? At first her disappointment, though decently hidden, had gone nigh to equaling his; but by-and-by the reflection that, once at Wesenstein—two short hours off—nothing but his own will can keep him from her side, makes her resign herself peaceably and civilly to the inevitable. Women know how to bide their time better than men do. They would pass but ill and discreditably through life if they did not. By-and-by, being but human and female, she yields herself to the influences around her; the soft and sugared air, the joy-drunk larks, the juicy grass fields thronged with bold dandelions and faint ladies'-smocks. What lady could ever be sweet or fine enough to deserve such a smock?

Past the rape-fields they go—rape so gloriously yellow that it looks like sown sunlight; past the pious-looking little German villages—high red roofs gathered at the church's knees; through the pleasant *freundlich* country, where everything is waxing in lusty length. And yet she is glad when Wesenstein is reached. Perhaps she would feel more emotion at arriving than she does, did she know the rational and humane intention nourished by Rivers, and which has kept him comparatively calm for the last three miles, to knock down the Uhlan upon the first sign of an intention on his part to help Miss Churchill from the carriage.

But, happily for the peace of the assemblage, the unconscious offender attributing to insular brutality Rivers' unceremonious shouldering of him from the carriage-door, yields gracefully a privilege that he has no particular care to keep, and leaves to the other undisputed possession of Belinda's three fingers. They are the last of the party to arrive, and so have the advantage of finding preliminaries over, and luncheon spread and tempting under the trained linden trees.

Above the lilac-smothered cottages, and the cheerful Gast-hof, beetles up the old white Schloss out of the solid rock on which it is built.

Between the Gast-hof and the garden, where their white table-cloth promisingly glimmers, runs a little river, quickened and discolored by last night's rain. It is spanned by a homely wooden bridge; and on this wooden bridge Sarah is standing, employed in dropping bits of stick—little lilac sprays, anything floatable that comes handy—into the earth-reddened stream on one

side, and then rushing headlong over to the other to see them come sailing and whirling through. In this mature pastime she is being helped by two large hussars and a Gardereiter. She is in the best of spirits, and has already told them all about the Professor, and how delighted she is to be rid of him.

The rest of the party are dispersed in summer sauntering about the bowery village, all but Miss Watson, who, following that God-given instinct which prompts the mole to delve, the beetle to scavenge, and the swallow to fly, is ravaging everywhere, red-faced and ruthless, making, marring, meddling. She has had a happy and instructive drive with some quite new comers, and has succeeded, to their dismay and her own satisfaction, in extracting from them that they have a sister in a lunatic asylum. So that it is in high good-humor and content that—the complement of guests being now full—they all sit down to their homely feast.

It is true, that no sooner are they seated—seated as their own choice, or as the lurking inclination of any two for each other prompts, than their hostess bustles officiously round to dislodge them.

"Three men together here, and two ladies there! Come—come! this will never do; we must manage better than this! Mr. Rivers, I must beg you to fly to the rescue: come and part these two ladies!"

In what spirit this request is received may be gathered from the fact that Rivers has at last attained to the one object and goal of all his hot vigils and fasting-days. His wooden chair is drawn up as closely as the legs of both will permit to Belinda's, and on her other hand he has successfully arranged an ugly ravenously fledgling boy, of whom not even he can be jealous.

Though such is the quality of Miss Watson's voice, that nothing short of an utterly broken drum could prevent its finding entrance into any ear, he adopts the desperate feint of not having heard, not even when she repeats her order in a sensibly louder key.

"Had not you better try some one else?" says Sarah dryly, coming to the rescue; "it is odd, but he does not seem to hear!"

"I cannot have spoken loud enough," rejoins the other, with unconscious irony. "Mr. Rivers!"

"You will have to put up with Herr von Breidenbach!" says Sarah, this third appeal having met with the fate of its predecessors, glancing up at her spare hussar, who—no lady having more than two sides, and his brother soldiers having been too quick for him—is hanging lingeringly over her chair-back, reluctant altogether to abandon her even for beer and Schinken, and having just overtaken her last joke and begun to roar at it. Under these circumstances, neither is he particularly keen about obeying Miss Watson's command. However, a wily look from his maiden, promissory of far better things after luncheon, sends him off fairly contented, and the storm is averted.

"It is sad for a young man, being so deaf, is not it?" says Sarah, with her innocent air.

"Is it in his family?" asks Miss Watson eagerly. "It is in some families, you know. In some families every member is deaf from childhood. All the Champneys of Nether-Stoney are deaf. I must ask him whether it is in his family!"

And this little squall—after all only the threat, not the reality of one—is the sole break in the golden halcyon sunshine of what Rivers, though he ate next to nothing—and that next to nothing may have been horse, or hippopotamus, for all he knew to the contrary—now looks back upon as the most regal banquet of his life.

What banqueting-hall, indeed, painted with goddesses and fair sea-women, could equal the low linden-roof above their heads? What hall-hangings could come nigh the soft little red vine-leaves, and the tiny tendrils just beginning to twist their airy fingers round the wooden trellis? What chamber-music could surpass that of the full brook and the larks?

By-and-by, it is true, both are drowned in the noise of the ever-waxing talk and laughter. They are almost all young; they are out on a spree; they have been hungry and now are full; is it any wonder that it needs but a very little jest to set them all off in clamorous mirth?

There is presently a Babel of tongues. The end of Miss Watson's story of how she sent in her card, and finally forced her way in, to the Great Llama of Thibet—a tale which strangers regard as a bad and glaring lie, but which her acquaintances feel to be not only probable, but true—is lost in the general din.

Sarah is in her glory. She has been nibbling marrons glacés, and teaching her soldiers to play bob-cherry with some fine forced fruit contributed by Rivers, regardless of the famine price he paid for them, to tempt his lady's palate.

Rewarded by the *succès fou* of this accomplishment, she proceeds to exhibit several others, not included in the curriculum of an ordinary education; the most admired among which is that one—not so widely known as its simple ingenuity deserves—of crossing the fore and middle fingers, and slowly passing them down the bridge of the nose, thereby discovering a chasm of great depth, apparently parting the nose into two. Before long there is not a soul at the table whose fingers are not traveling eagerly down his or her nose, some to verify the discovery as new, some to enjoy it as old. Hussars, Gardereiters, Uhlands, combine to cry "Famos!" "Kolossal!" and when at length chairs are pushed back, and the cherries and the revel are together ended, Sarah finds her court swelled by the admirers of almost all the other girls, unable to resist the attractions of a maiden who, to such *Veilchen Augen* and such a figure, adds talents of so varied and unusual an order.

They are so occupied in thronging round her, and she is so obliging in promising to teach them, one and all, many more tricks by-and-by, that Miss Watson's bawling command that they are now all to go over the Schloss, passes for some time unregarded.

In time, however, she collects them, the unwilling as well as the willing—the former greatly preponderate—and sweeping them off out of the sunshine and the merry summer air, gives them into the charge of a surly, high-flavored, and grasping-minded Verwalter, who leads them through an endless enfilade of bare rooms, cold and dank even on this warmly-honeyed May-day, and fleeces them at the end.

CHAPTER X.

"He tells her something
That makes her blood look out."

MISS WATSON'S tyranny, however, one pair succeeds in evading. By a cautious and judicious loitering until the tail of the plaid gown has been seen safely to whisk round the corner, they find themselves free, absolutely at their own disposition, for as long as the Verwalter's windy narrative may last, and with all the Schloss garden for their own—all its sunshine, all its shelter, all its old-world grace.

Sun-petted, defended from each one of Heaven's rough winds, it lies at the Schloss foot. Around it rise the woody hills, the humble low hills of a flat country,

but now with their humility made proud, with their insignificance rendered significant, by the inexpressible magnificence of spring.

Into the very core of Belinda's and Rivers' happy hearts has the spring spirit passed. Too happy for common speech, they sit on a time-worn stone bench, with their young and radiant eyes pasturing on the sweet, still prospect; the high and ancient Schloss, clock-towered and red-roofed, soaring out of the plentiful new leafage; and seen down a vista of thick and venerable hedges, so accurately and squarely clipped that not a leaf projects from the verdurous primness, an old stone Flora, with her lap full of garden flowers. On the prospect, I say, their eyes pasture; but from it they continually turn to each other's faces, as being yet lovelier and more joyful.

"Try to be a little depressed!" Crossing her secure bliss, Sarah's worldly-wise precept flashes, only to be contemptuously dismissed. What needs she any mean ruse to gain him?

For the moment, doubt and fear have vanished from her heart, cast out and slain by an exultant certainty of joy. How dare she, looking in his face, have any mean and unworthy misgivings as to his being wholly hers, body and soul, through all time, and through whatever may follow time? How could she, even if she wished it, feign to be low-spirited? she, in comparison with whose high and passionate content even the larks are melancholy and the river dull? What need have they for coarse and clumsy words? But after all, words, though coarse and clumsy, are the coin in which human creatures must pay each other, and failing in which, they are often bankrupt for life.

It is doubtful whether Sarah would give much approval to a conversation—if such it can be called—of so highly impractical a cast—a conversation made up of hot sighs, and torrid looks, and broken syllables of ecstasy; but in which there is no most distant allusion to either priest or altar.

It is broken in upon before it has reached a more articulate stage by the voices of the Schloss seers, who, their task happily accomplished, every cold room and bad daub faithfully seen, are now let loose, like school-boys at noon, upon the silent garden.

"Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, melancholy."

In a moment there is not a trim walk or finely-graveled alley that is not alive and noisy with jokes and merriment. They intercept the view of the Flora. They steel the cowslips and little white saxifrage that grow on the sternly-prohibited grass. It is impossible to escape their laughter and their eyes. They are everywhere. More universally pervasive than any one else, more turbulent, more wildly hilarious are Sarah and her little court. But yet there is a method in her madness, as her sister has soon occasion to discover; for, protected by the noise of voices round her, she presently draws Belinda aside, to whisper in the hardest, soberest, common-sense voice, "Has he spoken?"

Belinda, thus suddenly dragged down from the empyrean, shrinks wincingly away without answering; but in vain. "Has he?" repeats the other resolutely, taking hold of her wrist in detention; and as a faint unwilling head-shake confirms the suspicion she already nourishes, "More shame for him!" she says quickly; "try the wood."

There is no time for more. Next moment she is off—a frolicking madcap—with her hussars. If Rivers

had overheard her—for one dreadful moment the thought flashes across Belinda, “Is it possible?”—he could hardly have worded his next sentence differently.

“What a bedlam they have made of this!” he says, casting an irritated glance round on the Bacchic crew; “shall we try the wood?”

Five minutes ago she would have assented gladly, not less thankful than he to escape from the empty din; but now the consciousness of the coarse and business-like intent with which, did she comply, she would be seeking those innocent shades, makes her answer with almost all her old coldness:

“I think we do very well here!”

He does not press his request; only that look of blank disappointment that she knows, comes like a creeping, chilly fog across his passionate fair face. He, too, is precipitated from the heights. They walk stupidly along, side by side, for a space. Afterwards they re-rect, in bitter looking back, that they must have wasted quite a quarter of an hour of their one high holiday. Not more than a quarter, however. By the end of that time they have twice met Miss Watson, and been closely questioned by her as to what they were talking about. Once, indeed, the better to investigate this, she has joined them for several paces, and would probably have remained with them, had not the sight of another *tête-à-tête* that looked even more absorbing than theirs, ravished her away to disturb it.

No sooner is her broad back averted, than “You were right,” says Belinda, turning to the young man with a humorous yet trembling smile, “the wood is best.”

“Then, for God’s sake, come there at once, or she will be after us!” he cries, with a hot and tragic eagerness ludicrously disproportioned to the occasion that has called it forth.

She does not now need to be twice bidden, and away they speed, casting apprehensive glances over their shoulders, glances that see black plaid gowns in every harmless bush, until the safe covert of the wood is reached.

That is not long. It is only a few paces off, just beyond the garden. And yet, near and accessible as it is, none of the revelers have as yet divined it. It has, indeed, a too-much-frequented air, of which the well-beaten pathway tells; but, for the time, it is silent and safe.

She has sat down, a little quick-breathed from her run—they had even descended to running—on the pathside grass, and he has flung all his supple long length at her feet.

“So we are alone again,” he says, drawing a heavy sighing breath. “My life is now one long maneuver to be alone with you; and how seldom I succeed!”

She laughs nervously. With whom but himself does it lie to command her company while life lasts? She has no longer the heavenly confident certainty that blessed her in the garden. She has changed it for a hot and doubting unrest; for an avoiding, and yet at the same time for a contradictory craving to meet and answer those madly asking eyes. Why is it that the eyes alone ask?

“Perhaps it is as well for you,” she says, with a tremulous brusqueness.

“What do you mean?” he asks, speaking hardly above a whisper; already the dread that he has advanced too far, and that for the hundredth time she is going to freeze him back again beginning to stay the beating of his leaping heart.

“I mean,” she says, forming the words with immense difficulty, and in a tone that to herself sounds dry and

forbidding, “that perhaps you would not find the charm of *tête-à-têtes* with me increase in the same proportion as their frequency.”

“Will you try me?” He cannot speak above a whisper now. How is it likely that he should, when his burning heart has sprung up into his throat and is choking him? Has not he thrown the die, upon which his universe turns?

But to her, his four words have an ambiguous sound that may mean all or nothing. How, then, can she answer them?

There is a silence. So hushed and sleeping are all the winds that not even any one of the young leaves above their heads rubs, slightly rustling, against another. If those leaves, or the flowers on which they lean, or the birds of heaven could but have been interpreters between him and her! She has taken off her gloves, the better to pull the fresh grasses near her, and her right hand now lies palm upwards on her knee. Upon it his eyes, sinking for a moment from her face, have greedily fixed themselves. What could not those five slight fingers give him, if they would?

“Why are you looking at my hand?” she asks, laughing unsteadily. “Can you tell me whether I have a good line of life? do I live long? am I happy? do I?”—“marry,” she is going to say, but she stops herself—“is there any great misfortune or dangerous illness in store for me?” She is talking rapidly and *à bâtons rompus*, feeling that she must find words of some kind, no matter what, to fill up that too pregnant silence; feeling that the cool-breathed wood is stifling, and that if she pause for one moment her tears will have way and forever disgrace her.

For all answer, his heart-hunger mastering him, the poor boy fastens on the hand of which she speaks. There is a singing in his ears and a fog before his eyes; but he has it. In his own shaking fingers he holds that sacred palm, that never before, save in meaningless comings and goings, has he touched. In all its satin warmth and smoothness, it lies in his. Will he ever let man or devil rob him of it? He would tell her “No.” So the supreme moment has come, and she recognizes it.

“Do you see that I am to take a long journey?” she says, stooping her quivering face over their two locked hands.

What more propitious moment could even Sarah choose in which to tell him of their departure? But she does not think of Sarah.

For a moment he seems not to take in the meaning of her words. Is there room in all his seeing, hearing, understanding, for aught but the one surpassing fact that his lady has deigned at last to lay her hand in his, and that her starry eyes, soft, merciful, passionate, are, through a splendid curtain of tears, bent on his own.

After a while, “Are you going away?” he says mistily. Even yet words come but strangely to him, and his head swims.

“Yes,” she answers, she, too, scarce knowing what she speaks; “the cherry-blossoms are gone, and the lilacs will soon go, and so must we!” Often beforehand has she rehearsed the scene in which she is to tell him of her going. Imagination has tricked it out in various shapes and colors, but the reality is unlike them all.

He expresses neither regret nor surprise—he expresses nothing. He only lifts the long lily band that he holds, and laying its palm against his burning mouth, softly passes his lips to and fro over the little fair lines in which her history is written.

Where is his timidity now? It was only her displeasure that had ever made him afraid; and even he can see

that there is no displeasure here. She is pale, indeed, but it is with the pallor of conquering passion; and very still, but it is the stillness of one who, looking up in awful joy, sees the dawn of a superb new world breaking upon her.

"Are you sorry?" she says, with a half-sob. "You do not tell me whether you are sorry."

He is no longer lying at her feet. He is kneeling in his beautiful glad manhood at her knee.

"Sorry!" he repeats, with a sort of ecstatic scorn. "Why should I be sorry? It is only you who can ever make me sorry again!"

So it has come. For a moment she closes her eyes, as one faint with a bliss whose keenness makes it cross the border-land and become pain, and so is gathered into his strenuous embrace.

For one second she lies on his heart. For one second the breath of her sweet sigh stirs his hair. Their faces are nearing each other slowly, in the luxury of a passionate delay, to make yet more poignant the pleasure of their supreme meeting at last, when—

"Mr. Rivers! Mr. Rivers!"

What horrid sound is this that is breaking into and murdering the divine quiet of the wood? that is breaking into and murdering their diviner union? That sound once silenced, the wood will return to its stillness; but when to them will that moment ever return? When will that begun embrace be ended?

For one instant they remain paralyzed and uncomprehending in each other's arms; then, as the voice comes again—the unmistakable brazen voice, from which, in less crucial moments, they have so often fled in panic aversion—comes nearer and louder, in obviously quick approach to them, they spring apart, and stand dazed and panting in wild-eyed consternation that the cruel work-a-day world has so early thrust itself again upon them, and that their heavenly trance is broken.

Belinda is the first to recover the full use of her senses.

"It is *she*!" says the girl, breathing quick and short, and putting up her trembling hands to her bonnet and hair to insure that all is neat and tight and unbetraying. "We might have known that she would have hunted us down!"

He does not answer. Perhaps his intoxication was deeper than hers, and that he has more ado thus suddenly to shake it off. Perhaps the rage of that lost kiss—of his arms emptied of, as soon as filled with, his heart's desire—makes sight and hearing still thick.

"Mr. Rivers! Miss Churchill! Mr. Rivers!"

How loud the voice is now! It must be only just round the next corner; and a heavy foot is audible, accompanying it.

"We had better go and meet her," says Belinda desperately; and they go.

"So here you are!" cries Miss Watson cheerfully, coming into view, evidently *en nage* from the speed of her chase. "What a hunt I have had for you! Did not you hear me calling? I called quite loud. Where have you been hiding?"

"Do you want us?" asks Belinda, modulating her trembling voice with excessive care; and, after all her pains, wondering whether it sounds as extraordinary to her interlocutor as it does to herself.

"I have been collecting everybody," cries the other, fanning herself. "I think," smiling, "that I have collected everybody now. I want us all to keep together."

"Why should we herd together in a drove? Are we Cook's tourists?" asks Rivers, speaking for the first time, and in a tone of dogged brutality, looking murder-

ously at her. In his face is clearly expressed the sentiment of Balaam: "I would I had a sword in my hand, for then would I slay thee!"

"I always keep my parties together!" replies Miss Watson, still smiling. "It is so much more sociable! It spoils a party to break it up. When I was in the Holy Land, we went a picnic to Bethabara, twenty-five of us on donkeys, and we all kept together. If we all keep together there will be no difficulty about collecting at starting."

"We are not going yet?" cries the young man, for a moment forgetting himself, and betrayed into a tone of passionate apprehension.

"Well, not immediately, of course. There will be plenty of time to explore this wood a little, if you feel inclined. Whose wood is it? The King's, eh? Not much in the way of timber; but then there never is much in the way of timber in a German wood. Where does this path lead to—have you any idea? What do you say to following this path a little, to see where it leads to?"

They have fallen into a stupid silence. That paralysis of the will which overtakes all upon whom Miss Watson bestows her company, has seized them with a numbing force proportioned to their frenzied inward revolt. She drives them before her, unresisting, through the wood.

"Well?" says Sarah, in a tone of the keenest and most urgent interrogation. It is night, and they are at home again. The long twilight still lies on the city, but the hour is latish. The two girls have been deposited at their house in the Lüttichau Strasse, and are climbing the cold stone stairs to their apartment. "Well?"

Belinda's answer is to quicken her pace and race up the remaining steps.

"Two can play at that game," says Sarah, springing after her, active as a cat, and facing her again on the landing. "Well?"

But before she has extracted any more answer than before, Tommy has opened the door of the *étage* and admitted them.

"Well, granny," cries Sarah, marching briskly into the salon, blinking a little from the sudden light, taking the old lady's smooth face in both hands, and giving it a sounding kiss, "here we are! We have had a very happy day, and I am engaged, more or less, to three people. By-the-by, they are all going to call to-morrow."

"I am delighted to hear it, I am sure, my dear, if it amuses you," replies Mrs. Churchill, placidly rearranging the dainty tulles and laces that her granddaughter's embrace had ruffled; "but I think I have heard something like it once or twice before."

"And Belinda is not engaged at all!" continues Sarah indignantly, looking eagerly toward her sister to see whether this direct statement does not call forth any disclaimer. But none comes.

"You do not say so?" rejoins Mrs. Churchill, in a tone of civil but tepid interest, stifling a slight yawn. She does not care much about Belinda, who does not amuse her, while the "Daudet," from whose pages her grandchildren's entrance has roused her, does.

"Is it possible," says Sarah, advancing with a threatening gesture to her sister—"do you dare to look me in the face and tell me that you have not brought him up to the point after all?"

Still silence, and a look toward the door suggestive of meditated evasion by it. But this move the other anticipates by placing herself between Belinda and all means of exit.

"Did you take him to the wood?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell him we were going?"

"Yes."

"*And nothing came of it?*" cries Sarah in a tone of such profound and unfeigned stupefaction that Belinda, though certainly at this moment not mirthfully minded, breaks into a laugh. "Bless my soul, what stuff can you both be made of? Granny, what stuff can they be made of?"

But granny has gone back, true as the needle to the Pole, to her novel, and declines to take any further part beyond a slight shrug in her granddaughter's affairs.

"Well, you know our agreement," continues Sarah, beginning to walk up and down in a fervid excite-

ment, that contrasts with the elder woman's phlegm; "you know our agreement: to-morrow—you may think I am joking, but I assure you that I never was more in earnest in my life—to-morrow I ask him his intentions."

A charming flickering smile breaks like moonlight on water over Belinda's face.

"I give you leave!" she says in a voice that though low and tremulous is distinct.

Then, vanquishing all her junior's efforts to detain her, pushing indeed impetuously past her, she flies to her own room and double-locks herself in; nor do all Sarah's plaintive pipings through the key-hole and angry rattlings of the lock avail to dislodge her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STATUTE OF LIMITATION.

I HAVE received various letters asking me to discuss in your columns certain questions connected with love and marriage of which I have not yet spoken. One of these letters, in particular, refers to so important a possibility that I cannot pass it by in silence. The advice already given, the writer is kind enough to say, is just what is wanted for the happy people, whose marriages have been made in Heaven, and who need only such tender care as I have suggested to preserve the heavenly atmosphere amid the chances and changes of earthly life; but,—and I will quote the words of the letter, since they put the writer's point very forcibly,—“there are cases, and alas they are not rare, in which the twain, instead of becoming one flesh, remain most decidedly and distinctly two, and in which the only possibility of their becoming one must consist in the debasement of the nobler character to something like the grade of the lower. How far, then, should this yielding up of one's best self for the sake of peace and union with one's nearest and most constant companion be carried? I yield,” the letter-writer continues, “to no one in my ideal of what married life *should* be; but I know too sadly well what too often it *really is*. I have seen instances in which a naturally noble, generous, upright nature has been warped by an overbearing, grasping, selfish and jealous one until its native characteristics seemed almost extinguished. Should there not be a limit to a self-devotion and self-sacrifice which would result in spiritual, moral, mental and social degeneracy? Those who are inclined to demand the utmost yielding up of another's temporal and intellectual interests and pleasures, who require as their right the subjugation, in that other, of every native impulse and desire, who claim every thought, and would sit in judgment on every act, are the very ones who, on their own side, abuse and debase the relation whose rights they are so strenuous to maintain. For such cases as these should there not be a Statute of Limitation?”

It seems to me that the foregoing letter has set forth one of the most perplexing problems of married life. As I have said before, if people married rightly—if all marriages were founded, as they should be, on mutual fitness and that perfect love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown—there would be no such discordant unions as those to which my correspondent refers. But to answer her question by saying

that such marriages ought not to exist would be as idle as it would be for a physician, summoned to the bedside of a suffering patient, to say, “Yes, but you should not be ill—health, not sickness, is the true law of life.” Unfortunately a large part of the human race is ill, in one way or another, and a large number of the married people in the world are certainly not mated.

—“Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay,”

predicts Tennyson, in “Locksley Hall,” of pretty Cousin Amy, prudently “married to a clown;” and surely spiritual and mental deterioration is the worst fate that can befall a human being, and to avert it by whatever honest means is a duty to one's own soul.

There is a higher law than the obedience that one promises in marriage, and that is obedience to the eternal commands of Right. If a husband requires his wife to steal or to lie, though the civil law may condone her offense because of her subjection to her legal lord, is there an honest man or woman who will not admit that she ought to have disobeyed and defied him? And so, if he would influence her to be unkind, harsh, suspicious, ungenerous, it seems to me equally to be her duty to live up—not defiantly, but quietly and resolutely—to her own standard of right; and I believe, since God and one human soul must always be a majority, that nine times out of ten the result of such a quiet, resolute, fearless life would be to raise the husband, and not debase the wife.

But it is not always by any means, the wife who is in danger of being lowered to her husband's level—the opposite case is by no means infrequent. Alas! have we not all seen men who were naturally chivalrous and high-minded become gossiping, censorious and ungenerous through constant association with narrow-brained, shallow-natured, yet strong-willed women whom they, for some reason, have loved? It is because this influence of constant association in marriage is at once so subtle and so potent that such infinite care is necessary to marry well. Do you suppose that Lydgate, in “Middlemarch,” could ever be the same man he might have been had he married a woman like Dorothea, instead of a woman like Rosamond? Could one be associated daily and nightly with Becky Sharpe and escape her influence if, in any sense, however unworthy, one loved her?

But grant that the mistake *has* been made—that Lydgate has married Rosamond, or that some white-souled lily of a woman has blindly married a man who is of the earth earthy, and to whom what she calls honor is a jest—what then?

The one only character which any of us can surely calculate on controlling or affecting is our own; and since the most important thing on earth *is* character—not reputation, but character; not what is said of us, but *what we are*—we have no right to throw down its defenses for whatever cause.

—“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Peace is dear indeed; and one would fain sit tranquilly among the household gods, whatever wild winds may blow outside—but there is something still better and higher than peace. If, as I believe, the life we live here is but one chapter in the soul's history, what peace or pleasantness, even of marriage, can make up for the degradation of this immortal part of us, whose highest aspiration is to “go on, and not to die”? No gain, in marriage or out of it, can compensate the soul for being false to its own ideal, disobedient to that high call with which it has been called upward.

But in this view of things there is one danger of which we should take account. Let us beware of mental or spiritual self-conceit—of thinking ourselves better than another, because we are different—fancying ourselves higher and purer than we really are. Before we per-

suade ourselves that wife or husband is a clod of the valley, “the grossness of whose nature shall have weight to drag us down,” would it not be well to be quite sure where we ourselves stand—whether the divergence which seems to us so formidable is really of principle or only of taste—whether the selfishness we condemn has not been detected through the alchemy of a corresponding selfishness in ourselves—whether our real desire is that Right should triumph, or that we should have our own way?

Sacrifice of justice and honor and loyalty—of what is highest and best in us—can never be right; but there is scarcely any form of mere self-sacrifice which may not be blest abundantly; nor is the human soul degraded by truly loving even the unworthy. To love Evil itself is one thing—to love the victims of Evil is quite another. One of the best women I ever knew once said to me: “What a poor thing it is that we, so full of imperfection ourselves, should feel injured and resentful when we find imperfections in those we love; as if love itself were not its own exceeding great reward, and as if the human soul were not ennobled and enriched by its own love, however needy and deficient might be the object on whom this love is bestowed.”

While the sun of God shines as warmly on the just as on the unjust, shall we venture to shut our hearts against the housemate who has possibly not struggled quite so far as ourselves on the upward-climbing path toward whose far heights we still so vaguely aspire?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

HE roams about the town from dawn till dark,
An old man with bent form and whitened hair,
Who dreams the earth he treads on is a bark
That sails to find a shore forever fair,
The shore so many seek and do not find.
Among the busy crowd, he heeds it not,
But goes and comes to all our pleasure blind;
The world he lives in seems by him forgot.

Sometimes he stops one in the crowded throng
And questions thus: “Why do we sail so far?
I know full well the vessel's course is wrong,
For farther south the Happy Islands are,
And we are near them, for last night I heard
The sound of music coming from their shores,
And caught the scent of flowers, and one bright bird
Flew homeward, over us, to roam no more.

“I almost thought I saw them in the dawn,
Fair as the rosy peaks of Paradise;
But when the day broke fully they were gone.
Far, farther south the shore we search for lies!
Pray God they turn the vessel ere too late!
Must we sail by, as many times before?
They make mistakes, and lay it all to Fate
That we have never reached the longed-for shore.”

And as he talks the old man's eager eyes
Are looking southward, where he hopes to see
The purple peaks, crowned with strange glory, rise
'Neath fairer skies than those of Italy.
No sight of land breaks on his hopeful eyes.
“Ah, we have missed them, as so oft before!
And we were near, so near to them,” he cries.
“Must we sail on and on forevermore?”

Where are our Happy Islands? Must we sail
Forever past them when so near they seem?
Blow from the shores we left, O favoring gale,
And waft us to the shores that haunt each dream!
O fellow voyagers, pray God we find
The land we seek and do not pass it by!
Oh, blow us to the south, inconstant wind!
For there, we think, the Happy Islands lie.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE DIVIDE.

SKENDOAH was not in ashes, but a black, smouldering gap in the row of factories along the bank of the stream greeted the eyes of its people on the morning succeeding the events of our last chapter. The rush of water along the tortuous channel had subsided. The prisoned lake had escaped from thralldom. Only a sparkling rivulet ran along the muddy bottom of the great reservoir, bustled through the open jaws of the huge waste-gate, and foamed and flashed in the long-unused channel below. Flood and fire had both despoiled the little town, but the former had put an end to the ravages of the latter. By what means the gate had been opened, and whether as an act of good or evil purpose, no one knew. At any other time, the flood would have been an absolute misfortune. Coming as it did, it was an inestimable blessing. Yet it had left rueful marks as well as the flame it quenched. The street across which the battle with the flames had been fought had been submerged a few moments afterwards. The water pouring through the gate, impelled by the weight of the accumulated store behind the dam, would have soon overflowed the channel had it been straight and unobstructed. But it was neither. Little by little factories and bridges had encroached upon the domain of the mountain torrent, until, when it suddenly burst loose, it was to find its way choked and impeded at every turn. It tore away one obstruction after another, only to heap up in a bend just below the village the debris of its fury, until its tumultuous rage was, for the time, effectually checked. Then the waters began to rise in the town, sullenly and silently heaping up behind this temporary barrier, until they crept into the lower windows of the factories, caught the hissing cinders that fell from the flaming buildings, passed beyond the farther walls, stole across the street, and choked in rising vapor the conflagration that raged above its dark and angry surface. Lake Memnona was empty once more. The fire was extinguished. The flood had subsided. Dawson Fox was dead. Harrison Kortright was chained to his bed with the shackles of his old enemy newly fastened on his overwrought system. On the hillside beyond, a black smouldering mass lay among the scorched and blighted trees where the prettiest and richest of the mansions of Skendoah had stood.

"Who did it?" was the inquiry which each one asked of himself and his neighbor. The idlers who gazed at the ruins, loitered about the streets and met in the doorways, talked of nothing else. The water being

turned off, the remaining mills were shut down, some of them that the damages by the flood might be repaired, and the others because there was no inclination on the part of any one to labor. The boys played up and down the stream, clambered in and out of the broken windows of the mills, burrowed among the debris of the overflow for flotsam, or waded about upon the slimy bottom of the pond in search of finny prey which had been left among the ooze by the sudden decadence of the waters. But all the time they were wondering, like their elders, as to the cause of the calamity.

In the town-hall, on a plainly-draped bier, lay the body of Dawson Fox. At that time the people of the little country town, despite its sudden dash at prosperity, had not learned to decorate the place of the dead. Flowers at a funeral would have been regarded almost as a sacrilege, and no one even thought of draping the banner that hung listlessly above the platform, across the coffin. All was cold, dull black, save the fixed white face, with its framework of white satin, that lay within. Solemn-faced and noiselessly the people passed in and out. A jury of inquest was impaneled in the room below, and came up in a body to view the corpse. There needed to be no autopsy. A thousand knew the cause of death. The real inquiry was as to the cause of the fire.

The examination was a profitless one. Many witnesses were called, many questions asked and very little learned. A few facts were made plain:

1. The gate which supplied the common race by which all the mills received their supply of water, had been closed at four o'clock on the day previous, by general consent of the owners and operatives.
2. The water had been turned off the wheel in Kortright's mill and the machinery stopped, by express order of the owner, an hour earlier than the time mentioned.
3. When the fire was discovered, at about a quarter to ten o'clock in the evening, the wheel was running and the machinery of the mill in motion.
4. The waste-gate was not opened until more than an hour after the breaking out of the fire. It had never been opened before since the building of the dam. It was reached by a frame of timbers that extended above the dam some forty feet or more, into the deepest part of the original channel. It was worked by a large iron screw, which itself was operated by means of a wooden lever which passed through its head. To open these gates to their fullest extent, as they were found the next morning, with a head of forty feet of water or thereabouts resting against

them, was a task requiring no little time and strength for its accomplishment.

5. Paradise Bay was discovered to be on fire something more than half an hour after the rush of water through the waste-gate was first noted.

From these facts the jury concluded that Kortright's mill and Kortright's house were set on fire by some person desirous of doing him an injury, and utterly reckless as to those who might share in the calamity. There were some other incidents which served more to confuse the jury than to aid them in prosecuting the inquiry beyond this point. Just here two very troublesome questions arose :

1. Why was the machinery of the mill put in motion ?
2. Why were the waste-gates opened ?

To the first, the most evident and general response was that it was done through sheer wantonness of malice. To the second, there was an inclination to reply that the incendiary, terrified at the result of his work, had hit upon this plan to extinguish the flames, and repair, to some extent, the evil he had done.

In seeming contradiction of this theory, however, was the fact that the wooden lever used to open the gates was found in the road half way to Kortright's residence. If the two fires were regarded as the work of one incendiary, it was evident that after kindling the first he had passed along the top of the dam, opened the sluice and then lighted the second. This was the general belief. Some dwellers in the upper part of the town testified to having seen a dark form pass and repass along the crest of the dam while the fire was at its height. A boy who had come from a farm-house upon the east side of the stream to witness the conflagration that was raging beyond, had been terrified by a strange shape that rushed at him with an uplifted bludgeon not far from where the gate-lever was found. He had not waited for further inquiry, but fled homeward across the fields and fences, inspired by a terror that took little heed of obstacles. His story was so confused and absurd that little heed was paid to it. As to two points all were agreed :

1. The fire was the work of an incendiary.
2. The said incendiary was moved and instigated by a particular malice toward Harrison Kortright.

Whether this malice was based upon a more general antipathy to the cause of human freedom, which Kortright at that time especially represented, was a question in regard to which there was great difference of opinion. The majority—and it was a turbulent and loud-speaking majority—believed this to be the case. The minority—a subdued and apologetic one—pointed to the opening of the sluice-gates and the firing only of Kortright's property in support of a contrary view. The majority sneered at this as absurd. To them the acts referred to were only part of a preconcerted plan to escape detection.

So the jury returned a verdict which was true in one sense no doubt, though hardly reasonable in a legal sense, that Dawson Fox came to his death by the unlawful and incendiary act of a certain person or persons to them unknown. The people of Skendoah and of the country round, by a large majority, had already decided, however, that the burning of Kortright's mill, the destruction of his house, and the death of Dawson Fox, were all of them acts of the opponents of personal liberty—outrages of the pro-slavery propagandists. Of those who entertained this belief Harrison Kortright was among the most undoubting and sincere. His love

for Skendoah and his desire for wealth and success were at once swallowed up in a burning zeal for justice and revenge. He saw little prospect of detecting the actual perpetrator of the crime, but he was sure that he knew its motive. So he lay upon his sick bed, silent but alert, and planned with firm-set lips and flashing eyes how he would strike back at that hated institution whose minions he never once doubted had given his property to the flame and shed the blood of his friend. He had been a firm but quiet opponent of slavery up to this time. The dead man who rested upon his bier in the town-hall, the "flaming apostle of liberty in Kansas," had been dull and mild when compared with what this calm, gray-haired man of business resolved that he would be thereafter.

Jared Clarkson, who had come to sympathize with one friend and bury another, fierce as was his hatred of the "institution", shrank in something of terror from the burning zeal of this man who seemed inspired to avenge the death of his friend, not upon its immediate perpetrators, but on what he deemed the remote cause. Martin, summoned by news of the disaster, was devoted in the very moment of his arrival to the purpose that filled his father's heart. Instead of five, it had been decided that Skendoah should send ten men to uphold the right in Kansas; that they should leave upon the morrow, and that Martin should go with them. They should be *bona fide* settlers, too, sworn to make the virgin territory free soil. He himself would be answerable for one-half their expenses for the first year. The mother sobbed placidly and helplessly. The crippled magnate was a king whose imperious will brooked no denial. The son, fired by the events which had occurred, took his father's command as a consecration. Already his heart was eager for the conflict. He was impatient of the days that must intervene before he should stand upon the prairie and enter the camp of "Old Brown." He saw, with his father's eyes, that slavery must be destroyed. No matter what it might cost—war, blood, death—anything were better than the one thing he was called upon to aid in sweeping from the earth. In his zeal he forgot his promise to Hargrove. He even forgot for the moment that sweet presence in the New England seminary, who was to be his other-self—*dimidium mee*, he had already begun to call her in the stilted Latin phrase of the college.

The funeral was in the afternoon. Jared Clarkson stood by the open bier, and in noble words and fervid accents told the story of his life and death. Happy the dead who had such an eulogist! The people listened quietly but sternly to his words. When the funeral was over there was a meeting in the town hall. Only men attended it, and they were stern-faced and angry-eyed. The women stayed at home and wondered beneath their breaths what would be done. There was very little speaking. They adopted resolutions which seemed tame to them, but were regarded as incendiary and revolutionary by all the world which saw not the charred ruins, and the cold, dead face. Jared Clarkson wrote them. While his life was full of charity his pen seemed always tipped with venom. The people of Skendoah declared thereby that Dawson Fox died a victim of political hate; that the hand that held the torch which had disfigured and all but devastated their beautiful village, was that of the great enemy of man and liberty, the slave-power of the South. This was recited at great length, and with sundry ingenious rhetorical flourishes. It will be noted that there was not a particle of evidence to support this conclusion, yet upon it the popular heart rested with the most undisturbed confidence. Of the ultimate cause

there was not a doubt; of the immediate instrument, not a suspicion. There was not a human being to whom any inhabitant pointed in his thought even and said, "I believe that his hand did this deed." There were a few of whom all men said, "They are responsible for this evil." They were those who had sneered at his enterprises, and carped at the political faith of Harrison Kortright—the stubborn, irreconcilable minority which is to be found in every community, men born in the opposition and condemned by temperament to be envious, if not malignant. A committee of public safety was also organized, whose duty it was to take every possible means to ferret out the crime. This was needless. From his sick bed a far more potent spirit was already at work. Silently and coolly, but with a determination that never faltered, Harrison Kortright set himself to discover the hand that had smitten him in the darkness. Like the populace, he was without suspicion of any one. Like them, too, he was affected with distrust of many. He was actuated not less by a desire for public safety than by a sense of personal wrong, but most of all by an intense desire to bring to punishment the malefactors whose act had resulted in the death of his friend. Mrs. Kortright alone did not believe that the accepted theory of the crime was the true one. Without opposing his plans, she insensibly modified her husband's resentment and disarmed his distrust. She had no pet hypothesis. To her the events of that night were only a sad, insoluble mystery. She cared little for the loss of property. The death of the man who had been her lover and had come back after many years in the guise of so sweet a friend, while sorrowful enough, was not without its consolation. His death had been worthy of himself at his best estate. If there had been a shade of weakness in his life, it was removed by the manner of his death. The hint of failure, the flavor of ill-success, could never pass this crowning act of self-sacrifice. His was a memory to be cherished, not only with affection, but with pride. The loss of her home had cut her to the heart. She reproached herself with the thought that it brought more sorrow than the death of her friend. It was natural that it should. The home upon the hillside had bounded her whole life. Whatever change had come in their condition, while it left its marks upon their surroundings, expanding and enriching the homestead from time to time, until to the eye of the stranger its identity seemed destroyed, yet to her it had always remained the same. It was her home. Her personality fitted into every niche along with that of her husband. In losing it she seemed to have lost a part of her very being. It was the background on which all her existence had been projected. These feelings, however, were swallowed up in two all-absorbing sources of gratification—her husband lived, and the town had been saved from destruction. She did not believe, she would not believe, that any hand within its limits had been lifted to strike at him. She could not believe that any political animosity would induce any one to peril the safety of the town, and especially to aim a blow at her. So she smiled at the resolutions that went far and wide throughout the land. The letters of condolence which poured in upon her husband, all assuming that he was a martyr to a great cause, both amused and annoyed her. Once he had laughed at her hostility to slavery; now he was almost angry that she would not account it the sole cause of their misfortunes. They had yet to learn the lesson which Time so often teaches to those who disagree, that both were right and both were wrong.

It was because of this conviction that Mrs. Kort-

right, for perhaps the first time in her life, offered a serious objection to any project on which her husband had decided. She did oppose the sending of her son to Kansas. Five good men and true had readily been found among those thrown out of employment, for a time at least, by the fire, to go with the other five, as Free State settlers, to Kansas. Their departure had necessarily been delayed beyond the time which the impetuous sufferer had fixed upon at first. There had been a subscription started to rebuild a little frontier church in which Dawson Fox had ministered, and which had been destroyed by a gang of Missouri raiders, as a memorial to his memory. During this period of delay Mrs. Kortright did not fail to urge as gently as she could upon her husband's attention that their son had given his word to Hargrove, which it would be bad faith to ignore, except in case of some great public crisis.

"And is it not a great crisis," the sick man confidently asked, "when slavery, not content with having invaded our homes to search for the fugitive, and compelled us by law to return him into bondage, comes also and applies its favorite methods for repressing free speech here in the midst of us?"

"Admitting this," his wife would say, "you cannot deny that we are not only bound to regard Mr. Hargrove's wishes ourselves, but that Martin is under especial obligation to do so. Can you claim that there is any more need for him to forego his preparation for life's duties and engage in the conflict going on in Kansas now than when you gratefully thanked Captain Hargrove for preventing his departure?"

To this view no answer could be given, but it is probable that his wife's importunities would have been of little avail to restrain the exasperated father and hold back the son, whose martial ardor was at fever heat, had it not been for certain items of intelligence which arrived while they waited for the day fixed upon for their departure.

The first of these was a letter from Hilda, to whom Martin had found leisure, even amid the excitements of the time, to write a full account of all that had occurred, including the fact that his father had determined that he should go to Kansas with the others. Upon this topic he had dilated with much earnestness and enthusiasm. The young girl, dwelling in the quiet of the Blankshire hills, knowing nothing of the mental atmosphere of Skendoah, save from his letter, and withal influenced not a little by the selfishness of love, took a view of the situation which effectually dampened the ardor of the would-be knight-errant of liberty, and staggered the positiveness of the father's conviction. She wrote:

"MY DEAR MARTIN: I was glad to get your long letter, though it made me very sad indeed. I would come to you at once, for I am sure you need me, but a letter which I have just received from Papa—the first after so many months—says that he will follow in a few days, and will take me home for a vacation that is not set down in the catalogue. As this is the last year, and the principal is sure of her pay anyhow, she does not care so very much about absences as she otherwise would. I look for him every day, and may be with you as soon as my letter. I may even get there in time to read it to you. That would be nice, wouldn't it? Just think of a young gentleman getting a letter from his lady-love by word of mouth—her mouth, too! I think it would be capital sport, only you would have to promise very solemnly not to—to—interrupt, you know.

"Oh, my dear Martin, you must forgive me for seeming to be gay when you are in such serious trouble at Skendoah."

doah. I am sure I am sorry—very sorry for poor Mr. Fox, whom I did not know at all, you know (and whom I am sure I should not have liked if I had known), and for your papa, who suffers so much, and your dear mamma, who has lost her beautiful home. Poor dear Aunt Mattie (I shall never learn to call her anything else), she must feel as if her life had been cut right in twain and the best part of it thrown away, leaving her only the evening years to call her own."

"And that is just the way I do feel," sobbed Mrs. Kortright, interrupting the reading of the letter, "but who would have thought she would have understood it? I wish she were here, the dear child; I do indeed."

"But then I am so glad that you are safe, your father alive, your mother well, and my papa coming home, that I cannot be sad a bit and hardly manage to be serious. I am just as happy as a bird, and wish I were one to just fly to you for one little minute and then back here before Papa could have a chance to come and find me gone. That would be awful. I do think it would break his heart if he should come and not find me watching for him. I know I should never get over crying about it. I am sure you need me there very much, too. What in the world are you all stopping at that little hotel for? I hope you don't mean to stay there while dear old Sturmhold stands vacant and just aching for a population. What difference does it make that it is ten miles away? Your father ought to get as far from business as he can, and you are going to Kansas. So you say at least. Now, you know that Papa would not allow you to stay there an hour, nor would I if I could have my way. I have written to the servants at Sturmhold to put everything in order and send the carriage to you at Skendoah. You did not tell me whether the barn and horses were burned or not—which was very careless of you. Now, if you are going to Kansas—which I do not at all believe—"

Martin smiled and Mr. Kortright frowned at this.

"—the very first thing you should do is to put your father and mother where they will be perfectly comfortable while you are away, and Sturmhold is just the place. Besides, Papa and I will be there in a few days, and you know we shall all want to be together, except you, who will, of course, prefer to be—in Kansas. I am sure your father would like to go there, because he will want me to nurse him. He knows what a capital nurse I am, because he has tried it. I remember being left alone with him when he was sick before. I suppose he was busy thinking of what he would do when he got out again, for he answered my questions at first absently, and then with more and more of irritation, until finally your mother came in and he exclaimed: 'Good Heaven, Mattie, can't you think of something that this child can ask a few questions about?' I don't need any help now. So if he will come to Sturmhold I will ask questions enough to keep his mind off his business, and then he will get well, only just taking a rest now and then while Papa tells his adventures. He has been away so long that I am sure they will be many and well worth listening to. However, if you will not go at my invitation, I will leave Papa to settle all that when he comes.

"By the way, Martin—you will excuse me for saying so, but speaking of your father's business brings it to my mind—I remember hearing Papa say that the work Harrison Kortright did every day was enough to kill two or three ordinary men. Even such a little dunce as I am can see that it must be enormous. Why, even my little business matters almost bring on a collapse when I undertake to straighten them out. Once a month or so we girls always get leave to go into the town shopping, and I am sure to be laid up for a day or two afterwards. Miss Hunniwell says it is caramels and the like, but I know it is the cares of business. Then, too, Papa gave me a bank-book

and a check-book before he went away, and you have no idea of the trouble I have trying to find out how much cash I have in the bank. I know there must be a good deal though, for I haven't used up more than half the checks in my book yet.

"Now Marty, dear, don't laugh at me. I know I am nothing but a silly little girl; but it does seem to me that instead of going out to Kansas 'to help on the good cause,' as you say, you would help on a great deal better cause, and the one you mean a great deal faster, too, by staying at home and taking that great business off from your poor father's shoulders just as fast as you can. You know I want you to do right, and I would not have you shirk your duty, or what you think to be your duty, for anything in the world. When you first thought of going you know I was half sorry that Papa discouraged you from doing so. Now, it seems as if he must have been a prophet and have foreseen this very day. I have just read over your letter where you tell me what he told you—that Kansas was at best only an outpost, and if there was to be a great conflict between freedom and slavery it would not be fought out by little squads of partisan rangers fighting and plundering on the prairie. Cannot you recall his language and see if it is not as true now as then? If you think you ought to go, and your father desires it, of course you must pay no heed to what I say. I am only a weak-hearted school-girl. Besides that you know I—I am in love, and don't want you to go away just when I am coming home. It has been an age since I saw you, and nothing less.

"I hate to speak of it, Marty, dear, but—you won't be angry, will you? Didn't you—it seems as if you wrote that you did—or maybe it was he—didn't you give Papa your word of honor that you would not engage in this Kansas *mélée*, or trouble, whatever it is? You know he is a Southerner, though he does hate slavery so awfully, and is very punctilious about any agreement made on honor. What shall I tell him, Martin, dear, if he says to me, 'Hilda, your betrothed promised me on his honor not to do this thing, and yet has done it, and done it in my absence, too?' You must tell me how to answer him, because my father even must not impeach in my hearing the honor of my husband that is to be. I will uphold his honor as I would have him defend mine—even with life itself.

"Good-by, my dearly beloved. Give my love and duty to your parents and implore them to grant my requests so far as they may count it right to do so, and no farther. May Heaven bless and guide you is the constant prayer of your
HILDA.

"P. S.—Do not think I pity the slave or hate slavery any less than I always have done; but it seems to me that—that it is hard to tell just what is being done or ought to be done in Kansas. They tell horrible stories about 'Old Brown,' as he is called. I don't believe they can be true; but it seems to me very hard to tell how many patriots there are and how many freebooters, even among the 'Free State men.' Some of those we call the best men in Kansas say that John Brown is hardly any better than the worst. They say that he burns and pillages and even kills unarmed people in the night-time. I do not expect that men placed as they are—fighting against the law for what they believe to be right—can always be blameless; but it would hurt me terribly, Martin—I think, indeed, it would kill me—if there should be any doubt about the righteousness and honorableness of any act that might be attributed to you either directly or indirectly. H."

Harrison Kortright was lying on a couch in the best room of the tidy little hotel that had succeeded the Drovers' Wayside Home which once stood at the Skendoah cross-roads. Mrs. Kortright sat at the head of the couch, and Martin sat near the fireplace opposite the foot. He still held the letter in his hand, and his

flushed face showed that its contents had touched him deeply. The early winter evening had come suddenly on, and the wood-fire lighted up the group.

"Well, father," said Mrs. Kortright anxiously, "what do you think of what Hilda writes?"

Mr. Kortright turned his eyes from the fire, on which they had rested, to his son's face.

"She is a brave girl," he said.

"And a good one," added his wife.

Martin's face flushed with pleasure.

"A brave girl and a good girl," repeated the father slowly, "and has a way of thinking for herself that isn't altogether common. I'm glad of it, too, and glad she is going to be Martin's wife. She'll make a daughter you'll always be proud of, Mattie."

Tears sprang to the son's eyes, and the mother leaned over and kissed the pale brow of her husband. There was a suppressed moan as he shifted his position a trifle, and continued, not noticing the caress:

"She shows the right spirit. Any one can see that she is just as honest as the day. Marriage won't make a particle of difference with her. She has begun to be a wife already, and no more thinks of separating her interest or her life from Martin's than if they had lived together for ten years."

"Well, so they have, pretty nearly," said Mrs. Kortright, smiling.

"That is so," responded he, "and we have almost forgotten that they were growing up. I am afraid I was a little hasty in urging Martin to go, but it's just as well. I've been so given to having my own way that it's time I learned that Martin is not a boy any longer, but a man, who must act for himself. We are right betwixt two generations—on the divide as you may say. We haven't finished our work exactly, and he hasn't begun his. We must go on in the old way, but he must take his own way and cut out the channel in which his life must flow. As it was our duty to keep him with us up to this point, so it is now our duty to let him go. You must decide this matter for yourself, my son," he added, reaching forth his hand, "and write Hilda what you will do. Let me know your decision in the morning."

The son shook his father's hand, and was about to withdraw from the room, when the landlord rapped at the door, and said that Mr. Clarkson wished to know if Mr. Kortright was able to see him on a matter of importance.

"Of course—of course; let him come in," said Kortright, resuming at once his usual alert and eager manner.

"I must beg pardon for troubling you at such an unseemly hour," said Clarkson, entering at once, "but—"

"No excuses," said Kortright, with brusque courtesy. "Jared Clarkson can never come where Harrison Kortright is, at a wrong time."

"Thanks," said Clarkson, taking his hand with a tender heartiness that testified better than words could have done his thoughtful remembrance of his friend's affliction. "I would not have come at this time, but the business that brings me will not admit delay."

"Something about our Kansas boys, I suppose," said Kortright.

"No; it affects especially you and me," was the reply.

"Is it anything private?" asked Mrs. Kortright, rising as if to retire.

"No, no," said Clarkson hastily. "Pray be seated, ma'am. It affects us all. I am only doubtful as to whether I ought to tell you, in your present condition, Kortright."

"It is bad news, then."

"Very sad news, indeed."

"Brown? Has he—?" asked Kortright, with a look of quick intelligence.

"It has nothing to do with Brown," said Clarkson, smiling in spite of his grave mission. "I have not heard from him in a long time. But I received a telegram to-day which—well, read it for yourself."

He drew a dispatch from his pocket and handed it to Kortright as he spoke.

"Let me light the lamp," said Mrs. Kortright, rising as she spoke, and taking from the mantel a glass lamp filled with camphene, which she placed upon the table, and, removing the extinguishers from the wicks, lighted with a match. Meantime Kortright had held the telegram up to the firelight and read:

"JARED CLARKSON, Esq., Rockboro:

"Deliver testament. Executor must act at once. Testator dead. M. B."

It bore date from a southern city.

"Well," said he, with a puzzled look, "what does it mean?"

"It means that I must deliver this into your hands," said Clarkson, handing him a folded document.

"And this—?" asked Kortright, beginning to open it confusedly.

"That is the will of Merwyn Hargrove, in which you are named executor," said Clarkson impressively.

"And Captain Hargrove?" queried the sick man anxiously.

"Is dead!" responded Clarkson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STUDIO IN FLORENCE.

ENTER! your step will not disturb him now.

The cheerful studio still rings as of old

With busy toil; but alien fingers hold

The chisel that is shaping that white brow.

O beautiful young "Dreamer!" well mayest thou

Be beautiful, who proudly couldst behold

Pygmalion give thy beauty, else so cold,

Not only life, but his life! . . . To endow

A waiting world with gift so rare as this—

It may be he held not the cost too dear.

God pity us, whose human passions cling

To what is human! who must learn to miss

His smile, and give up, for the beauty here,

The mind that could create so fair a thing!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

ROSES DE GUERRE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

LAUDERDALE, a little Virginia town, lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains, was astir early one June day of 1864, for the soldier boys were coming—the ones in gray—and they would of course be very hungry, a condition that had become chronic with Confederate soldiers by that time! They were to march rapidly through the town, and whatever hospitality was to be shown them must be in a sort of passover form. So the town-folk were making busy preparation to waylay the regiments on the street with bread, and meat, and coffee—rye coffee!—and buttermilk, and sorghum molasses ginger cakes, and blackberry wine, and home-brewed ale.

You would have taken it for market day in some Old World village, so animated was the thronged street, and with people in such queer costumes. The dignified matron and the doucest maid wore complacently furniture calico of the most startling patterns; gray and blue "domestic" was made to fit slender waists, whose ante-bellum silk and velvet had given out; hats and bonnets were of all shapes and no shapes, all home-plaited of wheat straw; old silk stocking legs figured as well-fitting gauntlets, and the more stylish wore shapely gloves of chamois skin, which had known the good effects of soap and water, since it used to rub the family silver. Trim feet were covered with hand-knit stockings, the cotton having been spun in the winter evenings, when reading was scarce for want of new books, and letter-writing scanty because of ten-cent stamps, and sociabilities few because there were no beaux and no refreshments to be had; stout leather shoes, of village manufacture, were laced over these primitive hose, with heels the farthest possible remove from *French*. Men were conspicuously absent, only old men and boys representing the sex, except where some sleek publican managed to put a government office between himself and hot bullets.

This was the picture presented by the long straggling main street, as Lauderdale awaited the soldiers, that bright summer day.

Cary Brook, however, was not lending herself to this good work of catering; she seemed to be devoting herself to the esthetic instincts of the soldiers, for the adornment of her dainty self occupied an unusual time. And yet Colonel Bird, of the 101st Mississippi, was not in the division which was to pass through Lauderdale that day; but when does *not* a pretty girl think that her lover may "happen along." Oh, if you knew what funny clothes we wore in those days! And if you could believe how serenely fine we felt in the queer duds! Cary's dress on that particular morning was of homespun cotton—that is, woven in the county, fifteen dollars a yard, ten yards to a dress; total, one hundred and fifty dollars. It was new and fresh, fitting her "slim elegance," as Howells says, "as the sheath of the flower fits the flower." Brown lengths of hair ornamented her shapely head with lavish beauty, but no girl is satisfied with Nature's adorning, and the long blockade had brought Cary's stock of pretty things to the lowest ebb. The white frills were freshly crimped, and throat and wrists responded to their becoming effect; "but oh for a touch of color!" sighed the girl with true instinct, for the somberish dress needed it.

Why there, to be sure, were the Greville roses, climbing right against her window. Long clusters of small flowers, white, shaded with many varieties of pink, all in one bunch, and so sweet.

Half an hour later Cary stood at the front gate, with the Greville roses in her hair and at her throat, as intent upon rationing those dear, dirty fellows as a chief of commissary. But they were tremendously hungry, and after the last bite that could be found in the house had been given out, a straggler came up and asked for breakfast.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said the girl. "We shall have to keep a fast-day as it is, but I would keep two at a time if I only had a nice breakfast for you."

The soldier took off his old slouch hat, and made such a low bow that Cary turned again to look at him.

"To what regiment do you belong?" she asked.

"I am just from the Lynchburg Hospital," he replied, "and am on my way to join the 101st Mississippi."

The roses suddenly bloomed in Cary Brook's cheeks, and she came out into the road.

"Then I must shake hands with you," she said. "I love every man in the 101st Mississippi!"

"Ah!" said the soldier, with a quick perception of the facts of the case, "so much the better for the 101st Mississippi!"

"And I'm sorer than ever not to have a breakfast for you," cried the girl.

"If you would give me your roses," he said, with a gallant grace, "I should not miss the breakfast."

She unfastened them quickly, both clusters, saying archly, "With one condition—that when you reach the regiment, you will take them to Colonel Bird with my compliments."

"On my honor as a rebel," replied the soldier, again bowing low, and carrying off Cary's bright flowers.

"Now, I call that a skillful dodge," he chuckled, as he hastened after the troops. "It will not be perjury to break an oath sworn on a *non est*, and having no 'honor as a rebel,' I may keep the roses and a clean conscience. May the kind fates give me a chance to tell that pretty rebel some day that she gave her roses to a Yankee spy."

The next two weeks witnessed many a rapid march and countermarch, and Lauderdale held its breath while the dust of its streets blew first upon gray coats and then upon blue. Meantime our ravisher of the roses had gotten safely back to his own place and his own coat, and early in July entered the little mountain town with Hunter's army. The gala look it had worn two weeks before was gone, and a sullen expression marked its countenance. No women were to be seen, boys were kept carefully in-doors by anxious mothers, and the old men had a sudden access of feebleness, leaning on canes and halting in their gait, in a way very comical to one who remembered their alertness two weeks before.

Two hours after his arrival our quondam Mississippi man rang Mrs. Brook's door-bell, and was answered by that matron herself, with an air of dignified defiance. After a great deal of trouble in persuading her to allow him to see her daughter for a moment only, and in her presence, Cary was summoned. Again the soldier

bowed low before her, this time removing a blue cap instead of the old slouch, and returned her withered but carefully-preserved roses.

"I beg leave to restore unlawful gains," he said; "I did not reach the 101st Mississippi, but I have never doubted that it has the ablest commander in the Confederate army—and the most fortunate!" Whereupon the soldier showed that he had practiced retreating.

There came a time when it was Colonel Bird's luck to reach Lauderdale with his Mississippi regiment.

The Greville roses had faded, and Cary could only find October leaves with which to crown her radiance. Colonel Bird was more than satisfied with the result; he claimed a kiss for every smile or favor given to others during his long absence, and this brought out the story of the Greville roses and the so-called Mississippi soldier.

"But there is one comfort, 'Edmund,'" said pretty Cary, tired of her lover's uproarious laughter, "I didn't give the rascal any breakfast!"

THE HOUSEHOLD—DOMESTIC SERVICE.

IN nearly all civilized lands there are two unfailing resources for conversation. The political results of the last election and the prospects of the next always fire the manly heart, while the womanly pulse beats equally responsive to the mere mention of the domestic servant. This ubiquitous arbiter of the household happiness serves to increase the anxieties and cares which she is employed to help diminish. She moves on her way with the serenity of a sovereign who knows she can dictate terms to her subjects with but little fear of revolt. And the endless discussions of housewives, having for their aim the mitigation of evils which are prevalent under her reign, seem to cast little light upon ways and means for relief.

There must be something "rotten in Denmark," very rotten indeed to cause a blight so widespread and deep-seated. The subject is so great, it involves so many collaterals, that it is impossible to do more than glance at its most salient points before discussing remedies. But, to begin with, is it not possible that the popular treatment of the question may be superficial?

That assumes that our separate roofs must always cover those multifarious kinds of labor which require skill and nicety in the laborer, and which can only be well done by experts trained in their several avocations. It assumes that the baking of bread and biscuit, of pastry and cake, the preparation of side-dishes and vegetables, the laundry work, the lighting and replenishing of fires, in addition to the inevitable sweeping and dusting and keeping daintily neat the dining-room, chambers, sitting-rooms and verandas, shall be done under each separate roof, no matter how small the family may be. Because we want the isolated household, we take it, as a matter of course, that all the work must be isolated also. Sometimes the curious spectacle is presented of the number of servitors being in excess, in some cases double or treble, of those whom they serve. But we are now writing of average housekeepers, who can employ but one, two or three persons to do all the work, indoors and out. They most need relief from the perplexities under consideration, and to them the burdens of life are daily growing heavier.

In regard to these burdens, many say, as with one voice: "We are more and more at the mercy of an alien and ignorant population, who, by the very oppression to which they have been subject, are only rendered unreasonable and overbearing when removed to a condition of unaccustomed freedom. They overrun our homes like the plagues of Egypt, marring all they touch. They demand prerogatives and dictate terms in an offensive way, and their waste and extravagance increase in proportion to their wages. They can only live under your roof by your making them feel your constant watchfulness and exac-

tion. They must not be left to forget that an iron hand is over them."

This, in effect, is the feeling of many employers, outside as well as inside the house.

But there is an obverse as well as reverse side to the shield. If one is not all golden the other is surely leaden. But little can be expected of those whose inheritance has been so meagre and circumscribed. They have never had enough of anything to learn by the care of it the lessons of thrift, skill and economy. They cannot resist the tendencies and limitations of their forefathers. As Emerson has said: "You may as well ask a loom which weaves huckaback why it does not make cashmere, as expect poetry from this engineer—or a chemical discovery from that jobber. Ask the digger in the ditch to explain Newton's laws—the fine organs of his brain have been pinched by overwork and squalid poverty from father to son for more than a hundred years." And this inherited aptitude for rough toil is the best we have to rely upon in houses which contain inventions and implements almost as fine and subtle as the thought which constructed them.

And now let us look at the domestic with eyes soft with a recognition of a common humanity, a kindred immortality. Our maid-servant is not only the stranger within our gates, but within our very walls. We are compelled to invite her to invade the sanctity of our homes. She breathes the common air, she shares our food, she mixes the bread that nourishes us. In fact, she is made of the same kind of clay, moulded by the same Spirit, the Father of us all. "Of one blood hath he made all nations of the earth." We can ignore neither the relationship nor its claims and duties. We are compelled to stand in awe before the truth that there is no impenetrable barrier between the highest and the lowest. Vice, ignorance, misery react on the most refined and exclusive. Disease is liable to scatter its seeds in the very air we breathe. The beggar whom our little darling meets in the street may communicate to her in passing a noisome and mortal malady. The festering pestilence caused by foul air, over-crowding and uncleanness, breeds a fever which laughs at the rich man's bars and bolts, and jibbers and jeers as it writes his death-warrant at the head of the damask-lung couch. The cook in our kitchen may unconsciously mix a poison with the viands she prepares, which shall be as potent in destroying our energies, if not our lives, as though we drained it from the chalice of Lucretia Borgia. For there is a chain leading from each one to every other, which passes through the very throne of Eternal Law itself, and not one of its links can ever break.

Therefore, in our dealings with this, as every other class, justice, humanity and fraternity are coincident with self-protection, the improvement of society, and the in-

crease of happiness. And that is only a temporizing method of dealing which does not consider the causes of the troubles under discussion, as well as their cure, in the eyes of the social economist and the humanitarian.

HESTER M. POOLE.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"We are anxious to make a cologne at home, which will have the delicate qualities of Jean Marie's *Farinas*, '4711.' Can the Household editor give any form to an admiring Reader.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 2, 1882."

Ans.—Two rules, both well tested and both satisfactory, have lately been given in *New Remedies*, and are not difficult to prepare:

Oil of orange flowers (neroli)	4 parts.
" lavender (Mitcham)	4 "
" rosemary	8 "
" lemon	8 "
" bergamot	16 "
Tincture of musk	1 part.
Acetic ether	1 "
Water	158 parts.
Alcohol	800 "

Add the oils, tincture of musk, and acetic ether to the alcohol; then add the water, and set the mixture aside, in glass-stoppered bottles, until it has become perfectly clear and limpid. Draw off the clear liquid, or filter it through paper.

A very superior cologne may also be prepared thus:

Oil of orange flowers (neroli), petale	3 oz.
" " " " bigarade	1 "
" rosemary	2 "
" orange, bitter	5 "
" lemon	5 "
" bergamot	2 "
Alcohol, deodorized	6 gal.
Water, distilled	2 qts.

Dissolve the oils in the alcohol; to five gallons of the mixture add slowly, and while stirring, enough distilled water to render the liquid very slightly opaque. Then add the reserved gallon, which should render the liquid clear again, and set the mixture aside for several weeks. Finally filter.

This ammonia might be made, the expense and mixture being both divided among a number in a neighborhood.

"I have used beef-tea for years with the feeling that it meant real nutrition and strength. Now I am told it is worthless, save as a temporary stimulant. Is this the general opinion? Do answer and oblige a troubled mother.

M. B., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y."

Ans.—Many physicians have decided that it has less virtue than supposed, and they are right, though recent researches indicate more value than was for a time admitted. "According to the researches of Kobert, which have been conducted in the laboratory of Schmiedeberg, at Strasburg, the kreatin which exists abundantly in all extracts of beef has a remarkable effect on the muscular system, inasmuch as it increases its actual power, and greatly extends its capability of continuous work. His experiments were made on frogs, and of many substances tested, besides kreatin, only hypoxanthin and caffeine possessed a similar action; and hypoxanthin is likewise a constituent of beef-tea. Beef-tea, therefore, while not so highly nutritious as it is generally assumed to be, is yet not so entirely useless as some observers would have us believe. The feeling of strength which its employment gives must, apart from its actual value as a nutrient, be of great service in the treatment of the sick and convalescent."

"I want to ask the 'Household Department' if the *stain* for floors, recommended in the issue of December 27, will penetrate the wood at all and wear longer than ordinary floor paint? It is discouraging to have to renew the latter so often as I have found necessary.

W. M. P., HARTFORD, Dec. 28, 1882."

Ans.—The stain penetrates deeper, but wears off of course where

in constant use. An occasional coat of the varnish will be needed and with this the color lasts far better than paint.

"Please tell an interested reader whether fish has much nutritive power, and how far it can take the place of meat.—F. C., SEARSDALE, N. Y."

Ans.—The London *Lancet* has answered this question very thoroughly in a recent article. There is some danger, says the *Lancet*, of the fish question falling out of memory. This is not to be tolerated after the interest which has been excited, and for some time maintained, in connection with this important phase of the food problem. Whatever may be the nutritious value of fish as food—and we believe it to be very great—it must be evident that a full and cheap supply of fish would react so as to produce a lowering of the price of butcher's meat. The "purveyors," as they like to be called, are encouraged and, in truth, enabled, to keep up the price of flesh because there is nothing to compete with it as a staple of the common food of the people. A revival of the old and healthy habit of living largely on fish would place the meat supply on an entirely new footing. This is manifest on the face of the facts; but what may not be equally apparent, though it is scarcely less noteworthy, is the consideration that nervous diseases and weaknesses increase in a country as the population comes to live on the flesh of the warm-blooded animals. This is a point to which attention has not been adequately directed. "Meat"—using that term in its popular sense—is highly stimulating, and supplies proportionally more exciting than actually nourishing pabulum to the nervous system. The meat-eater lives at high pressure, and is, or ought to be, a peculiarly active organism, like a predatory animal, always on the alert, walking rapidly, and consuming large quantities of oxygen, which are imperatively necessary for the safe disposal of his dissimilated material. In practice we find that the meat-eater does not live up to the level of his food, and as a consequence he cannot, or does not, take in enough oxygen to satisfy the exigencies of his mode of life. Thereupon follow many, if not most of the ills to which highly civilized and luxurious meat-eating classes are liable. This is a physiological view of the food question, and it has bearings on the question of fish supply which ought not to be neglected.

"Is ammonia as dirty and unwholesome an article to use in food for leavening purposes as we are told, and is it true that it can be made from the air? Do tell an ANXIOUS HOUSEKEEPER."

Ans.—"No" to the first and "yes" to the second question. The process has lately been given for the latter operation, and here it is: Numerous methods have from time to time been devised to utilize the atmospheric nitrogen for making ammonia, with more or less success. Since its discovery by Kunckel in 1677, and the determination of its relative parts by Dr. Black a century later, it has been produced from several organic substances. At present, the ammonia used in commerce in this country is principally the product of mineral distillation. Its presence in large quantities in the vegetable kingdom has led to the establishment of works which will also produce it in large quantities from the juices of various plants, more particularly the sugar-beet. By the recent French process referred to in the *Scientific American*, the nitrogen of the air and the hydrogen of water are liberated by the simultaneous action of calorically liquefied metal, and by further manipulation caused to combine in proper proportions to form ammonia. This newly-formed ammonia, combined with carbonic acid by employment of charcoal, forms the carbonate of ammonia of commerce. The carbonate of ammonia has become of such general and popular use, more particularly as a leavening agent for baking and cooking purposes, and its employment in quantities in all the more carefully-compounded and wholesome baking powders, as well as by bakers and professional cooks, has become so universal that this discovery is of much importance as tending to enlarge and cheapen its production.

HELEN CAMPBELL.





EVERY day we meet with new and old illustrations of the truth of the old saw that "extremes meet." Only a few years ago and China was regarded as the especial antipode of the United States in manners, customs and polity, as well as in location. We have already adopted two of the most distinctive features of its national life. We have built a wall to prevent foreigners from entering our territories, and have adopted the principle of scholastic examination and life-tenure in office. On the other hand, the Chinese have opened their ports, and have a navy capable of blowing ours out of the water. In another decade there is no doubt that almost the entire carrying trade of the Pacific will be in Chinese bottoms, manned by Chinese sailors, and commanded by Chinese officers. At this rate, what the next Centennial will witness no man knoweth.

It is said that Mr. Dorman B. Eaton expresses himself as entirely satisfied with the Civil Service act, to secure the passage of which he has labored so long and so earnestly. The pay of a commissioner is \$3000 a year, with traveling expenses, etc. The act establishes the principle of life-tenure, and the commissionership is a life-office.

A CORRESPONDENT from Memphis asks us to send THE CONTINENT to the place "Bob" Ingersoll says he don't believe in. He evidently disagrees with "Bob," as he wants it sent for a term of years, and suggests that it be put in fire-proof wrappers. We should be glad to accommodate our correspondent, but owing to defective mail facilities, we are unable just at present to do so. Whether the Democratic party, should it come into power, will establish a Star Route connection with the locality indicated we are, of course, unable to say. From its well-known inclination to play into the devil's hands, whenever it gets a chance, we should not be surprised if it did. At any rate, we will keep our Memphis friend in mind, and if we have any chance to send to his next address he may look to hear from us. We are not above doing a good turn even to a man in limbo, and from all we can learn of the place he expects to inhabit, something cool and breezy like THE CONTINENT will be very welcome, even if it does come from Philadelphia.

HER most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has seen fit to mark the completion of the new Law Courts in London by conferring the honor of knighthood upon five barristers, who, no doubt, in her royal opinion, or that of her advisers, merited the distinction. Fancy the five lawyers in their wigs and robes kneeling to receive the accolade under the groined arches of the stately building. Passages in the play of "Iolanthe" are irresistibly suggested by the situation. Picture the blank amazement with which Richard of the Lion Heart or Launcelot would have beheld such a ceremony! Was it Angus of Scotland who thanked heaven that "No son of mine save Edward e'er could write a line"? We quote from memory, and may not be exact. This benighting of lawyers that prevails nowadays is surely a curious instance of the survival and perversion of this ancient rite.

WE are not given to boasting, but we fully believe that our second volume, now just bound and ready for delivery, is an irrefutable demonstration of the soundness of our basis principle, that a Weekly Magazine, as a Boston contemporary has well said, "is nearer the trend and pulse of the age than any other."

IN this connection we desire to express our hearty thanks to our brethren of the press for their courtesy and kindness. While THE CONTINENT has received more than its full share of encomium, it has hardly known a breath of disparagement. Occupying a field peculiarly our own—a niche which no forerunner has attempted to fill—this is perhaps not surprising. It is, however, none the less gratifying, and our obligations to the press in all parts of the country are none the less sincere because of this fact.

LABELL SEMINARY, at Auburndale, Mass., has been one of the chief pioneers in many departments of practical education for girls. Its latest, and in some points most desirable one is in the securing a course of lectures on common law, of which all women are most extraordinarily ignorant. Hilda's naive remark in this week's installment of "Hot Plowshares" is not altogether imaginary. "Papa gave me," she says, "a bank account and a check-book before he went away, and you have no idea of the trouble I have trying to find out how much cash I have in the bank. I know there must be a good deal though, for I haven't used up more than half the checks in my book yet." The principal of the Seminary writes: "The practical ignorance of many women of the simplest elements of financial security and of ordinary business forms was not unusually illustrated by one who, having been seen to destroy the receipt after paying a bill, was questioned as to her reason. 'I always like to feel sure that it can't come up again,' she replied gravely. We can well accept the assurance that the lady was 'very intelligent and highly educated,' since the so-called higher education, and much of the public-school education, as well, is so often found wanting in adaptation to the needs of practical life. The legal rights and independence lately given to women bring responsibilities for which there has often been no corresponding preparation. The principles of wise management of property, the permanent truths in social organization which make women especially the conservators of social and domestic order, in a country where they have the greatest freedom and influence, are matters about which girls need to think intelligently, since the duties are already theirs. The law is often a vague terror to the inexperienced. Only an understanding of its certainties, and of the limitations, in the long run, of injustice, brings confidence and self-possession." The lectures are to be given by a well-known Boston lawyer, and the course is to be followed by one on sanitary plumbing, so that the "sweet girl graduates" are likely to have some forms of knowledge not usually the portion of even our best trained women. It is to be hoped that the lecturer is good-looking and an entertaining speaker. else he may find it a

difficult task to command the undivided attention of his audience.

AUTHORS offering contributions to THE CONTINENT are requested to enclose postage stamps for the return of the manuscript, should it be unavailable, or to insure such answer as may be necessary for personal information. If desired, the manuscript may be returned by express at the sender's cost. When no postage stamps are enclosed the manuscript (if not found available) will be retained for six months only, subject to the author's order, as specified, and will then be destroyed without further notice. Manuscripts in transit are at the sender's risk. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching the office of THE CONTINENT, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined.

IT is in one sense a misfortune that Mr. Crawford's novel¹ should have been heralded in precisely the way it has been. When we hear—though the rumor is now denied—that the composition, from title page to finish, has occupied precisely three weeks, and that such celerity is due to the fact that the writer is the nephew of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and thus endowed with a set of qualifications, mental and social, which set him above ordinary people and ordinary laws, a certain antagonism rises, and the critic determines to riddle a book which begins in presumption and ends in the same spirit. The title also stirs up the combative element. We bore with Daniel Deronda because George Eliot loved him, and because he represented to her a positive life in which her readers had less faith than she, but another Semitic novel seemed needless. For a time, as one reads on, Mr. Crawford seems to have said, "Go to!—I will write a novel after the Bulwer pattern! I will choose a name for my hero that should be owned solely by an old Jew pawnbroker! My mouthpiece shall be Grigg, and one of my subordinates Currie Gherkins! With these names from a roaring farce, and with a plot as improbable as a Japanese fairy tale, I will yet make the whole a thing as real as if we were side by side with every one!"

And this he has done. One inch below the level he has reached, Mr. Isaacs would be ridiculous, but when the opening pages are passed, and we find that this name is the East-Anglicism for Abdul Hafiz-ben-Isak, a Persian of the Persians, we fall into the spirit of the narrator, and very shortly are too thoroughly under the spell of the brilliant tale to remember criticism or protest. The characters are all sharply outlined. From the hero, with his wonderful ideal beauty of person, and his keen and subtle Eastern mind, through the circle of Anglo-Indians, each one, from the Bombay millionaire to the beautiful English girl, with hardly more "real intelligence than a sheep," who yet has power to convince the skeptical Persian that women have souls, not a person can be spared. The life is minute as a photograph, yet brilliant with color, as changing and elusive as the sheen on the tropical birds that flutter about the bungalows. The tiger hunt and its consequences, the rescue and ransom of Shere Ali; the transformations and juggleries of Ram Lal—and through all the power of a faith we have learned through "The Light of Asia" to recognize as something more pervading and inspiring than we had dreamed—all blend in a whole as absorbing as a story from the "Arabian Nights," yet with a harmoniousness which makes the whole natural and possible. But one incongruity discovers itself, and that is in the English of Mr. Isaacs. That it should be pure all know who know what power of assimilation an East Indian possesses, but this is the English of Boston, with an American flavor not only in the use of words but

in the putting of ideas. Aside from this there are few criticizable points. Mr. Crawford has lived the life he describes, studied Sanscrit, and fathomed some of the mysteries of Buddhism, and he knows how to give not only the color and flavor of this life, but the subtle and questioning spirit of the nineteenth century. The catastrophe of Miss Weston's death lifts her forever into the ideal where her lover's faith had placed her, but from which she might, if living on have fallen. That she loved him shows the utmost her soul could do. His abnegation at the last is as pathetic and well-nigh as powerful as Gautama's own, and the novel takes place at once as beyond question, in many points, the most powerful one the season has produced.

OF a very different but quite as absorbing order of interest is this which many indications give us the right to believe is the final romance² from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne. So many insinuations have darkened the air, and so many have been convinced that the work was a mere ruse on the part of the younger Hawthorne, who had chosen this method of testing his own power, that it is most satisfactory to have the proof before us of neither error nor experiment. Artistically the romance must be said to be incomplete, lacking the minute revision and elaboration of Hawthorne's final draft, yet the most practiced and painstaking author may envy the wonderful diction, no less than the strange and powerful conception of the tale. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's preface gives every detail the public has a right to ask; more, indeed, for only accident and misunderstanding could have rendered as much detail necessary, but the puzzled public will welcome every word. Many suggestions and descriptions embodied or elaborated in the story are to be found in the "English Note-Books," in many cases almost word for word, and the spirit and temper of both New and Old England have never been more perfectly rendered in any work of his hand. Analysis is always there, for analysis was the keynote of all thought, but the human element seems stronger and the story has not only power but pathos, being, as a whole, the most notable literary event of the year just ended.

AMONG all the varied collections of religious poetry dear to many souls, from "Lyra Germanica" or "Hymns of the Ages" to the later ones in "The Changed Cross" and its many successors, the lovers of this form of literature have always missed some favorites. Individual tastes differ so widely that to secure any large range the ownership of many small volumes became necessary, the disadvantage of this lying in the fact that there was little difference between them. In the present collection³ the editors have both special and unusual qualifications for their work, and the bulky volume is one of the most catholic yet best chosen compilations ever made. The best among ancient religious poems are there, but the modern singer, obscure, save for some one rare expression of a deep religious emotion, has also full place. The form of division chosen is a happy one, and it would hardly be possible to suggest an improvement in the bulky volume, which represents not only an enormous amount of labor, but a discrimination and delicacy of taste and judgment on the part of both editors which must insure the welcome deserved. The page is printed in double columns lined, and the workmanship is what one expects naturally from this long-established house.

(2) DR. GRIMSHAW'S SECRET. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Julian Hawthorne. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 380, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

(3) A LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS POETRY. A Collection of the Best Poems of All Ages and Tongues. With Biographical and Literary Notes. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., and Arthur Gilman, M. A. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. 988, \$5.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

(1) MR. ISAACS. A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 316, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co., New York.



A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON are soon to issue the late Professor Henry B. Smith's "Introduction to Christian Theology," an elaborate argument on theology as a science and on the sources of theology.

PERIODICALS in London are changing owners and names in a very kaleidoscopic fashion, it being now rumored that *The Academy* is to be suspended, and *The Athenæum* consolidated with another well-known weekly.

It will be a matter of regret to all admirers of Professor George Ebers' remarkable novels to know that he is now partially paralyzed. He writes still, but less than usual, and takes a partial share in university work, but is unequal to sustained effort.

DR. G. L. AUSTIN has prepared a little book, entitled "Water Analysis; a Handbook for Water-Drinkers," which will be of great service to all who desire some simple methods of testing their water supply. The directions are plain, and the tests given are all practical and easily used by all who are willing to take a little trouble for the sake of better knowledge. (50 cents, pp. 48; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

THE *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, which has had a somewhat checkered career, but which has always been noted for its elegant typographical appearance, appears in an even more carefully appointed dress, simply as *The Illustrated Weekly*. We trust that the spirit of the dropped adjective remains, even if the letter has passed away, and that the near approach in title to the *New York Weekly* will not include a too intimate knowledge of that shady side of city life expounded by one of its former editors.

BERGER'S "New Method to Learn French" has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York. As in the "natural system" of Sauveur and others, the language is learned first and the grammar afterward. The system of pronunciation is given in a single sentence, which forms a unique design on the cover. Any information regarding the system, which has been very successful abroad, may be had of Mr. A. F. Charles, No. 105 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City. (\$1.00, pp. 138).

AMERICAN readers and admirers of Mr. Ruskin may thank his publishers here for a reproduction of the poems which have long been practically inaccessible. Appearing first in annuals, they were privately printed in 1850, but in so limited an edition that it was almost immediately exhausted. Time has given it a special value, and a copy lately sold in London for forty-one guineas; but save for this fact, and the added and more important one that the book gives the early moods and fancies of a man regarding whom every detail is of interest, it has little intrinsic value. (12mo, pp. 234, \$1.50; John Wiley & Sons, New York).

D. C. GILMAN, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has just been elected president of the Science Company, a corporation just established to publish a first-class illustrated weekly scientific journal to be called *Science*. The vice-president chosen was A. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who is the promoter and chief financial backer of the new enterprise. The editor is to be Samuel H. Scudder, a well-known entomologist, a graduate of Williams College, and the late assistant librarian of Harvard University. The publisher is to be Moses

King, of Cambridge. In shape and style the paper will be very much like *Nature*, published in London by Macmillan & Co.

A HANDSOME book for the young, fresh from the press of Appleton & Co., is "Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains," by William H. Rideing, member of the geographical survey under Lieutenant Wheeler. It is a narrative of the experiences of three young men who went West to explore the plains and mountains toward which all real boys longingly turn. They had thrilling adventures in getting lost, in falling down cañons, and in being buried under avalanches, but of course came out all right. Much valuable information is given in the story in a picturesque form, illustrated by over a hundred woodcuts. The reader feels sure that every foot of the ground has been trodden by the writer, whose style is always vivid and refined. (Square 8vo, pp. 345, \$2.50).

THE latest "No Name" novel, "Little Sister," is far in advance of "Her Crime," with its sensational and improbable plot. The story is of the simplest, the little sister being a young widow, with two children and a step-daughter, all of whom leave New England to make a home in Philadelphia for a brother-in-law. The quiet life, the development of character, and the charm of the young widow's beautiful nature make an atmosphere refreshingly in contrast to the morbid, analytical fiction we have been surfeited with. The Scotch doctor and his troublesome courtship are very naturally given. In fact, the people are all very much alive, the story is so charmingly told, and the whole feeling so quiet and delicate, that we part with them at last with real regret. (\$1.00, pp. 286; Roberts Brothers).

"ST. NICHOLAS" is so steadily declared at the head of all work for children, that the old story of Aristides the Just occasionally occurs, and some slight flaw would be a relief. It may be counted as treason to hint that the flaw exists, but the fact is that *Wide Awake*, while never equaling it in the character or quality of its illustrations, is most certainly in advance of it in several practical features, as well as in a certain gentleness and sweetness of tone. The Christmas and New Year numbers are of especial beauty and value. Mrs. Pratt, better known as Ella Farman, has gained steadily in her capacity of dealing with the varied elements that go to make up the ideal magazine. The sentimental and goody-goody phase seems past, and *Wide Awake* represents some of the best and highest life and work for children that the nineteenth century holds.

THE announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons for 1883 are full of interest. The second volume of Col. Williams' "History of the Negro Race in America," one of the most notable issues of 1882, will be published, and a volume of almost equal significance on "The Woman Question in Europe," made up of essays from representative European women on the status and progress of woman's work abroad in all directions. The second part of the simple but very able "American Citizen's Manual," by Worthington C. Ford, will also appear; "The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play," by Helen Campbell, a volume which will give suggestions and instructions for in-door and out-door amusements, and for occupations for play or for profit, and another book from Miss Bird, the author of "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," entitled "The Golden Chersonese."

THE local *feuilleton* is one of the modern developments of newspaperdom, which has found a seemingly permanent lodgment in many of the smaller cities of the country. The inhabitants of a great city are too much strangers to one another to find interest in the weekly or monthly summary of personal intelligence, with literary, art and dramatic news and criticism, which make up the contents of these publications. But with the smaller communities,

which are yet large enough to have a social history of sufficient importance to tell, and are practically interested in culture and the arts, these periodical *brochures* find much welcome. A recent and creditable example of this class is "Bohemia," published in Buffalo, N. Y., and edited by Harold W. Raymond. Its literary matter shows more originality than is commonly found in similar publications, and it is not too local to be read with interest by the general public. The editor has published in an extra number a curious "Goblin Tale of the New Year," entitled "Kryme," well illustrated, and a good example of the quaint and tender qualities that belong to holiday literature. (4to, pp. 24; W. S. Bigelow, Buffalo, N. Y.).

THE *Overland Monthly*, a friend whose decease was mourned with a good deal of sincerity, and in which Bret Harte's career began, proves now to have been simply a case of suspended animation. At a dinner given recently to the contributors, Mr. Carmany, the publisher, made a pleasant speech, in which he said: "It has been often asserted that I did not appreciate Mr. Harte, and that I, more than any one, was the cause of his leaving. When the wave of popularity was mounting higher and higher, I suggested to him that we take a trip East on a lecture tour, the financial management to be in my hands. He was quite pleased with the idea, and I have no doubt we would have returned with increased fame for him and greater prosperity for the magazine. I would have given but one opportunity to each community to see and hear him, thus undoubtedly making a grand success. But it of course failed, and, as a final proposition, being so well assured of the success of the publication under his editorial care, I offered him a salary of \$5000 per annum, payable monthly; \$100 for every story, and \$100 for every poem he contributed, together with a quarter interest in the magazine."

NEW BOOKS.

ELFRIDA: A Drama. By Dyson Rishell. 16mo, pp. 146, \$1.00. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING. By George E. Woodberry. Illustrated, 8vo, pp. 221, \$2.50. Harper & Brothers.

SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT HERRICK. With Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. Imperial quarto, pp. 188.

HAPPY LITTLE PEOPLE. By Olive Patch. Illustrated, pp. 176, \$1.75. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

THE LAMBS: A Tragedy. By Robert Grant. Illustrated, pp. 61, \$1.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

NANTUCKET SCRAPS. Being the Experiences of an Off-Islander, in Season and out of Season, Among a Passing People. By Jane G. Austin. 16mo, pp. 354, \$1.25. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR. A Record of Quiet Work in Unequal Places. By Helen Campbell. 16mo, pp. 244, 90 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL. Poems Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." Second Series. 18mo, pp. 159, 50 cents. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

BIRD SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Harriet E. Paine. Second Edition. 50 cents, pp. 28. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

VERSES. By Kate Vannah. 16mo, pp. 116, \$1.00. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE: A Novel of New York. By William Henry Bishop. 12mo, pp. 420, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. ISAACS. A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 316, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co.

RUTH ELIOT'S DREAM. A Story for Girls. By Mary Lakeiman. 16mo, pp. 270, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

POEMS. By Minot J. Savage. 18mo, pp. 247, \$1.50. George H. Ellis, Boston.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. By Dr. Franz Von Reber. Revised by the Author. Translated and augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, pp. 482, \$3.00. Harper & Brothers.

THE FARMER'S ANNUAL HAND-BOOK FOR 1883. Prepared by H. P. Armsby, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Storrs Agricultural School, and E. H. Jenkins, Chemist to the Connecticut Agricultural Ex. Station. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



In recent times great ingenuity has been expended in the invention of instruments for the automatic record of earthquake movements, and a variety of devices is now employed by which the time, direction and force of earthquake shocks are indicated. It is therefore curious to find that the Chinese have anticipated us by many centuries, as the following passage from a Chinese history called "Go Kanjo" will show: "In the first year of Yoka, a Chinese named Chioko invented a seismometer. This instrument consists of a spherically-formed copper vessel, its diameter being eight 'shaku.' It is covered at its top. Its form resembles a wine-bottle. Its outer part is ornamented with the figures of different kinds of birds and animals and old, peculiar-looking letters. In the inner part of this instrument a pillar is so placed that it can move in eight directions. Also, in the inside of this bottle there is an arrangement by which some record of an earthquake is made according to the movement of the pillar. On the outside of the bottle there are eight dragon-heads, each of which contains a ball. Underneath these heads there are eight frogs, so placed that they appear to watch the dragon's face, so that they are ready to receive the ball if it should be dropped. All the arrangements which cause the pillar when it moves to knock the ball out of the dragon's mouth are well hidden in the bottle. When an earthquake occurs and the bottle is shaken, the dragon instantly drops the ball and the frog which receives it vibrates vigorously. Any one watching this instrument can easily observe earthquakes. With this arrangement, although one dragon may drop a ball, it is not necessary for the other seven dragons to drop their balls unless the movement has been in all directions. Thus one can easily tell the direction of an earthquake. Once upon a time a dragon dropped its ball without any earthquake, and the people, therefore, thought that this instrument was of no use; but after two or three days a notice came saying that an earthquake had taken place at Rosei. Hearing of this, those who did not believe about the use of this instrument began to believe in it again. After this ingenious instrument had been invented by Chioko, the Chinese government wisely appointed a secretary to make observations on earthquakes." We have here not only an account of an earthquake instrument which, in principle, is identical with many of our modern inventions, but the science has been conjoined with art. The record of the Chinese government establishing a seismological bureau, at a time when America was unknown and half of Western Europe were living in the woods, is exceedingly interesting.

* * *

DR. TYNDALL offers an explanation of the facts observed by General Duane in connection with the use of fog-whistles on the coast of Maine, viz., that "the signal often appears to be surrounded by a belt, varying in radius from one to one and a half miles, from which the sound appears to be entirely absent; thus, in moving directly from a station the sound is audible for the distance of a mile, is then lost for about the same distance, after which it is again distinctly heard for a long time." Dr. Tyndall says: "For a long time past I have thought that this disappearance of the sound was due to the interference with the direct waves, of waves reflected from the surface of

the sea. This explanation is capable of very accurate experimental illustration. Placing, for instance, a sensitive flame at a distance of three or four feet from a sounding reed, the flame exhibits the usual agitation. Lifting a light plank between the flame and reed, a position is easily attained where the sound, reflected from the plank, increases the flame's agitation. Lifting the plank cautiously still higher, a level is attained, reflection from which completely stills the flame. By slightly raising or lowering the plank, or by its entire removal, the flame is once more agitated. In these experiments a high-pitched reed was used, so that it was easy to produce, by the motion of the plank, the retardation of half a wave-length requisite for interference."

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It is already well known that recent archæological researches in the vicinity of Deir-el-Bahari, in Egypt, have brought to light, among other astonishing discoveries, the mummies of several of the most illustrious Pharaohs. One case contained the mummy of Amenoph I, the celebrated monarch who rendered famous the eighteenth dynasty. It was enveloped from head to foot in chaplets of red, yellow and blue flowers, according to the constant usage of the Egyptians of the Theban epoch. A wasp, attracted doubtless by the flowers, having entered the case at the moment when it was being closed, was thus entrapped and preserved untouched, and furnishes us with the unique example of a mummified wasp. De Rhoni, in his chronology of Egyptian history, places the ascension of Thothmes I, the successor of Amenoph I, in the year 1668 B. C. We have, therefore, here an insect whose death must have occurred thirty-five hundred and fifty years ago. It is certainly the only insect of so great antiquity having a certain date. Unfortunately the author omits to give the species to which this individual wasp belongs.

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An intense excitement was recently experienced among the diamond merchants of Paris. A magnificent stone, sold at an enormous price because of its fine quality, suddenly lost five-sixths of its value in consequence of a simple washing in soapy water. Purchased as a Brazilian gem, it was thus discovered to be only a Cape diamond, of a honey-yellow color. Legal proceedings are likely to follow this revelation of a novel species of fraud, which we may regard, however, with composure, since the means of its detection are so simple. If the unhappy purchaser has lost his money, science has gained an interesting observation. The process of making a yellow diamond colorless consists in plunging the stone for a few moments into an aqueous solution of aniline violet. After drying, every trace of color has vanished, while the diamond lustre remains unobscured. This singular result is due to the mixture of two colors—that of the diamond and that of the violet—which are complementaries. This fact constitutes a most striking confirmation of Chevreul's doctrines of chromatic contrast.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

January 2.—The Hon. John E. Reyburn was elected president *pro tem.* of the Pennsylvania Senate. . . Jan. 3.—In the United States Senate General Logan concluded his speech on the Fitz John Porter case, and several other shorter speeches were made for and against the bill.—The water-works at Bordentown, N. J., were burned. . . Jan. 4.—In the Senate the West Point Appropriation bill and the Bonded Whisky bill were passed.—In the House the Senate Civil Service bill was passed without amendment.—Destructive inundations occurred along

the principal rivers of Germany and Eastern France.—Benjamin F. Butler was inaugurated Governor of Massachusetts.—St. Mary's Episcopal School for Young Women at Knoxville, Ill., was burned. . . Jan. 5.—The large rolling mills of Morrison, Colwell & Page, at Cohoes, N. Y., were burned, involving a loss of \$650,000.—Factories and business houses to the value of \$80,000, were burned at South Bend, Ind.—At Newburg, N. Y., the boat-building establishment of Ward, Stanton & Co., was burned; loss, \$60,000.—At Peoria, Ill., several business houses were burned; loss, \$100,000.—General Chanzy, the French soldier and statesman, died at Chalons.—The Rev. John C. Smith, a Methodist pioneer in Indiana, died. . . Jan. 6.—Colonel Edward C. Anderson, ex-mayor of Savannah, Ga., and formerly of the Confederate army, died. . . Jan. 7.—M. Gambetta was buried with great ceremony in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.—The china warehouse of Ovington Brothers, in Brooklyn, N. Y., was burned. . . Jan. 9.—The Presidential Succession bill was passed by the United States Senate, by a vote of 40 to 13.—The Secretary of the Treasury authorized the coinage of a new five-cent nickel, a little larger and thinner than the old.—The absconding State Treasurer of Tennessee was recaptured in Texas.

THE DRAMA.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH commences his German engagement at Berlin, playing "Hamlet." The supporting company will speak German. Mr. Booth now announces that at the conclusion of his engagements abroad he will return to America and rest for a year.

MME. NILSSON says that her audience in Denver, Colorado, was the coldest and most unmusical of any she had ever sang to, though, in point of numbers, it was the second largest that has yet greeted her during her present tour. Nearly \$3,000 was received.

MISS MARGARET MATHER, since her *début* in Chicago, in August last, has been moderately successful in an artistic sense, and highly successful financially. She has already played in the principal cities outside of New York and Boston, and is now inviting Philadelphia opinion at the Chestnut Street Opera House in that city.

AFTER the rehearsal of "Redemption" at Birmingham, Gounod kissed Sir Michael Costa, aged seventy-two, on one cheek, saying, "*C'est mon devoir*," and kissed Marie Roze, aged—say over sixteen, on both cheeks, with the words, "*C'est mon récompense*." Mrs. Weldon, his ancient persecutrix, was not at the rehearsal, fortunately for the peace of the town.

THE production of "The Corsican Brothers" at Booth's Theatre, New York, with Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., in the dual leading part, was received with great favor. The scenery was expressly prepared for this revival, a strong company engaged, and the presentation of the famous drama proved the great success anticipated. This was Mr. Thorne's first engagement in ten years, otherwise than with the Union Square Theatre Company, and it is a pity that it should have been interrupted by the actor's serious illness.

ON a recent Saturday evening, one of the Madison Square Theatre companies, of which Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Mr. Archer, and Miss Belle Archer were the leading members, had arranged to appear at Rahway, N. J., in Mr. Steele Mackaye's famous play of "Hazel Kirke." The company arrived in town during the day, arrangements having been made that the baggage containing their costumes would follow by a later train. At seven o'clock a telegram was received, informing the manager that the train containing the baggage had been wrecked near Philadelphia, and that the trunks could not be forwarded in time for the performance. An audience of fifteen hundred people had assembled. The manager appeared before the curtain and, having announced their predicament, said that the performance would begin without costumes, but that all who desired should leave and have their money refunded. But one stirred. Prolonged applause ensued, each one feeling proud of the other. The play was then given, every member of the company appearing in their traveling suits. The effect was novel, but all were satisfied.



1. "Because it's so graceful."

2. "'Cos it's bully."

5. "Because—well, never mind."

WHY WE SKATE.

3. "Because it displays the figure so well."

4. "Because it causes a healthful glow to pervade the entire system."

The Countess of Lunn.

"I won't deny that I love you, Ned,—
Had you asked me sooner, you might have won;
I had another offer to-day,
And now—I think I'll be Countess of Lunn.

"I always was fond of titles, you know;
And oh, Ned, won't it be jolly fun,
When away off yonder on British shores,
To know you are loved by the Countess of Lunn?"

"'Tis hard to lose you, my only love,"
He sadly whispered and gently sighed;
"When the London season recalled us home
I had hoped to make you my bonny bride."

For a moment silence reigned supreme
On the moonlit slopes of the "castled Rhine;"
And two hearts 'neath the silv'ry starry beam
With the flow of the restless waves kept time.

Said he: "For a nobleman's title I'm spurned,
But I swear I'll not live a bachelor's life;
Now tell me, of all your 'dear girl friends,'
Which think you will make me the fittest wife?"

"Now, there's Mabel Rand, with her coal-black eyes,
And hair like the glint of a raven's wing;
'Twould be nice at the theatre, opera, ball,
To call her my own—the darling thing.

"What's that you're saying? 'A saucy flirt'?"
I always thought you admired her style!
Ah! now I have it—your dearest friend,
That sweet little fairy, Bessie Lisle.

'Twill be sweet through the leafy woods to roam
When the sunlight dies in the crimson west;
Her soft gold ringlets my cheeks shall fan,
And her rosebud lips to my own be prest."

"No, no," she cried, with a startled look,
As in wild despair to his arm she clung;
Then softly whispered, "Oh, dearest Ned,
I think—I won't be Countess of Lunn!"

CORA A. TELLER.

True Love.

HER golden head lay nestling on my shoulder
That night I told her of my love so true;
Her eyes looked love in mine, and growing bolder,
From her red lips I took what was my due.

She raised her head, crowned with its golden glory,
And blushing, told me all of Love's sweet tale;
And vowed, by all the gods of ancient story,
Her love for me should never, never fail.

I little thought, that fair night in September,
That at my love this maiden soon would scoff:
Alas! she jilted me the very next November;
The reason why: I'd shaved my mustache off!

C. L. D.

THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 53.



ERRATA—No. 52.

Page 165, first column, sixth and tenth lines: Instead of 1877 read 1787.

LA DELLA ROBBIA.

TERRA COTTA IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE traveler going westward in New Jersey, from Woodbridge or Perth Amboy to New Brunswick, will find his road bordered by frequent hollows, which stretch irregularly on either hand. The color of the soil, denuded and exposed, varies from a soft buff to that deep red which owes its richness to the presence of iron, a trace of which is found in all the circumjacent region. For a long distance his way will be marked by these excavations, which are sometimes scores of feet in depth. At the bottom, sinuous wagon-roads lead around

banks of clay, where large gangs of laborers are constantly at work.

The undulating surface of the country, sparsely settled and frequently covered with a thick growth of young pines, birches and maples, gives no indication of the riches concealed below, for underlying it all is one vast bed of the best and finest of that clay which is used in the manufacture of fire-brick and terra cotta.

This clay is practically exhaustless. Though its presence has been known to the geologist ever since the



THE SEASONS—FROM GREEK TERRA COTTA BAS-RELIEF IN THE MUSÉE CAMPANA.

settlement of New Jersey, it is only about five years since the first attempt was made to use it in the shape of terra cotta. Even now, few of the denizens of our metropolitan centres are aware to what extent this noble American industry has been carried, or what it promises to become; and as this immense clay-field, contiguous



GREEK RAIN SPOUT FOUND AT MITAPONTE—FROM THE LAYNES COLLECTION.

to the seaboard and situated between New York and Philadelphia, is the most important and characteristic of all that lie within our states, so the architectural decorations which have been modeled from its plastic substance, as well as the magnificent buildings they adorn, are among the most noteworthy of modern construction.

As our traveler proceeds he finds himself in a curious and interesting spot. Within a few miles from either of the busy little towns from which he started, and which owe their prosperity to their manufactories of tiles, fire-brick and terra cotta, he overlooks a territory that has been settled for more than two hundred years. The land on the south trends toward the Raritan River—distant from half a mile to a mile as the crow flies—hastening to lose itself in the bay of the same name a little farther to the southeast. It broadens there to a great width, and the railway running from New York to Long Branch leaps lightly from pier to pier over its swift tide, like a bar of music, across which the locomotive hourly chants its refrain of travel and of traffic.

The scene here is singularly full of natural charm and historic association. An embroidered mantle in many shades of green, through which show mottled patches of the ground beneath, stretches away to the glistening river and beyond are the



TERRA COTTA ORNAMENT—A GREEK VENUS.



ROMAN TERRA COTTA FROM THE MUSÉE CAMPANA.

wooded heights of the farther shore. Still more to the left, the eye rests on the beautiful banks of Staten Island, separated from the salt meadows fringing the Jersey shore by the narrower stream of

the Kill-von-Kull. And that silvery gap between, bounded on three sides by Tottenville and South and Perth Amboy, widens out on its fourth side into the Lower New York Bay, and that into the ocean itself.



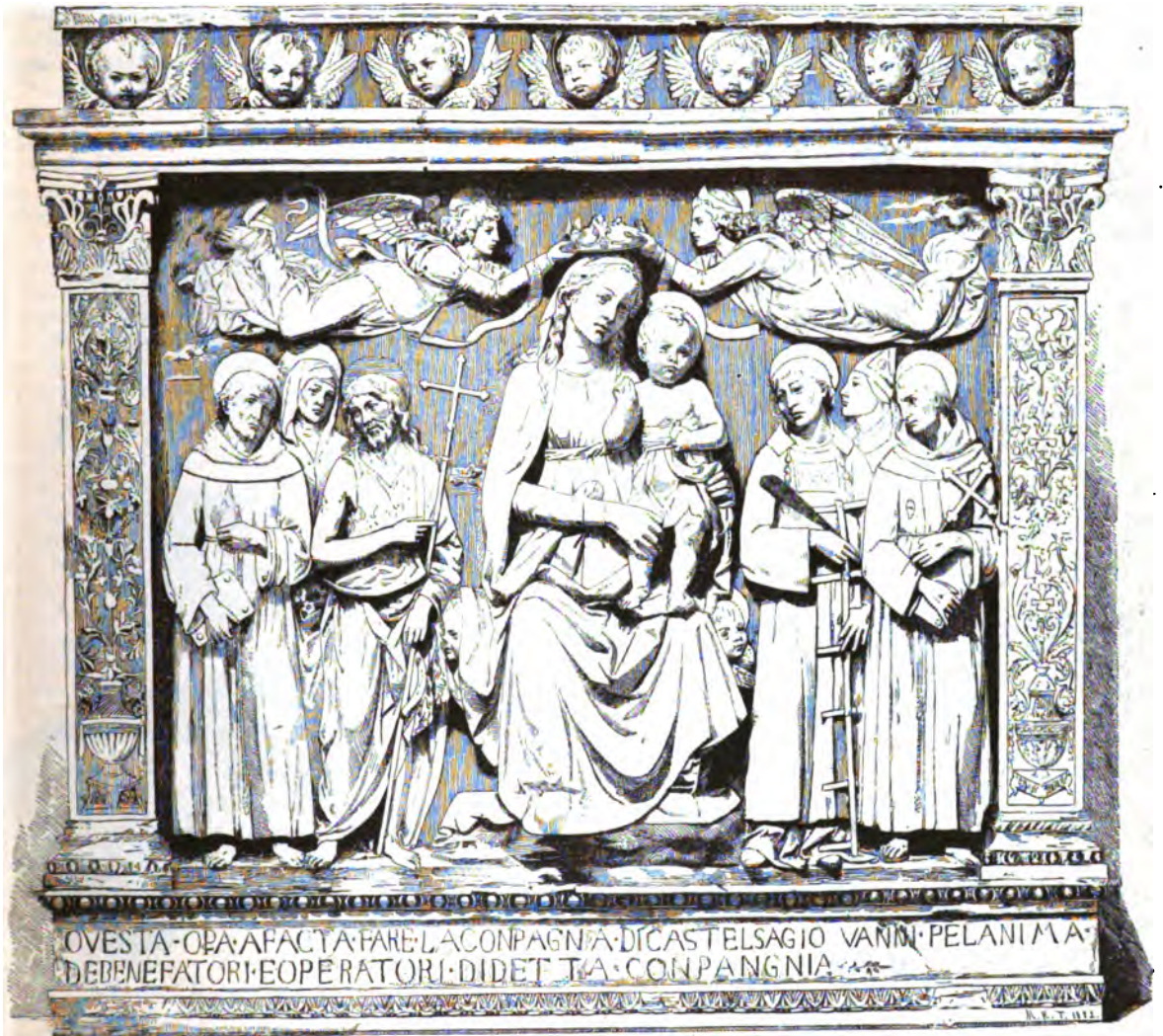
BACCHUS ATTENDED BY FAUNS—ROMAN BAS-RELIEF FROM THE MUSÉE CAMPANA.



TERRA COTTA PANELS IN RELIEF—FLORENTINE.

The point stretching out at its lower edge rises into the highlands of the Navesink, ending in Sandy Hook, and melting almost imperceptibly into the blue of the sea and sky, through both of which drift back and forth, cloud and sail, like the panorama of dreamland. But it is no dream; through that brief space the traveler beholds the argosies of the great city of the New World flitting to and from the ports of every country, inter-

shaped by a guiding intelligence, it becomes one of the most perfect and enduring of building materials. Fire cannot burn it nor water destroy; it triumphantly survives frost and mocks at decay. In the ruins of Assyria, Babylon and Nineveh, débris have been found which bear still, in ineffaceable characters, records of those strange people who are so remote from the present that they seem to have lived on some other planet. Nothing



MADONNA, CHILD AND SAINTS—LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

changing merchandise and bringing back a population fitted to develop the resources of just such a spot as this.

And this highway, whence can be seen a picture so full of beauty and suggestiveness, is the same over which large detachments of the Revolutionary army marched and countermarched, weary and footsore, between Perth Amboy and Trenton or Princeton, in those trying days when history wrote itself in toil and hunger and cold. This soil, precious with the cost of so much effort and courage, has been of little worth to the farmer. Now it has a value as substantial as, if less brilliant than, the mines of California. When tortured, ground, and

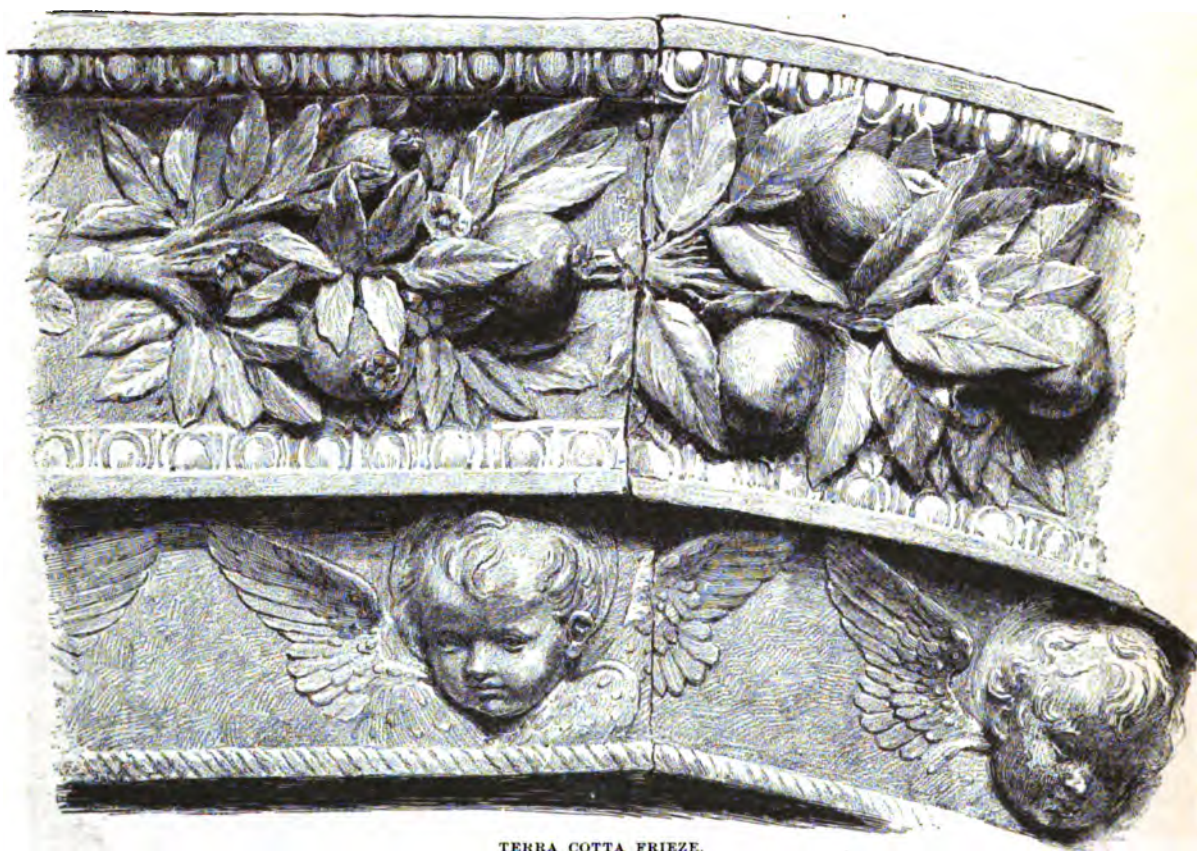
in the British Museum is more choicely guarded than those clay tablets whose inscriptions learned professors have spent years in deciphering, and from which we know what manner of civilization they commemorate; nay, further still, the antiquarian goes back to ruins which antedate all that is yet known of the history of man, although upon them are clearly traced the records of four thousand years.

The Assyrians, Phenicians and Babylonians, as well as the Egyptians, employed terra cotta in various ways, for both in and out-door use, as well as in architecture. Votive-offerings, sarcophagi, utensils for the house and garden ornaments were among them. But to all these

offices was added the preservation of records by means of slabs or cylinders of the same material. On these were stamped by the stylus, hieroglyphic signs, indicating all that remain to the moderns of those personal events, wars and dynasties which give data for chronology. The most distinguished archæologists of this age—one of them an American—have been sent by the French Government on one of its steamers up the Nile, and at this very hour are doubtless critically superintending groups of swart, half-clad Mussulmans as they upturn the old dust of temples, palaces and mausoleums to find still further records, laboriously traced in the world's earlier youth, upon a substance which outlasts pillars of iron or of granite.

coarse terra cotta, thin, large and oblong, in a shape peculiar to that date. The walls of temples, palaces, arches, monuments and mausoleums are of the same substance, and were generally faced with marble. Of this they have long since been despoiled, not only by invading hordes from the North, but by the cupidity of later rulers of the Eternal City, while the more enduring material yet remains, quaint reminder of a former glory.

As an interior decoration, the wall as well as the vase or the panel was frequently traced with leaves, vines and flowers, as the lotus, conventionalized, running about the rim or border. Many of these designs have been changed and adapted to modern ornamentation, accord-



TERRA COTTA FRIEZE.

In Chaldea, also, terra cotta was employed for interior and exterior work, in all kinds of buildings. Colored bricks were arranged in simple but effective patterns, making a pleasing effect. They were easily cleansed, inexpensive and durable. The Etruscans produced statues in terra cotta very creditable to their knowledge of art.

The Greeks must have used terra cotta from time immemorial. Homer mentions sun-dried brick, and life-sized statues have been found formed from native clay. Figurines, grotesque and beautiful, were frequently deposited in sepulchres even as late as the second century. As an architectural material, the marble of Pentelicus was so accessible to the Greek that he wanted no other.

The Romans, however, freely employed brick and terra cotta. The arch of the Cloaca Maxima, the oldest piece of masonry extant in Rome, is made of tile or

ing to the current esthetic fashion; for the principles of art are still more enduring than the materials whereby they are represented. On the body of the vase or the centre of the slab may be found allegorical pictures, typifying, under the forms of animals or men, the gods whom they revered, and who were forces or appetites incarnated by an archaic imagination.

During a long period afterward, this industry suffered a decline. It was reserved for the fertile plains of Lombardy, which are almost destitute of stone, to carry forward the manufacture of terra cotta to its greatest measure of success, during the four centuries from the twelfth to the sixteenth. It was then used in construction and decoration, in a manner at once so original and exquisite that Madame de Staël's epithet of "frozen music" justifies itself when applied to the architecture it embellishes. Some of the church fronts,

spires and campaniles of Pavia, the Hospital and Castiglione Palace of Milan, and the beautiful Certosa, so admired by all students and travelers, and even villas and private houses, were built during the latter portion of that period, which may be called the golden age of terra cotta. They are models of elegance and dignity. Some fine reproductions of these may be found in Gruner's "Terra Cotta Architecture of North Italy." Among them all that of Certosa stands eminent. This monastic building was the most superb ever erected by any order, and served to shelter only thirty monks; yet since its foundation, four hundred and eighty years ago, the rich decorations of its matchless cloisters have served a higher use—that of typifying that poesy may exist in stone and clay.

After the sixteenth century, the ornaments of this material became unsuited to those more elaborate structures which marked the florid style that had then come into vogue.

But the father of real artistic work in terra cotta was Luca della Robbia, who was born in Florence in 1400 (according to Vasari twelve years earlier), and who died in the year 1481. He is not regarded as the equal of his contemporaries Ghiberti and Donatello, but his name is even more widely known through his experiments and discoveries in ceramics. To breathe that soft Tuscan air, was to breathe in a love of art that permeated even the pores of those who lived in an era capable of producing a Michael Angelo, a Raphael Sanzio and a Leonardo da Vinci; an age in which Julius II and Leo X threw the magic of pontifical favor around the painter, the sculptor and the architect; an age which witnessed the laying the foundations of St. Peter's and many another temple dedicated by the genius of man to the glory of God.

While yet a boy, Luca, following the fashion of many art students of the time, became the apprentice of the best goldsmith of his native city. For the boy did not then disdain to climb, by patient, toilsome steps, to the height of his career, through minute details to be acquired by cunning workmanship in gold, silver or even brass. Here, Luca della Robbia acquired his delicate touch and high finish, and began the compositions for which he was afterward celebrated. In these, his faces were evidently taken from nature and not too much idealized, since the descendants of their originals can be met upon the streets of his native city by the traveler to-day.

Of the first twenty-five years of his life, only a few bas-reliefs remain. They are "Grammar," "Philosophy," "Music," "Astronomy," "Plato and Aristotle," "A Man playing on the Lute," and two more that were left unfinished. Twenty years later, he began the beautiful series of alto-relievs for the balustrade of one of the organs in the Duomo of Florence which gave him rank as one of the most charming of Italian sculptors. These represent a band of youths dancing, playing upon musical instruments and singing, with the expression in each face so true to the quality of his voice, that, to use the expression of an admirer, we can hear the shrill treble, the rich contralto, the clear tenor and sonorous bass of their quartette. The figures are so skillfully grouped and so graceful in attitude, that no impression of monotony is conveyed to the beholder.

His first known essays in the so-called "Robbia ware" were made about the year 1436, after that long study and those repeated experiments which usher in all inventions of genuine merit, from the nebulous beginning of civilization down to the time of Edison. His purpose was to discover some method of coating clay

with an opaque, hard, stanniferous enamel, which could be more easily reproduced than by the slow process of carving marble or casting bronze. In this, he attained



TERRA COTTA PANEL.

results which have not been superseded by later students of the ceramic art. This covering or glaze is made of lead, borax, feldspar and tin; sometimes the ingredients are changed, according to the kind of product desired.



TERRA COTTA BUST BY ANDREA VERROCHIO,—FLORENTINE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Ten years later Luca's first painted tiles in the ware which bears his name were made for the tomb of Benozzi Frederighi, bishop of Fiesole, in the church of San Francesco è Paolo. This tomb was among the finest of the cinque-cento monuments in Tuscany. From that time his skill gave him a fame which has survived all minute knowledge of his life, save as it is known by his works. By comparing all other pottery of the time with that made by him, the greater degree of opacity and solidity of the works of our inventor are made manifest. Indeed, the secrets of Luca were so well kept that for a quarter of a century no other artisan in clay manufactured a piece surfaced with stanniferous enamel. Those ascribed to the Caffaggiolo pottery date seventy years later than the first recorded articles of Luca della Robbia. The assertion of Vasari, then, seems true, that Luca was the discoverer for Italy of this important improvement of glazing earthenware vessels. What he may have learned of the Moorish potters from Spain we have no means of knowing. It is a matter of fact that they had attained great skill in the manufacture of what we now call terra cotta.

During two generations the family of Luca guarded their precious secret. But Nature is a tell-tale to energetic workers, and gradually a knowledge of the composition became known and adopted in the potteries of Italy and France. Meanwhile the nephew, Andrea, with his four sons, carried on the work. The name relative, Luca the Younger, may be really the author of reliefs attributed to the Elder. They had many distinguishing marks in common. Under the other relatives, however, art-work in terra cotta began to decline. It gradually spread into other countries, even in its decadence. One of the Lucas introduced it into France, where the Chateau de Madrid was decorated by him under the patronage of Francis I. Yet

its use has never been abandoned. In the south of France, north of Germany and along the Baltic it is found in all kinds of buildings—in balustrades, balconies, turrets, spires, and in mural decorations of various kinds. It makes, in its soft shades and diverse forms, a pleasing and varied effect, as different from the gingerbread work of cheap wooden villa decoration as its substance is more substantial.

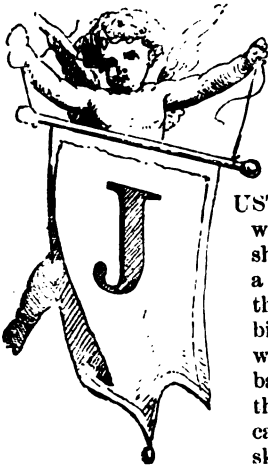
A few years since, Andrea Boni, of Milan, established a pottery for the making of terra cotta in that city, thus renewing the taste for it in Italy. In England it is barely two hundred years since only coarse earthenware was produced, yet, when Wedgwood concentrated his energies upon refining the quality of terra cotta, its improvement was marked and rapid. Within the last few years Messrs. Doulton have attained a widespread reputation through the production of their potteries at Lambeth. Visitors at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will remember the admiration of the work from the large crowd which always surrounded their exhibit.

In the New World, the manufacture of terra cotta is newer still; in a succeeding article will be a review of some important buildings in which it is decoratively employed. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York are to be seen a collection of photographs of Italian terra cotta, including some of the period of Luca della Robbia. The last chief addition to the Museum, by gift of Mr. Marquand, is a composition by the old master himself—a "Virgin and Child," with six saints—taken from a mortuary chapel.

This piece is one of his later and mannered productions; it lacks the easy grace and spontaneity of his earlier creations, though full of happy touches and technical skill.

HESTER M. POOLE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]



CENTRAL AMERICAN WOMEN.

JUST within the courtyard of a white marble palace, in the leafy shade of a mango grove, hangs a silken hammock lined with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds. In it reclines a creature whom to call divine would be base flattery to the gods. Note the classical features, the delicate, very light olive tint of her skin; see the long black silken

tresses, in which an immense diamond-headed pin holds a rose; see the long lashes, half shading those lustrous orbs, which give forth all the varieties of expression of refined thought as she listens to her maid's reading from Espronceda's poems. Her shoulders, arms and bust are covered, but not concealed, by the finest of lace, and a long white skirt trails the ground, but allows one microscopical foot to peer forth, just enough to show the point of a gold-embroidered slipper. The gentle breeze gives ever so slight a motion to the hammock, and each little movement of its ravishingly beautiful occupant reveals thousands of new charms. What wonder that men, especially those possessed by a tropically inflammable temperament, become inspired with the divine afflatus—sing of her, rave about her—aye, kill for her?

The traveler from the cold North who has visited the tropics, upon reading the preceding lines, will continue the perusal of this sketch, to ascertain how outrageously

I can disregard truth, for the foregoing imagery can be found only in ideal descriptions of Central American women: the real ones are of a far different type. But they certainly merit a description, for the status of woman is the unequivocal key to the social status of a country.

I may be pardoned if I adopt the trick of many describers—that of classification—under the pretext of making the subject-matter more clearly comprehensible; while, in reality, it frequently is only a convenience for the writer. Yet, as I purpose to spare the reader the invention of erudite terms, she or he will not be inconvenienced thereby. If I require a justification for this course, it will be found in the fact that Central American society divides itself into *los Indios*, the Indians who are not savages; *la gente del pueblo*, composed of artisans and petty traders, and *gente decente*, or society people.

The lowest type of the Central American human female, "la India," a bare-footed drudge, wrapped from her waist to a little below her knees in a coarse native cloth in lieu of a skirt,* and a sort of short sheet, with a large hole cut in it, through which the head is passed, and then it is folded down the front and back of the body and held fast at the waist by a belt of similar material. Not even a pin is added to these garments. As

* Several tribes distinguish the married women from the single ones by means of this garment. The unmarried ones wear it short, covering only the upper half of the thighs, while upon marriage it is lengthened to reach half-way between the knees and the feet or down to the feet.



simple as her vestment is her mind. She is barren of ideas—knows nothing except how to make *tortillas* (which will be described farther on), and to practice a sort of idolatry which she mistakes for religious observance. She has numerous children, and no hopes or aspirations save to see her family increase. She rarely smiles and never dances. Her only diversions consist of occasional visits to the nearest town, and if she is at all susceptible to agreeable impressions, then she manifests a little less of her placid stoicism, especially when on her way home, for then her pack is lighter and her system has been stimulated by the flowing bowl—probably “chicha” in her case.

At home in her “choza” (generally a tumble-down reed hut, indifferently thatched with palm-leaves) she is, as everywhere else, her husband’s slave, making his *tortillas*, toasting his bananas while he basks in the sunlight, or lies in the shade if the day be warm. Still more frequently he is found sleeping off a debauch, the liquor for which he bought with the fruits of her labor, and in gratitude for which he recompensed her with cruel blows.

It is only when on the road that a semblance to humanity spreads over her ugly face, as heavily-laden with a bag of corn and a sort of wooden cage (called “*ke-késhke*”), which contains live chickens, turkeys and eggs, all the result of her care and labor, she trots at the side of her husband, who, empty-handed, is mounted on a horse or mule, and vouchsafes her no look or word. When their wares are sold, and he begins to feel the enlivening effects of the first few drinks of “chicha” (a fermented drink, composed of spoiled fruit, apple, potato, pineapple and mango-peelings, with water and pieces of sugar-cane), he gives her a drink also, which perhaps obtunds her senses in a measure by the time her lord and master gets thoroughly drunk. Then he

beats her unmercifully. This is the only exertion he ever makes.

These delicate attentions, like her prolificacy, she seems to consider the natural consequences of marriage. Coupled with her lack of ideas, religion and hopes, she has not the remotest comprehension of virtue. She will readily sell her daughter for a trifle to any stranger, and will part with her without a tear. She will give her husband the blood-money thus obtained, which he will spend for liquor, except the few coins which she will steal back from him. These she invests in a candle and burns it before some saint, to be rid of some present or future bodily ill.

And yet she is not absolutely the lowest type of Central American humanity. Her sister of the Lacandonese, or Lacantunes, as partly described by Professor Edwin Rockstroh, limits her garments to a breech-clout at most, and practices polyandry—that is to say, she will have as many husbands as she can support in idleness.

A higher type of the Indian woman is found among the tribes which have come in contact with civilization. She speaks a little Spanish; she is sometimes quite bright intellectually; her “*guipil*” (skirt) is clean and in good repair, and she attempts some personal ornamentation; yet her general habiliments are similar to those of her lower sister, except that her sheet-like bodice has wide sleeves, her hair has a vari-colored strip of cloth braided into it, and she aspires to jewelry, generally not less than eight or nine finger-rings, huge earrings, and a shell or coral necklace is used to suspend an immense cross of copper, and among the rich tribes sometimes silver, or even gold. She has no vices, and rises to the dignity of being her husband’s helpmeet. He is to her a sort of deity, and, no matter how badly he treats her morally and physically, she saves the best morsels of their food for him, and the lighter tasks are his.

Another step upward, and we have the female servant in towns and cities. As her duties, mode of life and other special characteristics form an essential part of Central American existence, she is entitled to a detailed discussion in a paper on servants. For the present it will suffice to say that the female servant of Central America is rarely of pure Indian blood, and, if her origin is doubtful, so too is her moral position. She is almost invariably a good, loving mother, but very, very rarely a wife. Seldom can two children of a servant boast that they are full brothers or sisters, and the majority of servants feel no shame in speaking of the different surnames of their ten or twelve children. Worse than all—because in it lies the cause of this sad state of affairs—the men upon whom the charge should rest incur no moral, and barely a financial responsibility, unless they take the trouble to legally adopt their offspring. This is done by a limited number of men, who vaunt their morality, but they are either laughed at as fools or admired as shining examples of virtue. In adopting his own flesh and blood, a man takes care so to arrange matters that the child shall henceforth be removed from the corrupting influences which surround the mother, who then becomes a stranger to her child, except when her extraordinary good conduct is such as to merit respect. She is then permitted to visit her child occasionally, and is treated with the grateful kindness which we in the North are apt to bestow upon the nurse of our childhood, whose kindness has caused us to bear her a sort of affection through which with time she has assumed a petty authority over us. This never inconveniences, because it is not obtrusive; nor does it



AN UPPER-CLASS INDIAN WOMAN.



GOING INTO TOWN.

ever become disagreeable, because she knows her station, and does not go beyond its limits.

A case in point will serve to illustrate this: The first female servant I employed in Central America was Jesús (pronounced Hay-soos in Spanish, and then does not sound sacrilegious); a not ugly half-breed, perhaps thirty-five years of age, a most able cook, and an extraordinarily well-behaved and intelligent woman for one of her class.

Shortly after she had assumed authority in my bachelor household I was invited to a party at the house of one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the town and state. As I was about to go to the entertainment my cook wished that I would enjoy myself very much, and requested that I should not neglect to dance with her daughter. I did not heed the remark, as I considered it one of those little impudences which in these countries employers allow their servants.

Early in the evening my host introduced me to his daughter, just arrived from Paris, where she had been educated. She consented to waltz with me, and after a few general remarks, she asked me, in excellent French, to repeat my name, "as papa is so indistinct in his introductions." Upon my telling her she said: "Why certainly, Don Fernando, I should have known you by my mother's description of you and her many praises of your kindness to her."

"Madame votre mère, mademoiselle?" I asked in surprise; "I have not the honor—"

"Of course you know her. Monsieur le Docteur, she is your cook."

To confound me still more, my entertainer interrupted us, and before I could employ the least tact to cover my confusion, the young lady said: "Just think, papa, is it not odd that the first gentleman who asked me to dance is my mother's patrón (employer)!"

"Indeed?" said Don Juan de Dios, with nothing more expressed in his tone than in his words: "You can rely upon it, Doctor, she is a very good woman.

But pray pardon me: I have neglected to introduce you to my wife."

During the general conversation that followed, the accomplished young girl again referred to the matter, and her *step*-mother showed not the least annoyance. While I felt ever safe in asking about one's father afterward, I thought it wise to refrain from speaking of mothers. Was not I right?

The cause of this state of affairs can be partly explained by the poverty in which, formerly, continued political revolutions kept the country, and the great expense then attendant upon ecclesiastical marriages; but it seems as if the main explanation lies in the almost entire lack of education under which women were allowed to grow up. Let a veil be drawn over the proximate past, and let us console ourselves with the reflection that the public schools, which are extending their usefulness even to the female sex, will eventually reach women and elevate them above their present position.

The seamstresses may be next considered. A large number of these can write their names; some can even indite a letter which would fall far below the efforts of a child of six years in the United States when viewed from an epistolary or chirographical aspect; yet the ability to write at all, and the financial justification which this class finds for indulging in the luxury of wearing shoes, form their distinctive characteristics. I have never met a married seamstress, yet all of their children bear the same surname, and are all adopted in legal form by one man as soon as they are old enough no longer to require a mother's care.

The market-women, female street peddlers, keepers of small stores and bar-rooms occupy an intermediate position between the two preceding classes, except that their morality is perhaps superior to that of the former, while their education and intelligence are inferior to that of the latter.

We now have to consider a type of woman whose characteristics can be discussed with greater freedom. This is the wife of the mechanic and smaller tradesman. She is invariably a wife and often a shrew. A model mother, a careful housekeeper, she is wofully ignorant, but she is inflexibly virtuous. A study of the home revelations of this, which might be called the middle class, would show that the husband's conduct is not such as would be an incentive to his wife's good traits; yet when such a woman marries she views her husband, with all his faults, as a sort of demi-god, whom it is her duty to follow and care for uncomplainingly, even if his steps lead into crime or he requires care as the result of his debaucheries. She certainly manifests the purest, most disinterested love for her lord and master—for this the Central American husband always is—and pardons his occasional digressions, although her forgiveness is never asked.

Among these women, no matter how white they may be, the peculiar Indian expression is habitual. However, to guard myself against the charge of excessive sentimentality, I will modify this by calling their usual expression an appearance of sadness. They are patient sufferers, and usually, as age creeps on, they become fat, but never jolly. The only song I heard among this class was a monotonous lullaby, which I dare say was as satisfactory to the babe as could be any civilized air.

Their education is limited to an ability to read, or, perhaps, recite from memory, their only book, the well-thumbed missal. Some can sign their names mechanically. Their sole amusements consist in witnessing an occasional Sunday afternoon bull-fight, and



DRY-GOODS MERCHANT.

their daily meetings at the "News Exchange"—early mass.

Their characteristic dress—and in no republican country are garments as distinctive of "caste" as in this—is usually a very stiffly-starched, highly-colored, plainly-cut calico, with an immense train. A *sacque* of a dull, dark color, with large buttons, the buttonholes as a rule well frayed. The sleeves of this *sacque* are generally long and very wide. No cuffs or collars set off this upper garment. Bracelets are extremely rare, but earrings, breastpins and seldom less than fourteen finger-rings, all of them of a colossal size and of antique and tawdry type, are the rule. The *sacque* is usually cut very low, and whenever the large, highly-colored silk kerchief which covers the neck and chest is thrown aside, the inevitable rosary and scapulary, variously soiled from long wear are brought to view.

The women never wear hats except when they work in the sun, and then they cover the head with a man's hat. Their home-dress, when they leave their homes, is amplified by covering themselves entirely with highly-colored, and sometimes quite expensive, silk shawls, the heavy fringes of which trail on the ground.

Their names also are peculiar. The ordinary designations are frequently masculine; thus, she who was baptized Juana (Joan), calls herself Juan; Pedrona (female Peter), mentions her name as Pedro; Tomasa (Thomasine) says she is called Tomás; Jorja (Georgine) speaks of herself as Jorge, etc., etc. Still more frequent are names, which to the Anglo-

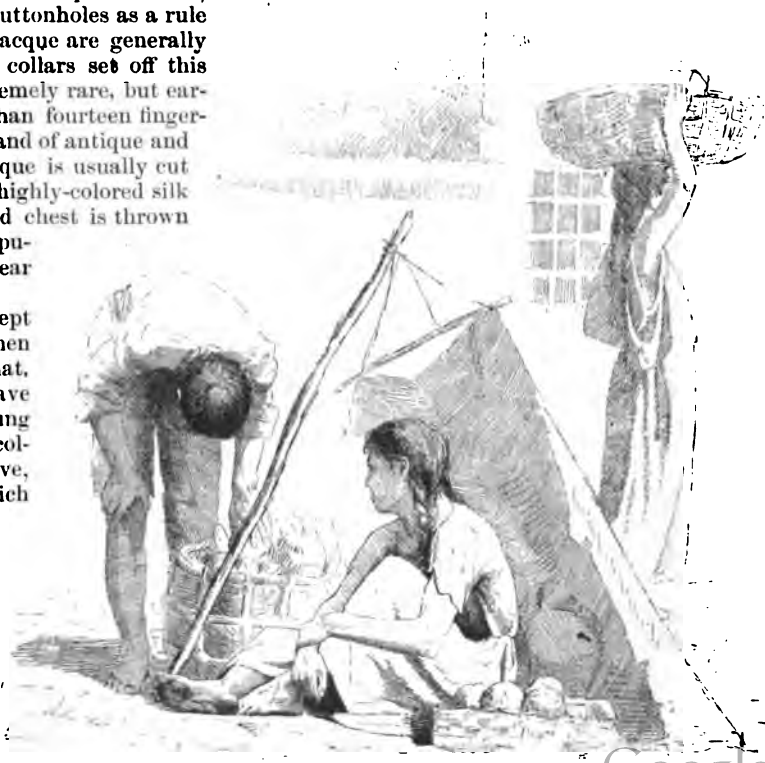
Saxon ear would, if translated, sound extremely ridiculous and even sacrilegious: some are Eucarista, Tránsito, Dolores, Redención, Concepción, Trinidad, Candelária, Cruz, Circuncisión, Jesús, etc.

Men of this middle class grandiloquently speak of their wives as "mi Señora," while the women address each other by prefixing Señora (Mrs.) to their baptismal names. Among the higher classes, the custom is to address a lady, no matter what her age or social condition, as "Niña" (a female child, colloquially Miss), except in cases where the person spoken to is one of great importance, or merits marked respect, then the term used is Doña. Señora and Señorita (Miss) are only used in addressing letters or when at all in a conversation, only to emphasize, or when the name is not expressed. Gentlemen of the higher classes rarely speak of "mi esposa" (my wife), but say "la Teresa," "la Epifanía," "la Antonia," etc.

The highest social grade of women in Central America affords far more pleasant food for discussion than their humbler sisters, yet in many ways suffers much by the contrast when compared with women of other countries.

Those who take a delight in railing against modern institutions (I beg pardon, ladies, for classing all of you among them) assert that the women of to-day indulge only in "twaddle" in lieu of conversation. This "twaddle," if such it be purely, is interlarded with bright and sometimes brilliant repartee, with classical quotations, with citations from the fair "twaddler's" reading and references to a clear insight in life. Would the railer, forsooth, have his fair partner in the "lancers" delight him with a dissertation on precession of the equinox so as to bridge over the intervals of rest in a manner suitable to his high taste and culture?

The society woman of Central America is quite a dif-



FRUIT SELLER AND STREET PEDDLER.



A SON AND HEIR.

ferent being. At a "sociable" or any other reunion for amusement, she says—nothing, simply nothing. She does not even disparage her dearest friend's dress. She does not smile until several glasses of wine have asserted their influence, and then she becomes almost hilarious.

It has often afforded me amusement to hear recent arrivals of the "stronger" sex speak of the conquests made at a ball. They soon learned that they had only conquered wine. The free use of wine at all entertainments has its result on the weak little heads. They flirt mildly at other times, but when "the wit's out," and they dance, they cling to their partners, almost embrace them, and whisper protestations of affection, which may be summed up in, "Oh, why did we not meet before I married?" (Note: There are no divorce laws in Central America) or "God forgive me for loving you, knowing that you are not a Christian!" In these, as in most Latin countries, only communicants of the Roman Catholic Church are called Christians.

The following day Romeo seeks his Juliet at the place appointed by her, but she appears not. If, some time later, they should meet, his very marked bow is answered by a cold, expressionless, yet graceful courtesy and a very calm and undemonstrative "*Adios, caballero,*" (good-day, sir).

Her erratic conduct at the ball can be explained by the fact that it is when a woman is dancing that she enjoys her only liberty. At all other times her every glance and gesture are watched with a suspicion which, to the purest and best, is almost an incitement to abuse of privilege when the opportunity occurs. Unfortunately, nearly every Central American will confess that he trusts no woman. What a sad commentary upon Central American education!

The lot of a young woman of to-day is hardly an enviable one. From earliest childhood she has daily been told that life in a cloister is vastly preferable to matri-

mony. Her education is limited, though superficially it is of an exquisite polish. Her gestures and general behavior are extremely courteous, but her grammar is often woful, and her few epistles, though frequently chirographically beautiful, are labored and hideously unorthographical. She sometimes becomes a brilliant but unfeeling performer on the piano, and her song "before company" is, as a rule, but a poor performance.

They, withal, make most excellent wives for selfish men, and if suspicion were removed from them, and they were treated with confidence and respect, they could be trusted.

Sanitary statistics are not kept in Central America, and therefore I cannot quote figures any further than those furnished by my own "case-book," and from what other physicians have told me. Suicide by women is extremely rare, and then only provoked by religious mania, while in men *felo de se* is common, and "because of unrequited love" occupies the first place numerically.

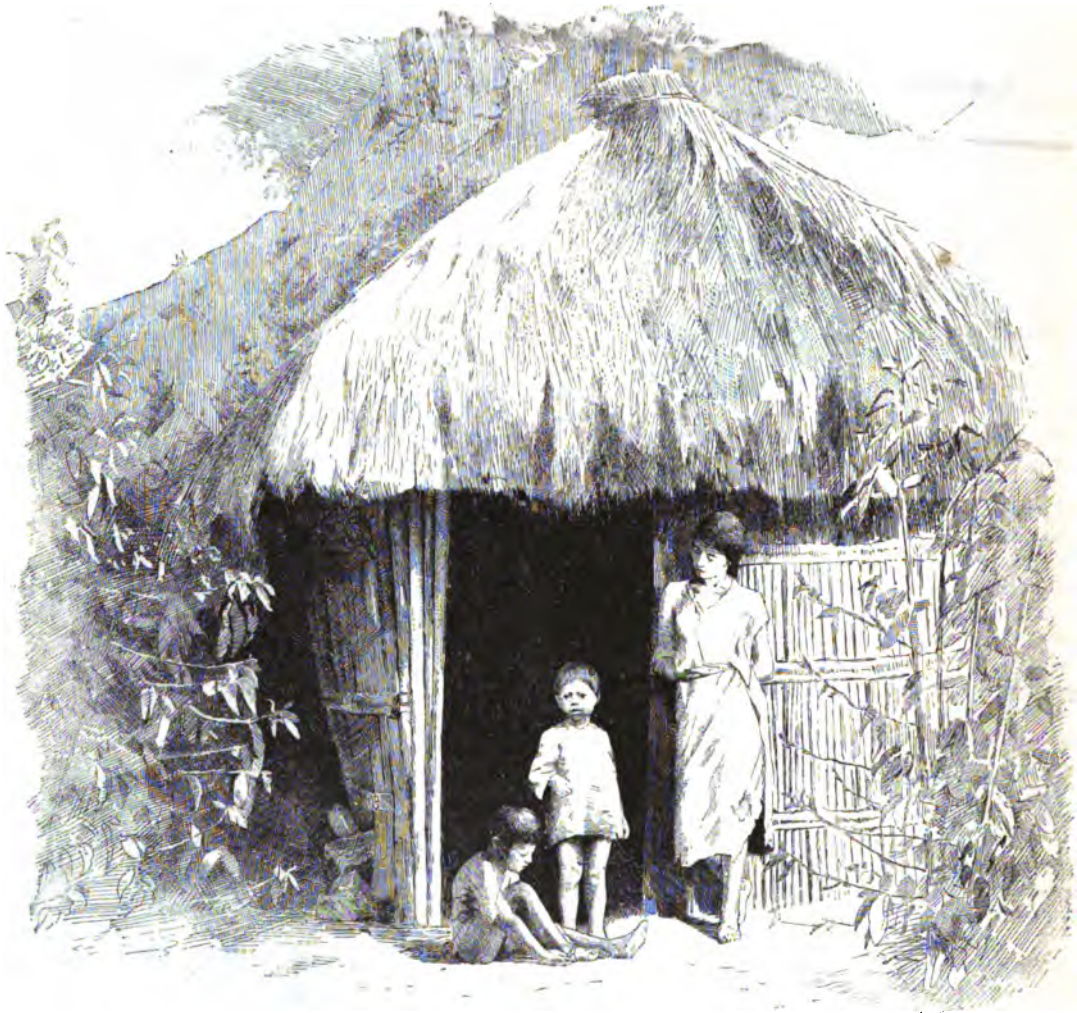
Men and women agree that the latter are socially and intellectually inferior, and thus it is that until recently the girl's education has been more limited than that of her brother's. This idea of inferiority finds one good exemplification in their post-nuptial designations. Anita Plumas, when she marries Pantaleon Tintero, does not become Mrs. Anita or Mrs. Pantaleon Tintero, but henceforth she is known as Anita Plumas *de* Tintero, that is, Anita Plumas (the property) of Tintero! And when he speaks of her as "*la Anita,*" he means *his* Annie, as he would say *his* plantation, *his* horse, *his* umbrella or any other chattel.

Courtship—all the world over a mark for the shafts of wit—is certainly most amusing in Central America, except to the parties interested, and they follow out their ridiculous method, as did their forefathers, apparently unconscious that they are at all observed.



A young gentleman never visits young ladies, but manages to pass the residence of the object of his affections shortly after nightfall. She, by intuition, appointment or a smuggled letter conveyed by a suborned servant or other intermediary, is "watching the southern cross," although she has but a faint idea of astronomy, as she leans from her heavily-barred window, which looks like a small balcony, and there is no light in her room. In the finest summer nights, as in the

seen to press their faces. During this period, which undoubtedly is fraught with interest and catarrhs to the young people, the parents do not hesitate to insult their daughter by double-locking, barring and chaining up all possible entrances to their house. Is it not almost natural that a girl whose contact with the men has ever been suspiciously watched should sometimes become a party to the manufacture of false keys, which burglars in Central America as yet rarely use? This



AT HOME.

most severe winter rains, Juan stretches his little body so that he may hold Margarita's not unwilling hand, or finger, if the bars be too inconveniently close together; and as he whispers sweet nothings the hours slip away, and only the chanticler's early crow, which she assures him is the nightingale, warns him that he should be gone.

Although the parents of the young lady and gentleman cordially approve of the match, he is never admitted to the house, except on rare occasions, and then only with a large number of other guests, to whom all attention must be shown. The feint of surreptitiousness is kept up, although all the town knows of the courtship. Foreigners call this the "iron-chewing period," perhaps because of the bars against which lovers may have been

lack of confidence goes even to the extent of opening the lover's letters, if, during courtship, he should be called away. Only the least lover-like ones are given the young lady. Yet, if it be remembered that in most parts of Central America it is nothing unusual to open a suspected person's correspondence, this is not so surprising, especially when the suspicion with which lovers are viewed is considered. The adored one rarely if ever answers her future husband's letters.

A week, or at most a month before marriage, all romance ceases. The friends of the family receive cards in which the parents announce that their daughter is soon to marry Mr. ——. After this he visits his affianced bride, but never is left alone with her for an instant.

In due time marriage, with all possible and frequently bankrupting pomp, occurs, and henceforth real marital happiness is the exception. A peculiar feature in Central American marriages is that the groom provides the entire trousseau, even to the minor details. Marriage for a woman means that she has only her husband to watch her suspiciously, and the consoling consciousness that as soon as age and ugliness relieve her of attractiveness she is her own mistress. Her independence comes early, as these tropical flowers fade very soon.

And this brings me to speak to young ladies of other lands in response to the natural question, What do our Central American sisters wear?

Ma chere (pardon the familiarity of an old physician of not yet forty), have you a sister or friend who is somewhat taller than you, yet whose waist is shorter? Has she preserved a dress which was fashionable two years ago, when it was made by a wholesale modiste in Paris? Have you stays (the English word sounds nicer) which you dislike because they do not fit you comfortably? Have you gilt, bronzed, red or blue slippers, with immense heels which project downwards and forwards toward the toes, and are they cut so very low as to fully display embroidered or highly-colored silk stockings? Then dress yourself in these things, put on slightly-specked kid gloves, which neither match your dress nor fit you well, partly cover your badly-arranged hair with a large, flaring hat, and then in the mirror you may have the Central American señorita in her promenade and visiting costume. 'The hat is an innovation which has become universal during the last three years. The first few who cast off the *pañolón* (shawl) on dress occasions were superciliously designated as "*extrangeras hechizas*," which cannot be translated otherwise than by the slang term, "*snide foreigners*."

But, as you value your good name, do not go out unaccompanied by a female servant—better yet, persuade mamma to go with you, and she, too, must dress for the occasion. Braid her hair into one or two switches, which you must tie with a string or dark ribbon; with bandoline remove any suspicion of those curls which it may yet possess, and which, before you were born, drove papa into writing silly verses and singing ridiculous songs, in which he accompanied himself with a guitar; remove all restraints with which she would modify her *emboupoint*; put on her a dark dress—preferably of a dull black, with a very long train. By the way, neither mamma nor you must lift the trains of

your dresses, but must drag them through the muddiest streets if you walk. A large shawl with a long fringe must be worn by mamma, in somewhat of the manner in which she draped herself when she was as young and graceful as you are now. Comfortable but shapeless slippers or gaiters, several large rings on her fingers, jewels in her ears, and a painted miniature of papa in her huge breastpin, and then both of you are ready for your promenade or visit.

Yet one thing I forgot. Unless your complexion is very good, you must thoroughly kalsomine your face, but mamma must not, under any circumstance, "improve" hers, be it ever so blotched and freckled. Your picture of "Style in Central America in 1882" is now complete.

Is it not odd that when you are in the street, or are listening to really excellent music in the park, he will be there? And, stranger still, if, when mamma is profoundly interested in some local gossip, you should *accidentally* happen to drop your handkerchief, he will pick it up and hand it to you with inimitable grace and *such* a melting look? But what change has occurred in the fabric? When it *slipped* from your hand it was soft and pliable—now it seems to have been stiffly and awkwardly starched. Do not examine it now, but, when you are secure from observation, take it forth and remove from it a piece of paper. Let us read it, for it contains no address nor signature, yet you have seen that writing before. "Divine idol of my soul! Have you no pity, sweet angel of my existence? Why must I suffer the torture of not being allowed to embrace you? Oh, cruel, cruel fate! I will pass your house at half-past seven. If I cannot see you then, my cold corpse will, before morning, cry to Heaven for the life you have ruined of him who adores you!"

"What a remarkable document!" you say, and you wonder how it came among the folds of your handkerchief!

In the preceding lines I may appear unjust to some, and lest all of the women of Central America be classed alike by those of my readers who do not know them, I must add that there, as in all other lands, women are found who combine intelligence, education and brilliancy with all of those charms which make women the link that binds man to the angels, yet are human enough to dress in exquisite taste in the style of to-day, as well and as elegantly as their American and European sisters of the highest social ranks.

FERD. C. VALENTINE.

OLD MUSIC.

O'ER a world's orchestral changes
We can hear those silver lays—
Hear the old tunes ringing, ringing,
Set to words of by-gone days.

There are strains of tender beauty
That our hearts may not repeat;
There are stirring, wild *bramuras*,
And *adagios* sad and sweet.

Not a discord grates the softness
Of those spirit-echoes fair;
Not a false note ever wavers
On the golden, hazy air.

Life may sweep in grandest chorals
Onward through the realm of song,
But the purest tones must reach us
Through the distance, dim and long.

JULIA H. THAYER.

BELINDA,

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright."

HAD Miss Watson's eye been glued to her spy-glass, as for six or eight out of the twenty-four hours it invariably is, and as, strange to say, it is not about four o'clock in the ensuing afternoon, she would have seen Belinda Churchill setting off for a walk alone. Humanly speaking, not thirty seconds would have elapsed before that lady would have been across the street and down it to ask why alone? why not with her sister? why not with the dogs? The dogs ask the same question. A Dresden walk, indeed, with their poor little snouts imbedded in muzzles, is by not any means the same thing as an English one—free to dogs and men as English air; but such as it is, it is better than nothing. With a muzzle one can still scamper, and even give mutilated sniffs here and there. The prospect of a walk is the one thing that restores to its pristine hyacinthine curl Sluttty's tail, which ever since the arrival of Punch has limply drooped in envy and dejection; and as for Punch, there is no number of times that he would not bark for the Queen, for Mr. Gladstone, for the devil if required, in order to attain it. To-day they both meet with an abstracted yet peremptory refusal.

"I am going to the Grosse Garten, Sarah," says Belinda, giving this piece of information in a not very assured voice, and apparently grateful to the numberless buttons of her gloves for giving her an excuse for bending her head over them.

"Are you?" answers the other carelessly; then, as something in her sister's manner reveals to her how pregnant with import is the walk of which she speaks, adds in quite another tone, and with an accent of the liveliest sympathy: "My blessing go with you. How I wish I could be behind a tree to hear how he does it! But, after all," with a shrug, "in these cases there is never much variety; they all say pretty much the same thing; they have no imagination."

As Belinda reaches the door it is opened by Tommy, for whom Sarah has just rung.

"Now, Tommy," says she, addressing the boy with an extremely admonitory air, "if three German gentlemen come to call this afternoon, mind that you do not admit them all at once. If a second comes before the first is gone, you must tell him that I am engaged, and that he must call again later. Do you understand?—one at a time."

She is still impressing upon the page's ductile mind the all-importance of letting in her admirers singly, when Belinda passes out of hearing.

Along the street she goes. One side of it is in burning sunshine, the other in deep shadow. It seems to her an emblem of the difference between her life before and after yesterday. Why did not she bring the dogs? So royally rich in happiness herself, why should not

she toss what crumbs she can to any such of God's poor creatures as ask her?

The memory of Sluttty's eyes imploringly bulging, and of Punch's disappointed back as he trotted tamely away to his cushion, returns to her with a sort of remorse. She is glad when she has passed through the town and reached the Grosse Garten; glad to see the long, broad, green drives quietly stretching away; glad to have left the city noises behind her. And yet even they have sounded melodiously to her to-day. There is perhaps only one sound in the whole world that would not now echo agreeably on her ear—viz., Miss Watson's voice; and even toward Miss Watson how faint and lessening is her ill-will! It is true that she continued to bestow her company upon them yesterday for the remainder of the afternoon; it is true that by her tyrannic overruling they were sent home in different vehicles; but could even she prevent their one moment snatched at parting, with time for but a sentence in it—and that sentence *such* a prayer to her to meet him here to-day? After to-day she will give Miss Watson leave to thrust herself and her importunities between them if she can. As she makes this reflection she smiles. I think she walks along smiling.

The Grosse Garten is not very frequented; but now and then she passes a couple of loiterers, a single man or woman, a nurse and child. She pities them all from the bottom of her heart: not one of them is going to a tryst with Rivers. She has reached the rendezvous now, a bench beside the Teich; the dull and stagnant pool where the swans are royally riding in the sunshine. He is not here—he has not come yet. She is the first at the tryst. A slight pang of disappointment shoots across her; but in a moment is stilled again. Probably in her eagerness she has walked more quickly than is usual with her. Probably she has taken less time than she calculated for. She looks at her watch. It still wants five minutes to the appointed hour. She sits down on the bench to wait, and her eyes fall on the pool. How crowded with green reflections it is; how different from the weak and pinched leafage of three weeks ago, when she and Sarah last sat here! It has gathered all the horse-chestnuts into its bosom; fans and bloom-spikes, you can see them all again as plainly as, sometimes more plainly than in the reality; wherever, that is to say, the swans' webs' oaring have not broken up the mirror into bright shivers. The remembrance of her last walk here with Sarah, brings back also the remembrance of their talk; of Sarah's advice to her to hurry the pace. The recollection brings a smile of happiness, and of pride, too, over her face. She has used no maneuvers, she has descended to no tricky coquetries; and yet could even Sarah have won him more wholly than she?

It must be half-past four now. Again she takes out her watch. Yes, it is now five minutes over the half-hour; but then probably her watch is fast. It always gains. Reassured afresh, she patiently resumes her waiting. The bench on which she is sitting is almost exactly opposite the spot where on the first of May he had thrown her his intercepted nosegay. At the thought

she smiles again; and this time it must be broadly, for a stranger passing by looks hard and inquiringly at her, as though imagining that her smile was a recognition of and greeting to himself.

In a second she is grave again. This place is too public; when he comes they will seek one of the more quiet paths. When he comes? But he is not come yet! Why does not he come?

She turns her head anxiously in the direction whence she expects him to appear, a creeping disquietude beginning, despite herself, to invade her heart. Is it possible that she can have mistaken his directions? Is it possible that, as she is waiting expectantly for him here, so may he be waiting expectantly for her in some other corner of the large pleasure-gardens? But she dismisses the idea. Did not his few words drop, distinct and clear as articulate words could do, into her ear? Has not she been saying them over to herself ever since? There is nothing for it but patience.

Again she fixes her eyes, not so untroubled as at first, upon the Teich, the swan-house, the swans. To the latter a child is throwing bread; a homely burgher couple have stopped to applaud. In the fostering sunshine the horse-chestnut leaves seem to grow momentarily larger and greener as she looks. Why does not he come? A sense of hurt maiden dignity, of hot and cruel shame at being thus made to appear so far the more eager of the two; at being kept thus long and unworthily waiting at her first love-*rendezvous*, has come to complicate and intensify her anxiety. In all the mental pictures that through her disturbed and tossing night she has drawn of this meeting, the one contingency that has never crossed her mind as most distantly possible, is that he should be a defaulter from it; he, whose mad over-eagerness to fulfill any engagement in which she is to have a part, has over and over again kept him raging up and down the Lüttichau Strasse for hours and hours in rain and shine, in fervid waiting, until the time has come when he may decently make his appearance. And to-day he is already half an hour late! It is impossible—incredible! And yet if any untoward accident had occurred to prevent him, surely he would have written! Perhaps even now there is a note awaiting her at home. Goaded by this thought, she takes two feverish steps in the direction of a return; then, arrested by the reflection that he may arrive in her absence and find her gone, she stops in painful irresolution. To sit still and look at the swans any longer is at all events impossible.

She walks—but with how different a tread to that with which she had at first approached the spot!—she walks a little away; not so far as to lose the bench, to which her hopes still cling, from sight, but far enough to get a good view down the great main drive. With her trembling hand lifted to shield her eyes, she strains her gaze eagerly down it. Oh, if she could but catch the most distant glimpse of him! Under the trees spreads in glory the dazzling strong spring grass, with its brightness toned down here and there by the shadows of the dark tree-trunks, that in their afternoon quiet lie stilly on it. There is nothing.

With a sort-of sob in her throat that shocks herself, she is turning away, when, at the very other end of the avenue, she becomes aware of a man's figure that has suddenly come within eye-range. It is so distant that it is no taller than a pin; but surely it has something of his walk and gait.

Catching at this new hope, she advances quickly to meet the figure. Yes; it certainly has a look of him. Well, she will not upbraid him. No hurt self-love nor petty sulks shall be permitted to mar the heavenly har-

mony of the first outpouring of their hearts into each other. She will not even ask him why he is late. No doubt he has some good reason, which in his own time he will tell her. But alas! she may keep her high resolve for another occasion. She will not need them now. It requires no very near approach to the stranger to reveal that he is not Rivers; that he is not even, when you come close to him, in the very least like him.

It is such a bitter disappointment that she turns into a side alley to hide her tears; but quickly drying them again, hastily returns to the meeting-place, in the panic fear that he may have appeared there from some unexpected point of the compass. But he is not there; and as she ascertains this, with a blank heart-sinking, the city clocks strike the half-hour. It is half-past five! For a whole hour she has been dancing attendance on his pleasure; waiting here, ridiculous and befooled.

With a movement of strong indignation she begins to walk swiftly homewards; but before she has gone five yards, her purpose slacks. She cannot yet bear to face the fact that this is what her day's splendid and apparently so sure promises are to end in—this humiliated, balked, back-coming! She will give him five minutes more. Possibly, not *very* improbably even, he may have mistaken the appointed hour, and have thought that it was half-past five instead of half-past four. In that case he would be scarcely at all late, even now.

A little recovered by this new flicker of hope, she sits down. Yes; she will give him five minutes more, and during all these five she will not look round once, or send her eyes in search of him. Perhaps that will bring her luck. But it does not. The five minutes are gone, and he is not here. She gives him ten more, and then five again. Twice she repeats her little feverish excursion to the head of the main avenue; these times she is not even deluded by the will-of-the-wisp of a possible resemblance in any of the few saunterers that occupy it, to him whom she, with a now so evident hopelessness, seeks.

It is only the clocks striking six that at length make her really and desperately turn homewards. Each one of their tranquil strokes seems to her the beat of a cruel hammer on her heart. But putting out of the question the bootlessness of any further delay, self-respect, at length aroused, forbids her any more moments to the humiliating and miserable hour and a half she has already spent.

"If I had had any proper pride, I should have gone home an hour ago," she says to herself in bitterest dejection, as she passes along. She holds her head, usually carried a little loftily, well down. It seems to her as if everybody who meets her must read in her face her deep discomfiture, and the fool's errand on which she has been. She quickens her pace to get away from them; to be safe out of the streets so full of gaudy light, where at any time she may meet an acquaintance—worse still, one of their yesterday's party; worst of all, Miss Watson.

As she nears the Lüttichau Strasse her distress lightens a little; the hope of finding there a note, a message, some solving of this most inhuman riddle, buoys up her steps and gives life again to her looks. It cannot be but that there must be some clearing up of this wretched *contretemps*. It will have, as she says to herself, to be a very bright clearing up indeed, to indemnify her for the sufferings of the afternoon—that very afternoon whose anticipated joys she had pitied every chance-passer-by that she met, for not being about to share.

"Well," cries Sarah, standing in the open salon door, and looking expectantly beyond her sister's figure for

another, "where is he? what have you done with him? I want to fall on his neck and kiss him. I have long," laughing, "been wishing for an excuse to do it, and now I have an excellent one."

Belinda had not meant to have entered the salon. She had hoped to have slunk unperceived to her room; for has not Tommy, in answer to her fevered questions, philosophically assured her that there has been neither note nor message left for her in her absence.

"Do not," she says hoarsely, "do not laugh. I cannot bear it. He was not there; he never came!"

"Never came!" echoes Sarah in a tone of bottomless wonder, her pretty eyes and mouth opening with a stare and a gape. "Then," gradually recovering the power of speech, "then where have you been, may I ask—what have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been waiting for him," answers Belinda, trying to speak steadily, though at that humiliating confession such a tide of crimson rushes over her poor proud face as one would think must leave all the rest of her body bloodless.

"But it is monstrous!" cries the other in a tone of the wildest excitement; "*ça n'a pas de nom*; there is some mistake. He is a man, he is a gentleman; of course he has written—he has sent?"

Belinda shakes her head.

"No; I asked Tommy."

"Tommy!" repeats Sarah in a tone of the most contemptuous indignation. "Tommy, indeed! That boy is ripening for the tread-mill or the gallows, or both, as fast as he can. You will hardly believe that after what I said to him—you heard me—he showed them up all at once."

Then, ringing the bell violently, "Tommy," she says very sharply, "how dare you say that there is not a note for Miss Churchill? Of course there is a note. Go this moment to look for it, and do not come back without it!"

Paying no attention whatever to his asseverations, she waves him from the room; and then follow a few moments of painful waiting. At the end of them Tommy returns with, sure enough, a missive of some kind on a salver.

"I told you how it would be!" exclaims Sarah, triumphantly pouncing upon it and the unlucky child at once. "How dare you tell such a story, you naughty boy? Do you know where liars go to?"

And he may pour into her unheeding ear his faltering attempt to lay the blame on Gustel, who answers the bell when he is out; she does not hear a word he says. In a fury of impatient anxiety, she is stooping over Belinda's shoulder: Belinda, whose shaking fingers can scarcely tear the envelope asunder.

A thin blue paper falls out. It is the bill from a Porzellan Handlung for a couple of Meissen figures purchased there a week ago. In an uncontrollable spasm of misery, she throws it on the floor and bursts into tears.

CHAPTER XII.

"STILL at dinner, are they? I shall not detain them a moment; I am sure they will admit me; they always admit me. No, I will not wait in the salon; I will join them in the dining-room."

Such are the sentences uttered by Miss Watson's voice, and plainly audible through the door on that same evening, as addressed to Tommy, who is opposing his puny infant strength to the forcible breaking in upon his mistresses at their dessert by the before-mentioned lady. With what result may readily be guessed.

"Have you heard about young Rivers?" cries she, thrusting the boy aside and bursting in upon them.

They are sitting, as they have sat upon so many happier evenings, the one old woman and the two young ones, in their pretty *soigné* evening dresses. For the last three-quarters of an hour Belinda has been struggling to solve the problem how to swallow. It is dreadful to eat, but it is still more dreadful to have your lack of appetite noticed and wondered at. Grapes are perhaps less difficult than most other things for an unwilling palate to deal with; and she has taken a few Muscats, and is holding a small bunch between her hot and listless fingers at the time of Miss Watson's bounding entrance. Instantly they fall with a slight patter upon her plate.

"What about him?" asks Sarah eagerly, jumping up and running toward the intruder, while Mrs. Churchill drops the little red Alpine strawberry she is in the act of lifting to her lips, and says in an amazed voice:

"Dear me, Miss Watson! how you startle one!"

"You have not heard, then?" says the other loudly, in a voice of relief. "I am the first to tell you?"

"Yes, yes; of course. What is there to tell?" As she speaks, Sarah places herself adroitly between their visitor and her view of Belinda, and mentally thanks her gods for the failing light and the unkindled gas.

"I was at the station this evening," begins the other; only too happy to embark upon her tale; "indeed, I have come almost straight thence." She is in rather disheveled morning dress. "I went to see the Rays off. You know how much we have been together; they would never have forgiven me if I had not!"

Despite her anxious suspense, Sarah cannot avoid a sardonic smile. It is the open secret of the whole English colony that the Ray family has been compelled, by Watson assiduities, regretfully and at great personal inconvenience, to curtail their stay in the Saxon capital.

"I took their tickets for them," pursues the unconscious narrator—"I never mind trouble—indeed, I insisted upon it. To tell truth, I was a little glad of the opportunity to find out where they were going to book to, about which they had made rather a foolish mystery, when, just as I was counting my change, whom should I see coming up to the ticket-office but young Rivers!"

"Well?" Even Sarah is a little breathless.

"And what brings you here, pray?" I said. "Are you come, too, to see the Rays off?" He did not hear me. I was prepared for that; you know you explained to me that he was a little deaf. By-the-way, that deafness should be seen to at once, and so I shall tell him, if I ever meet him again."

If she ever meets him again! Belinda is leaning forward in an attitude of the acutest strained listening; her heart is beating against the edge of the table with loud, hard blows.

"He evidently could not have heard me," pursues Miss Watson fluently; "nor seen me either, for the matter of that, as he turned sharp round and walked off in the other direction. Of course, as soon as the Rays could spare me, I went after him and overtook him."

"Of course!" murmurs Sarah, under her breath.

"I put my hand on his arm. 'Come, now, where are you off to?' just like that. He shook my hand off—you know he never had any manners—that is why I think he must be related to the Stukeley Rivers; they are proverbially rude, as a family. 'What do you want?' he said, just as if he had not heard my question. 'I want to know where you are off to?' I said. 'Where are you off to?' He hesitated for a moment, and then

seeing, I suppose, that I was not to be trifled with, that I was determined to have an answer of some kind, he turned his head quite away, and said, so low that I could hardly hear him, 'I am going back to England to-night.' Then he was away like a shot, and what with the confusion of the train coming in, and seeing that the Rays had all their parcels right in the carriage—of course, at the last moment, one was missing—I never caught another glimpse of him." She stops, out of breath, her narrative ended; nor, for a moment, does any one of her three auditors comment upon it.

Belinda has sunk back in her chair, and round her the room is spinning. Sarah, Miss Watson, granny, the dogs, all are whirling. Mrs. Churchill is the first to speak.

"I suppose," she says, in a voice still somewhat ruffled by Miss Watson's inroad, and picking up the sugar-sifter in her delicate old fingers, "that he was tired of Dresden. There is nothing very wonderful in that. Punch, take your hands off the table this instant."

"But it is so sudden!" cries Miss Watson, in a loud, aggrieved tone, as if Rivers' departure were a personal injury. "Why did not he tell us? He never told me; did he ever tell you he was going?" Nobody takes the trouble to answer. "I am sure that yesterday, at Wesenstein, nobody would have said that he had such an idea in his head, would they now?" turning directly to Belinda.

By a great exertion of the powers of the mind over their weaker brothers of the body, Belinda has forced the room and the people to stand steady and still again. By a like exertion, she frames a sentence, which, though short, is not conspicuously tremulous.

"No; I think not."

"Probably he was telegraphed for home," says Sarah, coming hastily to her sister's rescue, and trying to divert from her the brunt of Miss Watson's eyes and speech. "Probably he had bad news."

"I should not wonder," answers Miss Watson, looking down on the floor for a moment in inquisitive reflection. "I should not at all wonder. He looked like a man who had had bad news. In point of fact, he looked shockingly ill. I never saw a man so changed in so short a time. I am so annoyed with myself," in a tone of the sincerest vexation, "for not having asked him point-blank!"

"I should have thought that you might have spared yourself that reproach," says Sarah; adding, as she casts an oblique glance in the friendly dusk toward Belinda, to see how she is holding up, "most likely one of his relations is dead."

"I hope it is not even worse than that," answers the other, in a voice of mysterious curiosity. "I hope that none of his sisters have got into a disagreeable scrape. You know that, in the world, the Rivers women have the character of being *un peu leste*."

It is not till every possible conjecture has been exhausted, till the few facts known have been worn bare and shiny by turning and handling, that Miss Watson at length withdraws. She would not have gone then, had not the idea suddenly presented itself, that, if she make haste, she will be able before bed-time to force herself and her news upon three or four more households.

No sooner is the outer door safely shut upon her, than—

"Tommy is incorrigible!" says Mrs. Churchill, in a tone of irritation. "The number of times that I have impressed upon him not to admit that woman on any pretext whatever, while we are at dinner!"

"Pooh, granny! what nonsense you talk!" replies Sarah, disrespectfully. "When that great galleon bears down upon him, what can a poor little skiff like Tommy do? Of course she will come to breakfast and luncheon and dinner, and we may think ourselves very lucky if she does not insist on thrusting herself upon us in our baths." As she speaks, she puts her hand under her sister's heavy hanging, limp arm, and draws her away toward the salon. "If you will be so slow, grauny," she says, with a parting laugh, "we must leave you to carouse alone. I believe you enjoy yourself more when you have no witnesses of your gormandize."

But arrived in the salon, she no longer laughs. Belinda has thrown herself flaccidly into a chair. The curtains are undrawn, and through them her eyes stare out upon the street—the street where, through the deepening gloom, the lit lamps, but now such insignificant yellow specks, are beginning to gain importance and use—the street so continually worn by his eager footsteps, where she has so often heard them, up and down, up and down, waiting, watching for hours, if it be past all seemliness and moderation for him to venture a visit on the bare chance of her throwing him out one parting smile. All through dinner she has been dreading the evening—dreading its suspense, the bell that will ring now and again; the intervals that will elapse, and then the blank silence, nothing resulting, showing that it was not he who rang. Well, suspense is over and gone now; but she would be glad to have it back again, seeing that it has taken hope with it.

"Well," she says after a pause, looking up wearily at her sister, who stands beside her with her fair arms folded and her white brows bent in an attitude of serious reflection very unnatural to her; "well, what do you say now? Who was right now?"

"I," replies Sarah. "I am more convinced than ever that he left a note or message for you, and that it has miscarried."

Belinda's shoulders lift themselves slightly in an unbelieving shrug.

"Notes do not miscarry."

"He left it with the servants to send," pursues Sarah decidedly, "and they—you know what German servants are—put it into the post or into the fire, to save themselves trouble."

Belinda offers no contradiction, but neither does any ray of hope brighten her dull face at this hypothesis.

"Are you quite sure," asks Sarah, looking penetratingly in her elder's face, so as to glean her answer from it rather than from her words, "are you quite sure that you did not snub him yesterday at Wesenstein? I know that you very often do it without intending it; that you can no more help it than you can help drawing breath; but you are sure that you did not?"

"Snubbed him! good heavens, no!"

She has writhed herself half over, and is thrusting her poor face into the cushioned back of the chair, as if she wished that she could for ever bury it there, while the blood seems to be rushing in hot shamed tinglings all over her body, as her sister's words call up before her in all the vividness of new life that scene in the wood, in which snubbing bore so small a part.

"Then it is perfectly obvious," replies Sarah collectedly, and with cool common sense, "as I told that hornet just now, that he has had bad news and been telegraphed for home. I hope," with an accent of awakened anxiety, "that it is not the iron that has gone wrong."

"I hope it is not anything about his father," says Belinda, startled by this suggestion out of her own

hot and miserable retrospect; "he would never get over it."

"Pooh!" says Sarah; "sons do not die of their fathers' deaths; and, in fact, as far as we are concerned, it would simplify matters a good deal; he would be his own father then."

For a few moments there is a silence, cut into only by the sound of Punch's snores, regular and long drawn out, through the door. It is Belinda who, contrary to what one would have expected, breaks it.

"You were always telling me," she says with a hard smile, that yet looks as if it needed only one touch to make it dissolve into bitter tears—"you were always telling me that I was so cold to him; you were always advising and urging me to be less cold; perhaps," with a sort of gasp, "perhaps I have obeyed you too well; perhaps—perhaps he thinks so."

"Do you mean," cries Sarah, with a derisive laugh, whose offensive quality is, however, lessened by the soothing gesture of a kind arm thrown at the same moment round her afflicted elder's neck, "do you mean to

say that you suspect him of having taken to his heels because you gave him two civil words and one look that was not a scowl? If such is the case, he is a valuable admirer, and the more express trains he gets into the better."

But Belinda is too much cast down to make any rejoinder.

"You will pardon my saying so," continues Sarah in a counterfeit apology that is contradicted by the lurking mirth in her eye, "but he would not have been nearly so tiresome as he was if he had not been genuinely in love. If a man is only playing at love, he can be civil and amusing to other people; but," breaking into an unavoidable laugh, "was poor David amusing? he had his one solitary everlasting *idée fixe*. My dear soul," passing her light hand with a stroking motion down Belinda's heaving shoulder, "what a trial he was to granny and me! And—cheer up!—what a trial he will be again!"

This is all the consolation, if consolation it can be called, that Belinda has to take to bed with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LETTER TO EVA.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Now that you have left my life as one leaves a house in a strange land to which there shall be no return; now that I move on alone in the darkness, the coldness and desolation of my days, only one thing holds any hope of comfort for me, and that is to live over in my memory the only happy days of my life. I think of them; I dream of them; and now I have bethought myself to write out a connected account of them, and address it to you, just as if you would one day read it:

Yesterday I walked up to the house where I first met you, on the first of July, five years ago. I saw that the house was to let; and I got permission to go over it. As I stood in the large, empty drawing-rooms, the place was changed for me, as by magic. It was again richly furnished—again brilliant with light, thronged with people. I heard again a clamor of voices, as when I stood that night in the doorway. A hand fell on my arm, and my hostess said:

"Mr. Archer, I want at once to introduce you to a most charming woman, a great admirer of your novels. She has had a romantic story of her own."

So saying, she piloted me across the crowded rooms, and we stood before you.

"Miss Linton, here is Mr. Archer. I told you I would bring him."

"I have very often wished to have the pleasure of meeting you," you said, turning to me, and frankly putting out your hand.

Those were the first words you spoke to me. For the first time I heard my ideal voice—the low, subtle, thrilling, sympathetic voice, with a note in it of tender, pleading music, unlike any other voice that I have ever heard. Did I take in all its beauty that night? Hardly, I think, yet I felt it keenly, and from the first you charmed me.

Oh, fair, gracious face, lit by the fair, gracious soul! Oh, perfect, passionate mouth, such as the old Greeks

loved—formed for kisses and music! Oh beautiful, deep, changeful eyes, and white, thoughtful brows, with their crown of soft brown hair—in how short a time they began to come to me in my dreams at night! You know, too, I thought you had the queenliest figure that ever woman had. No woman ever held herself so proudly or so graciously. There was something in the touch of your white, smooth, small, but withal strong hand, that seemed to speak to me. You wore that night a soft, luminous dress; you had a red rose in your bosom, and a red rose in your hair. I sat down by you and we began to talk. Our talk was about novels, poetry, English and American, and of the places we had visited. When you rose to leave, I went with you to your carriage, and you asked me to come to see you. I had been longing for you to do this. Looking back, now, I see that, though I did not realize it then, I must have been in love with you that night.

I went back to the house after you left, but remained only a few minutes. It seemed so worse than uninteresting when you were gone. All night I lay awake thinking of you, recalling your voice, longing to hear it again.

I turned away yesterday, sadly as one leaves a friend, from that house over whose floors your feet had passed, that had been swept by the hem of your dress, and where I had first seen you. I came back into the heart of London, and walked for some time to and fro in front of that other house you had till so recently occupied, over the threshold of which I had passed so many times. As I walked up and down, in the raw air of the November night, hearing the discontented wind sweeping along the leaves that had fallen from the trees in the London Square, the pain and loneliness of my life seemed more than I could endure. A boy with a basket stopped in front of the house and rung the servants' bell; a light appeared for a moment at one of the upper

windows and then vanished. I should have liked to kneel down and kiss the dear stone steps which your beloved feet had crossed so many times.

Slowly I turned back then to my chambers to think of you, then finally to find some rest from thought by means of kindly chloral. It will kill me in the end, perhaps, but what matter!

That night I had such a wonderful dream of you. I thought I was walking in a strange, lonely, sunset country, something like country I have seen, but unmistakably dream-country. No one was in sight, but from the tranquil field, and from the patient hill, I heard a sound of many divine voices singing, and I knew they were singing of you, and my heart leaped and thrilled in me, and the song told that you were coming; and just for great delight to think that I should see you again, the tears burst forth and I wept like a child. Then all in a minute you stood before me, your face more beautiful than ever, in the sunset light of that fair dream-country. It seemed to me that you were the queen of it, and when you saw my tears, thinking them tears of sorrow, you threw both your beautiful arms around my neck, and I laid your subtle lips to mine. I felt your clinging close to me. I thought I should have fainted from the joy of it; instead, I awoke—oh, the bitter awakening that it was!

The day I next saw you after the first meeting was the fifth of July, the day on which you told me I might call. It was a brilliantly fine day, too intense for most people, but not so for me. Besides, your drawing-room, with its tempered sweetness, its flowers, its delicate tints, was a heaven of shade. Not as I saw you on one day only do you appear to me in memory, but as I have seen you on many days. Still, visions of you, as I saw you on certain special days, beset me specially, and very often I see you as I saw you that day. Your soft dress was veined with blue; you looked a divine blending of heaven and earth—you might have been a saint to die for; you were a woman to live for. I remember the tone of voice in which you said, "I am very glad to see you." Just as if really you *were* a little glad. Then, of course, we fell to talking of what a hot day it was, and from that of people who like compromises with nature as with all things. I said I was always in extremes; but, all the same, a great believer in compromise; and you laughed, a little, a-half perplexed laugh, and said that you believed only in things that were absolute. You seemed to draw me on to talk of myself, which, as I told you at the time, is not a favorite subject of conversation with me. Before I left you, you knew, I think, the lonely, reserved man I was—made cruelly lonely by a nature utterly insufficient for itself, yet not finding in any companionship that for which it sought, for which it still craved ceaselessly.

When I rose to leave you I saw tender sympathy for me in your then gray and so compassionate eyes, heard sympathy in the tones of your voice, felt sympathy in the touch of your fair, firm hand. I went to the club that night, but did not hear what any one said, so lost was I in trying to recall the way in which you spoke. I fell asleep and awoke early, my heart flooded with the thought of you. This interest which I had in you—I, who until then, had been interested in no one—seemed to remake life; for when I looked back on the internal loneliness of the days before I knew you, I wondered how I ever could have borne them.

That day I made some pretext on which to write to you. Two days after I called upon you, in the evening, as you had told me I might. It was a hot, windless evening, with a storm brooding. You received me very

kindly, and we sat for a happy hour in the twilight. Presently you said:

"Is there no chance of cure for your loneliness?" and I answered: "A week ago I should have said no such chance could be. Now I say there is; it rests with you."

"With me?"

"Yes, with you; will you be my friend? Will you let me be yours?"

"I think I need a friend as much as you do," you answered, with a little sigh. Then, with one of those dear impulses, which were so adorable in you, you put out both hands, and I took them, and held them in mine for a minute.

When did the feeling first burn home to me that what I felt for you was love—love in the sense of being in love—not the friendship I had imagined? I could not keep away from you; could not keep from writing to you. In one letter, I remember, I asked you to explain me to myself. Here I have your answer—the handwriting is faded with time, that beautiful handwriting, which, like everything about you, had on it the impress of your own gracious individuality. Oh, dear letter, once warm from your own hand; a letter in which I almost seem to hear you speak. You say:

"DEAR FRIEND: Your letter, half-sad, half-glad, came to me this morning with many others. I turned at once to yours. You ask me to explain yourself to yourself—to tell you why it is that while you are glad in my friendship—gladder, you are good enough to say, than of anything else in your life—you are yet so restless at times, even so despairing.

"As a rule, no woman is more stupid at explanations than am I; but I think this a problem that I can solve. By your own account, when you met me you were a lonely, reserved, self-contained man, never having known a real friendship. You say that your friendship with me made you, for the first time in your life, *live*. I have made a new world for you, you tell me—given a meaning to the summer it has never had before.

"My friend, a sudden friendship stimulated you thus: but you see now, don't you, that it is not by any means all you thought it would be? Hence your restlessness: hence your despair; but I, your new friend, am hopeful for you. Your power to feel so much shows me a capability of feeling still more. It has been my good fortune in life, when I never thought to be of any more good at all, to rouse you from lethargy, to plant in you some knowledge of what life may be made. Am I a little sorry to think that another friend must complete what I have only begun? Perhaps I am—I know I am—selfish. I suppose I should have liked this friendship, which came to you so unexpectedly, to have been the completest of your life; but I will try to be glad of what is best for you.

"Will you come to-morrow, and talk over with me the plot of your new novel? I want this, your next book, to be very much alive. I half feel as if the sun of our friendship were setting. Come to-morrow, and tell me that it is not quite sundown yet—it often turns so very chilly in the twilight.

Your friend,

"EVA."

The next day I reproached you with your letter, which, all the same, had been so dear to me, as evidence that you did value my friendship. Your face brightened when I told you that never another such friendship could come to me.

"I am glad that, at least, you think so now," you said, in a tone that was as sweet almost and as subtle as a caress. I passed the evening with you. You did not know then, my Eva, how I longed to kneel down by you—to kiss your lips, your hands, your dress, the heavy

gold locket hanging at your white, wonderful throat. And I had to sit at a little distance from you, and dared not even reach out and take your hand. You were gay the early part of that evening. Talking of an acquaintance of ours, supposed by most women to be very dangerous to men's peace of mind, you said:

"She is a bright, noisy little brooklet of a woman—pretty to look at, but too shallow to drown in."

Do you, at this date, remember describing to me a sunset you had seen once on the coast of France—a wonderful opal sunset, in whose strange light shore and sea seemed translated?

"It was a sunset that hushed you," you said. "It seemed like the glorified ghost of a sunset."

I have seen in your eyes, my love, when talking of anything that greatly moved you, a look of passionate inspiration, as if they saw deep into the mystery of things. In your voice, too, at such times, was a rapture I knew well, which corresponded to that look which I have seen in no eyes but yours, as I have heard that subtle, thrilling tone only in your voice.

As the evening wore on you fell sad; thus, sometimes, after a day of brilliant sunshine and perfect stillness, just at sunset a sad little wind begins to moan among the trees, and the sky grows gray and hopeless. So seemed to me the change in you; nor was it the first time I had noted this sudden transition. Do you remember my asking you why you were so sad? You answered:

"How do you know I am sad? Have I said so?"

Then I did take your hand, and I said: "Eva, could we be the friends we are, and I not know, without your telling me, when you are sad? Will you not tell me what makes you so?" Oh, my God, how I longed then to draw you close to my heart, and kiss all shadow of trouble from your face; to banish all trouble from your heart!

"What are you thinking of?" I asked.

You answered, looking down, "Of something that is over. I will try not to be sad when you are here. Indeed, I ought not, remembering how cold and lonely I should be now without your friendship."

Soon after it was time for me to go, but all that night I could not sleep, so haunted was I by your sad yearning, pleading, almost hopeless eyes; by your low voice, which had in it that pathetic elemental music, that soft, rainy trouble, which we hear in the summer wind that comes before the rain.

"What is her trouble?" I pondered as I lay awake that night, and owned at last to myself that I loved you madly—that if, by dying for you I could make you happy, I would so gladly die.

You may remember my calling on you the next afternoon. You were going for a walk, and you let me go with you. Your very sad mood of the past night seemed to have passed away. You were gay—gay in your own bright way.

Oh, love of my life, who shall say what it was that most of all in you enthralled me—the wonderful voice, changing with every emotion as the beautiful eyes changed, or the delicate imagination, that divine sense of ideality which contrasted with your strength of will, your power to conceive rapidly and execute surely, and made you not only a beauty and a refuge in the world, but a positive good? or was it for that exquisite, unnamable fragrance of womanhood which escaped from you—the rose-scent from a rose? or was it for your moods of sweet waywardness, like the shadows of April trees shaking in the sunny, windy course of a rapid brooklet? or was it for your sadness, which sounded in me un-

known depths of pity? Oh, my poet! oh, my busy, kindly worker! I loved each separate charm of yours ten hundred times more than the most passionate lover ever loved the whole united force of his mistress' attractions. You were, even in those days, what you are now, what you must always remain to me—my beautiful wonder of women. It was the fifteenth of August when I left England for Rocherville, on the coast of Normandy, where you were to follow in a few days, with a party of friends. You thought it best that I should go first, and I obeyed you. We passed the evening of the fourteenth together. I wonder if you remember it at all? You were sad and said you should miss me. I asked you to write to me, and you smiled as if pleased, and answered, "I don't think the sun of our friendship has begun to set as yet."

I remember how a street piano played under your window. It was playing the "Carnival de Venice." Whenever I hear that tune now it brings back to me your drawing-room in the twilight; yourself lying on the sofa—for you were tired that night—while I sat close by, worshiping you, yet not daring to tell you of the great love which was making me afraid of myself.

Do you remember telling me to talk, and calling me stupid? You did not know then that I could not talk because I was so full of grief at parting from you, even for a few days. Oh, did not the shadow of that parting forecast this greater shadow, which is even as the shadow of death?

Shall I ever forget the twentieth of August? I did not expect you until the twenty-sixth. I had been roving all day about the shore, thinking of you and longing for you, when, coming back, about nine o'clock, passing the window of the hotel, I saw you sitting there, your dear eyes bent down, the lamplight shining on your warm brown hair. I entered without your having seen me, and in another moment we stood face to face.

"I have been wondering where we should meet,"—those were your first words. "You are surprised to see me before my time. It was the sudden arrangement of my friends. They found they could leave London earlier than they had hoped."

"Heaven bless your friends!" I said, as I pressed your hand close in mine.

Then we joined your party, and sat all together on the beach. Oh, the joy of that night—the supreme comfort of knowing you were with me! Unseen by the others, you let your hand rest in mine. All that night I could not sleep for thinking of you. To the immaculate moonlight and the everlasting sea I told my love. Whichever way I looked I seemed to see you before me, as I had seen you so unexpectedly in the *salon* of the hotel, the lamplight falling on your soft brown hair, the face bent down, the dear eyes never meeting mine.

How I must always love Rocherville for the sake of the days that followed! For a week you seemed less sad; but after that the old pensive moods came back very frequently, until there arrived that never-to-be-forgotten seventh of September.

It was a bright, gusty day, and we were walking along the high road when heavy raindrops began to come down, so we took shelter under some trees. The ground was carpeted with leaves, and on them we sat down. I came nearer to you than I had ever dared to do before. Then my love could no longer be kept under. I flung my arms about you, and you did not move from me. My lips clung to your neck; just then we heard voices of people we knew approaching, and, rising, we were on the instant once more only friends. I did not see you alone again until evening; we had been visiting your friends,

the Stones, you may remember, and it was my good fortune to see you back to your hotel. Do you, I wonder, remember the brilliant moonlight of that night, and the high west wind bringing to us, as we walked, the sound and the smell of the sea? We walked on until we came to the beach, and there we sat down together. Then, for the first time, I kissed your lips and felt your kiss answering mine; then I lay with my head in your lap, while you leaned above me and your fingers played in my hair. The white waves, exulting in their strength, shimmering in the pure, potent moonlight, filling the spacious night with their own wild, matchless music, will be forever associated in my mind with the memory of that night.

The next day I called to see you at your hotel—a wild, windy day it was, with occasional bursts of rain! A bitter day for me, my love, that dead day was.

I found you restless and sad, pacing up and down the room. When I went to kiss you, you drew back, and I hear again the tone, half of pity and half of terror, in which you said, as you shrank from me: "No, you must not; I have wronged you enough already. You must hear me!" Then you sat down, clasped your cold hands closely together, and told me about yourself and Frank Leinster. Then I heard that the man you loved, whose wife you had promised to be, had, without one word of explanation, left you; that he had last been seen on his way to France, in the companionship of a woman about whom report did not speak too favorably; that notwithstanding this, you had for five years cherished the belief that he would, in the end, return to you, as the only woman he could ever really love, as he was the one man that you could ever really love. All this you told me; and told me how, the day before, you had been for a few hours betrayed into thinking that you would give up all hope of a future with him and draw from my love what happiness you could; but that, alas, this could not be! "Some day," you said, "I feel certain he will return; for were we not made for one another? And then, dear, if you were my husband, what could we do? Would you not even suffer more than we? Can you forgive me for having given you false hopes?"

Did I not forgive you, Eva? You let me kneel beside you and kiss your hands. Then, just as a child might, you leaned your head on my shoulder and the tears came; and so full of pity was I then, my darling, I hardly felt my own suffering. I realized how terrible must have been those long years of vain waiting; how day after day hope would rise, only to fall stricken at night, when no word came from him; and still, after all, hope was not dead. Then I asked you to let me be your friend, one always longing to do your will; and if, I said, "in the course of many years he should not have come, or you should hear of his marriage, then perhaps you will be mine, though you can never love me as you loved him."

You answered, with a faint smile through your tears: "What! do you think you shall love me like this when I am old, as I should be then? I am not a young woman, even now."

"To me," I cried, "you must always be the same. You will let me be your friend, then?" I pleaded. And you answered, earnestly pressing my hands:

"Yes, my very, very dearest friend in all the world."

At the end of September you left Normandy, and shortly after I followed. I came back to town to find vast masses of work awaiting me. I wrote hard through the gray, hopeless days; then how good it was to come to you in the evening! What rest, what joy I found in you, my pure of heart! Of course, seeing us so much

together people began to talk, to wonder why we did not marry; but we cared little what they said. You were the whole world to me, and you felt me nearer to you than any but that one.

As I write to you, here in my dreary room, this gloomy November night, I have your picture before me and a packet of your letters. As I turn them over, what a fragrance seems to escape from them! Here is one dated the sixth of December. You write:

"DEAREST FRIEND: I have to pass this evening with an old school friend. I shall greatly miss seeing you. Moreover, I am very sad to-day. God bless you, my friend, for all your tenderness to me and patience with me; but, dear, I want to write to you what I can better write than say. It is that I feel I am doing you a wrong in letting you devote yourself to me as you do. I feel still that *he* will come back to me; but, if he does not, could I, even after many years, marry any one else? I am shadowing your life with the sorrow of mine. I am sad. This cruel waiting has worn my health away. You think me pretty now—in a little while you will not think me so. You must try to see less of me—must try to take interest in some woman happier and younger than I am. I shall be lonely when I see you less often; but I shall know that it is best for you. As tired children long to go to bed and sleep, so it seems to me that I long to be out of the pain of living. I think sometimes that *will* be before very long.

"Because you are not coming to me this evening, do not pass the time in working. You looked ill yesterday. We shall miss each other I know, but I know, too, that it is for the best."

Did you not know, my love, that I would not, could not, keep away from you? Do you remember how sometimes we would sit together quite silently through the long winter twilights, seeing visions in the fire? I can hear your voice come softly through the twilight, "Are you tired, dear?" Tired! was I ever tired in your presence?

To me that winter passed like a troubled yet happy dream. To love you had been the supreme revelation of my life. I had before been, as it were, my own prison-house. It was you who broke down the bars—you who led me out into God's light—you who made me know the divine possibilities of life. Had I not reason to worship you, my heart's queen?

Do you remember that April day when we took our first spring drive together? You were gay that day, my poor darling—in one of your glad, childlike moods. To me you would always remain young. It was the day that we went over Hampton Court together. A few days ago I went there by myself. Along the paths I seemed to see flutter again the hem of your dress. In the palace I seemed to have a vision of you standing before a favorite picture. I got strangely in people's way, I know, being blind to all but that vision of you.

When the third year of our friendship had passed, and still he came not, stronger than you knew grew in me the divine hope of making you my wife. Yet I reproached myself for being glad, knowing how you pined for him—for that other man. Did I think that my love might, in the end, come to make you love me more? Perhaps I did. You never, I think, really understood just how well I loved you. Yet that I loved you well, you did certainly know. Sometimes you would say, so piteously, with that sad look in your eyes:

"No one, I think, will ever be as good to me as you are. It is not often that a man loves a woman as you love me."

Ah! but when before had there been such a woman to love?

You can hardly forget the first of May, 1871. I had sat up all the past night working, and came to you to be rested and refreshed. I was strangely alive, as people often are for a while, when they have been sitting up through the night. What a spring day that was—a haze of heat hung in the windless air! It was a day when sounds could be heard with wonderful distinctness. Long after he had passed the house we could hear a man, with a barrow, crying, "Fine flowers, fine flowers—all a-blowing, all a-growing!" and you said the sound lingered in the air as if it had not strength enough wholly to pass away. Your rooms that day were fragrant with blossoms. You wore a soft, blue, clinging dress, such as I loved.

Do you remember how, before I could prevent, you came and knelt down by me, and said, laying your dear, cool hands on mine: "I have been thinking of many things. I am not happy as things are. Dear, if I give you all that I can—all that has been saved out of my existence—do you still care to make me your wife?"

You know what answer I made—with what rapture I folded you to my heart, to be at last my very own. How happy I meant to make you! Ah, that was my life's crowning day!

We arranged the marriage for early in October. Yet, my love, I knew even in those days that though you took the shelter of my love, and longed to make me happy, you still remembered that other man. Often I saw that your gayety was forced; I saw, as it were, the tears quivering behind the smile. When we were silent there would come into your eyes a strange, far-away look, and at such times I knew that your thoughts were with him. Was I pained? Was I not proud to be anything to you? Had you loved me as I loved you I could not have suffered for you. I did not hint to you that I knew how often your heart was far away from me, and you were grateful, I know, for my silence. As the days went on your health failed more and more. It was the last day of July that you went, for change of air, to visit a relative at Dover. Dover is dear to me, for your sake, ever since, yet sad withal now as a graveyard, where the heart's beloved are buried.

Were you wasting away? Were you going to die? The cold drops stood on my forehead at the thought. I remember how, one day when I had gone out thinking to take a long walk to induce sleep at night, these fears so possessed me that I turned straight back, and, entering the room where you were, found you lying on the sofa, and crying softly to yourself; only because you were weak, you said, drawing my face down to yours—your dear face, wet with tears. It was that day that I persuaded you to go to Dover, where I soon followed you, arranging to go up to town once a fortnight for consultation with my publishers regarding some works then in progress. What strange, sweet, sad months were those of August and September. We were to be married the second of October. The sea air seemed not to do you the good it ought. Should I lose you before you had ever been really mine? I suppose it was good for me that I had to work. I used to hurry through the mornings feverishly, and then go to you. How sweet you always were—sad as death, I used to think sometimes, but sweet as the after-peace of Heaven! One day I could bear it no longer. I knelt down beside you, and I cried out:

"Eva, is my love killing you? For God's sake, tell me the truth."

"Oh, how sad your voice was when you answered me! and it seemed to come like a whisper from some far place beyond my reach. You said:

"No, dear, no! It will save me if anything can." And then you said, over again, still more faintly, "*if anything can*," and you put out your hands to me, and I saw how the bracelets fell back from the little, wasted, blue-veined wrists, and realized more than ever what a mere shadow of your former self you were. But I thought no more of giving you up. You had said that my love could save you if anything could, and I clung to that. Of what use was I in the world *but* to save you—to help you—even if to do so had been to break my own heart? I looked forward with a feverish, unreasonable hope to our marriage. I thought, vainly perhaps, and foolishly, that when I could take you into a new life, and amidst new scenes fill up your time with new interests, you would forget at last—you, with your passionate, faithful heart!

I remember—God pity me, how well I remember!—the thirtieth day of that September! I spent the whole day with you. I was going to London early the next morning, to make the last arrangements for our marriage, then so nigh. I gave myself, that day, a long holiday with you. I thought you seemed a little better. I read to you in the morning, while you lay upon the sofa, some poems that we both loved. "The Haystack in the Floods" was among them, and your eyes kindled at that with something of their old fire. In the afternoon I drove you myself for miles along the sea, and we listened to it, throbbing its heart out against the shore, as you said. Then, when the tide began to ebb, and a low wind, sad with prophecy, arose, I took you home.

That night when I bade you good-by I held you close in my arms—I, your lover, so soon to be your husband. I kissed your dear, consenting lips; but all the time the far-away look never left your eyes, and a pang pierced me, for I felt that some presence I could not see came between you and my kisses. And yet what a *good* night that was, if I had only known!

The next morning I went up to town; and, first of all, I went to leave some copy at my publishers'. There quite a packet of letters was handed to me, and the first one I looked at gave me a sensation something as if I had seen a ghost. It was the very peculiar, unforgettable handwriting of a man who had been my closest friend at Oxford, yet of whom I had lost sight utterly, since, a year or two after our university days were over, he had gone to America for his health. I do not believe much in presentiments, but there was something in the very touch of that letter which gave me a cold chill. I opened it, and this was what I read:

"MY DEAR ARCHER: I have long lost you from sight, though not from memory; but I will not stop to fill up the gaps now, except so far as is necessary to what I have to say. I pretty well recovered my health in America, studied medicine, and have got on well. Last spring I found myself getting run down again, and I put my practice in the hands of a friend, and came abroad for the summer. I have spent the last two months in Paris, and here I have formed an intimacy with a French physician, who asked me, three days ago, to go with him to the hospital to see a very interesting patient, a countryman of my own, just released from long incarceration in a French prison. I went with a languid sort of interest, and found—is not truth always stranger than fiction?—Frank Leinster, a friend of long ago, of whom, however, you will never have heard me speak, as we met first on the steamer that carried me to America, whither he was bound for a pleasure trip. I was very ill during the voyage, and he nursed me like a brother, and with that our intimacy began. When he returned to England we corresponded for a time, but a little more than eight years ago sudden

silence on his part fell between us, and I have never heard of him since till I found him, three days ago, lying more dead than alive on a pallet in a French hospital. Since then I have learned his story.

"He was always a half-mad Republican in theory, and at one time he got himself naturalized as a French citizen, and joined a secret communistic or socialistic association, binding himself by all sorts of oaths to obey, on the instant, the orders of his superiors. At the time of his mysterious disappearance he was suddenly summoned to Paris. He went in company with a Madame Vautrin, a fellow-conspirator, summoned at the same time with himself. No sooner had he reached Paris than he was betrayed by a spy who had been set to watch his movements, and thrown into prison. He was only released six days ago.

"Figure to yourself what those eight years would have been to any man. They were something worse to him. He was engaged to a woman whom he adored. Her name was Eva Linton. When he started at an hour's notice for France he meant to write to her the moment of his arrival, but he was arrested before he had even reached his hotel. For eight years she has had every reason to believe him faithless. She is married, very likely—or dead, perhaps—who knows? But he judges her by himself, and clings to some wild hope that she has trusted in him through all, and waited for him. 'They seem to think I'm booked for death,' he said, when he told me the story, 'but, Grey, you must find her first.'

"He told me that she was living, when he left England, with an aunt at 10 York Road, South Kensington. I at once telegraphed, and found that neither Miss Linton nor her aunt had been heard of there for more than five years. I can see that to find her is the one hope for saving my friend's life. His anxiety about her is consuming him, as the swift flame burns the oil in a lamp. I am not willing to leave him. I will only do so as a last resort. In this extremity I bethink myself of you. I know your old passion for ferreting out mysteries—I used to tell you you ought to be a police detective. I fancy it was this turn of mind that made you a novelist. You know London, and the ways of London. I can reach you, no doubt, through your publishers. My appeal to you is a forlorn hope; but I know you will spare no pains to help me, were it only for the old time's sake.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN GREY."

I suppose men do not usually faint or cry out when the ninth wave strikes them; at any rate, I did not. I read this letter through as quietly as if it had been on some ordinary matter of business. Then I folded it deliberately and put it into my pocket, and spoke a few civil words to the man who had handed it to me, and went out into the street. There was no more to be done about my marriage. Not for one moment did I doubt what that letter meant in my life; and in the midst of my keenest anguish I thanked God that it had not come too late. I wandered about the streets, I know not how long; but I took the afternoon train to Dover, by which I reached there a little before seven o'clock. How it rained all the way down! When we stopped the howling wind drove the rain in volleys against the carriage. All the way I was trying to realize what life would be, now I had lost you.

I shall never forget shivering through the streets that first of October to your friend's house at the East Cliff. When at length I came level with the sea, and heard its dull, heavy waves, dark as night, breaking on the beach, it seemed to me that sea was not more dreary than my life, without you, must henceforth be. Then bitter remorse of heart took hold on me that I could be so unhappy when I had the supreme blessedness of bringing

back to your life that light and joy which you had thought lost forever.

You knew my knock at the hall-door, and came to open it yourself.

"My poor wet darling," you said; "what a night it is!" Then you put both arms round my neck and raised your lips to be kissed, and drew me into the dining-room, where all things looked so warm and bright. I thought that dinner would never come to an end; but it was over at last, and then we went together into the little sitting-room at the end of the drawing-room, which had come to be regarded as your own, and seemed pervaded by the sweetness and potency of your presence.

Oh, my love, how well I remember everything about that evening! You wore a dress of silk and velvet that made a soft swish upon the floor as you walked. You had pearls in your ears, and your pearl locket was hanging at your throat. You had never looked lovelier or seemed so at rest since I had known you.

Outside we heard the falling of the rain, the bitter complaining of the wind, and through all the troubled voice of the sea. I remember just how you turned shivering to the fire, and how, kneeling down by it, you leaned your cheek against my hand. Dear, I cannot help lingering over that night. If only you had been in one of your sad moods, that might have given me strength; but no, you seemed at rest, and of your own accord began talking about our marriage.

"I am going to try and be just the best wife that ever was," you said, half playfully, yet earnestly meaning what you said. You went on: "How happy it will be when we are together all the time. I never seem other than alone now when we are parted. I am quite lost without my dear."

"Bless you!" I said, under my breath, and then you leaned your dear head on my shoulder.

God knows I take no credit to myself for what I did that night—I could have done nothing else; but oh, my love, my love, your divine tenderness made it all the harder, for I began to believe that I could have made you happy at the last, even I; and it hurt—God knows how it hurt—to think I must put you out of my life just when you were beginning to be so fond of me, and go on my dark way alone. You remember questioning me why I was so silent?—"Did I love you less?"—"Was I afraid of to-morrow?"—"Should you read to me?" And then the warmth of the fire and the silence within soothed you, and being very weak withal, you fell asleep there, with your head upon my shoulder, just as confidently as if you had been already my wife.

I had made up my mind to tell you all at half-past nine, and just before the half-hour struck you awoke with a start, opened wide your eyes, and said tenderly, as you fixed them on me:

"I am so very glad to have you back, my dear. I dreamed that you had not returned, and I was most unhappy, and began to think something dreadful must have happened. And I thought what it would be if I should never see you again. I shall not let you go again without me."

Oh, my love, when I remember that I do think I might have made you happy in the end, but who knows? I said to you these words in answer:

"Eva, my darling, I shall go away from you. You will never see me again; but you will not miss me."

Can I ever forget the tone of voice in which you said, lifting your head from my shoulder, and with a light I had never seen there before blazing in your eyes, while the blood came and went in your cheeks:

"You have news for me? Quick! What is it?"

For answer I put John Grey's letter in your hand. When you had read it through I think you forgot my presence for a moment. There was a wonderful light of rapture on your face, and you said, in a voice as low as a prayer, "Faithful and true through all, faithful and true!"

Then I saw a cloud pass over your face and the light fail in your eyes, and I knew that you were thinking of me and of your promise to me, and I made haste to tell you that you were free, quite free—that I knew all must be over between us now; and you were by no means to be unhappy for me, because your good and your joy *must* be mine. And then, one dear last time, you clung to me and wept—a great flood of healthful, saving tears—for sudden joy is as dangerous as sudden grief.

I offered, I remember, to take you to Paris the next day—the day that was to have been our wedding-day; but you spared me that. You told me your cousin would take you, and I was thankful. When it was time

to go, you told me how good I had been to you, and once more you gave me your lips to kiss.

I walked about long that night in the wind and the rain; and when I went home and slept at last, I dreamed of you, and that to-morrow was our wedding-day, and we were never more to be parted. Then I woke again to the whole bitter truth, and I heard the clamorous wind and the cry of the empty, hungry sea; and the rain fell upon the roof as if it were falling upon a grave, and I knew that my life was dead, but that its ghost would haunt me until I, too, who have outlived my life, shall cease to be.

[The writer of the foregoing letter has now been four years dead. I, his friend, have printed it, using other names than the real ones, but making no other change. Its publication will harm no one; and if some time it should meet *her* eye, it will not be amiss that she should know how well he loved her who loved in vain.]

THE HOUSEHOLD—THE STORY OF A HOUSE.

ONLY a square New England house of painted pine, with more pine, scalloped and perforated and pointed, by way of ornamentation, here and there. A house which romance would disdain, and in which no tragedy save the inevitable tragedy of living could even be imagined to find a place. And the story in all its forlorn details is still hidden between the covers of a book read by few, the moral being too obtrusive and the plot too pronounced, and on the whole, offensive. Yet, objectionable as the reader finds it, the "realism" is much more real than any fiction of the modern school of novelists' devising, and whoever would read not only this but a dozen similar ones, may find them all recorded in a Report of the State Board of Health for Massachusetts, where almost microscopic observation has been supplemented by equally minute and patient details of each and every phase of investigation.

A minister built it. A man fresh from the seminary and newly married, and, unlike the most of his order, with a little ready money, which it seemed to him good to invest in a home. And so the house was built, and this is the way the story runs: "The house was provided with an open well and sink-drain, with its deposit-box in close proximity thereto, affording facility to discharge its gases in the well as the most convenient place. The cellar was used, as country cellars commonly are, for the storage of provisions of every kind, and the windows were never opened. The only escape for the soil moisture and ground-air, except that which was absorbed by the drinking water, was through the crevices of the floors into the rooms above."

Here we have the beginning of the story—a beginning common to nine-tenths of the houses built in New England or out of it. The minister's business was with souls. That bodies had any interests half as important, he would have denied on the spot. Or, if he had admitted their rights, it would never have occurred to him that his methods involved their destruction. Why should it, when their first principles even had never been learned? And so naturally: "After a few months' residence in the house, the clergyman's wife died of fever. He soon married again, and the second wife also died of fever within a year from the time of marriage. His children were sick. He occupied the house about two years. The wife of his successor was soon taken ill, and barely escaped with her life. A physician then took the house. He married, and his wife soon died of fever. Another physician took the house, and within a few months came near dying of ery-

sipelas. He deserved it. The house meanwhile received no treatment. The doctors, according to their usual wont, even in their own families, were satisfied to deal with the consequences and leave the causes to do their worst. Next after the doctors a school-teacher took the house, and made a few changes, for convenience apparently, for substantially it remained the same, for he, too, escaped as by the skin of his teeth. Finally, after the foreclosure of many lives, the sickness and fatality of the property became so marked that it became unsaleable. When at last sold, every sort of prediction was made as to the risk of occupancy, but, by a thorough attention to sanitary conditions, no such risks have been again encountered."

One of our best illustrated papers some time since had a very vivid and suggestive picture of modern improvements—a carefully-drawn interior, with stationary stand and bath-room visible through the half-open door, while from each water-faucet issued the figure of a demon, looking with an evil and assured smile of confident power and possession toward the unconscious occupants of the room. How they must have swarmed and rioted in the house, which, so long as its stands, can be only a haunted house, given over in the beginning to demons, who, though driven out, are replaced by the ghosts of the young wives slowly done to death.

For was not all this death suicide, and suicide none the less because ignorantly accomplished? We call such things mysterious dispensations, but the day is coming—indeed, is close at hand—when we shall blush at the shameful stupidity and folly that made such words possible. Typhoid fever and diphtheria follow bad drainage just as surely as the crop of wheat follows the sowing of the seed. And if an objector urges that our grandfathers never had such difficulties, I answer that here as elsewhere "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." "The mills of God grind slowly." Years may pass, even generations, before the work is done, and then a life often far dearer than our own suddenly slips away, and we sit in darkness and wonder at the mystery of life and of death. Yet escape was in our own power, and the rules which hold the secret of escape are simple and plain for all who will learn. When will this be believed, and is there any chance that some school of the future will make their knowledge of as much importance as the first principles of arithmetic or facility in analyzing a sentence?



At a time when the diplomatic situation in Europe is perpetually "strained," it is impossible for the thoughtful observer to consider the question of armaments and not wonder what it is all coming to. The latest official figures give in round numbers an aggregate of 11,365,000 men for the war footing of the six great powers of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia. Add to these the navies (173,000 men), and the grand total foots up 11,538,000 men. These are, to some extent, "paper" figures; but the regular or standing armies are enough to appall a political economist of frugal mind. Austria-Hungary has 289,190 men in her regular force, France, 502,765; Germany, 445,402; Great Britain, 131,636; Italy, 736,502, and Russia, 974,771, without counting the navies. It has been suggested, half in jest perhaps, that these powers would find it to their interest to set apart a neutral territory, some ten miles square, on the borders of which each should be entitled to maintain a thousand picked men, subject to the inspection of an international commission. In case of war between any two or more of the powers interested, each should put its men in array, and, at a signal, open the campaign, operations to be confined to the neutral territory as specified, and the war there fought out to the bitter end. This would give each nation a chance to select its soldiers and train them with the utmost care, and the nation with the greatest resources would presumably have the best chance to secure superior material. The expense would, of course, be reduced far below present figures, private property would be secured against the wholesale destruction of a general campaign, and war would be stripped of half its horrors. A natural concomitant of such an arrangement would be of course the erection of towers of observation along the borders of the neutral tract wherever observers who chose to take the risk of stray long-range projectiles could "see the fun" at so much per head. No doubt expenses could be to a great extent defrayed by selling season-tickets and choice proscenium boxes, as it were, at fancy prices. The question of naval armaments would be even simpler, for a total tonnage might be allowed to each power joining the international convention, with a limited number of men and a specified weight of metal for armament. Presumably not more than two of the high contracting powers would go to war at one time; but in case of a general "unpleasantness," what could be simpler than to adopt the plan followed by rival colleges in the matter of football and other games—play off, or in this case fight off the ties. Seriously, however, the idea is not without a germ of common sense, and, next to an international court of arbitration *in perpetuo*, the plan seems the simplest and most humane that has yet been devised.

THERE is something very pathetic in the story published in the present number of *THE CONTINENT* entitled "A Letter to Eva," when it is known that the author is totally blind. The unconscious importance attached to qualities of voice, to the sounds of nature, to the sense of touch, have their significance, and references to the remembered loveliness of color and form all gain new force when this is known. It is interesting also to know that the au-

thor in his infancy inspired Mrs. Mulock Craik to write her fine lyric, quoted in all the books of selected poetry, and beginning:—

"Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip my king!
Round whom the empurpling shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find a queen handmaiden,
Philip my king!"

It may not be inappropriate to quote here the following lines, lately written for "The Critic" by Margaret J. Preston:

TO PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

They tell us thou art he, about whose brow,
In cradle years, a poet twined the lays
Through which she glorified, in poet's phrase,
Those splendid eyes, that forced her to avow
Heart-fealty to thee, her liege, and bow
Before thy regal looks, with regal praise
Of more enduring freshness than the bays
Which blatant crowds bind for their heroes now.
Had she prevision that above those eyes
God meant to press His hand, the better so
To cage the lark-like spirit, lest it soar
So deep into the blue inviolate skies
That earthly listeners, standing far below,
Should fail to catch the ethereal music more?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ANY one whose opinion is worth consulting at all, would, if he could, place liquor beyond the reach of those upon whom it works mischief. That is to say, every sensible man is theoretically in favor of prohibition, however much he may question the practical utility of prohibitory laws. That such laws have worked well under certain exceptionally favorable conditions, is true, but it is equally true that in most cases their efficient enforcement has proved impracticable. The existence of any law is justified only by the possibility of its enforcement, and where such enforcement is impossible any law becomes at once worse than useless, for it provokes popular contempt. One such law weakens all others, by suggesting that they too may be broken with impunity. Mr. Henry Hitchcock recently delivered an address at St. Louis, before the State Bar Association, which brings together, in a compact form, the legislation of different states on this vital question. Iowa passed the most sweeping enactment in the shape of a constitutional amendment, absolutely forbidding the manufacture or sale of any intoxicating liquor within her limits, and travelers on through lines of railroad have had the satisfaction, or otherwise, of seeing posted in palace cars, and at railway restaurants, notices to the effect that liquors cannot be had. One of the state courts, however, pronounced the amendment unconstitutional on technical grounds, and its decision is now confirmed on appeal by the State Supreme Court. In Mississippi the sale of liquor has been prohibited in fifty different towns. One county permits the sale of malt liquors alone, while another allows

liquors of any kind to be sold in only one of its towns. Another act curiously permits the sale of liquor within a radius of seven miles of two specified churches, whose denomination, by the way, it would be interesting to ascertain. So it is with other territories and districts within the state. In South Carolina a similar set of provisions subsists, with special laws for certain localities, while a general statute provides for a local option vote in any city, town or village, a majority to decide on "license" or "no license," but exempting from prohibition in any event domestic wine sold by the gallon. This, by the way, would seem to indicate an approach to the "town-meeting" idea of New England—certainly a most desirable innovation. In Kentucky special acts regulate the sale of liquors in the different counties, as in the two states just named; and, in some instances, public sentiment has changed, local prohibitory laws having been repealed presumably in accordance with a change of opinion on the part of the people. In Texas a local option law has been in force for some time, and was slightly amended in 1881. In Ohio the "Pond Law," imposing a heavy tax on dealers, was overruled as unconstitutional, being in conflict with the general prohibition of licenses. Another law prohibited Sunday sales wherever liquor was sold on week-days, but this is understood to have proved a dead letter. In Massachusetts the license law has lately been made more stringent, in prophetic anticipation, perhaps, of General Butler's accession to the Governorship; and Connecticut has a "license or no license" law, dependent upon the vote of town meetings. Here, too, the seller is made responsible for damage done by men made drunk on his premises, and sales to habitual drunkards, minors, or persons already intoxicated, are made punishable according to the gravity of the offense. It is evident from all these scraps of legislation, that interest in the liquor question is active in widely-separated sections of the Union, and the inference is certainly fair that contempt for drunkenness and active pity for its victims is gaining ground in quarters hitherto indifferent, if not rather inclined to favor free liquor. This feeling must tell for the advancement of the temperance cause whatever existing local laws may be, and it is upon the growth of this that the friends of moderation may most surely base their hopes of reform. The formation of anti-treating clubs and of associations whose members pledge themselves against "perpendicular drinking," point in the same direction, and are to be highly commended, so far as they go, to discourage tipping at the bars of drinking-places. Upon the whole, if we look back fifty years, and take into the account the vast increase of population, the temperance outlook is by no means discouraging. Even in England, where prohibitory laws are unknown, the spread of intelligence has exerted a well-defined influence on the sales of liquor, as indicated in the tax list. Men who are not altogether bad sometimes get drunk; a great many strictly temperate men sometimes drink and never get drunk. The former class will be very apt to stop short of inebriation when it dawns upon them that a glass too much renders them objects of thorough-going contempt and pity even to their friends and boon companions.

EVERY reader who takes up the latest volume in the "American Statesmen Series," and recalls the fact that mere details of personality are out of order, save as they bear upon the political life and work of the subject chosen,¹ will feel a hearty sympathy for the biographer. John Randolph overrides all laws and all theories, precisely as he overrode them in life; and, repress all gossip and anecdote rigorously as one may, the aggressive, penetrating, dominant personality has it way. The high-pitched voice sounds again, and the long forefinger points

in the face or emphasizes a threat against this would-be dispassionate and certainly supercilious narrator. Mr. Adams has had a difficult task, and he has addressed himself to it in a manner that recalls Justice Maule's summing up of Lord Westbury, as one that would be "offensive in Almighty God addressing a black beetle." Poor Andrew Jackson was kicked like a football through the pages wherein Professor Sumner gave his views of that period in American statesmanship, or the want of it, and the same method is followed, and with even greater energy, by Mr. Adams. The book, however, is a very striking one, and we have seldom had a clearer or stronger picture of the opposing forces at work in the troubled beginning of the century almost ended. Those who have read the brilliant chapter on colonial Virginia, in Professor Moses Coit Tyler's "History of American Literature," will note the similarity of deduction in the present biography where the same topic is treated. Professor Tyler's work is a singularly sympathetic, yet profound analysis of the spirit of the time, the mould into which through every natural cause it was finally run, and the inevitable effects of causes unseen and unfelt consciously by those they influenced, but plain to-day to the clear-eyed student of the past.

Had John Randolph been born to a quieter time, and amid influences that would have repressed instead of stimulating his lawless and passionate nature, he might easily, with his ardent loyalty, his strong affection and his equal power of inspiring affection, have become the statesman he fancied himself. But from beginning to end of the stormy and bitter life, every circumstance seemed against him. With the theories of Rousseau, and fond of calling himself "l'ami des noirs," he was a provincial despot, exquisitely courteous when it suited his mood, inexpressibly brutal when it did not. Education might have given him some power of self-government, but education in any real sense he never had. He grew up among old English classics, and much of his brilliant and forcible style came from intimate knowledge of their contents; but he absorbed their worst elements also, and in his coarsest and most vulgar moods had always something apt to quote in justification.

The dread of "National Sovereignty" filled many minds in the critical period when government was still an experiment. Against such sovereignty Jefferson thundered, and Randolph, who came into public life in the midst of this struggle, was for a time one of the President's chief agents in the attacks upon the Supreme Court, which was considered the most dangerous element in the new system. Out of this terror sprung the State-rights party, and Randolph remained through life a fanatic on this point, and, as Mr. Adams remarks, "he played tricks with his hobby until his best friends were weary and disgusted." To him rather than Calhoun must be given the leadership which ended in making states' rights and slavery inseparable. He "sketched out and partly filled in the outlines of that political scheme over which Calhoun labored so long, and against which Clay strove successfully while he lived—the identification of slavery with states' rights. All that was ablest and most masterly, all except what was mere metaphysical rubbish, in Calhoun's statesmanship had been suggested by Randolph years before Calhoun began his states' rights career. Randolph discovered and mapped out from beginning to end a chart of the whole course on which the slave power was to sail to its destruction." Nothing sadder, nothing more impressive has been known in the story of lives than the waste and misuse of power, the final defeat and the soured and evil later days of a man who threw away opportunities and rejected counsel with a fatuity that brought the natural consequences of folly. Mr. Adams' summary is picturesque and painful. The whole book is a strong and valuable contribution to political history, and will give a clearer idea of the time than many more pretentious ones.

(1) JOHN RANDOLPH. By Henry Adams. American Statesmen Series. 16mo, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On the whole, it is also just. Randolph chose to shroud his real inner life in mystery. In the end aspiration and any faith had left him, and whether the sensational story of his final remorse be true or not, it is a life before which men must draw a curtain, and which can be justly judged only before a tribunal which sees more clearly than human eyes can, and is merciful as well as just.



"POOLE'S INDEX" is at last finished in its new and revised edition, just issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., and makes a bulky volume of fifteen hundred pages, every one of them invaluable to the student or literary man.

THE library and art collections of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," are to be sold, and will thus be scattered broadcast, following the fate of most literary men's possessions. The sale is to take place in Edinburgh.

THE *Art Interchange* is doing most excellent work, not only in its own special field, but in its department of book criticism, which is exceptionally bright and keen. Whether there is room for one or two other art journals which have just sent out specimen numbers remains to be seen.

"THE VOYAGE OF THE VEGA," by Baron Nordenskjöld, published by Macmillan & Co., has been translated into eleven different languages, and its interest is likely to remain a permanent one, as the *Vega* is the only ship that has ever accomplished the Northeast passage.

ALL who have watched the progress of the brilliant New York literary fortnightly, *The Critic*, will welcome its change to a weekly form. Incisive as its judgments are, there is none of the pragmatism and bitter tone which has distinguished one, at least, of our weekly critical journals, and there is every indication of a successful future.

MR. CHARLES READE, who is usually in far too dead earnest to descend to puns or any light use of the English language, is credited by a London story-teller with at least one lapse. Once upon a time "Ouida," it is said, asked him to suggest a name for her new pet dog. "Tonic," quoth he instant; "for it is sure to be a mixture of bark, steel and whine."

THE final volume of Mr. Froude's series, "Short Studies on Great Subjects," has just appeared, and he makes the statement that a unity of purpose is present throughout, all the essays having a reference more or less direct to the problems by which the present generation have been most perplexed. By way of lightening these rather heavy labors, he contributed a story for the Christmas supplement of an English periodical.

THOSE who have enjoyed Mr. W. J. Linton's "Golden Apples of Hesperus," the dainty little collection of poems not to be found in other anthologies, will welcome its revision and enlargement under the title of "Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; a Supplement to the Anthologies." It is possible that some readers may object to the frank earthliness of some of the selections, but if there is license, it is certainly what one of our most honored critics has called "clean dirt." It is a book for poets, and though there is here and there a grossness unpleasant to the nineteenth century ear, it is infinitely higher and better than the morbid and sickly feeling of

the Swinburne school, while many of the poems are so exquisite as to make one wonder why they have been so long neglected. (16mo, pp. 264, \$2.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

MR. D. L. HOLBROOK, of New York, known as a very careful and thorough writer and investigator in matters of hygiene, is becoming equally known as one of the foremost students in microscopic science. At the last meeting of the American Society of Microscopists at Elmira, N. Y., two papers were read by him, which have since been put into pamphlet form—one on "The Structure of the Muscles of the Lobster," the other on "The Termination of the Nerves in the Liver." This last treats of a subject very little understood in the profession, and has attracted wide attention among anatomists.

It is possible that the six "New Arabian Nights," recently published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., are from the Arabian, but let no one credit them to Scherezade. If she had launched forth on their inconsequent, unmeaning marvels, she would most speedily have joined the vast caravan of her predecessors. Not even a sultan could with patience have endured these tales of genii and of princes who hurry from one absurdity to another, until the tale becomes a handful of beads unstrung. That Lane and Galland omitted them from their collections is to their credit, and the stories are to Sinbad and Aladdin what the "Gospel of Mary" is to St. Matthew. (8vo, cloth, pp. 390, \$1.50).

AN Art Students' League has been organized in Cincinnati, under the able direction of Mr. Matt Morgan, which includes many points that may be copied to advantage by other cities. The plan embraces not only stated classes for which studios have been arranged with every facility for costume life-study, but lectures on artistic anatomy two weeks in a month, and on perspective and architecture the remaining two, the fee for these advantages being but five dollars a month. A European scholarship, to be the prize to whoever paints the best original picture from a given subject, is also offered, and there seems every prospect that Cincinnati will do for art what she has already done for music.

WE are threatened with another edition of Shakspeare, if, indeed, we can have too many—this time with a German editor, Professor Delius, of Bonn—which will be issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. "Professor Delius asserts an inveterate skepticism as to those outward allusions which so many diligent commentators have detected in the plays, and, except where they may be looked upon as self-evident, he ignores them altogether in determining the date of composition. He rejects the theory that Shakspeare ever re-wrote his plays, and refuses to acknowledge the handiwork of any other author except in 'Timon,' 'Pericles,' and the prologues to 'Troilus and Cressida' and 'King Henry VIII.'"

A NEW venture in journalism is always a problem, not only to publishers, but to public, the field being already overcrowded; but the rather stale adage that "there is always room at the top," holds good in this as in every other case, and thus *The Builder*, owned by Clark Bryan & Co., of Holyoke, Mass., and edited by Mr. E. C. Gardner, already known to readers of THE CONTINENT as one of the best, perhaps the best, authorities on building in this country, begins with almost a certainty of success. It covers sanitary ground also, as all true building should, and general hints in many directions, all of such value that the paper should at once take the place it deserves as something "no family should be without."

MISS EMMA LAZARUS has become well known to magazine readers through short poems of a good deal of power and feeling. The present collection, "Songs of a Semite," published at the office of *The American Hebrew*, New York, is made up of a historical tragedy in five acts, en-

titled "The Dance to Death," and various translations and adaptations from the Spanish. The tragedy is simply a blood-curdling record of a persecution of the Jews. The "Songs" hold, many of them, deep religious feeling, and the whole has interest as a work essentially and almost aggressively Hebrew in spirit and purpose, but with a power and originality that deserves better setting than is given in the cheap form in which it appears. (Paper, pp. 80, 50 cents).

ONE of the most amusing of the many books for children produced for the holiday season is Gautier's "My Household of Pets" (16mo, pp. 132, \$1.25), Roberts Brothers, Boston, translated by Susan Coolidge. The work is gracefully done, and the history of the many pets, chiefly cats, will delight every child, as well as the elders who may be called upon to read it to them. "Two Tea-Parties," by Rosalie Vanderwater (\$2.00), is another of the profusely illustrated and delightful books for children issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.; a larger one, made up also with illuminated covers, being "Happy Little People," by Olive Patch (pp. 176, \$1.75). This last is intended for older children than the previous one, and is simply but very pleasantly written.

THE New York business man whose home is in "Jersey," and who rushes in the afternoon down Barclay street for a "train-boat," is tolerably certain, if he has a garden, to stop, as spring approaches, and look into the windows of No. 34, where for years Bliss & Co. have shown their tempting array of everything the gardener can want, from a paper of seed up to a hand-wheel cultivator. The catalogue for 1883, recently issued, is not only a neat and attractive piece of work, typographically considered, but a guide to be relied upon implicitly, years of experience having made the firm an authority more and more valued by every one who has ever had occasion to need their services.

WHERE full and minute detail of ancient peoples and systems is required, nothing can take the place of Rawlinson's work in this direction, and no library can be considered well-furnished which does not possess his "Oriental Monarchies." A new edition of his "Seventh Monarchy" has lately been brought out by Dodd & Mead, the two handsome volumes being an American reprint from American plates of the English edition of 1875. The illustrations and notes are given in full. One may occasionally wish for a little better management of the profuse material, or for more grace of style, but, as a whole, the books have a permanent and solid value, and the present edition is not only most attractively made up, but exceedingly low in price. The reading community owe Dodd & Mead a debt for this combination of typographical excellence and cheapness. (2 vols., 8vo, pp. 338-351, \$6.00).

NEW BOOKS.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Vol. II. Parchment edition. 18mo, pp. 311, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY. Reprinted from the *Spectator*. With illustrations by Charles O. Murray. Small quarto. \$1.50, pp. 194. D. Appleton & Co.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By Leonard Henly. 16mo, pp. 207, 50 cents. John W. Lovell Publishing Co., New York.

THE SECRET DISPATCH. By James Grant. 16mo, pp. 256, 50 cents. John W. Lovell Co.

DUMAS' ART ANNUAL. An Illustrated Record of the Exhibitions of the World. 1882. Containing about 250 original drawings, reproduced in fac-simile. Paper, 8vo, pp. 323, \$1.25. J. W. Bouton, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF AN ABOLITIONIST. From 1855 to 1865. By Dr. Alexander Milton Ross. Second edition. 16mo, pp. 203, \$1.25. Rowse & Hutchinson, Toronto.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN. A Code of Directions for Escaping from the Primal Curse. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Fourteenth edition. 16mo, pp. 159, \$1.00. M. L. Holbrook, New York.



THE Museum of Kew has recently been enriched by a very fine collection of Japanese lacquer-work. The collection, which was obtained especially for the museum by the acting consul at Hakodate, under instructions from H. M. charge d'affaires at Tokio, is extremely complete, and illustrates the whole process of manufacture. Thus, for instance, there are specimens of the trunk of the varnish tree, showing the deep cuts through the bark, made in a horizontal manner and close together, by a sharp, gouge-like instrument, which is also shown, as well as several other instruments used in various branches of the collection of the lacquer or its preparation. There is also a neatly-made pot for holding the lacquer as collected, constructed from a simple joint of a large bamboo stem; a large series of lacquer as collected from the stems or as prepared, and a complete set of tools, such as fine and coarse brushes, made of human hair, rat's hair, etc.; spatulas, burnishers, and a series of colors used in decoration. Besides these there is a very fine and instructive series of lacquer-work, from the earliest stages to the most highly-finished examples, some of which are of great age, one, for example, being one hundred and twenty years old, and of exquisite workmanship. The processes through which good lacquer-work passes are both tedious and numerous; the results, however, are wonderful accuracy in every detail, many of the designs, especially those representing plants and flowers, being worked with so much care as to be in many cases botanically correct; this is particularly the case with the gold-work on wood, both flattened and raised. The collection is all the more valuable because it is said that good lacquer-work is becoming more and more scarce, the demand for cheap articles in the European markets being so great as to induce lacquer-workers to turn their attention to the class of goods which meets with a ready sale, to the neglect of the more costly, and, consequently, more carefully wrought. The value of the collection is also increased from the fact that a very elaborate account accompanies them descriptive of the collection of the juice from the varnish-trees, its subsequent manipulation and final application.

MR. THOMAS MEEHAN has remarked that Audubon, Nuttall, Wilson and other eminent ornithologists have suggested that the seasons had evidently not so much to do with the migrations of birds as the question of food, though most authors connected this question of food with the autumn or winter season. He had recently observed the migration of the robin in great numbers during the ten days prior to August 1, or on the evenings of those days, for the flight was from about sundown to dark. They came from the northwest and were flying southeast. Some were but a few hundred feet above him, while others were so high in the air as to be scarcely visible, which would indicate a long journey. Robins had abounded on his property in Germantown during the past spring and early summer; he might say, without exaggeration, there had been many hundreds of them. At this time it was rare to meet with one. He considered the disappearance entirely owing to the scarcity of food, as there had been no rain of any consequence for two months. For two weeks numerous trees and plants on his grounds had been

kept alive by artificial waterings. Examining the dry earth after the harrow showed no signs of insect life. The cherry crop had been nearly a failure. The usual berried plants, such as dogwood, on which they usually fed, were not ripe. There was really little for them to eat, and he had reason to believe that the same conditions prevailed all over Northern Pennsylvania. In New Jersey plants with berries were ripening, as they were also farther south, and he concluded that a search for food was the cause of this early migration.

It is a marvelous circumstance that the black man of Australia should have dropped upon the same narcotic principle (nicotine) as the red man of America. Pituri is a plant of Central Australia not far removed from the tobacco plant. The leaves of the plant are chewed by the aborigines, who trade with it extensively. Chemical analysis shows that the alkaloid in which the peculiar poisonous properties depend is nicotine, the same substance to which tobacco owes its effects. Pituri is eagerly sought by the native Australians, not for the purpose of exciting their courage or combativeness, but to produce a dreamy, voluptuous sensation, such as is experienced by the opium-eater. It is often taken by the natives on their long marches to deaden the cravings of hunger and to support them under excessive fatigue.

It has long been known that the richness of the atmosphere in ammonia varies from time to time. The soil and plants absorb it. Condensation of atmospheric moisture sweeps it out of the air. These and other similar modifications have been hitherto studied only in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and whether similar causes are at play in the more elevated regions has remained a question until we now have the results of a series of observations made at the famous observatory of Nansouty, on the Pic-du-Midi, in Southern France, from which it appears that the elevation makes no difference. This result is the more remarkable in view of the almost complete absence, in these elevated regions, of nitric acid and ammonium nitrate.

DR. VICTOR BURG, distinguished as the discoverer of metallotherapy, extols the disinfectant and antiseptic properties of copper. Quoting a report made by Dr. Verneis, he remarks the fact that workers in copper, who become strongly impregnated with the metal which they constantly handle, are by this circumstance protected against the cholera. In view of this discovery the author recommends that the wood employed in the construction of hospitals should be carefully treated with copper sulphate. This ingenious suggestion may be easily submitted to the test of experiment, and is well worthy of the attention of physicians.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

January 10.—The Attorney-General announced his decision that, under the existing law, Chinese may pass through United States territory.—Lot M. Morrill, ex-United States Senator and ex-United States Treasurer, died in Augusta, Me., aged seventy years.—The Newhall House, at Milwaukee, Wis., was burned, involving a terrible loss of life. . . **Jan. 11.**—The Fitz John Porter bill passed the Senate by a vote of 33 to 27.—The Senate of New York passed a resolution pledging the Governor its support "in his selection of competent officers to officiate during his *régime*." The resolution says that employés should not be removed except for cause, and that "the system which treats public office as a valuable franchise, and uses it to promote and maintain the fortunes of a party or political leader as unworthy representative government and vicious in practice."

—An earthquake shock was felt throughout Southern Illinois. . . **Jan. 12.**—The House of Representatives passed the Shipping bill by a vote of 159 to 54. . . **Jan. 14.**—A Pension bill was passed by the House of Representatives appropriating for army pensions \$85,000,000; navy pensions, \$1,000,000; fees and expenses of examining surgeons, \$275,000; pay of agents, \$200,000; contingent expenses, \$10,000.—A Fortification bill was also passed, appropriating \$325,000, as follows: For the protection, preservation and repair of fortifications, \$175,000; for sea-coast fortifications, including ordnance and the conversion of smooth-bore cannon into rifles, \$100,000; for torpedoes, \$50,000.—A large wagon factory was burned at Stoughton, Wis.; loss, \$100,000.—At Berditscheff, Russian Poland, a fire broke out in a circus during the performance, and one hundred lives were lost. . . The Planters' Hotel, at St. Louis, was burned, involving a loss of several lives and damage to the amount of \$50,000.—Fire also destroyed a fine building at Neenah, Wis.; loss, \$100,000. . . **Jan. 15.**—General W. B. Bate was installed Governor of Tennessee.—The Supreme Court decided that bottles in which ale and beer are imported are subject to a duty of thirty per cent ad valorem in addition to the duty of thirty-five cents per gallon on the beverage therein contained.—The United States Court of Claims decided in favor of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for \$83,333 in its suit against the Government under its contract for carrying the China mail a few years ago.—A loss of \$100,000 resulted from the burning of the Chicago Smelting and Refining Works.—Joseph Saller, for over forty-two years financial editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, died, in the seventy-third year of his age.—Robert J. McClatchey, M. D., Professor of Pathology and Practice of Medicine in the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, died suddenly of apoplexy, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

THE DRAMA.

MR. HAVERLY has merged "Hague's British Minstrels" in his own "Mastodon Minstrels," and the poster-writer proclaims it as "The Master Minstrel Stroke of the Great Theatrical Magistrate's Career." An impressive line truly.

HERR BARNAY, an eminent German tragedian, has appeared at the Thalia Theatre, New York, and has been received with the highest demonstrations of approval by large audiences. "Coriolanus" is Herr Barnay's favorite character.

SIGNOR SALVINI's first wife, it appears, was an actress of great power, as the Signor has lately said that since her death he had never met an actress capable of truthfully and powerfully depicting suppressed passion and emotion until he saw Miss Clara Morris' performance of "Miss Multon."

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance of a leading exponent of German theatre art in New York, has been our Mr. Booth's appearance in Berlin. The press exhausted the adjectives of praise in behalf of his performance of "Hamlet." "In eloquence and gesture," says the *Borren Zeitung*, "Booth stands on the same level with Rossi and Salvini, and perhaps surpasses them in minute power of suggestion." The Crown Prince and Princess were present on the opening night, and the Prince attended three nights in succession.

MME. ALBANI, after an absence of seven years, has returned to join Mapleson's Opera Company. On the evening after her arrival from London, although the voyage had been an unusually tempestuous one, she sang at a concert of the Symphony Society in New York. Her voice, it seems, has matured into one of greater beauty, fullness and compass than when last heard in this country. She made her first appearance in grand opera at Chicago, and will sing at the New York Academy of Music during the spring season of opera, beginning in March.

MR. THOMAS KEENE has been receiving not a little gratuitous advertising on account of Mr. Barrett's refusing to appear in conjunction with him at the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival. It is held by Mr. Keene's manager that this refusal is owing to Mr. Barrett's fear of comparison to his (Mr. Barrett's) detriment. This can scarcely be the reason. Mr. Barrett's well-earned and assured position as an actor of rare ability and high attainments could be but little affected, no matter with whom compared. Mr. Keene has been announced for a week's engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on February 12th.



THE WRECK OF THE DOUBLE-ENDER.

It was the Double-ender hight,
 Stood looking down the hill,
 The while ten pestilent small boys
 It waited for to spill.
 All smooth and polished was its steel,
 And eke its plank was wide,
 And its steering-gear well rove withal
 Along its gleaming side.
 Light reeked those pestilent small boys,
 As they its back bestrode,
 That on the steepy mountain side
 All icy was the road.
 Down on the scene the full moon gazed,
 And through the belt of pine
 She marked full well the hidden stump
 And the coil of last year's vine,
 But she "never said nothing" to those small boys,
 As they sat there in a line.
 She "never said nothing," but well she knew
 The peril that lurked below,
 The hidden stump, and the coiling vine,
 And the rocks all hid by snow;
 But she "never said nothing" to those small boys
 That sat there in a row.
 They're off! they're off! The wild mustang
 Ne'er plied a fleetier heel;
 Their tippets red wave overhead,
 Above the flying steel;
 And the cold, cold nose of each small boy
 Is ready to congeal.
 Their faces cleave the moonlit air
 As the vessel cleaves the sea,
 And trees and fences fly them past
 Like sprites of mysteree.

The steersman grim, he set his teeth,
 And never a word spake he;
 But he braced his feet on the wooden bar
 Made out of the good oak tree.
 And he thought to himself, "There's too much weight
 On the forrard sled, I see!"
 "Hitch back! hitch back!" he cried at last,
 "Hitch back! Push off, Jim Lee!"
 They hitched them back. Alas, for Jim!
 His pants were torn from he,
 As heels-over-head away he sped
 Athwart the icy lea.

Then laughed those wicked boys aloud,
 Loud laughed they all, to hear
 The passing yell of Jimmy Lee
 All in the moonlight clear.
 But faster, faster, now they fly
 Adown the glassy slope;
 They wist not of the coiling vine,
 Nor of the trailing rope;
 Nor of the hidden stump that lay
 In wait within the shadow gray.

What darkens now the wintry sky?
 What fragments these that on the breeze
 Go drifting idly by?

The moon looks down on a silent hill,
 On a wreck of broken sleds;
 And ten small boys with aching bones,
 And broken heads and husky tones,
 Are prisoned within their respective homes,
 On their ten respective beds.

Q. E. D.

THE POET SOUL (as conceived by the Modern Bard).

Not that I love thee do I sing, O Sea!
 Thy wild, storm-driven waves that seethe and swell;
 But that they mirror (though imperfectly)
 My passions fierce and fell!
 Not that I ever loved you have I told
 Your praise, O infinite Sky! but that in thee,
 Perchance, as in a glass, I might behold
 My soul's immensity!

And thou, O Earth—what are thy shrieks of woe?
 Thy dissonant cries, thy murmurs of alarm,
 Thy curses, but an echo, faint and low,
 That makes more sweet my calm?
 Earth, heaven, and the watery wilderness!
 In all your mighty volume I can see
 But one vast page that serveth to express
 The universal Me!

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 8.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 21, 1883.

Whole No. 54.



"The tender dawn is breaking through the shadows :

Sweetheart, arise !

For see Love flies

With eager step across the bare brown meadows."

"Nay, nay—ah nay !

It is too soon :

You see the glimmer of the sinking moon—

Not rising day !"

"Ah, now indeed the sun is up and shining !

Make short your prayer ;

Look who is there

Beneath your lattice patiently reclining !"

"Ah where, ah where ?

I cannot see,

For sleep that lingers, what the wight may be—

If dark or fair."

"Put down the silken web your hands are weaving !

The noonday sun

Shines full upon

Poor weary Love, who waits and watches—griev-
ing."

"So near—so far ?

To love a maid, is that to fear her ?

How strange men are !

He should be farther still or much, much nearer !"

"But now, sweet maid, but now the twilight darkens ;

Love's arms entwine

Your lattice vine."

Ah ! so at last she pauses and she hearkens

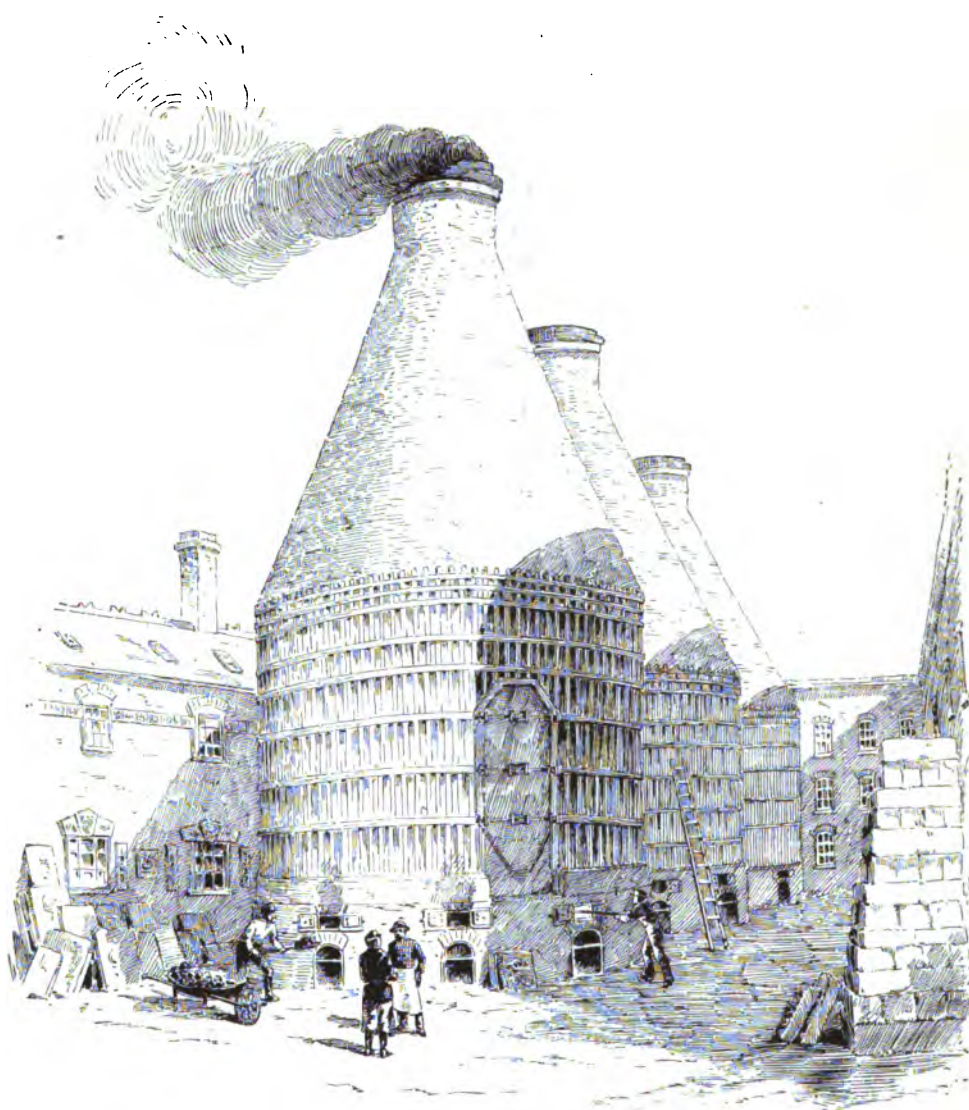
And murmurs low :

"Climb not, but wait !"

I come ! I come, beloved—late, I know—

But not too late !"

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THREE KILNS—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

TERRA GOTTA IN ARCHITECTURE.—II.

THE origin of the crude manufacture of terra cotta having been lost in the mazes of the past, we can only conjecture when it first lent itself to the tools of the modeler, or who first fashioned the bas-relief or bust. Cicognara, in referring to this remote date, thus alludes to a poetic legend: "Who knows how often and among how many nations may not have happened that which was related in Corinth of the potter Debutades, of Sicyon, whose daughter traced on the wall the shadow of the face of her lover, who was about to leave her, and the outline of which, filled with clay by her father, produced the first profile in bas-relief, and was baked in the furnace along with the tiles?"

It were as vain to seek the origin as to ask,

"Who tamed the first wild steed?"

Who first kindled fire?"

Primitive nations early learned the use of earthenware, which is only a coarser kind of terra cotta, which

means "baked clay," as porcelain is a finer kind. By kindling fires whereon to dress their simple meals, they found the clay beneath and about them baked into a substance so hard that it served to hold food and water. Perhaps the use of clay utensils was discovered as Charles Lamb's hero discovered the flavor of roast pig—by the fiery destruction of his rough cabin.

To form a platter or dish out of a mass of clay and bake it beside the fire was an easy thing to do. And as ages passed, bringing the orderly development of arts and sciences, more elegant forms appeared, made out of finer materials, more carefully prepared and moulded.

Every well-equipped museum exhibits the ladder by which man has raised himself from the lowest round to higher and still higher refinements in the expressions of life. Each age takes the results of the past, and adding to them new discoveries and inventions, triturates still



MODELING ROOM.

finer atoms of matter, to find within each process a higher potency still. How much thought and toil have been given, how many experiments have been made, in order to bring the clay to the requisite conditions and secure the proper cohesion and strength!

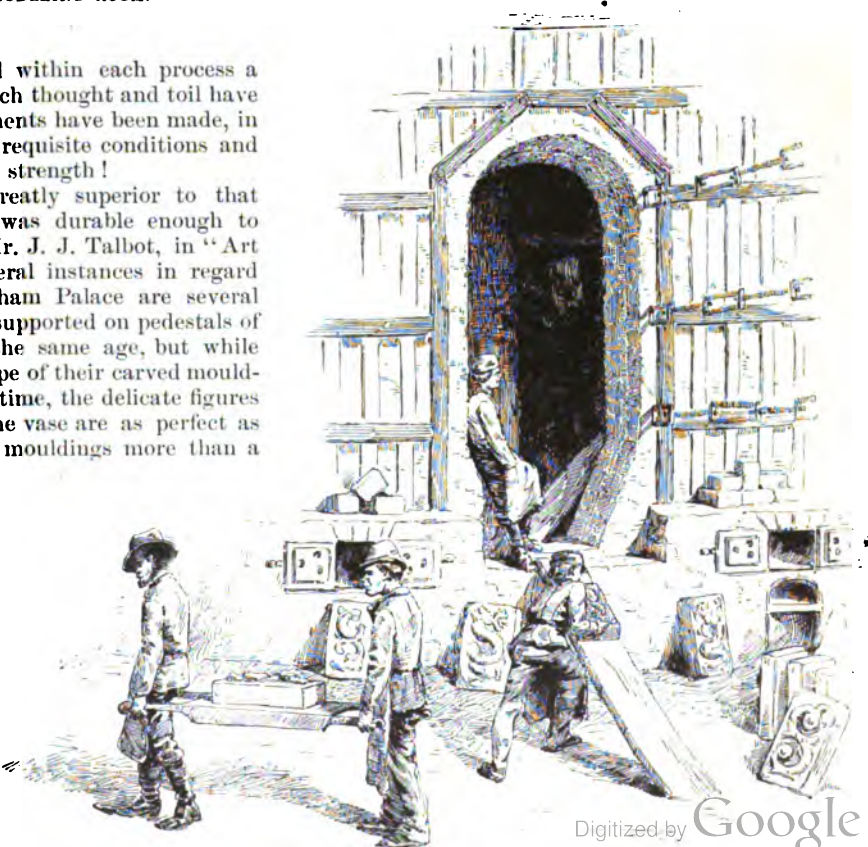
The result is something greatly superior to that anciently used, though that was durable enough to satisfy every requirement. Mr. J. J. Talbot, in "Art and Art Education," cites several instances in regard to this quality. At Buckingham Palace are several handsome vases of terra cotta supported on pedestals of Portland stone. Both are of the same age, but while the pedestals have lost the shape of their carved mouldings by the sharp tooth of time, the delicate figures and foliage upon the body of the vase are as perfect as when first exhibited. Granite mouldings more than a century old in Dublin are decaying slowly, while terra cotta in juxtaposition is unchanged.

The manufacture of this material has only been established in this country about fourteen years. Even now the only works which have furnished large and fine pieces of architectural decorations are adjacent to the great clay-bed described in the first article on this subject. They are situated in the pleasant old town of Perth Amboy, which considered itself of some impor-

tance before the settlement of New York City.

As we approach the Perth Amboy Terra Cotta Works, delightfully situated on the banks of the Kill-von-Kull, we see a whole village of buildings, which connect by means of bridges and terminate in a dock, whence finished articles are shipped to all portions of the continent. These buildings with their yards cover seven acres of ground. Above the surrounding roofs nine kilns rear their huge bulks high aloft, which, seen from within, look like enormous brick demijohns, bound with iron. They are, indeed, the largest of their kind ever constructed. Once within the enclosure we hear the steady hum of healthy and happy labor.

Following loads of buff and deep-red clay, we find it spread over great floors, where it dries before it is taken to the mill to be pulverized. To see the driving power, we enter the machinery rooms, moved by a large engine, whose dull thud throbs through a space of twenty-five by two hundred feet. The clay is then ground in what is called a "pug-mill," into which flows a stream of water just large enough to give it the desired consistency. When this



DRAWING THE KILN.

clay is dried sufficiently it is cut into masses and transported into the workshops of the moulder or the studio of the modeler. In the former case, a mould is made of plaster of Paris in the ordinary manner direct from the model of the designer. Into its every crevice the clay is pressed by hand. When the piece is of sufficient size, it is hollow in the centre, and care is taken to have it of uniform thickness throughout.

But the real beauty of terra cotta consists in the ease with which it lends itself to the skill of the modeler. He can grave upon this plastic substance his grandest and broadest conceptions, and then burn them into stone. In order to do this in a fitting manner, he must be capable of great dignity and sweep of imagination. It is related at the works that unless an artist is accustomed to execute in this bold, free manner, he is a

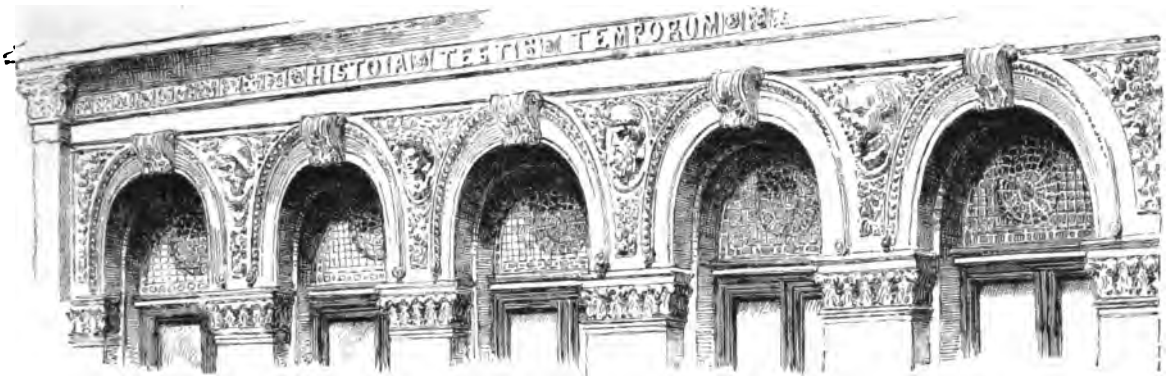


PORCH OF HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BROOKLYN.

One of the most graphic pictures shown to the visitor is the room where these moulds are made, an operation requiring much skill and dexterity. The plaster hardens so rapidly, and shrinks so much in the hardening, that a large mould is made in several pieces. Scores of men and boys flit about, working swiftly as they pour the wet plaster into forms which stiffen while they are smoothing it into shape. By these means the more common ornaments can be reproduced indefinitely, such as tiles, friezes, simple cornices and capitals.

failure here, no matter what may be his training in a more restricted style of art. The design must be viewed from a distance, and so have a symmetry of proportion not easy to attain by one who gives his chief attention to minute details, and yet he must not lose the grace and harmony of separate portions in that of the rounded whole. The illustrations given of panels and figures by Kemys and Mora, show what are the results of genuine artistic skill in colossal forms.

Whether modeled or moulded, the pieces must be



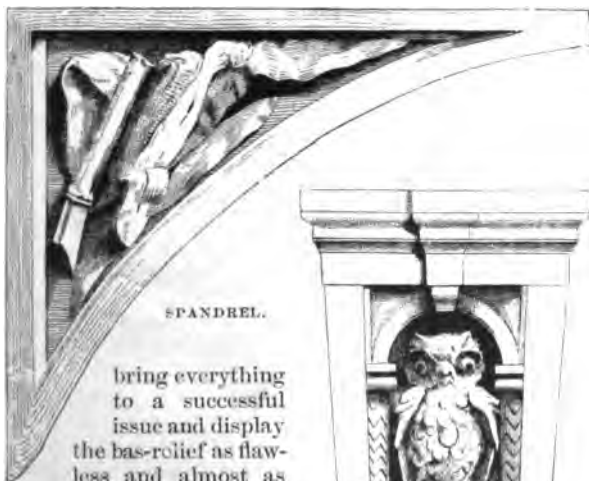
ARCADE—BROOKLYN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

dried just sufficiently to give them the right texture—too wet, and they crack in the kiln; too dry, and they crack even before burning. If the different parts of an



DOUBLE SPANDREL.

article vary in thickness or in amount of moisture, it is liable to twist from unequal contraction. The clay shrinks also in burning about one-twelfth of its bulk. In fact, it requires the greatest skill and experience to



SPANDREL.

bring everything to a successful issue and display the bas-relief as flawless and almost as clear cut as a cameo. Hence they are not clumsy craftsmen who have charge of any portion of these processes. In a number of studios, with high, northern-lighted windows, are bright-eyed men, alert



KEYSTONE.

with keen intelligence, who, standing before large easels supporting masses of clay, carve the bas-relief from sketches hanging above them. Said one in charge of a studio to the visitor: "We love our work; it absorbs us. It is a part of our very lives." This is the feeling of a true artist.

When dried to a certain delicate point, the pieces are taken to the kilns, within which they are carefully and



MEDALLION HEAD.

laboriously packed, the smaller ones in "seggars," that is, frames of fire-clay, to hold them fast and safe. The entrances are then closed with brick and clay, and fires lighted in furnaces underneath.

And such fires! they seem gateways of Tophet! We watch a kiln fed through its twenty voracious mouths with great lumps of coal which are devoured with ceaseless roar. Fierce, wild, glorious fires! We gaze into a light almost as blinding as that of the sun from which it borrowed incandescence, and in its white heat, realize not only the tremendous energy of elemental forces, but the truth of that purification which comes by fire, dispelling all that is extraneous,



MEDALLION.

and leaving only the real and permanent. It gives one a sense of the feebleness of man's efforts when once this fiendish beauty slips the leash that chains it to comfort and safety. But it is well bound; swarthy men, day and night, flit from door to door, feeding the fiery dragons and clanking the irons that hold them fast. For a few days they give the monsters all that is needed to fuse the damp clay in their mighty fastnesses into the semblance of a rock, more enduring even than that molten by the fervent heat evolved by nature's primeval forces.

And then the fires go down; the mighty mass slowly parts with its intense caloric; the door is broken open, and the finished ornaments carefully withdrawn. In spite of all the trouble that has been expended, a percentage is ruined by unequal contraction or by cracking. The charging and uncharging of the kiln has been a labor of great nicety, and sometimes, if the pieces are large, of danger. After cooling, the articles are ready for shipping.

Such, in brief, is the story of the production of a material the use of which is yet hardly begun. All over the congeries of buildings which have grown up within a recent date, in answer to the demands of the age, we witness the various stages of labor in which Use wreaths itself with the blossoms of Beauty. Old, dead mineral débris, the dust or mud under our feet, is mixed,

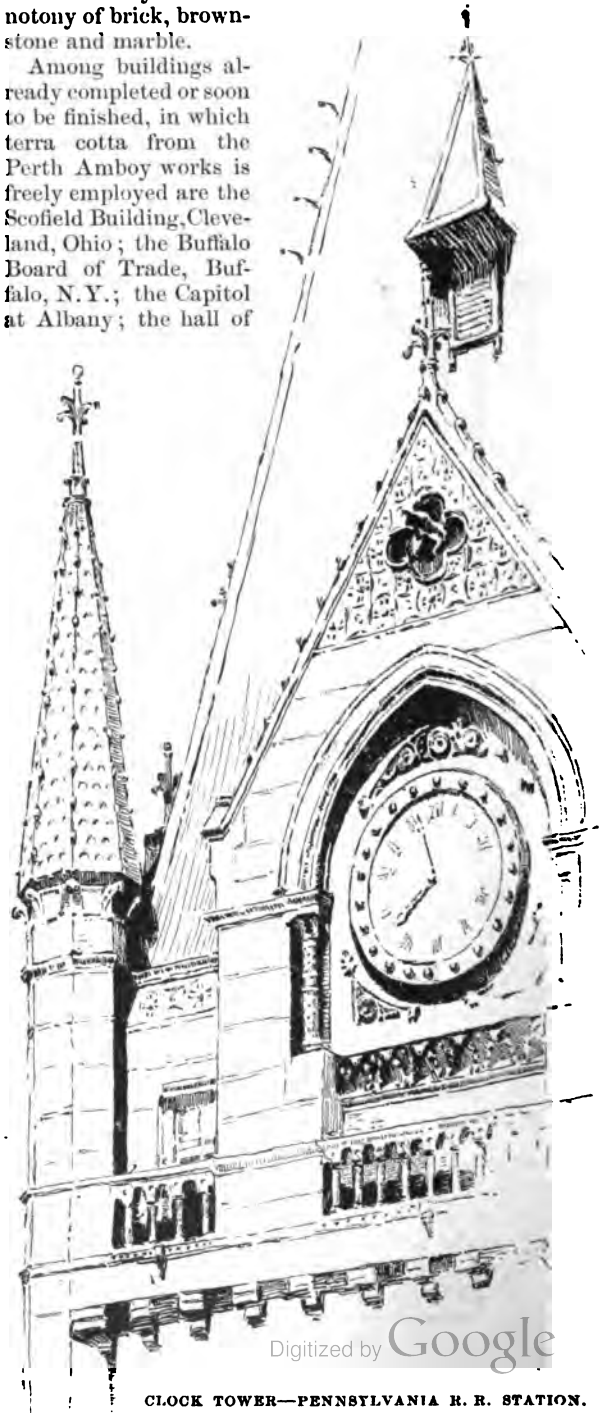
ground, moistened, carved and baked, till, by the informing power of man, shaping a form which first existed within his own imagination, the ideal becomes the real. It is forced, therefore, to express his science, his art, his sense of fitness, of harmony and refinement, until it is an embodiment



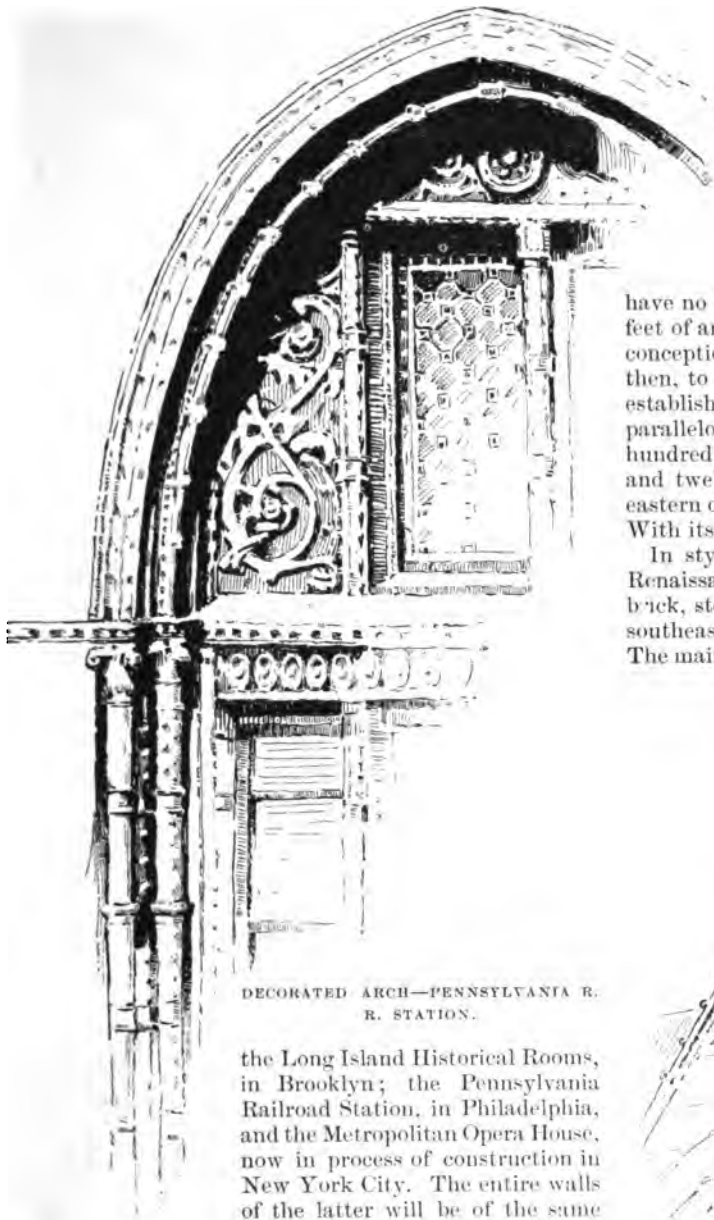
TILE IN HIGH RELIEF.

of the wit and wisdom of the century. The use of this material in the United States dates back only a short period; its growth is coincident with that of the pottery which has been described. Tiles, fire-brick and simple ornaments are furnished by potteries in Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey and on Long Island; the best clay comes from the bed at Perth Amboy. Its revival as an architectural decoration has begun, and architects are now introducing it into plans of public buildings. As our people learn to appreciate artistic beauty, in place of the merely stereotyped and meretricious, there can be no doubt that some material of this kind will be found to vary the monotony of brick, brown-stone and marble.

Among buildings already completed or soon to be finished, in which terra cotta from the Perth Amboy works is freely employed are the Scofield Building, Cleveland, Ohio; the Buffalo Board of Trade, Buffalo, N. Y.; the Capitol at Albany; the hall of



CLOCK TOWER—PENNSYLVANIA R. R. STATION.



DECORATED ARCH—PENNSYLVANIA R.
R. STATION.

the Long Island Historical Rooms, in Brooklyn; the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, in Philadelphia, and the Metropolitan Opera House, now in process of construction in New York City. The entire walls of the latter will be of the same material, in light buff, with four

panels over the main entrance, representing pairs and groups of youths singing and dancing, with various instruments of music. The Pension Building, at Washington, D. C., an immense structure, will soon be built, also of brick and terra cotta. The plans show it will be one of the noblest projected structures of the country.

The greatest use of this material as a decoration in architecture, however, which has yet been made here, is in the Produce Exchange of New York City. This magnificent gateway through which the tides of commerce ceaselessly ebb and flow, will not be finished before the spring of 1883, if as soon as that. Yet, through the courtesy of the Building Committee of the Exchange, of the

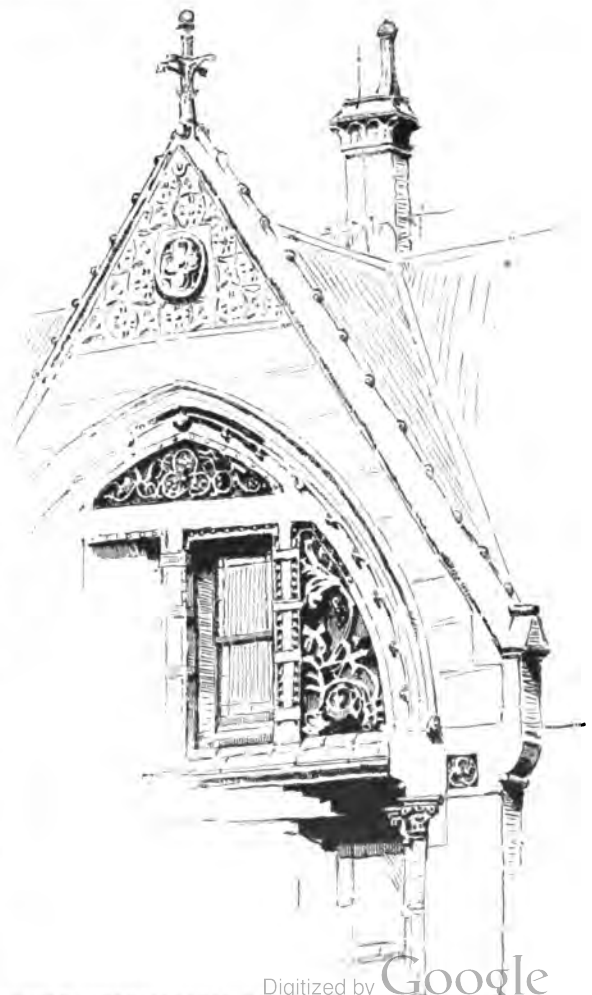


TILE IN HIGH RELIEF.

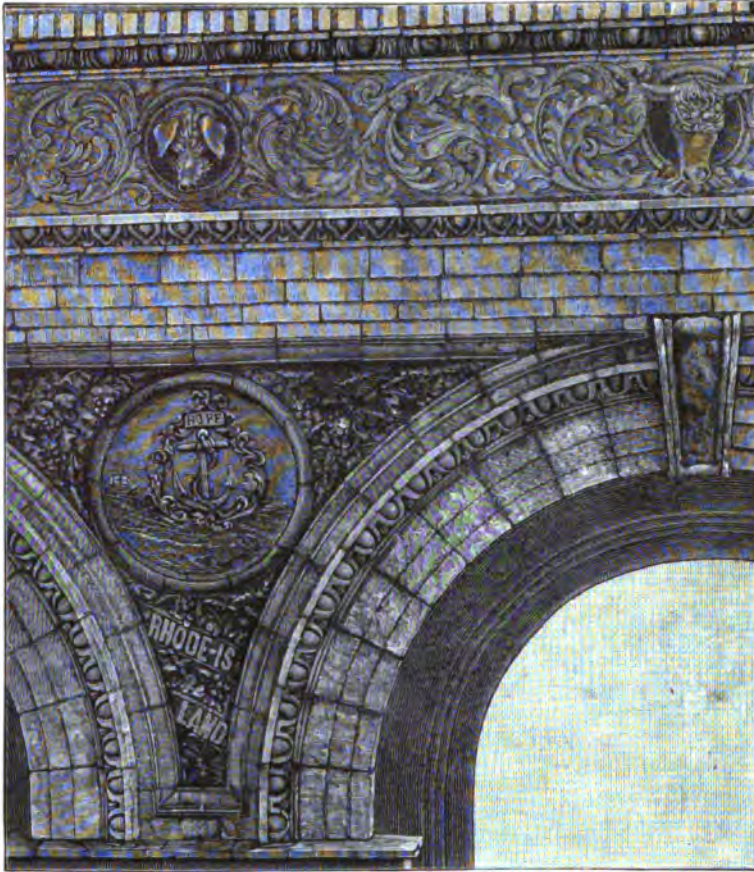
Perth Amboy Terra Cotta Company, and the architect, Geo. B. Post, *THE CONTINENT* is able to lay before its readers illustrations of some of its decorations while they are fresh from the kilns.

In the address of the Hon. A. S. Sullivan at the laying of the corner-stone of the Exchange, June 6th, 1882, the following sentences occur: "The structure which is to crown these foundations will work an epoch in the advance of art in our beloved city. New York should have no honors so costly but she will lay them at the feet of architects who will build the city up to the finest conceptions of use and beauty." It is of interest, then, to describe the edifice in which it is soon to be established. In dimensions this structure will cover a parallelogram of about one hundred and fifty by three hundred feet, and will be, when finished, one hundred and twelve feet in height. It is situated on the southeastern or lower corner of Whitehall and Beaver Streets. With its site it will cost \$3,000,000.

In style of architecture the building is a modified Renaissance, fireproof in construction, being made of brick, stone, iron and terra cotta. The tower on the southeast will be two hundred and forty feet in height. The main exchange room is one hundred and fifty by two



GABLE—PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
STATION.



SECTION FROM MAIN STORY—NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

hundred feet, and sixty feet high. Adjoining it are the library, the room for the meetings of the board of managers, and the committee rooms, of which there are twelve.

In order to carry on the business there are executive offices of president, vice president, treasurer and twelve managers. The trade committees are as follows : Grain.



MEDALLIONS, IN "STRATHMORE BUILDING," NEW YORK.



A PITCHED BATTLE (TILE).

flour, provisions, petroleum, lard, naval stores, maritime affairs, lighterage, butter, cheese, oils and distilled spirits. Each of these trades has rules regarding its transactions, respecting which the committee in charge decide all minor disputes. The Arbitration Committee settles more important cases; its power is equal to that of the Supreme Court, but from its judgments there is no appeal.

The imposing building which this corporation will soon occupy, is rendered unique by its external decora-



MEDALLION—VANDERBILT'S STABLE.

tions in terra cotta from the Perth Amboy manufactory which has been described. These, when practicable, are characteristic of the objects to which the structure is devoted. In the frieze of the main-story cornice, consisting of renaissance scroll-work, are introduced colossal heads of American animals, two of which are given in illustration. The seals of the thirty-three states of the Union, in high relief, and four and a half feet in diameter, decorate the spandrels between the main-

story windows. These are all executed by Mora. Besides, this material is employed in bases, capitals, arches of windows and doorways, cornices and mouldings—about twenty-four thousand separate pieces in all.

The question of a proper building material for a rapidly increasing population is now before the public. Monarchs of the forest, the results of the slow growth of leisurely ages, which so long proudly sheltered countless acres of virgin soil, fall in serried ranks before the woodman's axe, while no skill can increase the measured growth of their successors. The treeless prairies of the West slowly robe themselves in garments of waving green. Meanwhile the swiftly-gathering settlers cannot delay, and art must supersede the slow processes of Nature. Then, too, the fierce conflagrations to which wooden buildings are subject, exciting horror

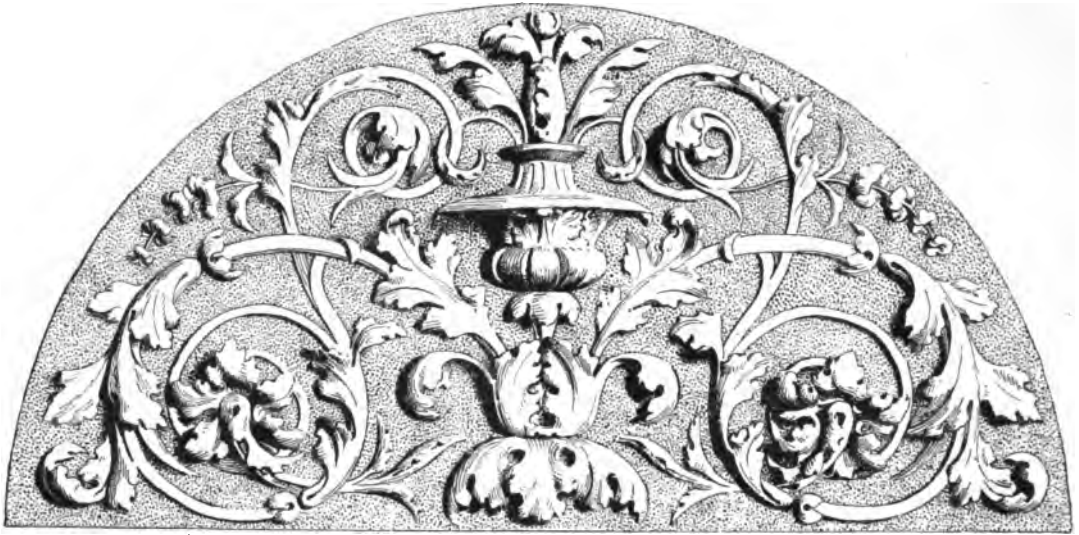


"BOB WHITE" (TILE).

at past calamities and apprehension for future ones, teach the absolute necessity of fire-proof substances. Iron, stone, brick and terra cotta offer themselves as substitutes for wood, and each has its special claims to merit. In case of the latter, they have been proven in



MEDALLION IN FRIEZE OF NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE.



PANEL IN GABLE OF "GRAND ARCADE," CLEVELAND, OHIO.

the remains of edifices constructed more than twenty centuries ago.

There is no question but we are at the beginning of an era in which this art industry will be employed in untold ways and forms; for the dignity of a great race demands that its power shall be conserved and directed

broad and shallow, following the configuration of a continent of magnificent distances. It now gathers itself up, however, for better work—work whose permanence shall finally equal its excellence.

"It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it shall do is better than hath been.
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it weaves
Its wistful hands between."



BLOODHOUND—STABLE OF C. VANDERBILT.

into channels commensurate with its resources. As a nation waxes strong, it seeks expression in forms of art grand and inspiring as its genius can evolve. Every movement exhibits not only its present condition, but its lines of thought and aspiration. In this country, shoddy textures and materials are passing away with the youthfulness which gave them creation and furnished their apology. The era of the cheap, the flimsy, the gaudy in constructive material, as well as in vesture and decoration, is gradually disappearing with American immaturity. The spirit of the age, unquenchable as volcanic fires, deepens. Heretofore it was naturally



HEAD OF BUFFALO—NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

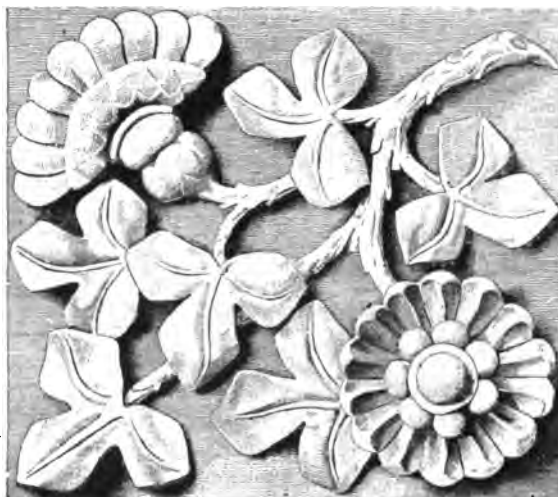
The result of this slow growth will be artistic, as well as enduring. The love of building, which man shares with the ant and the beaver, has grown from an instinct into an intuition, in which his love of proportion, of harmony and of beauty is the measure of his unfolding.

The love of the permanent will gradually take the place of that feverish thirst for change which is now so generally characteristic of us as a people. The spirit which now pushes westward in search of the new, will lose its force in the more settled parts of the country, and our restless lives may absorb some elements of peace.

With the accumulation of wealth and consequent leisure, man will gather the products of the far ends of the earth; metals, curiously carved and beaten; precious stones and gems, cut by cunning workmen. Especially will he delight in those various forms of terra cotta and porcelain, which so readily obey the imagination and skill of the designer. In proportion to his development he will seek original forms, both in decoration and architecture. For he cannot be trammelled by the genius of the past, that brilliant beacon set in a vanishing twilight. As the morning breaks, ushering in a fuller, richer civilization, utility at first clamors for universal service. Under her reign inventions decrease labor while they increase its results.

Soon beauty comes forward to lend her grace and witchery to soften the crudities of her predecessor, and social life grows rounded and harmonious. Private dwellings and public edifices alike become visible signs of the habits, the refinements, and even the religion of their builders.

To-day the use of a plastic material in these new and magnificent structures is significant of increased free-



PANEL IN PLASTER.—ARNOLD & CONSTABLE, NEW YORK.

dom, variety and picturesque effect. All prophecies indicating the future of our continent, the magnitude of its commerce, the variety of its manufactures, the productiveness of its soil, the grandeur of its scenery, the wealth which it must aggregate, point to a period wherein elegant culture will be diffused throughout a cosmopolitan nation. Its architecture, then, while embodying those classic laws which underlie all true expressions of art, must finally be adapted to our habits, our needs, our climate and our civilization.

HESTER M. POOLE.



PANEL IN GABLE OF "GRAND ARCADE," CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A BIT OF POTTERY.

THE potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other with never slackening speed
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm; it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands gets tired!"

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

THE BRIDE OF SAINT ANTONIO.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.



VERILY believe that St. Antonio is the St. Valentine of you Portuguese," said Margaret Andrews carelessly, as the pretty peasant maid, Leonilla Felicidade, finished another of her marvelous stories of her favorite saint. "When I was in Padua I found St. Antonio claimed as an Italian, but I learn now that he was a Lisboner."

"Yes, dear lady, St. Antonio does indeed belong to us Portuguese, for he is one of us. He was born in Lisbon, and went as a missionary to Morocco; but his health failed in the land of the Moors and he took ship to return to Portugal. The winds were contrary, and he was carried on to Italy, where he found the people so much worse

heathen than the Moors that he remained to preach to them. St. Antonio of Padua, indeed! The Paduans have only their wickedness to boast that our countryman ever remained a day with them.

"The young girls of Portugal are his especial care. It is he who provides good husbands for those who make pilgrimages in his honor, or wear little medals consecrated to him, or place a lighted candle on his shrine on the eve of his *fête*. And those who are destined to an early grave, for whom there is no earthly bridegroom, he graciously betroths to himself, appearing to them in person; and they are so filled with admiration of his celestial beauty that henceforward they are in haste to be gone. So that no lover on earth, be he prince or emperor, can keep them from their spiritual spouse. He is as brave, too, as he is kind. He fought for us in the last war with the Spanish. He was a captain in one of our regiments," she added, as she noticed the look of amused incredulity in Margaret's eyes. "Oh! it is all certified and sworn to—it is incontestably true. He was a gallant officer, and was always polite to the ladies. He never caused a tear either by rudeness or too much kindness. He never intoxicated himself, or pilfered or gambled. He was a model gentleman. You can see it in the army records. Such captains as he are rare; it was no wonder that they set it down."

And Margaret, to her surprise, found afterwards that the simple girl had not overstated the facts. One of the certificates which she discovered was so naïf that I cannot resist quoting it here:

"I attest and certify" (wrote Don Hercules Antonio Carlos Luiz Joseph Maria de Albuquerque e Arango de Magalhaens Homem, nobleman, knight, major, etc., etc., etc., a gentleman whose names and titles are not more numerous than those of many a modern Portuguese) "that the Lord St. Antonio, otherwise the great Saint Antonio of Lisbon (commonly and falsely called of Padua), has been enlisted and had a place in this regiment ever since the 24th of January of the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1668. The said Saint Antonio gave for his caution and surety the Queen of Angels, who became answerable that he would not desert his colors, but behave always like a good soldier in the regiment. On the 12th of September, 1683, his majesty promoted Saint Antonio to the rank of captain, for having, a short time before, valiantly put himself at the head of a detachment of the regiment and beat off a strong body of Castilians, four times the number of the said detachment, which body had been set in ambush for them, with the intention of carrying them all prisoners to Badajos.

"I do further certify that in all the above papers and registers there is not any note of Saint Antonio of bad behavior or irregularity committed by him, nor of his having ever been flogged, imprisoned or any way punished by his officers while a private in his regiment, and in every other respect he has always behaved like a gentleman; and, on all the above-mentioned accounts, I hold him most worthy and deserving of the rank of aggregate major to our regiment. In testimony whereof, I have hereto signed my name the 25th day of March, of the year of our Lord 1777.

"MAGALHAENS HOMEM."

"He was a sweet gentleman," sighed Leonilla. "Only look at the sacred image of him in the Church of the Holy Martyrs, and tell me if you ever saw a more beautiful young man."

The image was of wax, and represented St. Antonio, as so many other images scattered through Spain and Portugal do, as a comely young man, in the garb of a Franciscan friar. A plaited cord fills the double office of scourge and girdle. The tonsured head is shapely, and the face full of intelligence and amiability. With one arm he sustains the Infant Jesus, and in the disengaged hand he holds a stalk of lilies.

"So St. Antonio is your *beau idéal* of manly beauty?" queried Margaret. "Is there, perchance, some sturdy peasant of the Minho, with a face like his, who has stolen away your guileless little heart?"

"Oh, no," replied Leonilla, with charming unconsciousness. "José Plácido Barbosa does not at all resemble the sweet St. Antonio. I wish he did."

In spite of this suggestion of a longing not quite satisfied, Leonilla was reasonably proud of José Plácido. Lethargic and good-tempered, his name seemed peculiarly appropriate, for no more placid countenance or more trustful disposition could be imagined. He trudged sturdily beside his ox-cart, conveying loads of garden produce to Oporto, traveling by night, so as to offer his merchandise fresh at the markets in the early morning, and reclining uneasily in his rude wagon while the oxen crept patiently homeward in the blistering glare of the

next day. Night or noon the ear-piercing shriek of the ungreased axles announced his progress, like the warning whistle of an express train. José was attached to the sound. It was the voice of his faithful cart. It gave a sense of companionship to his lonely journeying, and he would not on any account have silenced it. There was a popular notion, too, that it scared the wolves, and that one was safer at night when guarded by the frightful sound. On a sunny slope of the Gerez chain José had a hut of his own, where his old mother sat and spun and wove, and dug, too, in the scrap of a garden, which was given mostly to flowers, not from any preference for their beauty, but for the sake of the bees. It was a picturesque nook, and they were well-to-do peasants. At the market in Oporto José had met with Leonilla, the daughter of other peasants from the wine district. He had wooed her first with admiring glances as he leaned both arms on one of his great yellow oxen; later by gifts of little jars of honey and with enormous and hideous bouquets of flaring dahlias. He brought his mother in his cart one day, and both of Leonilla's parents came down the Douro in a boat laden with casks of the new vintage. The old people wrangled about the matter all the morning in the market, while José Plácido and Leonilla Felicidade wandered into the Cathedral, and each held a candle at the funeral of some rich man, unknown to either of them. The beadle had any quantity of candles, and he beckoned to all who loitered by to come in and add to the prestige of the funeral. They were a little awe-struck by the mummery of pretentious religion, and by the greater majesty and mystery of death, and when they came back to the old people, and found that none of the merchandise was sold, but that they were formally betrothed, the ceremony at the church seemed to them a part of the transaction; and, to add to its sacredness, José always kept the end of the burned candle. It should finish burning, so he said, at his own funeral, and, meantime, it was a witness to his betrothal to and love for Leonilla.

They were to be married, so the elders had decided, as soon as a good vintage allowed a sufficient dowry, and as soon as José's mother could weave enough linen for a good household outfit. José's mother had spun and woven slowly at first, for she was jealous of a rival in her son's affection. But age was stealing on, and she confessed to herself now that a daughter-in-law would be an acceptable boon.

There could hardly be imagined a greater contrast between two agreeable girls than that which existed between Leonilla and her young mistress. The one credulous, naïf, affectionate; the other haughty, cultured and brilliant, and both distractingly beautiful and pure as pearls. At least, this was what Henry Jackson thought concerning them, and Mr. Jackson was, to Margaret, at least, an authority on nearly every subject. He was an Englishman, but had resided in Oporto for the past three years in the interest of a London wine-importing company. The Andrews had met him four years before in London, and, though the acquaintance at that time had been slight, he had some way established himself with them on the familiar footing of an old friend. He was so thoroughly well informed in all the customs of the country; he made himself so useful to them in various ways, that Mr. Andrews hailed his appearance as a godsend. It was he who advised Margaret to engage the services of a maid, and who drew her attention to Leonilla, the prettiest peasant girl in the Oporto markets.

"She will help you acquire this unimaginably difficult language," he had argued, "and she will explain

all the pretty customs and legends of the mountains while you are in the Minho."

And so it had been decided that Leonilla should accompany the Andrews on their tour through the north of Portugal. She was all the more willing to do so that several weeks of the time were to be spent at Bom Jesus do Monte, a famous resort not far from José's home, and one of the most charmingly grotesque places in the world.

High up in the mountains above the ancient city of Braza, an archbishop of Froissart's time, or thereabouts, conceived the idea of founding a Mecca for pious pilgrims. Shrines, hermitages, hospedarias sprang up at the word of the holy man; the Pope sent dispensations, the worldly built lodging-houses, and laid out gardens, dancing pavilions, lakes and boats, band-stands for open-air concerts, and other amusements. Fashionables flocked from the heated cities, where the air lay baked and lifeless, to this charming mountain resort, and the good archbishop forbade them not, but obligingly gathered in the gold they brought and continued his work of making the mountain the eighth wonder of the world. From the foot to the top an elaborate and ingenious *via crucis* was designed. The pilgrim proceeded on foot, either alone or making one of a procession along a series of inclined planes and up an ornate grand staircase to the principal church, pausing, however, as he went to offer prayer before each of the fourteen chapels which divided the way. Allegorical statues representing Old Testament worthies looked down benignantly from each angle of the staircase; and fountains illustrative of every Christian virtue gushed clear and sweet on every terrace. The way was shaded by the cork, the mulberry and the stone pine, and the bracing mountain air made the climb an ecstatic delight. Even the languorous worldling preferred to dismiss his carriage at the foot and follow the pilgrims' path, though there was a good carriage road to the summit.

But though the rich came, as we have said, and made the place popular and famous all over Portugal, they formed but a minority in the vast multitudes who swarmed hither at Whitsuntide. Camping grounds were provided for the peasants. The ox-carts, ranged in rows and filled with fresh straw, and protected by *toldas*, or canvas covers, formed excellent beds. Great ovens had been built for their use; there were plenty of free games and amusements, and a part of the grounds was reserved as a bazaar or fair. The men bartered their various commodities, the women gossiped, the young men raced their ponies and wooed the maidens, the girls wandered reverently from shrine to shrine, unburdening their heart sorrows before the altar of Maria Santissima, or leaving a flower and a prayer before the shrine of St. Antonio. It was not the time of the great yearly *romaria*, or religious festival, but at all times Bom Jesus is more or less a place of pilgrimage. Even had there been no other visitors the Andrews would have felt themselves well repaid for their pains. But Mr. Jackson had found it convenient to take a short recess from business, and had joined them here.

He had been so very attentive of late that Margaret, not usually suspicious in such matters, had been obliged to confess to herself that either she must at once begin to discourage him or else be fairly held to have countenanced any pretensions which he might be cherishing. Did she really care to discourage him? This was the question which she asked herself one slumberous afternoon, when nearly every other guest of the hotel was taking a siesta. Leonilla came noiselessly through the door with a dish of bursting pomegranates. She smiled

when she saw that Margaret was awake, and, placing the fruit before her, prepared to arrange her hair for the afternoon.

"Tell me another legend of St. Antonio," said Margaret, "and what do you do when you wish his gracious opinion as to whether the young gentleman you happen to be thinking about is the one that he would approve in your case?"

Leonilla's face brightened. "Ah! lady," she exclaimed, "to-night is the festa of St. Antonio. Will you not keep it with me? The dear saint will not mind that you are not a daughter of Portugal. He was compassionate to the Moors, and even to the Italians. If you will only ask him I have no doubt that he will give you as good a husband as my José Plácido."

"That were kindness, indeed," replied Margaret good naturedly. "If you will lend me one of your gay suits, and will help me to dress so that no one could guess but that I am a true daughter of the Minho, perhaps we can deceive even the good saint himself."

Leonilla brought her best scarlet petticoat, her velvet bodice and embroidered vest, with wide white sleeves. She removed the solitaire pearls from Margaret's ears, and replaced them by the enormous filigree ear-rings of the country. She plaited her hair and arranged the gay kerchief upon it, until St. Antonio must have been sagacious, indeed, not to have mistaken her for one of his own countrywomen. Then, hand-in-hand, just as the moon rose, they slipped from the Hotel da Boavista and descended the terrace staircase. It was deserted, and there was no sound but their own footfalls and the musical sobbing of the many fountains. St. Antonio's shrine was apart from the others, in a little dell half-way down the mountain. Margaret had brought two waxen tapers, each a yard high, garlanded with moulded pansies; she had bought them in Lisbon, with the intention of carrying them to America as curiosities, but had yielded to a Hallowe'en freak, and had decided to leave them for herself and Leonilla as propitiatory gifts for St. Antonio. As they descended the stairs Leonilla persisted in pausing before each of the chapels and gazing through the grated doorway at the wax-work tableaux displayed within. The interior of each of these little chapels was fitted up to represent a scene in the passion of our Saviour. The figures, carved from wood, were of life size, clothed and painted with amusing realism. When Margaret first looked upon the effigies which coarsely caricatured scenes that were to her very sacred—the Flagellation, the Crown of Thorns, the Garden of Gethsemane—it seemed to her that this was a palpable kind of blasphemy, a second mockery of the martyred Christ. She had marked since then the real devotion in which these figures were held by the simple devotees, and she had become reconciled to them. They passed by the fountains guarded by the statues of Hope, with her two companions, Confidence and Glory; Faith, blindfolded in the Romish fashion, attended by Confession and Docility, and Charity, with her followers, Peace and Benignity, and were standing in front of the chapel devoted to the taking of the miraculous napkin portrait by Veronica, when they heard footsteps ascending the staircase. Leonilla, frightened, shrank into the thicket which bordered the staircase. Margaret remained a moment irresolute, then feeling that it was hardly prudent for her to meet any chance comer there alone she turned to fly, when she heard other footsteps descending the staircase. She was hemmed in on both sides and it was too late to follow Leonilla, for the crackling of the branches would now certainly attract attention. In her agitation she leaned heavily against

the grated door of the little chapel. To her surprise it yielded to the pressure, opening noiselessly inward. She caught at the asylum thus offered, and knelt behind the wooden Veronica, with her back to the door, hoping to be taken for one of the figures in the tableaux. Slowly the firm, manly footsteps which she had first heard came nearer, and passed the chapel without a pause. Margaret sprang to her feet, and, looking curiously, saw the figure of a young man, in the gown or cloak of the University of Coimbra, passing on toward the hospedaria, and bearing in his arms a little child. She quickly resumed her kneeling position, for she heard others coming from either direction. They met in front of the chapel, and Margaret recognized the voice of Senhora Aranjó, a Portuguese lady whose acquaintance she had made in Oporto, and whom she inwardly despised as a superficial little flirt. Her heart gave a quick throb as she heard Mr. Jackson expressing surprise and pleasure at meeting her. There were other voices, but Margaret's attention was only for these two.

Mr. Jackson's tone was carelessly gallant, and his phrases were chosen from the overdrawn compliment of Portuguese courtesy. But though Margaret knew that Senhora Aranjó probably attached no serious importance to his extravagant offers of service, and his vehement desire to kiss her angelic little feet, and though she knew that the phrases were uttered with the flippancy of one who conceived that he was only ordinarily courteous, still the conversation angered her. He had seemed so serious to her in the few reverent, half-hesitating attentions which he had paid her; was this respectful deference also only a mannerism assumed for the exigencies of the case? The party presently turned their attention to the scene within the chapel.

"What wretched art!" exclaimed Senhora Aranjó. "If, now, these figures were only carved in marble, instead of being so hideously painted and dressed! See, there is a figure actually in the costume of the peasants of this time and locality."

"You mean the kneeling girl by the side of Veronica," replied Mr. Jackson. "I have never noticed that figure before, and I thought I was quite familiar with all the scenes. Really, now, she is the most admirably executed of them all. I wonder whether it is made of wax or papier-maché?" He thrust his rattan through the grating and tapped Margaret lightly upon the shoulder.

"The coiffure is real," remarked Senhora Aranjó. "You moved one of the plaits with your stick."

"It is wonderfully life-like," replied Mr. Jackson. "I would like to compliment the artist who constructed it," and with a little more light chat the party turned away and mounted the staircase, Mr. Jackson walking gallantly by the side of the senhora.

As soon as they were safely out of sight Margaret left the chapel, her shoulders tingling as though the touch of the cane had been a sharp blow. She was thoroughly indignant, for she did not believe that Mr. Jackson had been deceived. He knew that it was yielding flesh against which the vibrant rattan had pressed. Possibly he fancied that some simple peasant girl had placed herself here in fulfillment of a vow of penance, and he had touched her in this insulting way to satisfy his curiosity. She walked quickly up the steps, quite forgetful of her intention of placing the candles which she still held on the altar of St. Antonio. In her anger she forgot even to wonder what had become of Leonilla. She had just gained the upper terrace, and was turning toward the hotel, when a figure lounging on the church steps sprang up and barred her way.

"Ah! my pretty little one," exclaimed Mr. Jackson, for it was he, "why did you make one of the ugly party in Veronica's chapel to-night? Did you think that I did not recognize the charming Leonilla? No, you need not turn away your head. I have seen those earrings before, and this jaunty handkerchief crossed so coquettishly over your bodice. Tell me what you were doing in the chapel? Praying the good St. Antonio to send you a lover, were you not? Well, here he is, my pretty Leonilla, and you will not even look at him."

"Mr. Jackson, let me go, if you please!" Margaret exclaimed in a stifled voice, turning suddenly and facing the discomfited gentleman.

"Margaret!" was the dismayed reply, "what cursed contretemps is this?"

Bitter taunts welled to Margaret's lips, but she crushed them back, and with a sweeping courtesy, entered the hotel. An importunate note came the next morning begging Miss Andrews to see him, to listen to his explanations and apologies; but the missive was returned unopened, and Mr. Jackson, after waiting through the day in vain for some opportunity to make his peace, left that evening for Braza and the south.

"Our experiment in seeking St. Antonio's favor was hardly a success, was it, Leonilla?" Margaret asked of her maid, as she witnessed through her parted curtains the departure of her admirer.

Leonilla's reply was a sob, and Margaret, regarding her keenly, saw that the girl's face was haggard and her eyes swollen with weeping.

"What is the matter, child?" she exclaimed, drawing her gently toward her. "Have you had bad news from José Plácido, or were you frightened last night?"

For answer the girl burst into passionate weeping. "Dear lady," she explained, as Margaret soothed her into calmness, "the gentle St. Antonio himself appeared to me last night, and I must die unwedded, a thing which would break my José's heart, let alone my own."

"Pray, what do you mean?" questioned Margaret kindly.

"I saw him," replied Leonilla, "the beautiful saint, with a countenance of heavenly sweetness. He was robed in black; on one arm he bore the radiant Christ-child, in the other hand he held a stalk of white lilies. He spoke no word, but as he passed me one of the lilies fell at my feet, a sign that he called me to himself. I must go home, dear lady, and prepare to die."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Margaret cheerfully. "I also saw your vision, and to me he seemed a very real and substantial man, dressed in the gown of a university student. If you will remain here a few days longer I have no doubt that I shall be able to point him out to you."

But Leonilla was not to be persuaded, and the next morning witnessed her departure for her home. Margaret was seriously annoyed. "The poor child will brood and brood over this thing," she thought, "until fancy will really accomplish her death." She had not seen the face of the student, and she looked eagerly but in vain among the groups of pleasure-seekers and devotees for some one in the peculiar scholastic garb. The days that followed would have been very tedious to her had not Senhora Arango presented her brother, Nepomuceno de Castro Rego, for whose sake, indeed, she had made this diplomatic journey. He was a serious young man, tall and graceful, faultlessly dressed after the Parisian fashion. He was more than ordinarily intelligent and well informed, having traveled widely both in Europe and Brazil. He spoke English accurately, but with a

studied and rather bookish manner, and preferred to converse in French, of which he was a fluent master. From him the courtly obeisance of the usual forms of polite conversation had nothing stilted or feigned. He seemed to be a courtier speaking to his empress. His sincerity was very patent, for he had really fallen in love with Margaret almost at first sight.

"If you would only see Coimbra," he said one day, "I think you would love our Portugal. The English poet, Southey, thought it one of the most fascinating of old towns. You know he writes of the dear Mondego, and of its venerable buildings, its olives and its cypresses."

"Were you ever a student of the University of Coimbra?" Margaret asked.

"Yes, indeed; I have but just completed the course of law. You look surprised, but you know we enter the university older than the students of nearly all other countries."

The startled look in Margaret's face had another cause. "When you first came here, on the eve of St. Antonio's day, did you wear your student's gown?" she asked.

"Yes. It was very dusty, and I threw it on to protect my new suit."

Margaret still looked puzzled. "But the child?" she said to herself, not quite conscious that she was speaking aloud.

"Oh! the child. We met some friends of my sister's at Braza, who came out to the mountain with us. The nurse was not strong, and you know the staircase is long, so I offered to carry the child for her. I had bought some lilies, which helped amuse it. Did you see me in my character of nursery-maid? I could not have presented a very dignified appearance."

"I want you to assume it again, please," said Margaret, "for the sake of a poor, simple child, who took you for an apparition of the good St. Antonio."

The young man started, and, habitually serious as he was, could not forbear smiling. "My sister's friends left the next day," he said; "but I suppose we might manage to borrow some other baby."

"First, we must find Leonilla," said Margaret decidedly, "and to accomplish that we must return to Oporto."

The entire party returned to the city together, accompanied by Senhor de Castro Rego. Margaret searched the markets for Leonilla. They found only José Plácido, standing beside his dun-colored oxen, the image of abject despair.

"Where is Leonilla?" Margaret asked. "Is she well?"

"She is well," José replied, crossing himself. "She is dying."

"Oh, no!" Margaret exclaimed impulsively. "That must not be. Take us to her and we will cure her. Leave your oxen in care of some one else; go to the river and hire a boat; I will go to the hotel for my father, and will meet you at the Queen's Stairs."

It was only a short walk across the square, but Senhor de Castro Rego delayed her.

"I cannot go with you on this trip up to the vineyards," he said.

"Cannot!" she exclaimed indignantly. "And you know that without your help that poor child will die—that all my explanations will go for nothing if I cannot prove them true? Is that nothing to you?"

"It is nothing," he replied passionately. "What are all the girls of Portugal to me, who care only for you?"

"But do you not see that I care more for this than for anything else in the whole world?"

"Yes, I see it; and if we go, if we succeed, and the illness of your protégé proves to be only of the imagination, then, when you have nothing else to care for, will you not give some small part of your attention to my trouble, which is not at all of the imagination?"

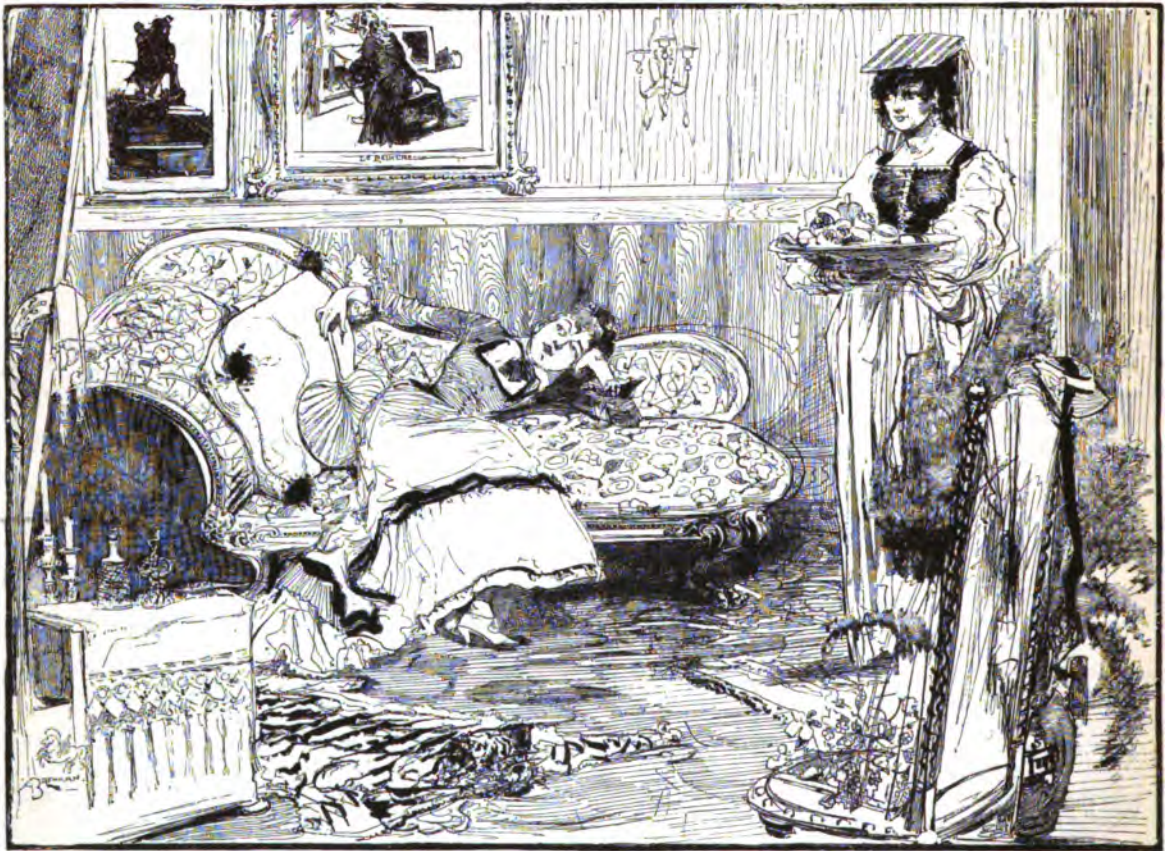
They had reached the hotel. Margaret turned toward her own room. "You can go or not, as you like," she said coldly. "I make no promises." Her heart smote her reproachfully as soon as she had uttered the words, but she did not unsay them.

On descending the "Queen's Stairs" with her father she found the Senhor waiting with José Placido in one

"Well, you might as well appear in character at once, and I will explain to her that you are all 'of the earth, earthy.'"

"I beg pardon for suggesting a change, but it seems to me, if this young girl is in a physically weak condition, it will be too great a shock for her to see me at first in my grand rôle. I think you had better introduce me as a physician from Oporto, and let her get accustomed to me as a man, before you spring the supernatural upon her. Otherwise, I might be responsible for her death, for she is probably awaiting a second appearance of St. Antonio as a sign that her time has come."

"How thoughtful you are!" exclaimed Margaret,



"LEONILLA CAME NOISELESSLY THROUGH THE DOOR WITH A DISH OF BURSTING POMEGRANATES."

of the wine-boats. The great sail was hoisted, the boatman, in the picturesque beggar's-purse cap, gave a twist to the long rudder, and the boat sailed proudly up the river.

"It is an excursion I have long thought of taking," said Mr. Andrews. "In fact, I promised Mr. Jackson that I would go with him, but some way the plan fell through."

Winding between the terraced hills they came, late in the afternoon, to the vineyard country, Leonilla's home.

"I wish you would tell me how you intend to carry out your plan of disillusionizing this child?" Margaret's companion asked.

"Why, I see that you have brought a parcel, which I presume contains your student's gown—"

"And a stalk of waxen altar-lilies. I could find no natural ones."

struck with sudden admiration. "I thought you had no interest in the poor child."

"I am interested, however, in the success of your undertaking."

"Then you are more generous than I had supposed."

José pointed out the cabin, almost hidden behind a colonnade of rough stone pillars, over which the vines clambered, roofing the spaces with a canopy of quivering leaves. Under this trellis, on a rude couch, Leonilla lay. They had brought her out of the cabin to enjoy the afternoon breeze. José stopped suddenly at the sight.

"I cannot bear it," he said.

"Come with me first for a little walk around the vineyard," said Mr. Andrews. "We will join the others by-and-by."

Margaret and the Senhor went on. Leonilla greeted

her with a happy smile and a questioning glance at the strange gentleman, which was repeated by Leonilla's mother.

"This is a doctor," said Margaret, "who will certainly do you good."

Leonilla shook her head doubtfully, but allowed him to take her hand, and answered all his questions. Some children, her little nephews and nieces, approached and eyed the strangers curiously. The Senhor lifted one to his knee, and continued conversing pleasantly, and drawing from Leonilla, little by little, the story of the miraculous appearance of St. Antonio.

"My child," he said at length, very kindly, "have you never thought that this may have been only some chance traveler passing that way with a little child in his arms?"

Leonilla regarded him with a startled look.

"This baby has a very sweet face," he continued. "If you were to see it in my arms some moonlight night, could not you imagine that I were St. Antonio?"

"Ah, no!" she gasped; "St. Antonio is far more beautiful than even you, fair Senhor."

"True," he replied; "but I really did pass up the stairs of Bom Jesus with a little child at just the time when you saw your vision. Could you not have been mistaken?"

Leonilla's faith was shaken, but she still shook her head. "No, no," she persisted, "he wore a flowing robe, and he carried the lilies."

Very patiently the Senhor explained that the students at Coimbra wore just such gowns. He unfolded his own, and showed it to her, making her feel the texture and observe the cut, and then he put it on before her and again lifted the child in his arms.

"Now," he said, "if I only had the lily-stalk would not the resemblance be pretty fair?"

"I have some lilies here," said Margaret. "Let us try the effect," and she placed them in his unoccupied hand.

Leonilla gave a little cry and fainted. In spite of all their care, the shock had been too much for her overwrought imagination. The Senhor de Castro Rego hastily divested himself of his stage properties and assisted Margaret in restoring her to consciousness. As she opened her eyes José Plácido came up, anxious and hesitating.

"Oh, José," she cried, "is it thou? Where, then, is the good St. Antonio—I mean the physician who was here but a moment ago? Or was it a dream?"

The Senhor stepped forward. "It was *all* a dream, little Leonilla. I am a very poor saint, and yet I am the only one you have seen."

"Then I am to get well?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly, you dear, obedient little thing," replied Margaret; "and here is José to help persuade you. The Senhor and I are going to take a little walk to the end of the terrace. When we return perhaps you will have some grapes ready for us, for I have no doubt that his saintship is very hungry."

"You succeeded much better even than I hoped," she said to the Senhor as they looked up the vine-bordered river; "and you did it all knowing that I promised you nothing in return."

"You have promised nothing," he replied; "but if you should choose to give—"

And Leonilla, looking after them, flushed faintly as she said: "I was very dull and stupid, José—almost too stupid for you. Only the Senhora Margaret is wise and beautiful enough to be the bride of St. Antonio."

CUPID IN CUSTODY.



"CUPID, little criminal,
What have you been doing?"

"Nothing wrong, oh, nothing wrong;
Just a little wooing."

"You've been stealing hearts, I fear,
Stealing hearts by dozens."

"No, I haven't, no, I haven't;
They were all my cousins."

"Come along, you little fraud;
You will have to tarry
In a prison, till you learn
Wooing means to marry."

"Very well, here's Bonnybelle;
She shall be the winner."
Bonnybelle said: "Officer,
Free the little sinner."

"Oh, I'll marry—Bonnybelle
Knows my truth and purity;
Here is good Saint Valentine,
He'll be my security."



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

POSSESSIO PEDIS.

DEATH is a fact that never becomes common. No period of protracted expectation ever prepares us for the announcement. Come when it will, it brings a tremor of surprise. Like the crash of thunder near at hand, or the rumble of the earthquake, one is never quite prepared to hear it. It may not alarm nor even startle, but it always hushes. There are, however, instances in which it is heard with a peculiar thrill. We expect the old to die and the young to live as a universal rule. The demise of those who have long been afflicted with disease or are of peculiarly frail and weakly habit is, of course, regarded as more probable and therefore is less startling than that of the active and strong. The temperament of the decedent, too, is a distinct element in the effect that death produces. There are men who are neither young nor vigorous, but whom we never associate with the idea of death until the fact stares us in the face, and we wonder at it. We are never able to realize that they are not as they always have been. We are forever thinking of them as alive, and recalling with a start our error. Such a man was Merwyn Hargrove. He was not especially robust, but his life for years had been one unvarying round of re-duplicated days. What yesterday had been with him, to-morrow was sure to be again. His personality was self-sustaining. He neither leaned upon his neighbors nor held them up. He neither talked of himself nor listened when another broached the subject. Griefs and pleasures were alike to him so far as others were concerned. He had become a fixture, as it were, in the eyes of all who knew him. He did not come very close to their lives, but yet he did not drop out of them, and there was probably no one in that whole region whose life seemed so much a matter of course as that of Merwyn Hargrove. There was an amazement, therefore, that for a time forbade any speech on the part of the little group who heard Mr. Clarkson's announcement. Kortright looked steadily at the speaker. His wife, after the first start, watched her husband carefully, as if to note the effect of this unexpected news upon him. Martin stood at the foot of the bed transfixed with horror. Mr. Kortright at length spoke, holding up the telegram as he did so.

"You think there is no mistake?"

"I am very sure there is none."

"This 'M. B.'—who is he?"

"Matthew Bartlemy, Captain Hargrove's attorney in the South."

"You have no idea how or when—?"

"You know all that I do."

"You say I am the executor?"

"Yes."

"What do you suppose this man wishes me to do?"

"I am aware that Captain Hargrove anticipated a struggle in regard to his property, and it is probable that the object of this haste is to have you enter into possession in order that you may the better hold for his devisees."

"I will do it," said the sick man, with his accustomed decisiveness. "What is the first thing to be done?"

"We will offer the will for probate as soon as possible," said Clarkson; "but it is better that you should take possession immediately. Bartlemy evidently fears a hostile entry."

"Martin shall go to Sturmhold to-night, and I will follow to-morrow. Will that do?"

"That is the very best that can be done," answered Clarkson. "Captain Hargrove certainly made no mistake in choosing you for his executor," he added as he nodded approval.

"Merwyn Hargrove has a right to command me and mine, whether alive or dead," said Kortright with emotion. "Martin," he added, "you must make no delay."

"But, father," said Martin hesitantly, "do you remember—there is Hilda—ought we not to inform her of this?"

"True; I had forgotten," said Kortright thoughtfully.

Clarkson looked quickly from one to the other.

"Hilda," said Mrs. Kortright, noticing this look of inquiry, "Captain Hargrove's daughter is to be Martin's wife."

"I ought to go for her at once," said Martin.

"Better wait till we are sure," said Kortright cautiously.

"You may serve her even better by going to Sturmhold," added Clarkson with sympathetic assurance.

Martin still hesitated.

"Do not seek to be the bearer of evil tidings, my son," said his mother. "Let Hilda be happy as long as she may."

"I will do as you wish," said Martin, with evident reluctance, "though I think she ought to know of this and come here at once."

How true is love's prescience.

An hour later Martin was on his way to Sturmhold, full of sad forebodings.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY BUCCANEER.

THE next day the air was full of rumors. Captain Hargrove was dead and 'Squire Kortright was his executor. That everybody in Skendoah knew. The manner of Hargrove's death was variously guessed. It was believed that in some way or other slavery was answerable for this, as well as the burning of the mills. There were especially strange reports in regard to Sturmhold—its young mistress, and poor Madame Eighmie, as the crazy woman was called in the neighborhood. There was talk of kidnappers and fire-eaters and violence.

"They'd better not be tryin' any of them tricks," said the old man Shields. "'Tain't so long since the Anti-Rent war here, that the people of these parts have forgot to take care of themselves, and their neighbors, too. The fact on 't is there's been just about as much man-stealing and land-stealing done in this region as we care about sitting still and looking on at. I'm an old man, but if any nigger-hunter comes into this country a tracking after a runaway or a stayaway, I'm ready to be one of a crowd that'll give him all the pond-water he'll care about takin' aboard at a time."

He was not alone in these sentiments. A company of citizens waited on Mr. Kortright as he was about to enter his carriage to be driven to Sturmhold, and offered to watch the premises night after night, in turn, as long as he might think a guard necessary. It was even reported that suspicious movements had been observed about the place during the previous night by Martin. That young man did not return, as his parents had expected, but sent a short note of excuse by one of the servants. This fact troubled Harrison Kortright, and hastened his departure. He declined, however, the good offices of his neighbors, and only arranged for the man who had been watchman at the mill to go with him to Sturmhold and remain for a short time.

One of the New York papers received that day contained the following:

"A DOUBTFUL RUMOR.

"There is a report of a wholesale kidnapping affair upon the coast of Carolina, in which a well-known citizen of one of our interior counties is said to have lost his life. Great excitement is reported in that region, and the affair is denounced as an 'Abolition outrage' of unprecedented magnitude. The tendency to exaggeration on the part of the 'chivalry' in regard to anything affecting in the remotest degree the 'peculiar institution,' leads us to anticipate that this will prove to be a great stir over a very small matter. It may even prove to be a flurry started to cover up one of those knife and pistol affairs to which Southern hospitality so often appeals when the Northern creditor goes there to enforce his demand. At all events we shall refrain from further comment until we obtain fuller information."

Another referred to it under the heading

"A QUEER COMPLICATION.

"The report comes from Washington that a special messenger from the governor of one of the Southern States arrived in that city yesterday, and laid before the President a request that he would dispatch at once a swift-sailing man-of-war to intercept a schooner that cleared from this port, about ten days ago, for Kingston and San Domingo via Newbern, Wilmington and Charleston. It seems that instead of touching at either of these ports, or proceeding on her voyage, the schooner hove to, somewhere off Hatteras, and took on board some forty or fifty slaves which

were brought outside the bar and transferred to the schooner by a fast sailing yacht—which is well known in this harbor and up and down the Hudson. It is supposed that the intention is to take the slaves to Hayti, or, perhaps, to one of the British West Indies, for the purpose of freeing them. The President referred the matter to the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of the Navy was ordered to have a vessel in readiness should it be decided to attempt the pursuit. It is not probable that anything will be done, as it is not thought that the government has any power to act in the premises.

"The *Sea Foam* is reported to have passed up the river last night, but this is not credited. It is rumored that she has been engaged in such kidnapping excursions along the rivers and sounds of that region before. Her owner is said to have been outlawed and a price set upon his head for seducing slaves to run away, more than a year ago. It is generally believed that the whole story is a canard, and intended as a set-off to the absurd stories of Southern outrage in Kansas."

That evening Jared Clarkson drove over to Sturmhold. Harrison Kortright was on a couch in the library. His wife was with him when Clarkson was admitted. Kortright gave him a swift glance as they shook hands, and said in a calm, steady tone:

"It is true, then?"

"Too true."

"You have learned the particulars?"

"I have a letter from Mr. Bartlemy," said Clarkson, taking it from his pocket.

"Wait a moment," said Kortright. "I want Martin to hear it. He will have to act for me in this matter, and I want he should know it all. I can only lie here and plan. He must do the work."

Mrs. Kortright withdrew while he was speaking and soon returned with their son. Martin had a troubled, anxious look as he shook hands with Clarkson and sat down beside his father's couch. Mr. Clarkson, with the delicate sense of perception which always characterizes men of his temperament, recognized at once the development which a single night of suffering had wrought in the young man's nature. His tone revealed respect and consideration as he said:

"I have a letter from Mr. Bartlemy which I was about to read."

Martin bowed and Clarkson continued:

"It is written from Richmond, Virginia."

"MY DEAR SIR: I have just reached this point, having come here post-haste in order that I might communicate with you without awakening suspicion. I learned of the death of your friend and my client, Captain Hargrove, just before leaving home. He was killed two days ago in an attempt to remove the slaves of his late brother, George Eighmie, from Mallowbanks, the plantation formerly belonging to the said Eighmie. You will probably learn the particulars as soon as I, through the public press. I am so well informed as to the purposes of the heirs of Eighmie—who may also prove to be Hargrove's heirs, though they are only of the half blood—that I think we should take immediate measures to prevent their stealing a march on us by taking possession of the premises at Sturmhold. If you carry out my instructions as given by telegraph, Mr. Kortright will be on the ground before you get this, and I judge him to be a man not easily frightened or driven."

A smile came over Clarkson's face as he read the old lawyer's estimate of the man before him. Kortright's pale face flushed a little as he said:

"He did not know his letter would find me as I am."

"I don't think he would have changed his opinion if he had," said Clarkson. Then he read on:

"Nevertheless—and this I want you to impress upon him seriously—he must keep a sharp watch. Our Southern people have not in all respects the same regard for the mere forms of law as you of the North, and Gilman has a long head. In the fight they intend to make, possession of the realty in your state would be of the utmost importance. So too is the discovery and identification of Lida's children. I have just learned that the boy Hugh ran away from his master, who lives near Harper's Ferry in this state, some three or four years ago. He had a peculiar livid scar that looks like a cut, extending from the nose almost back to the ear on the right side of his face."

"Oh, Mr. Clarkson," exclaimed Mrs. Kortright, "do you remember the young fugitive that was rescued from the jail?"

"Sure enough," said Clarkson with a start. "The description fits him exactly."

"And Lida—" said Mrs. Kortright. "You remember how she ran after the carriage, calling out, 'My baby! my boy!'"

"And we thought her crazed," said Clarkson bitterly, as he rose and walked back and forth across the room. "Oh, vile and terrible institution, what evil hast thou not to answer for—a lost child, a crazed mother! How long, O Lord, how long?"

There was a moment's silence. The veins stood out on Clarkson's brow, and his hand was clenched with the excitement of his thought. His eyes burned so fiercely, when they flashed upon the auditors without seeing them, that it seemed as if there might be danger of his own mind losing its proper balance.

After a time, Kortright said quietly:

"Well, what more has Mr. Bartlemy to say?"

Clarkson at once resumed his reading:

"The girl I think we shall not find it hard to discover. By the way, if Unthank, Hargrove's body servant, turns up in that region, by all means keep him in concealment, but do not lose track of him. Even if we are unable to use him as a witness, his information will be indispensable to us. He is the only one living who really knows anything about Hargrove's life for the last twenty years. But don't let him be seen about there under any circumstances—at least until after you hear from me again. By the way, I learned while hunting for the boy Hugh that the man who owned him has the only one of Unthank's children whom he has not managed to run off. This may help you to keep him in sight if you let him know it."

"My God!" exclaimed Clarkson. "How heartless slavery makes the best of men!" Then he resumed his reading:

"I am going direct to Mallowbanks to-day, and will attend to the burial of our friend and whatever else needs to be done there. Do not relax your vigilance, and tell Kortright he must not leave the plantation for an hour until the danger is past. It would be better if he did not leave the house. Those who are against us are very determined men. We will teach them, however, that they can't fool with a client of Matthew Bartlemy or I'm mistaken. I've got my heart set on straightening out this tangle, and I'm going to do it, if I live long enough, even if I have to give up all the rest of my practice. Bob Gilman shall not have a chance to brag that he has got around the old man, if there's any way to circumvent him. I leave in an hour."

"Yours hastily,

"MATTHEW BARTLEMY."

There was a moment's silence, when Kortright remarked:

"Is that all?"

"No," answered Clarkson; "I have a copy of the

Clayburn Register. I only glanced over it hastily on my way here. It contains a full account of the killing of Captain Hargrove. Shall I read it?" he asked, glancing at Mrs. Kortright.

"Of course," answered Kortright for himself. "We must know it all some time, and the sooner the better."

Clarkson glanced down the column and said:

"There is no need to read the head-lines. It was evidently a godsend to the editor, and he makes the most of it. It is a horrible tale as he tells it. This is what he says:

"A STARTLING OCCURRENCE."

"We stop the press to insert a hurried and imperfect account of the most infamous abolition outrage ever perpetrated on the soil of a Southern state. The people of Clayburn county have long been aware that a renegade born upon her soil, but for many years a resident of a Northern state, had become one of the most dangerous and pestiferous of that gang of nigger-stealing fanatics who seem to have no purpose in life except to disturb the peace and harmony of Southern society. This man, himself born a slaveholder, and of a family noted for cruelty and harshness to their slaves, became by accident the executor of an eccentric half-brother, whose will has for many years been a subject of litigation in the courts of the state. Almost a generation of lawyers have passed away since Eighmie *vs.* Hargrove was first entered upon the docket. Several minor suits have grown out of it, all of which would probably have been dismissed for want of prosecution, since the heirs of George Eighmie were also the natural heirs of Merwyn Hargrove, had they not learned that it was the intention of the latter not only to divert the property entirely from his family and bestow it upon the base-born children of a mulatto woman, with whom his testator sustained illicit relations, but also to deprive them of a chance of recovering it at his death by freeing and removing the slaves. Already the plantation of Mallowbanks had suffered severely in its productive capacity by the loss of about one-fourth of the requisite working force, which Hargrove had freed and colonized at the North. Although he is reported to be a man of large means, it was evident to every one that no estate could stand such wholesale depletion as he contemplated, and yet be sufficient to reimburse the heirs for losses sustained through his misfeasance. Under these circumstances an injunction was obtained to prevent his removing the slaves during the pendency of the litigation. This was some two or three years ago, and he has shown no inclination to carry out his original purpose until a few months ago circumstances that came to the knowledge of the claimants put them on their guard, and they arranged to have Mr. Alfred Iddings, a poor but respectable man, who lives on an adjoining plantation, keep watch of matters at Mallowbanks, and let them know of any attempt to remove the slaves, or, in fact, of the coming of Hargrove. It should be stated that about two years ago Hargrove was indicted for kidnapping and seducing slaves to run away from their masters; and, in accordance with the law, as he constantly evaded arrest, coming and going in the night time, on his swift-sailing yacht, the *Sea Foam*, he was formally outlawed by the proper authority. The claimants were determined to assert their rights at all hazards, and were fully sustained by the popular sentiment of the vicinage, which was kept in a constant state of alarm by this descendant of old Hargrove of Hargrove's Quarter, who seemed to have inherited all the thieving propensities of his buccaneer ancestor.

Nothing came of these precautions, however, until this morning about three o'clock, when Mr. Iddings, being awakened by the barking of his dogs, became aware of some unusual stir about the negro quarter at Mallow-

banks. The morning being foggy, he could not at first make out what it was, but running along the path that skirts the shore he soon came to the inlet, where he found the *Sea Foam*, with her sails furled and an armed desperado sitting in the stern, evidently awaiting the arrival of some one on shore. The moon was at the full, and Iddings was able to see everything upon the deck as plain as if it had been midday. For a little while he was thoroughly astonished. Then he thought that if the craft was there the master of it could not be far off. Stealing back along the path, he ran quickly through the corn-fields to the house of Major Ezekiel Eighmie, one of the claimants. As soon as Iddings communicated what he had seen to Major Eighmie, that gentleman seized his conch and blew a blast that awakened the whole neighborhood. The coming of the yacht had been foreseen, and upon Major Eighmie giving the signal agreed on, all the gentlemen of the neighborhood seized their arms and started for the landing. About this time a fire was seen in the direction of Mallowbanks, and the general belief was that the crowd of ruffians, with Hargrove at their head, had pillaged and fired the Eighmie homestead. Shots were heard in the direction of the landing, and also of the house. Owing to the fog, and the uncertainty as to the number of the marauders, it was necessary to advance upon them with caution. It was, therefore, some considerable time before the band of armed neighbors reached the fire, which they found to be not at the mansion, but at the negro quarters, which had been deserted and set on fire. When this fact was ascertained, the whole infamous plan burst on the minds of the pursuers. It was a great kidnapping scheme! The negroes had been partly corrupted and partly coerced into flight. At once a cry was raised, 'To the landing! To the landing!' Major Eighmie called upon them to follow him, and the enraged neighbors responded promptly to his appeal. They started down the path to the landing, but had not advanced more than a hundred yards when a perfect volley was fired at them out of a clump of wood that intervened between them and the inlet. The bullets that whistled over them showed that Hargrove had a strong and well-armed party to aid him in his nefarious enterprise. The citizens then advanced carefully, firing every time they caught a glimpse of the enemy. At length they reached the brow of the hill above the landing just as the fog lifted and a sharp breeze sprang up from the west. There was the yacht, with every stitch of canvas set, loaded to the gunwale with frightened negroes, who were crying piteously at being driven away from their home and friends. The wind filled the sails and straightened the hawser, that was fastened to a tree on the bank. Half way down the slope was Unthank, the desperate negro villain, who has served Hargrove as his body-servant for twenty years, and who has been his confederate and agent in all his recent villanies, supporting his master, who was evidently wounded. The yacht was hardly twenty steps away, and the black scoundrel was making desperate efforts to get him aboard. Hargrove was perfectly helpless. He must have been wounded somewhere about the spine, as he seemed unable to use his limbs at all, though he was quite conscious and able to use his hands very freely, as he afterwards showed. The neighbors at once opened fire on the precious pair. Hargrove looked around, and, seeing that escape was hopeless, spoke a few words to the negro. A black-bearded scoundrel, who stood in the stern of the yacht with a knife raised ready to cut the rope, called out to them to make haste. Unthank laid his master on the ground at the foot of a large water-oak, and raising his gun drew a bead on the advancing party. Hargrove, however, forbade him to fire, and taking a packet from his bosom gave it to him and ordered him aboard the yacht. The negro refused to obey. Hargrove again commanded him to go. Upon his refusing a second time, Hargrove ordered the man in the stern to

cut loose. The rascal did so without waiting for further orders. Unthank, seeing it was his last chance, ran down the slope and jumped from the landing just as the yacht swung out into the wind. The neighbors rushed forward to prevent the escape of the slaves, but before they had advanced ten steps were fired upon by Hargrove. As he was known to be a desperate villain and was undoubtedly well armed, besides being protected by the tree, it was not a safe matter to advance upon him without cover. While those in front fired upon him steadily some others of the party crawled through a little belt of bushes above where he lay and sent a bullet crashing through his skull. He was undoubtedly saving his fire, expecting a rush to be made on him in front. Strangely enough none of the attacking party were hurt, though Hargrove is known to have been the best rifle-shot ever seen in these parts. By that time the day had broken, and the yacht was dancing over the water before a twelve-knot breeze half a mile away.

"It was discovered afterward that the *Sea Foam* had a consort outside the bar to which her cargo was transferred. She had evidently made one or two trips before the one on which she was discovered, as more than fifty slaves are missing from the plantation. Documents that were found upon the person of this daring robber show that he intended to remove every slave at Mallowbanks. It is perhaps but fair to say that he claimed these slaves not as executor but as legatee under the will of his half-brother. The court was unable to try the question of his right by reason of his refusal to come forward and reply to the interrogatories of the complainant. Being a non-resident the court had no jurisdiction over him except to enjoin him from removing the property. The neighbors were so enraged that the dead body was treated somewhat roughly, until the overseer at Mallowbanks took it in charge. The coroner has been informed, and a jury will probably be impaneled who will thoroughly examine into the affair. Major Ezekiel Eighmie starts North to-day to take steps to secure remuneration from the estate of the dead kidnapper for the loss sustained. The community are probably indebted to him for ridding the coast of a most dangerous enemy. It is said that the deceased was such an insatiable negro lover that he took his brother's favorite wench and her mulatto children to his palatial home among the Catskills and introduced them into the selectest circles of northern Abolition society as his own wife and daughter!

"This is altogether the most daring piece of villany the abolitionists have yet attempted. The recent expulsion from our soil of the Massachusetts attorney who came to the state expressly to gain a residence in order to test some points of our slave code before the Federal courts, must now be recognized as a wise and prudent measure. The letter of the law is not always to be relied upon. Perhaps, under the circumstances, the act in which Hargrove was engaged would not be held to be a felony, but it was certainly very natural that men who saw themselves about to be robbed by an armed marauder should not be over-nice in their conduct toward him. A number of shots are said to have taken effect upon him, and it would probably be impossible to ascertain who fired the one that actually caused his death. There was nothing found upon his body to implicate any other parties in his act. Indeed, there was an explicit disclaimer, and a declaration written in his own hand, and dated the day before, affirming that he only did it in the assertion of his lawful ownership of the property. No reliance can be put on the declarations of such an out-cast from decent society, and it is exceedingly improbable that it is true. The whole body of abolitionists of the North are undoubtedly responsible for this invasion of our soil and violation of our rights. We counsel our people to exercise moderation, but vigilance. Every Yankee craft that comes into our waters should be thoroughly overhauled for stowaways, and not one should ever be

allowed to leave her moorings without being so thoroughly fumigated as to drive out or kill every living thing under her hatches. The South must protect itself and its institutions against the envy and greed of Northern hypocrites and fanatics."

So the descendant of the buccaneer, who had risked his life in planting slavery in the colony, was slain in

the attempt to restore the children of those slaves to freedom.

As the people of Skendoah attributed their misfortune to slavery, as an ultimate cause, so the citizens of Clayburn county accounted the abolition fanaticism the disturber of their peace. Distrust was paving the way for strife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Lenore fuhr am Morgenroth
Empor aus schweren Träumen."

THIS is all the consolation with which she wakes next morning and exchanges the shadowy muddle of her discomfortable visions for the not less discomfortable reality. She had slept—to her own surprise—through the earlier part of the night; but in May-time day and night faint into each other; and though the light is broad and universal, yet the hour is a small one when she awakes, with that hopeless decidedness, that irrevocable bursting of the chains of slumber, which tells its unhappy victim that all juggling efforts to overtake the flown blessing will be of no avail. She lies on her uneasy bed for as long as she can bear it; then, since the hour is still far too early to ring for her hot water, and so make public an abnormal condition of mind and body, she rises, and throwing on her dressing-gown, sits down by the open window and watches the strides of the morning, stepping clean and young and lucent, across the old and dirty earth. Even the ugly Bohemian Railway Station and the stucco houses come in for a portion of his kindness. How much more the little hoary garden plat and the dew-pearled tulips!

It has been an open question since the world began whether the loveliness of nature assuages or aggravates the misery of humanity in its more miserable moods. Belinda would subscribe to the latter opinion. It seems to her that she could better bear the look of the day—that it would not make her so angry—if slant rain were slashing the earth, or if it were locked in a prison of frost, or wound in a shroud of snow.

The splendor of the transparent air: the trees, just lightly wagging their heads in the early wind; even the short-tailed starlings, cheerfully walking about while the sun touches up their apparently sombre feathers, and brings out little rainbow colors in them; each—each has a separate stab for her. There were starlings at Moritzburg; there were tulips in the inn garden at Lohmen: can she set her eyes upon any one common object that does not bring a memory with it? She has never been of a very bright or hopeful temperament with regard to her own future; not one of those happy young ones to whom the long life ahead seems swathed in a golden mist. The deep conviction of her own paucity of powers of attraction, a conviction which has been with her as long as she can remember anything—as long as the far-away days of short frocks and coming down to dessert, when strangers used to pull Sarah's

long curls and laugh at her smart answers—a conviction that for a bright interval has been shaken, now settles down in its cold and humbling certainty again in her heart.

"He was not telegraphed for," she says to herself, in a tone of surpassing bitterness; "he had no ill news; but he was right to go. I am not of the stuff of which the women that men love are made! Let me try not to forget it again."

The clocks one after another, in their different voices, have just struck eight. Cramped with long sitting in one position, which she has forgotten to change, she rises, and is beginning to walk up and down the little room when a knock comes, a quick, loud, rattling knock, which, in its lively energy, partakes of the nature of the person who has executed it, and who adds to it an urgent calling:

"Belinda! Belinda! are you awake?"

Awake!—is she awake? She smiles grimly to herself.

"Yes, I am awake," she answers in an unwilling voice, that she in vain tries to make sound sleepy.

"Then why do not you open the door?" cries the voice impatiently, accompanying the question by a long and noisier rattling of the handle.

But Belinda takes no step towards complying. She wishes for no one's company, not even Sarah's—perhaps Sarah's least of all; for is not she the one person from whom she has been unable to hide her humiliation.

"What do you want?" she asks morosely.

"If you do not open the door at once," replies Sarah, desisting for a moment from her rattling, so that her voice may be the more penetratingly heard, "I warn you that I shall open your note and read it myself!"

Her note! In one bound Belinda is across the room, has turned the key, and is palely facing her sister.

"Who was right?" cries Sarah, strutting in, disheveled, dressing-gowned, triumphant, and holding in her hand a letter, which the other silently snatches. "I was so certain that he must have written, that I sent Tommy round to his lodgings the first thing this morning; and sure enough they unearthed this, which they had entirely forgotten, and which we ought to have received yesterday afternoon. Come, it is not a bill this time!"

Belinda has opened the envelope, and is staring strainingly at the paper.

"How stupid!" she says, passing her hand across her eyes. "Somehow I cannot see it."

"Is it possible that this is his handwriting?" cries

Sarah, coming to her aid, and examining with surprise the superscription. "What a shocking hand he writes!"

"Yes; it is his," says Belinda, again passing her hand across her eyes; "but it is very shaky. Something has happened to alter it very much. I think you must read it, please."

"There does not appear to be any beginning," replies Sarah, complying with some alacrity. "'I cannot come to meet you this afternoon. Oh, forgive me!'" (Then comes a prodigious blot—mixed tears and ink, I expect.) "I have been telegraphed for home" (I told you so; then there is something scratched out; what is it?) looking at the paper askant and half shutting one eye). "'A frightful cat'—(what, cat? what is it likely to be?—*catastrophe*—that is it, of course; he has put long legs and loops to all the short letters, but I can quite make it out, in spite of that)—'a frightful catastrophe'—(scored through, you know). 'I do not know what I am saying. God bless you!' (Then more blots.)—'D. R.' That is all!"

"All!" cries Belinda, stretching out her trembling hand for the note. "Are you sure that there is nothing over the page?"

"Not a syllable!"

There is a silence. Belinda's eyes are riveted on the few scrawled words—so few—on which all her future is to be built. Among them is there one which will support the weight of a legitimate hope?

"It would have been more to the purpose," says Sarah, in a tone of wounded common sense, "if he had given us a hint as to what the catastrophe was, instead of wasting so much ingenuity in making all those unnatural legs and arms to his 'a's' and 'c's' and 's's'."

"You think that there is one really? that something has happened? that he was telegraphed for?" asks Belinda, appealing in wistful fever to her cool, shrewd junior.

"Of course he was; of course there has!" replies Sarah decidedly. "I must say," with a rather satirical look, "that you have a high opinion of your admirer; he ought to be flattered by your confidence. No! reassure yourself," striking the untidy blurred page with her forefinger; "any one with pretensions to be even an indifferent liar would have been ashamed of this."

"A catastrophe!" repeats Belinda, as though speaking to herself, and still looking at the note; "what sort of a catastrophe? I think—I fear—that it must in some way concern his father."

"Well, anyhow, the poor boy's character is cleared up," says Sarah gayly, sweeping in her long peignoir to the window, and standing blithely looking out at the tulips and the starlings—as brightly pretty as the former, as robustly cheerful as the latter. "After all, he has not been driven away by your unlady-like warmth, as you had quite made up your mind last night; and as to his father, if it is he, our grief must be chastened by the thought that we have never set eyes upon him. Well, I suppose I must not spend the day in my dressing-gown," walking to the door.

Neither must Belinda; and yet for long after her sister has left her, she sits, still poring over the meagre sheet that is her first love-letter. She laughs derisively. Will it be her last, too? At that thought she sets herself to weary calculations. It is, without stopping—he will, of course, stop nowhere between Dresden and London—a thirty-six hours' journey. Probably five or six hours more will be occupied in getting on to Yorkshire. It is a four days' post from England to Dresden. Even if he wrote to her immediately on arriving—a

most unlikely hypothesis—it cannot be much less than a week before she hears. There must be five or six absolutely void black days, that yet will have the same complement of hours in them as the day at Moritzburg or the day at Wesenstein. She lays her hot forehead on the cool wooden chair-back. Oh, if they could but be slept through!

But at this moment the entrance of her maid, with the usual paraphernalia of her toilet, sufficiently reminds her that they cannot. They cannot be slept through! They must be dressed through, talked through, eaten through, made expeditions through, joked through. Worst of all, his departure, its cause, his probable or improbable return, he himself, must be continually discussed and worn threadbare in her hearing.

This, indeed, is an evil from which she suffers for only two days. After that, he being gone, and never having sought to make himself specially acceptable to any member of the little society save one, he slips from their talk and their thoughts.

She is deeply thankful when their chatter about him ceases, and yet angry with them for so soon forgetting him. And meanwhile the days in summer procession pace stately by, full of sap and growth and laughter. The date of the Churchill departure is now fixed for the fifth of June; and as that period approaches, a freezing panic fear begins to clutch Belinda more and more tightly in its hold—the fear that her own going may antedate the arrival of his letter; that he may write to her here, and the letter not be forwarded. The many tales she has heard of lives dismally wrecked upon some such small accident throng her memory.

The house is full of signs of an approaching *déménagement*; full of packing, disarranging, bustling. It is mostly full also of German officers, who, being aware that their time for enjoying the society and the wit of their love-worthy Sarah is all too quickly passing, are resolved to have nothing to reproach themselves with in the way of not having availed themselves of it while they were able. Some of them are not unwilling to extend their endearments to the elder sister, seeing her no longer monopolized by her surly fellow-countryman; but she has received their compliments so blankly, that, ashamed of their brief infidelity, they have clanked hastily back to their first love, who sees them go and return with the same joyous indifference.

Belinda has been innocent of the least intention to snub them, but how can one receive pretty speeches—any speeches intelligently, when one is continually doing a sum in one's head—36 and 5, 41; 1 day from 4 days; 1 day from 3 days, etc.?

The packing is not of so wholly occupying a nature as to exclude incidental amusements. It does not even forbid a farewell excursion to Tharandt; an excursion planned by Sarah and her rout of Uhlands; with some necessary padding of a lenient chaperon and compliant girls.

Belinda has believed herself equal to sharing it. Tharandt is rendered agonizing by no associations. She has never visited Tharandt in his company, but, at the last moment, a trifle robs her of her fortitude—the sight of her cobwebby Wesenstein gown, extended with unconscious tactless cruelty by her maid on the bed. She throws herself down, ungovernably sobbing, beside it. It seems like the husk of her lost happiness. By-and-by they are all gone, and the house is left to her and to silence. It is deserted even by the dogs, who have been taken out driving by Mrs. Churchill; Slutty, supinely indifferent to view and air, curled at the carriage-bottom, and Punch, standing up on his hind-legs, with

his fore-paws on the carriage-side, like an unsteady heraldic lion.

Belinda laughs at the thought of him as she returns to the salon, which is beginning to wear a desolate look, reduced to its own lodging-house furniture and shorn of the graces bestowed upon it by the Churchills' Indian rugs and Turkish chair-backs. Its new ugliness, meeting her eye, seems to add to the vexation of her spirit. The sunlight on the street vexes her, too. She wanders for a while aimlessly about the room, and then drops as aimlessly into a chair. To an observer it would seem that she were quite without occupation. But it is not so. She is still at work upon that sum. She has just finished it, or rather she has just begun it afresh, when an unexpected interruption drives it, not away—nothing, alas! could do that—but into the background of her mind.

The summer afternoon is at its drowsiest; even the flies buzz inertly along the pane, when the room-door opens and Professor Forth looks in.

"I beg your pardon," he says formally, "but I think your page must have been misinformed; he tells me that Sarah is not at home."

At the sound of his voice, separated by how many seas and continents from her thoughts, Belinda starts to her feet; then, conjuring suddenly up a civil smile, says gently:

"But I am afraid he is not misinformed; I am afraid she is out. Did you expect to find her?"

He has entered the room now in his hard and graceless academic black, which somehow looks out of character with the light-colored room and the blazing day.

"Naturally I expected to find her," he replies sharply, "since it is by her own appointment that I am here; after evading on various trivial pretexts every meeting proposed by me for the past week, she herself gave me a distinct and definitive rendezvous for this hour and day. I am punctual to the moment!" glancing angrily at the Dresden clock.

"I am sadly afraid that she has forgotten all about it," replies Belinda, bursting into a helpless laugh; but indeed there is no greater fallacy than that one may not laugh heartily, violently, and not hysterically, when one's heart is breaking; "she has gone out upon an expedition."

"She is always going out upon expeditions," retorts he snappishly.

Belinda sighs; her mirth vanished as quickly as it came. She has no energy to take up the cudgels for Sarah, of whose conduct no one can think worse than she does, and of whose meditated villany she is guiltily aware.

"She is young," she says lamely.

"I cannot see that that is any valid apology for a systematic neglect of all the more serious duties of life," he replies fretfully.

He has walked to the window, where he now stands drowned in a bath of golden radiance. Never has he looked less lovable; ill-humor rendering yet more pinched and captious his pinched pedant face; and never has Belinda felt so charitably toward him. "He is not amiable; Heaven knows that he is not attractive," she says to herself; "so much the worse for him. But he is unhappy; what better claim could he have upon my sympathy?"

"Do you want her for anything special?" she asks not unkindly, going up and standing beside him in the rain of sunbeams in her large young beauty; "anything in which I can help you?"

It is obvious that the idea had never occurred to him

that in her he should find either the ability or the willingness to aid him.

"You are very good," he answers stiffly; "the fact is, I wanted to throw together a few thoughts upon the Idea of Color among the Athenians," glancing at a bundle of notes and papers in his hands, "and I entirely depended upon Sarah to be my secretary. She is perfectly aware," with a revived and extreme exasperation of tone, "of the affection in my eyes which precludes the possibility of my writing more than a certain number of hours a day, and which keeps me here in the middle of term, unavoidably absent from my post and Oxbridge."

"She is very provoking!" assepts Belinda soothingly. "But as far as the writing goes, I write a much better hand than Sarah. She never would learn, when we were children. She was always playing monkey-tricks upon the master all through the lesson. Cannot I be your secretary?" As she speaks, she lifts to his her large serious eyes, full of a compassion that is none the less sincere for being slightly tinged with contempt.

"You are very good!" he repeats ceremoniously. "I am aware that I have no right to trespass upon your valuable time."

"There is no one else to trespass upon it," she answers, stifling a sigh. "On the contrary, I am obliged to any one who will help me to get through it." As she speaks she walks toward the writing-table, and quickly and methodically arranging the writing materials, seats herself, and in a few moments is penning her first sentence from his dictation.

She has undertaken the office out of pure good-nature, and at first fulfills it quite mechanically. Gradually, however, as the meaning of the words she is writing penetrates through her ears into her understanding, a slight interest in the subject in hand awakens in her. She asks a question or two. By-and-by there comes a Greek word.

"May it be written in English letters?" she asks, glancing up. "No? Well, then I am afraid I must leave it for you to insert."

"You do not know the Greek character?" he asks, with a slight touch of regret in his tone.

She shakes her head.

"I am afraid I must ask you," smiling a little, "not to question me too closely as to what I know."

"I offered to teach it to Sarah," he says aggrievedly.

"And she refused, of course."

"It is not the want of knowledge," he says, beginning to pace gloomily up and down the room, "that is the irremediable evil. It is the total lack of all desire for knowledge—that is what I deplore in Sarah."

Belinda has paused in her writing, her elbow leant on the table, and idly brushing with the feather of the pen the red curve of her lips.

"I have never known an instance," continues he, still pursuing his irritated walk, "of a young person whose character had undergone so radical change in so comparatively short a period of time."

"Do you think so?" cries Belinda, surprised. "She has always been exactly the same as long as I can remember her!"

"When I first made her acquaintance," he goes on, not heeding the interruption, "I of course became at once aware of her ignorance—that is patent; but she appeared to me to be not lacking in intellectual force, nor in a rather remarkable desire for self-improvement. On the very first evening I met her, she deplored to me the deficiency of her education, and asked me in so many words to aid her in the formation of her mind."

Belinda drops the pen. It is not a nearly large enough shield to hide the convulsive mirth that this revelation of her sister's hideous hypocrisy has called forth.

"I still cherish the hope," continues he, fortunately unaware of the character of his auditor's emotion, "that this may be only a phase; that on her return to her home and her more regular occupations, freer from these senseless distractions," with an exaggerated emphasis, "her mind may resume that soberer bias which, from my first impression of her, I cannot but believe to be its natural one."

Belinda, still unable to speak, contents herself with a gentle head-shake, as commentary and gloss upon which there comes, at the same moment, the sound of a scampering step on the stone stairs, of a loudly singing voice, waking to life again the dead dumb house. In a moment the door flies open, and the person whose mind is expected so soon to resume its soberer bias stands before them, her hat a good deal on one side from the weight of the flowering May-bough stuck rakishly in it—the May-bough whose strong and almost

pungent perfume comes rushing into the room with her.

"Are not you delighted to welcome me back so unexpectedly early?" cries she joyously. "But it was so hot, and my soldiers were all so cross and low at the prospect of losing me, and Von Breidenbach had a toothache, and so—Mr. Forth!" suddenly catching sight of him. "Ah!" with an abrupt change and refrigeration of tone, "of course you came about that essay of yours; and, equally of course, I forgot all about it. Well, I dare say there is no great hurry! Happily, the Greeks will keep; they will not run away."

There is an ominous silence. Then—

"It is unfortunate," begins the Professor, in a voice trembling with indignation, while the puckers of anger that Belinda's mild hand has been smoothing away, again form their network over his face, "that considering the position in which we stand relatively to each other, our views of life and its significance should be so diametrically—"

Belinda leaves the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SECOND BLOOM.

In fruitage time we do not look for flowers,
Yet may we see, on some October day,
Allured by autumn's faithless sun and showers,
Beside the ripened fruit, the bloom of May.
It holds no hope of summer glad and gay;
No pledge of future wealth its beauty dowers;
The first autumnal storm that darkly lowers
Shall sweep its sweet, untimely life away.

Oh, fair our toil-won garnered harvests are,
And bright our teeming orchard's store of gold,
And sweet the clusters bending from our bowers
That all their glories of fulfillment hold;
But fairer, brighter, yea, and dearer far,
The fruitless blossoms of our autumn hours.

SUSAN MAER SPALDING.

THE HOUSEHOLD—ABOUT SMALL ECONOMIES.

IN most households there are two steady enemies to small economies. One is the husband and the other the cook; and against these powerful and antagonistic influences the frugal housekeeper has her daily fight. Of the two, the cook is the frankest. She is under no delusion about her opinions, her principles, or her practice. She does not hesitate for a moment in saying that one method of administration is laudable and becoming to a lady, and the other is mean, and not to be encouraged by any co-operation. The two are alike in their opinion of desirable results. Both the cook and the husband like the liberal, well-spread table, but they totally disagree about the means of reaching these results. The husband believes in the traditional soup made out of a boot-leg; the cook will put up with a soup-bone, but what she likes best is a good standing-rib, well boiled down. The first principle in housekeeping, he says, is vigilant, thorough supervision. He approves of the housekeeper who goes to market, and then, receiving the stores when they come home, sees that the bunch of beets is the one she selected. He likes her to follow this bunch of beets—to know that they are properly cooked, and that nothing is lost in the paring. If the skins can be used in a stew or the water made to sweeten a cake, he would consider that a triumph of housewifery. She ought to know how many beets are needed for the family, and if any are left, she should follow them from the table to the refrigerator and thence to the table again. If she has not enough for another dish, she should make a salad or some of the mysteri-

ous economical dishes mentioned in cooking-school formulas.

To all of this the wife theoretically agrees. Whether she personally likes to do it or not, she has faith in some supervision and direction of stores. When she attempts to put her theory in practice, she meets the cook, standing like a Greek in her way. She may also take on the courage of a daughter of the Ionian Isles, but it is ancient Sparta against modern Athens, and the odds are on the side of the cook.

When it comes to the boot-leg question, the husband has a clear idea that this needs to be boiled in water (which is cheap) and then seasoned. The cook makes out the list for the seasoning—so much stock, so much cream, so many almonds, so much wine, and certain other condiments at her fancy. The husband agrees with the cook in believing the soup ought to be good, but they misapprehend each other about the means of making it so. To him the merit of the soup is twofold. It ought to be excellent and cheap. To her the boot-leg is the disadvantage, and she gallantly brings the ladder to the rescue. He looks to the wife to have the soup answer his just demands. The cook looks to her for her resources.

The two are alike in another respect—they believe in the feast and have no regard for the consequent famine. Nothing so irritates a cook as to have to keep things on hand. What is left from breakfast she wants to use for lunch, and if anything remains from dinner that cannot be used for breakfast, she wants to put it in the slop pail or

give it away at the back gate. She hates to have preserves and pickles and canned goods put away as if they were never to be used. She would have plum preserves three times a day if she had her way, and her rule is to empty the jar without regard to the fact that it holds two quarts, and there are but two to eat them.

The husband has the same idea. "Why don't you have the strawberries and the watermelon pickle?" he says; and then he adds that he doesn't see the use in putting up things to spoil. They also agree in then expecting her to be ready for emergencies, and always have something in the house.

The husband is an enemy to small economies in another direction. He objects to the door-plate on which Thompson is spelled with a "p," and cannot understand a woman's passion for a bargain when she does not need it. It is of no use for her to tell him that it would be best to buy the children's coats in February for next November, because they are cheaper at the end of the season than they will be at the beginning. He thinks their coats are good enough, and as for their outgrowing them by another season, it is best to wait and see. If the wife has a pair of gloves, why on earth should she buy another pair simply because they are on a bargain-counter? He grimly smiles when he sees a procession of women filing out of a store that has flamed out an advertisement of "great reductions." In his soul he knows that each one of the paper bundles they carry contains something bought because it was cheap and not because it was needed. In one way he is right, but what woman, when she goes out to buy something she needs, finds it a bargain ready to her hand? A bargain is a thing that happens. It has its own laws, and one of them is that it comes at the moment when there is no pressing need for it, and when there is no money idle for investment. It may be wanted next month, and the prophetic soul of the wife comprehends the fact. When the day of need does come, and she pays full market price, she is grieved because she remembers.

No woman could have written that cruel satire that spells Thompson in the most ordinary and natural way. She knows too well that when five dollars has to buy ten dollars' worth, that a dollar out of season is the bird in the hand. She knows what it is to have the boot-leg bought for her, and then to have to find the cream and the almonds and the wine and the stock. Hers is the fight for the small economies, but it is her husband who wears the judicial crown and her cook who waves the triumphal palm.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

	<i>Clam Chowder.</i>	
	<i>Braised Beef.</i>	
<i>Potatoes.</i>	<i>String Beans.</i>	<i>Squash.</i>
	<i>Potato Salad.</i>	
	<i>Batter Pudding.</i>	
	<i>Raspberry Sauce.</i>	
<i>Cheese.</i>	<i>Cream Crackers.</i>	
	<i>Coffee.</i>	

CLAM CHOWDER.—One hundred clams, two onions, cut fine; one dozen "Boston" crackers, or any variety that can be split; twelve fresh tomatoes, or one small can of sealed; one even tablespoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of mace and half a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper; quarter of a pound of salt pork, cut in slices; two tablespoonsful of butter for crackers, half a pint of hot milk. Fry the pork brown, and cut in small bits. Put the onion and tomato in the pork fat, and cook for ten minutes. Take a large saucepan or a soup-kettle, and put a layer of the clams in the bottom, adding a layer of the tomato and onion and of the chopped pork. Sprinkle on the seasoning, and continue till all are in. Pour on the liquor of the clams, or, if there is none, one quart of boiling water, and simmer steadily for one hour. Split the crackers, dip them in the hot milk, and butter them. Line a tureen with them and pour the hot chowder upon them. If potato is liked, slice six large ones, and put in alternate layers with the other ingredients.

BRAISED BEEF.—Six to eight pounds of the round of beef, or a piece from the top of the rump can be used; quarter of a pound of salt pork, two onions, one small carrot, one small turnip, a bouquet of sweet herbs, one even tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cut the pork in slices, and fry brown in the braising-pan; when brown, take out, and add the vegetables cut fine. Cook five minutes, and take them out. Dredge the beef with flour, and then brown it on both sides, adding the pepper and salt. It will take from fifteen to twenty minutes. Then put in the vegetables and sweet herbs. Add one quart of boiling water, and cook closely covered for four hours, basting occasionally. Good, cold or hot. If gravy is wished, strain the liquid in the pan, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth in a little cold water, and boil all three minutes.

STRING BEANS.—String, cut in small pieces, and, if very young, boil an hour in salted water; if old, not less than two. Drain off the water, add a tablespoonful of butter and a sprinkle of pepper, and serve.

SQUASH.—Cut and take out the seeds, but do not peel. Lay in a steamer and cook half an hour. Mash fine, season with a spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a sprinkle of pepper to about a quart of squash.

POTATO SALAD.—As per rule in No. 2 of THE CONTINENT.

BATTER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, five eggs, two even cups of sifted prepared flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and the yolks till creamy. Add yolks and salt to milk and then the flour, beating till perfectly smooth. Last stir in the whites; put batter in a buttered pudding-boiler, and boil one hour and a half. Serve at once, as it soon falls.

RASPBERRY SAUCE.—One cup and a half of powdered sugar, quarter of a cup of butter, one cup of raspberry juice, made by pressing fresh fruit, or one cup of raspberry jam. Stir butter to a cream, add the sugar and juice of one lemon, and last the raspberry juice or jam, beating all well together. Set on ice till wanted.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"WE want a rule for a good every-day pudding sauce; not too rich. Please give us one.—A. V. W., Roseville, N. J."

Ans.—Here is one which is very good:

MAINE PUDDING SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of butter or less, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour; beat all together to a cream. Pour on one cup of boiling water just before serving the pudding. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla. If this is boiled a minute or two it is almost a custard, and nice to eat with boiled rice, or corn starch blanc mange.

"WILL you please inform one of your readers through your paper whether it is necessary for a gentleman, when sending out New Year cards, to have anything else engraved on the card but his name, and if so, what it is? By answering this you will greatly oblige

"E. O. C., New York."

Ans.—Nothing more than this is necessary, unless he chooses to add his address.

"WILL THE CONTINENT please inform me which is the best and latest book on etiquette, including latest style of wedding cards?"

Ans.—The latest is Mrs. Moulton's book on "Social Forms," soon to be published in "Our Continent Library."

"PLEASE answer a few questions for me in THE CONTINENT:

"1. How is 'Smearcase' (a dish of cream or curds) prepared?

"2. How is the dried or smoked beef of the North prepared?

"3. How is an English cottage constructed?

"Please answer these questions for AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER."

Ans.—1. Smearcase is simply milk which has curdled firmly, and is then to be poured into a pointed bag, and allowed to drip. When quite firm take out, and to a quart of the curd allow half a cup of cream, or a large spoonful of butter, with one teaspoonful of salt. Work all together thoroughly, and eat plain or with cream, for lunch or tea.

2. Dried beef is simply the lower part of the thigh, hung for several days to make it tender, then cured in pickle like corn beef; and, after three weeks' curing, hanging it in a smoke-house for a fortnight or so.

3. An English cottage is everything that an American one is not, having many rooms and being usually of stone. Southey, in his "The Devil's Walk," describes one well:

"He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,

A cottage of gentility;

And he owned with a grin

That his favorite sin

Is pride that apes humility."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



ALL-CONQUERING Cupid is fully recognized in this number of *THE CONTINENT* in view of the hosts of valentines that are now passing through the public mails. Rarely has a graceful fancy been done into appropriate verse more charmingly than in Miss De Vere's poem on the opening page, with its illustration from the dainty pencil of Jessie McDermott. In "The Bride of Saint Antonio," Miss Champney tells how the Boy shoots his dangerous arrows in Portugal under the robes of a calendered saint usually ascribed to Padua. At the end of the story Cupid has fallen into the clutches of the law, but, as we all know, the chances are that he will plant a winged shaft under the jerkin of his stern captor before being securely locked up. Even "Belinda" and "Hot Plowshares" honor the occasion by passages which may rejoice the "strong god's" heart; and when the reader drifts into "Lighter Vein," his sympathies will be awakened by Mr. Stull's silhouettes for "Miss Hardtosuit," and directed into a calmer mood by the rhymed prose of Oscar Max.

A BILL, whose fate is at this writing undecided, is before Congress providing for appropriations from the Treasury to aid in the erection of monuments of the battle-fields of the Revolution; but let not every locality which can point to a historical skirmish indulge the hope of an appropriation and a local monument. There is a saving clause in the bill as proposed, which stipulates that if the neighbors will raise five thousand dollars the Treasury will furnish a like sum. Should the bill be passed and signed by the President, there can be little doubt that monuments will be raised on almost every spot where an engagement of any importance occurred. From an artistic point of view, such a provision would be very desirable, as it would stimulate the development of a highly interesting form of art, which would bring out native talent and encourage artists to work up subjects of a national and patriotic character.

SINCE the publication of Mr. William Sloane Kennedy's "Undergraduate Life at Harvard," we have been in receipt of sundry inquiries concerning the proper rendering of a Latin phrase quoted as the motto which adorns the drop-curtain of "The Hasty Pudding Club"—*Seges votis respondet*. A consultation among the accomplished Latinists of *THE CONTINENT* staff developed at least four—possibly five—distinct opinions as to the correct meaning, and the editor, confident of having his own personal views confirmed, wrote, asking for the translation commonly accepted at Cambridge. Mr. Kennedy permits us to print the following:

"I thought I knew the exact meaning of *Seges votis respondet*; but your question set me to thinking and examining. Under *respondere* in Andrews' Latin Lexicon, I find a reference to Virgil, *Georgics* I, 47.

*'Illa seges demum votis respondet avari
Agricolæ, bis quæ solem, bis frigora sensit.'*

That is, 'the crop which has twice felt the sun and twice the cold will correspond to the wishes of the avaricious husbandman.' (The Romans, according to Theodore Ladewig, sometimes plowed a piece of land four times a year, once in each season, so that a crop raised on such land may be said to have

twice felt the influence of the sun and twice that of the cold frost.) As applied by the students, in their use of it as a curtain motto, *Seges votis respondet* means, I take it, that the entertainment of the evening will be an artistic product which will meet the expectations of the audience. In other words, 'Prepare to grin, for we are going to give you a good thing.'

"There is also in the motto a subtle indirect appeal for the good wishes, or vows, of the audience. The entertainment will correspond to your wishes; and let us have your wishes for our success. Of course, also, there is appropriateness in the use of *seges* (corn) in the motto of a 'hasty-pudding club.'"

It is officially announced that an international art exhibition will be held in the Royal Crystal Palace at Munich during the coming summer, under the patronage of the King of Bavaria. American artists are invited to co-operate, and in view of the rapidly growing favor with which American work is regarded at home and abroad, it is desirable that it should be adequately represented. To this end, a committee or jury of admission has, we believe, been appointed, and steps have been taken to organize for a definite plan of operations. It is understood that the Munich authorities will insure all works authoritatively accepted, and will assume the expense of transportation. There can be no doubt that a worthy collection of oil paintings can be secured, and certainly in the line of etchings, engravings and black-and-white work generally, we can make a selection that will do us credit, no matter how high may be the general standard of the rest of the exhibition. The files of *THE CONTINENT* alone afford abundant evidence of progress in this direction.

FOR genuine and uncompromising selfishness the inconsiderate consumer of tobacco can give long odds to most of his fellow-citizens and still come out ahead. A notice conspicuously posted to the effect that no smoking is allowed may, it is true, prevent the overt act, but it does not prevent the retention between the fingers of a lighted cigar or cigarette, which is quite as offensive in a close car or waiting-room as actual smoking would be. The other form of consumption, involving expectation, is often even more obtrusively annoying to the cleanly minded than smoking, but the posters never take it into the account at all, and if they did, would probably be utterly ignored. Justice Morgan, of New York, lately earned the lasting gratitude of non-smokers, as well as of smokers who cultivate a reasonable respect for the comfort of others, by fining two street-car offenders \$10 each and holding them in the sum of \$300 apiece to behave themselves for six months. The managers of the elevated roads in New York have recently made a rule which prohibits burning tobacco in any shape in their cars, and if passengers will second these efforts by calling the attention of train officials to infractions of the rule, a nuisance will be abated and a wholesome school of manners established.

THE time is coming when the crusades of the nineteenth century will seem as distinctive a feature of its progress as any the middle ages held. They are in most cases individual ones, it is true, and the knights have seldom

other title than "Our Special Correspondent," but the spirit of adventure burns in every one, and hardships are endured that would have appalled the knights of an elder day, whose work was mostly accomplished under approving eyes, and who had every stimulus that love or ambition, or that combination of all noble and ignoble passions and emotions that seem to have made up the spirit of chivalry, could afford.

The gallant Irishman whose adventures fill two bulky volumes,¹ made up with the finish and elegance which characterizes the Putnams' publications, is not only daring but of sufficiently generous nature to acknowledge in the beginning that the plan of the undertaking did not originate with him. As in other well-known cases, Mr. J. R. Robinson, the managing editor of the London *Daily News*, furnished both opportunity and means, and the result is a record of an experience in many points quite as new and individual as that of Palgrave.

It is unfortunate that with such an experience Mr. O'Donovan had not also been master of a more brilliant style. He is always natural and straightforward, but he is also very diffuse, and his record, while photographic in minuteness and accuracy, has the unsatisfactoriness of a photograph, light and shade being almost entirely wanting. Setting aside this defect the work is of great interest, being constantly enlivened with curious bits of personal experience and countless illustrative anecdotes. The journey was undertaken at the beginning of the Afghan campaign, the starting point for Mr. O'Donovan's long wandering being Trebizond, on the Black Sea, which place he left in February, 1879, for Tiflis, Batoum and Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian. Distrust in his purposes followed every stage of his progress. He traveled with the staff of General Lazareff in its voyage across the Caspian, visited many remote points on the eastern shore of that sea, and was suddenly ordered back to pass the winter in Baku. From this place he went to the Persian frontier, and remained some months in and near Asterabad, constantly seeking to propitiate the suspicious Russians and obtain permission to follow the army. The story of these efforts is one of extraordinary interest, and every reader rejoices in the hardly-won advantages he gains here and there, notably, witnessing with his field-glass the great victory of Skoboleff in January, 1881, with the flight of the Akhal Tekkés after the battle.

The Cossacks who scoured the whole country made Askabad unsafe, and he went finally to Merv, where an enforced stay of nearly six months gave him a minute knowledge of life and people, such as no other European traveler has yet attained. His release from what was practically imprisonment came finally, and with this the book ends, leaving a distinct impression of a very powerful personality. Had Mr. O'Donovan had a little more of the sense of humor supposed to be the birthright of all Irishmen, he might have made much more of many situations. There are gleams of it here and there, but, as a whole, he seems to have been weighted by the necessity for painful accuracy, and whenever he falls into easy-going narrative pulls himself up to verify facts which need no expansion. But interesting passages abound, especially when the Merv episode begins, as in the description of his own personal appearance on entering the town:

"So far as my personal appearance went I might have passed for anything. I wore an enormous tiara of grayish-black sheepskin, eighteen inches in height. Over my shoulders was a drenched leopard skin, beneath which could be seen my travel-stained, much-worn ulster overcoat. My legs were caparisoned in long black boots, armed with great steel spurs, appendages

utterly unknown in Turkestan. A sabre and revolving carbine completed my outfit. Some people may wonder that I openly presented myself in the midst of the Tekké population, among whom the nature of my reception was at best doubtful, in such a garb as this, and why I did not assume a style of dress more in keeping with the custom of the country. I had considered this matter carefully before deciding upon the irrevocable step toward Merv. I could speak Jagatal fairly well, and my sun-tanned countenance and passably lengthy beard offered no extraordinary contrast to that of an inhabitant, but my accent and a thousand other little circumstances, not to speak of the indiscretion of my servants, whom I knew perfectly well it was utterly useless to pledge to secrecy, would have been enough to infallibly betray me. To appear in Turcoman costume, or in any other which tended to conceal my real nationality and character would, under the circumstances, have been to court almost certain destruction. I have to congratulate myself upon having adopted the course I did, for subsequently, when taxed with having a covert and hostile mission to Merv, I was able to plead that in coming there I had made no attempt at a disguise, and that my servants, one of whom was of their own race, could speak as to the character in which I resided in Derguez. I dismounted at the door of a hut to which my horse was peremptorily led, and in view of the attitude of the people, I for the first time fully realized the risks which at the commencement of my venture I had so gayly faced—at best, captivity for an indefinite period. Nevertheless, I was so delighted to have reached my long-sought destination, and to be at Merv at last, in spite of all the difficulties which the nature of the ground, the efforts of adversaries and the jealousy of the population had cast in my way, that my pleasurable emotions overcame all others. Here I was, at last, in the heart of the Turcoman territory. Let the future take care of itself."

The Tekké character is in many points a highly unpleasant one, and while in some respects identical with most of the wandering races of Turkestan, so vividly described by Mr. Schuyler, has one or two special peculiarities, excessive gluttony being the strongest. One of the most characteristic experiences is in connection with Mr. O'Donovan's mail:

"The courier who brought Baghur Khan's message to Kouchid Khan Kala also brought with him several newspapers which had been forwarded to me from Teheran, *via* Meshed. They were, I believe, the first of their kind that had ever been seen in the place. That same evening a literal 'gathering of the clans' took place within my redoubt, and inside the *ex* itself, to witness the unfolding of these wonderful documents. There was a ludicrous misapprehension as to the nature of these papers. As I have already stated, Turcomans have but little idea of the value of gold, their currency being almost entirely of silver. Of paper money they have but a very shadowy notion indeed. They first became aware of its existence through having seized some Russian paper roubles when raiding upon the lines of communication between Bami and Geok Tepé. Matthi, the principal Jew dealer of Merv, being, like all of his race, thoroughly *au fait* on financial matters, readily purchased these rouble notes, but at a ridiculously low price, giving about two kranas for a ten-rouble (£1 sterling) note. That a flimsy piece of paper should be worth even two kranas was a source of wonder to the Turcomans, but, as they received value for it, they concluded that it must have some mysterious virtue of its own. They took my newspapers to be of the same nature, and as they were much larger than the rouble notes, they thought that they must be of vast value indeed. The general impression appeared to be that the first remittance of public funds from the English Padishah had arrived. It would have been amusing, had it not been dangerous, to witness the extreme disappointment displayed upon their countenances when I told them that the documents in question were simply *rooz naméh*, or newspapers. The cunning old *ex-vizir*, however, felt quite satisfied that they were paper money, and that my statement to the other effect was made simply in order to throw dust in their eyes, and thus guarantee my own secure possession of the money."

On the whole, O'Donovan's ride to Merv is an example of as splendid pluck as the story of any war correspondent holds, and the book is a valuable addition to a literature which is fast making itself large space in every library

(1) THE MERV OASIS. *Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian During the Years of 1879-80-81, Including Five Months' Residence Among the Tekkés of Merv.* By Edmund O'Donovan, Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*. With Portrait, Maps and Fac-similes of State Documents. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 502, 500; \$5.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



THE "Parchment Library," which D. Appleton & Co. reproduce for this country, is to add Mr. Tennyson's poems in two volumes. The series has met with very great favor.

THE late Mr. Darwin was very fond of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, of which, by the way, there are now some fifty in existence, and always insisted that in time she would be far more appreciated than at present.

JANUARY is always, fortunately for worn-out readers and reviewers, a quiet month in the book trade, the most important publication for the month being undoubtedly the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson by J. R. Osgood & Co.

A DESCRIPTIVE and historical catalogue of the works of Murillo and Velasquez is to be published by J. W. Bouton & Co. Two limited editions are to be issued, one in large paper, and the volume is to include many illustrative etchings, an excellent index and exhaustive information concerning both pictures and painters.

TEN BRINK'S "Early English Literature" has been translated by Professor H. M. Kennedy, and is issued by Henry Holt & Co., whose name is always a guarantee of something worth reading. The same firm have a pretty edition of the poems of Mr. E. W. Gosse, who has many American admirers, and who has dedicated the little volume to Mr. R. W. Gilder.

MISS SWANWICK'S translation of Goethe's "Faust," with notes by the Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, has taken rank as a careful and faithful rendering of the great poem. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have issued it in a red-line edition, bound in American tree-calf, with various illustrations, the attractive size and form making it a most desirable addition to the library. (12mo, pp. 455, \$2.50).

THE editors of *Life* deserve final success, whether they attain it or not. Its appearance is very thoroughly in its favor, the illustrations are far beyond the average, and while its fun suggests that of *La Vie Parisienne*, it has none of the questionable character of the latter sheet. It is far in advance of *Puck*, both in make-up and literary merit, and every reader will wish it a long and prosperous life.

HIRAM SIBLEY & Co., of Rochester, have added a new feature to their Seed Catalogue for 1883, in a series of condensed essays on the culture of special crops and garden plants, all written by specialists. In the present interest in American forestry the article on the care and planting of tree seeds, by Dr. John A. Warder, has an especial value. The names are also given in French, German and Spanish; there is a complete price list, and thus it will be an easy matter for native or foreigner to make a selection of what is wanted, being sure that if directions are followed success is tolerably certain.

THE long uncertainty as to whether the common sense of the United States, as represented by its Congress at Washington, is at last over, and the invaluable Franklin collection of Mr. Henry Stevens is in Mr. Lowell's hands. The collection, which will shortly be sent to Washington, contains Franklin's first work on "Liberty and Necessity," of which the author printed only one hundred copies, gave three or four away, and destroyed all the rest, except one copy annotated by Lyon. Among the MSS. is the duplicate copy of the last petition of Congress

to the King, signed by Washington and all the members of the Continental Congress.

A BEAUTIFUL and profusely illustrated edition of the Sir Roger De Coverly portion of "The Spectator" has been reprinted from the English one by D. Appleton & Co. (Square 16mo, pp. 194, \$1.50.) There is a perennial charm in these descriptive essays, and every lover of the gentle knight will welcome this compact and dainty presentation of his life and death. Their parchment edition of Shakspeare's works has also received another volume, and one a month will be issued till the twelve are complete. The present one contains "Comedy of Errors," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Love's Labour Lost," and "Midsummer's Night's Dream." (18mo, pp. 311, \$1).

BY the time this number is in the hands of the readers of THE CONTINENT a number of the best portraits by Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., will be on view in this city in the galleries of Messrs. Earle & Son. Mr. Herkomer is in this country for a short rest from his great labors of some years past, and is welcomed by his old friends and admirers, and many others who only know of him by the interesting and almost romantic histories the artistic and daily papers have given of him and his work. Besides the portraits of Ruskin, Joachim, Forbes, Mr. Herkomer's father and one or two others, he has brought to this country quite a number of his own etchings and engravings, which are with the portraits, and present a most remarkable *ensemble* of works of one artist, all breathing the purest and most unadulterated love of his profession.

"THE NATURE AND FORM OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FOUNDED IN THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION," is the title of a little book by the Hon. George Shea, Chief Justice of the Marine Court of New York. The substance of its pages was contained in an address before the General Theological Seminary of the United States, delivered a few months ago. Its occasion, the writer says, is due to the fact that "a class of erratic-minded religionists refuse to accept public trusts or to sit even as jurors," on the ground that "the Constitution omits to establish that God exists." His argument proceeds upon the assumption that the Constitution of the United States is the express image of the common law and the Magna Charta of England. The monograph abounds in historic lore, and contains copious notes and an appendix. (16mo, pp. 82, 75 cents; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

"PICTURESQUE SCOTLAND IN LAY AND LEGEND, SONG AND STORY," from the press of John Wiley & Sons, is an interesting volume on that romantic country which must always possess a charm for the American. It is written and compiled by Francis Watt and Andrew Carter, who write of their native land *con amore*, though in a somewhat fragmentary manner. All the myths, lays and legends of Scotia have been freely drawn upon; in fact, it would make an admirable guide-book to the land of Scott and Burns. We see again the ruined chapels and palaces, the crags and lochs, from the border-land to John O' Groat's, including all the battle-fields, and the homes and haunts of heroes and poets. We are then taken over to the outlying islands of Skye and the Shetland, the Ultima Thule of the novelist. It is a pity that a book comprising so much should not present a handsomer typographical appearance. The paper is poor, the margins narrow, while the wood engravings, which are numerous, seem singularly coarse when contrasted with American art. (8vo, pp. 511, \$2.50).

TO very many in every state of the Union, "Vick's Floral Guide" became a real friend, and there was reason for the feeling—a feeling engendered always by any strong personality in any work which brings it in contact with people. And so when, in 1882, the death of James Vick was announced, a general mourning followed. The genial, gentle soul of the man had been felt in many

directions, and he labored each year to have the catalogue, which represented very inadequately his enormous business, more and more perfect in every point. The sons, who have grown up with the desire to carry out the many plans of the father, seem well nigh as enthusiastic, and the beautiful catalogue for 1883 is as perfect a piece of work as the father could have desired. Time has tested the merit of the work so thoroughly that no word is necessary, there being absolute certainty that both seed, and direction for using it, will be as precisely what is needed as the most helpless of amateurs could ever desire.

FIVE little collections of poems of varying degrees of merit are on the table, but all bearing witness to the facility with which the educated American, and, above all, the educated American woman, rhymes. In the present case but two of the authors are women. "Verses," by Kate Vannah (pp. 117, \$1.00; J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is of the order of musical, tender, half-melancholy feeling, of which we have so many examples. There is unusual vigor in some of the sonnets, but all are poems of feeling, very delicate, but with little to remember. Of a somewhat lighter order is "A Symphony in Dreamland," by Alice E. Lord (16mo, pp. 90, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). The verses are graceful, the thought womanly and sweet, and to friends the book will have a value the general public cannot see. "Songs of an Idle Hour," by William J. Coughlin (16mo, pp. 214, \$1.00; A. Williams & Co., Boston), is most of it barely tolerable, with now and then a lapse into intolerable verse. A busy hour might better have been spent in pruning and polishing. "Elfrida," by Dyson Rishell (16mo, pp. 146, \$1.00; J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is a drama of early Saxon life, but has no good reason to show for being in existence. Last on the list is "Poems," by Ernest Warburton Shurtleff (pp. 141, \$1.00; A. Williams & Co., Boston). Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth has written an introduction, in which he describes the poems as "a bouquet of wild flowers plucked by a young hand," and he is right. Youth and spring and all sights and sounds of the open air are in them, and a spiritual quality also, which sets them above ordinary work. The opening pages are far inferior to the final ones, and better editing would have insured the rejection of some bald and poor verses, but, as a whole, true poetry is in them, and if the promise of the little volume holds good there is better work to come. (\$1.00, pp. 141; A. Williams & Co., Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

RACHEL'S SHARE OF THE ROAD. Round Robin Series. 16mo, pp. 331, \$1.00. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By Samuel Arthur Bent, A.M. Second edition. 8vo, pp. 610, \$3.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

ROOM AT THE TOP; or, How to Reach Success, Happiness, Fame and Fortune. Eight Portraits. Compiled by A. Craig. 12mo, pp. 304, \$1.00. Henry Sumner & Co., Chicago.

PEARLS OF THE FAITH; or, Islam's Rosary. Being the Ninety-nine Beautiful Names of Allah; with Comments in Verse from Various Oriental Sources. By Edwin Arnold. 16mo, pp. 304, \$1.00. Roberts Bros.

PORTIA; or, "By Passions Rocked." By the author of "Phyllis." 12mo, pp. 299, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER; or, Winning His Spurs. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. 12mo, pp. 440, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ART AND THE FORMATION OF TASTE. Six Lectures. By Lucy Crane. With Illustrations drawn by Thomas and Walter Crane. 12mo, pp. 292, \$2.00. Macmillan & Co., London.

PALADIN AND SARACEN. Stories from Ariosto. By H. C. Holloway-Calthrop. Illustrated by Mrs. Arthur Leman. 12mo, pp. 353, \$1.75. Macmillan & Co., London.

A STUDY: with Critical and Explanatory Notes of Alfred Tennyson's Poem, THE PRINCESS. By S. E. Dawson. 16mo, pp. 120, \$1.00. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

MUSCLE BEATING: Or, Active and Passive Home Gymnastics for Healthy and Unhealthy People. By C. Klemm. Paper, pp. 66, 50 cents. M. L. Holbrook, New York.



PROFESSOR VERRILL says of the bones of vertebrates: "Very rarely do we meet with them at a distance from the coast. Although the waters along the Gulf Stream slope, off the southern coast of New England, swarm with vast schools of fishes, while sharks and a large sea-porpoise or dolphin occur in large numbers, we have very rarely indeed dredged up any of their bones, or, in fact, remains of any other vertebrate animals. In a few instances we have dredged a single example of a shark's tooth, and occasionally the hard otoliths of fishes. It is certain that not merely the flesh, but most of the bones also, of all vertebrates that die in this region are very speedily devoured by the various animals that inhabit the bottom. Echini are very fond of fish-bones, which they rapidly consume. Relics of man and his works are of extremely rare occurrence at a distance from the coast, or outside of harbors, with the exception of the clinkers and fragments of coal thrown overboard from steamers with the ashes. As our dredgings are in the track of European steamers such materials are not rare. A few years ago even these would not have occurred. A rock forming on this sea-bottom would, therefore, contain little evidence of the existence of man, or even of the existence of the commonest fishes and cetaceans inhabiting the same waters."

THE advance in the project of lighting railway carriages by electricity is most gratifying. On the Eastern Railroad of France there is a Gramme dynamo machine driven by the locomotive and Faure accumulators. To these has recently been added an "automatic interrupter," the action of which is to break all communication between the Gramme machine and the accumulators when the speed of the train descends below the normal. Further, if the lamps are lit at such a time, or when stoppage occurs, the automatic apparatus substitutes the accumulators for the machine, or reciprocally: the moment of change is not perceptible. When the train is running without the lamps being lit, the Gramme machine charges the accumulators exclusively; when the train is lit, the machine feeds both the lamps and the accumulators. It is only when the illuminated train slackens speed or stops that the accumulators supply the current required by the lamps, and this is restored when the train has assumed its normal speed. Thus the accumulators are not so cumbersome as if they had sufficient capacity to feed the lamps during the whole journey. There is a Swan lamp in each compartment. The train is lighted by the guard on entering a tunnel. The cost for an ordinary train of thirty-six lamps is about twelve francs a day, whereas the lighting with oil costs thirty-six francs and was very imperfect.

THE growth of the dairy interests in France of late years is quite surprising. Statistics show that France produces enough milk to form a stream one metre (forty inches) wide and a third of a metre deep, flowing at the rate of one metre per second, day and night, throughout the year. The young animals consume a part of this enormous volume of milk, the French people drink another large part, while the remainder is converted into butter and cheese. No branch of agricultural industry in France

has made greater progress during the last fifty years than the manufacture of butter. In 1833 France purchased from abroad 1320 tons of butter, and exported only 1210 tons. To-day matters are greatly changed. The quantity of butter exported has increased to eleven or twelve times the quantity just mentioned, while there are received from other countries, chiefly from England, more than 100,000,000 francs. La Manche alone furnishes more than a third of the total product of butter for exportation.

At a recent fair, held in Worcestershire, Messrs. Crowther Brothers & Co. exhibited a watch, in perfect running order, constructed wholly of iron. The object of this curiosity was to illustrate the malleability of iron and its consequent adaptation to a wide variety of novel uses, especially as an advantageous substitute for glass in a large number of domestic articles. Such articles when made of thin iron plate possess the two desirable properties of strength and lightness, while elegance of form is far more easily attained. Such articles may be easily electroplated with silver, gold, nickel, platinum, or adorned with all the beauty of the enameler's art.

THE opinion seems to be gaining ground in England that London fogs exert a much more injurious effect upon health than was formerly supposed. Official statistics show that during the week ending December 16th no fewer than six hundred and thirty-seven persons died in London from diseases of the respiratory organs, "under the influence of the almost continuous fog." And on December 20th the *Pull Mall Gazette* said: "It is quite possible, judging from past experience, that to-day's fog may cost us as many lives as Tel-el-Kebir, and that the fogs of December may be fatal to as many subjects of the Queen as the whole of the Egyptian campaign."

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

January 16.—Prince Jerome Napoleon issued a manifesto in Paris, claiming the crown of France as the legitimate heir of Napoleon. The Prince was arrested by order of the Government, and the Chamber of Deputies approved the arrest. —The President signed the Civil Service Reform bill. —Robert E. Pattison was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania and C. C. Stockley as Governor of Delaware. —United States Senators were elected as follows: Eli Saulsbury for Delaware, Isham G. Harris for Tennessee, Mathew W. Ransom for North Carolina, William P. Frye for Maine. —Tweddle Hall building was burned in Albany, N. Y.; loss, \$500,000. —The Rt. Rev. Joseph C. Talbot, D. D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Indiana, died, aged sixty-seven years. . . Jan. 17.—Shelby M. Cullom was chosen United States Senator from Illinois. —The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad was opened to its terminus at Buffalo. . . Jan. 18.—The Senate and House adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representative Shackleford of North Carolina. —George F. Hoar was re-elected United States Senator from Massachusetts; Governor Benjamin F. Butler signed his certificate of election. —The Prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of Iowa, adopted by the people of that state last June, was declared invalid by the Supreme Court on technical grounds. —The Provincial Legislature of Quebec opened yesterday. —Two-thirds of the business portion of Cisco, Texas, was burned; loss, \$65,000. —Earthquake shocks occurred in Spain. . . Jan. 19.—At Quincy, Ill., the Quincy House was burned. Fortunately no lives were lost. —A large fire occurred at Portland, Oregon. Stores were burned to the value of \$175,000. —A terrible marine disaster occurred on the North Sea. The British steamship *Sultan* and the German steamship *Cimbria* came into collision, and the last-named vessel sank at once with near four hundred of her passengers and crew. —At Bondville, Mass., the machine shops of the Boston Dock Company were burned; loss, \$125,000. . . Jan. 20.—The Senate passed the Post Office Appropriation bill, including the House

amendment designating July 1st prox. as the date on which letter postage shall be reduced to two cents, and the appropriation of \$185,000 for the fast mail service. —A Southern Pacific express train was wrecked near Tehicpa Station, through failure of the brakes to hold it on a long grade. Twenty-one lives were lost. —Jan. 21.—The machine shops of the Great Western Manufacturing Company, at Leavenworth, Kansas, were burned; loss, \$75,000. . . Jan. 22.—The United States Supreme Court decided that the "Conspiracy Section" of the supplementary civil act of 1871 is unconstitutional. . . Jan. 23.—The Senate confirmed Gustavus Goward, of Chicago, to be Secretary of Legation in Japan; D. M. Riordan, of Arizona, Indian Agent for the Navajoes in New Mexico, and A. H. Jackson, of Connecticut, Indian Agent at the Pima Agency in Arizona. —The National Woman Suffrage Association met in Washington, Susan B. Anthony presiding. —Alonzo Crittenden, President of Packer Collegiate Institute, died in New York, aged eighty years. —Edward H. Knight, author of "The Mechanical Dictionary," died in Bellefontaine, Ohio. —Charles Delano, lawyer, and formerly member of Congress, died at Northampton, Mass. —A large fire occurred at Coshocton, Ohio; loss, \$80,000; Hay's Iron and Steel Works were destroyed.

THE DRAMA.

MR. WYNDHAM prophesies that Mr. Irving will be a great success here, and that he will be especially admired as "Benedick" in "Much Ado about Nothing," and as "Mathias" in "The Bells."

M. VICTOR HUGO has given his permission to the young French composer, M. Massenet, to write an opera on his novel of "Notre Dame de Paris." The libretto will be adapted from the dramatization of the work already made by M. Paul Meurice.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND's new play, "In Paradise," is generally condemned by the press, but gives evidence of becoming as popular with the public as the "Gilded Age." "Major Bob Belter, sah!" tickles the risibilities as did "Colonel Mulberry Sellers."

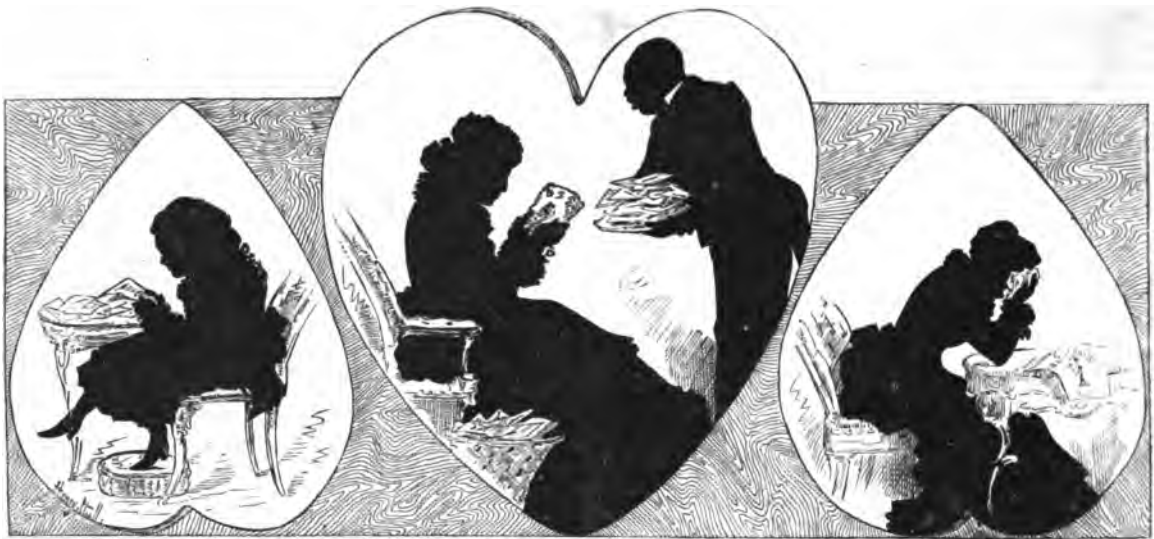
MISS MARY ANDERSON was offered a six weeks' engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, London, next season, during Mr. Irving's absence in this country. It was declined, however, Miss Anderson wisely determining that several years' additional experience would better qualify her to undergo the ordeal of London criticism, laden as it is with the national prejudice against all things American.

OFFICIAL returns place the number of theatres in Europe at 1457, divided as follows: 348 in Italy, 337 in France, 194 in Germany, 160 in Spain, 150 in Great Britain, 132 in Austria and Hungary, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 22 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 18 in Sweden and Norway, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Denmark, 4 in Turkey, and 4 in Greece.

THE veteran actor, Mr. C. W. Couldock, whose fine performance of "Dunstan Kirke" will be recalled by so many, returns to England the coming summer, after an absence of twenty years, but will return in the autumn to curse poor "Hazel Kirke" again. Mr. Couldock is widely known as a gentleman of marked generosity and worthiness of character, coupled with a sterling ability as an actor.

To a request of the editor of the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis to Mrs. Langtry, that she favor him with details of her early life, the lady complied, and closed a frank, clever letter thus: "This is my whole story. Since I arrived here my life has been a public one; I have had nothing to conceal and have nothing to excuse, content in the belief that falsehood and malignity will in the end defeat themselves without effort on my part."

MR. JOHN GILBERT was invited by the Boston *Gazette* to write his reminiscences of the stage, but declined, giving as his excuse that having for so long only studied while other people did the writing, he feared if he attempted to do the writing he would "surely make a mess of it," and added: "Should I attempt to give an idea of the stage in former times, it would not be very complimentary to the present state of the drama. No doubt I am by many called an old fogey. I am not annoyed by the term. Seeing what I have seen, and seeing what I see, when theatres are crowded to witness the feeble attempts of notoriety, when sterling plays by talented and experienced artists are neglected, the stage is indeed in a deplorable condition."



MISS HARDTOSUIT'S THREE VALENTINE ANNIVERSARIES.

At Seven.

At Seventeen.

At Twenty-seven.

The Duty of Falling in Love.

A RHYMING VIEW OF THE MATTER.

THE modern Corydon and Amaryllis are just like those of old, a pair of sillies. They love short interviews with danger nigh; they understand the language of the eye; they doat on moonlight and the murmuring sea; and they agree that nothing in the world is half so sweet as those brief moments when they chance to meet, and squeeze each other's hands upon the sands, while o'er the ocean the red sun goes down, and seems to leave them with a jealous frown. Then, if the night be very still and calm, they venture arm-in-arm with stolen steps to stroll along the beach, bereft of speech, but sighing now and then, as though a heart at every sigh were roughly rent apart, and glancing with those glances which explain so very much when words would all be vain. But, as the moon arises, speech returns. He whispers how his soul with passion burns; he states his case with some exaggeration, and, in the ecstasy of admiration, he sometimes kneels upon the silver strand to ask her for her hand;—but only if the sand be dry and clean,—in which case there's a most romantic scene. She blushes, hesitates, and, maybe, says some low soft words which seem at once to raise his spirits and himself; for, full of bliss, he rises, like a trout, to catch a kiss.

Poor fish, safe hooked! But no! It cannot be that in the after seasons she or he will e'er regret those moments sentimental, when he appeared so good and she so gentle!

Then back they steal, with frequent halts for kissing, half terrified lest friends may find them missing; and in the morning he takes heart to call on her papa and shyly tells him all. The meek confession leads to inquisition respecting both his income and condition; and when all queries have been satisfied, the swain may call the maid his future bride. We must believe that thenceforth all is honey, although the cynics cruelly deny it, and hint at strife o'er bills and pocket-money for those who, charmed by matrimony, try it. The man will smoke, they say, the wife object; the wife will flirt or join some vicious sect; in fine, according to these dismal sages, the fairest books contain some blotted pages. Perhaps they do; but he who wins a beauty may keep her if he bravely does his duty; and not a shaft from hell, or heaven above, can slay the soul that shields its life with love. He must be strong and kind, and never weak, and she will give him all his hopes can seek; until, at last, the two together grown, her thoughts in all things will reflect his own. For man is crude and useless at creation; he is but fashioned as a complement, and learns, by little short of inspiration, that to perfect his being he is sent into the world. His guide is inclination, and by a miracle his gaze is bent one day upon the woman counterpart whom destiny has moulded to his heart. *Felices ter et amplius*, says Flaccus, *quos tenet copula irrupta*. I agree with him that sorrows seldom wrack us, and that in happiness we live and die when kindly Fate is good enough to tack us to the

right object; but I can't deny that sometimes Fate refuses to eliminate that object, and is rather indiscriminate. There are, in fact, bad marriages as well as sweetmeats which are poisonous and kill—the marriages concocted deep in hell by fiends whose chiefest object is to still in human breasts all craving after good;—fiends who'd abolish virtue if they could. Such marriages are based on admiration, without respect or knightly veneration, on greed for wealth, on need of high position, and on vain hopes of bettering condition; but love alone can render marriage lawful, or lead to consequences less than awful.

And who may sneer at woman? Not the brother, and not the son of any loving mother! She gives us life and tenderness and love; and who can give us more save heaven above? The lover, ling'ring o'er his first-love's kiss, dreams that a woman as an angel is; but, though an angel has been seen by no man, I often think an angel is a woman. What can be brighter, what can be more fair, than she who stands with rippling, sun-kissed hair; with perfect form, with dimpled, downy cheeks, with ruddy lips whereof the silence speaks—the brilliant picture that has often moved before the eyes of him who e'er has loved? She may be weak; but who would have her strong? The wish would do her grace and beauty wrong! She may have faults, but if she had them not, she would not be on earth to share the lot of faulty man, to whom she has been given that he may school himself for life in heaven.

Then let us honor her and hold her dear as some rare starry guest among us here; as some rare guest from regions far and still, who must be shielded from the rough world's ill. 'Twill not be labor lost, for woman knows no fears, no obstacles and no repose, when she is truly loved, until the debt to its last fraction has been fully met. 'Twill not be labor lost, for Paradise, once forfeited, may be regained by him who, spite of woman's mood and woman's whim, to her for all his peace and comfort flies. In her soft arms his earthly heaven lies. Her own sweet lips his full forgiveness speak. The man who loves may err in being weak, but he who does not love cannot be wise.

Thus all should love, as nature bids them do; the nightingale trills out his tale at night, the timid doves their peaceful passions coo; and nature's self respects the Love-god's might; for is there anything on earth that's single? And willows bend across the streamlet's breast, while streamlets with the stronger rivers mingle, and in the ocean rivers find their rest. Loving is living, and the perfect life is found by him who wins a loving wife.

OSCAR MAX.

THE undersigned—a bachelor of fifty—
Rich, handsome, reasonably thrifty,
Has read the above by Mr. Oscar Max,
And fain would test the logic by the facts.
"Wanted a wife!" Address, enclosing stamp
And full particulars, to—

A. S. CAMP.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 9.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 28, 1883.

Whole No. 55.



PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL WITHIN THE GATES.

THE BETTERING-HOUSE AND SOME OTHER CHARITIES.

ACCORDING to the old geographies, Philadelphia used to be noted for "her markets, her clean streets, and her charities." The markets still sustain their reputation, and let a Philadelphian go where he must when he dies, he wishes to go home for his dinner. The streets speak for themselves, and what they say in dirt and cobblestones is plain to every one; but only the tax-payer knows what it costs to keep them smelling so badly and so out of repair.

The old geographies, however, knew little of the charities of the city as they now exist. The Philadelphian is fond of classification and organization. If he has anything to do, he likes to make a little society for that specific purpose, and to have the proper officers and a suitable number of members. After the organization is completed, a constitution adopted and printed in a neat little pamphlet, he is ready to go to work. In this way he

multiplies societies for charitable as for all other purposes. For each misery and each misfortune the city has its separate relief. It has a home for old men and another for old women, and another still for married old men and women, and will yet, perhaps, discriminate between the old man who is a bachelor and the one who is a widower. The woman who has a baby to take care of does not go to the refuge intended for the one whose child has reached the traveler's majority of four years; and if she has no child at all, she repairs to a third relief fund. There is a legacy left to the city for the purchase of wood for widows, and—as if to prove that no misfortune is without compensation—preference is given to those whose poverty is due to dissolute husbands. The applicant must herself be sober and honest, but the less her departed lord shared in these virtues the better for her. The testator who made this provision

went still further. Supposing in his innocence that the number of candidates properly qualified might some time fail, and so leave a balance unprovided for, he ordered that whatever was left should be spent in warm clothing for the "oldest and barest" discharged from the hospital and "Bettering-House," evidently having great compassion for the wrecks in life. For the opposite class—the people who mean to help themselves—Benjamin Franklin and John Scott, of Edinburg, made provision. Each of these energetic men left \$5000 for a fund to be used in loans to young married artificers who were qualified for acceptance by certain conditions.

On the twenty-third of February the city keeps the birthday of John Scott by giving twelve dollars' worth of bread to the needy, but never more than two loaves to one family.

This minute classification makes relief easy for those who have mastered the art of dividing goats and sheep at a glance, but it complicates the work of the historian. Who can tell the story of the charities of any great city, and who can do justice to the energy and the goodness that originates and keeps them all at work?

The founders of Philadelphia made no provision for such a host of charities. They fancied that in such a fair and fertile land no one need suffer who could work, and there would always be help for the sick and aged, and support for the young. Emigrants themselves, they did not foresee what emigration was to mean in after days, and certainly no one of them expected paupers to come of their own line.

Still it was not very long before organized help was needed, but it came in a shape that tells what Old Philadelphia meant by "charity." An ancient Quaker tailor, John Martin, dying in 1702, twenty years after the city was founded, left a lot of ground between Third and Fourth and Spruce and Walnut Streets, to three of his friends. He said nothing in his will of the purpose to which it was to be devoted, but his honest old cronies evidently understood, and they at once built a long, quaint house on the Walnut Street front, opening southward, however, on the green field. The Monthly Meeting took charge of the place, and here sent certain of the poorer members who needed help. After a time they built little one-storied cottages, with a garret in each steep roof, and with a great chimney outside. These were ranged in order on either side of a green lane; each had its little garden, and here bloomed fruit, trees and flowers. None of the people who lived here were paupers. Some had a little money, and all worked who could. Two or three old women had little schools, and another—because of the natural law that forces a river to run by a city, and builds a school near a confectioner—made molasses candy. A watchmaker hung some forlorn old turnip time-pieces in one of the Walnut Street windows, and the herbs raised in the gardens had a virtue peculiar to themselves.

As the city grew around them this small village became greener and sweeter. Little by little high brick houses arose around it; the streets leading thither were all paved, and the city beat about it as an ocean about a lagoon. The only entrance was now up a little alleyway, and he who strayed in there unknowing what he would find must have rubbed his eyes and fancied himself bewitched. He came out of noise and traffic, from bustle and business, and suddenly everything was still; the air was filled with the perfume of roses, bees were humming, old men were sitting smoking their pipes under grape arbors, and old Quaker ladies were bending over beds of sweet marjoram and lavender. To awake

and find one's self at the gates of Damascus was commonplace to this.

If the stranger was fond of Longfellow he stood still, and he smiled, because he knew the place at once, and he would gently murmur:

"Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;

Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket.

Meek in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord, 'The poor ye have always with you.'

Then would one of these peaceful old men arise, and he too would smile, because he too knew, and he would show the stranger the little vine-covered house to which Gabriel was taken, and then the place where he was buried. "It was all true," he said, "and Henry Longfellow did but put it into verse." The stranger found it good to be there. Few pilgrimages rewarded so well, because this asked nothing of imagination, and before he left he took an ivy leaf from the house—he bought rosemary for a remembrance. If he was an artist he made a sketch of the place, and if he was a writer he published a description of it.

Every one who knew "Evangeline" knew of the "Old Quaker Almshouse" in Philadelphia, and the story not only gave the inmates a certain importance in their own and others' eyes, but it added many a thrifty penny to their income. But what proof this pretty tale gave of an imaginative memory! These clear-eyed old people knew perfectly well that a fever-stricken patient never was nor never would have been taken into their asylum. They knew Evangeline never crossed their little yard nor entered their wicket, and that there was no grave sacred to the wanderer's memory in *their* inclosure. They knew all about the "Bettering-House," once up Spruce Street a few blocks away, and about the fever patients there, and the nuns who nursed them. It had also once stood in the midst of meadows, but when the pilgrims came looking for the true Mecca, behold it was all destroyed and built up as a city in bricks and cobble-stones; and then the old Quakers, leaning over their wicket, beckoned the seekers away to a harmless delusion.

If these thrifty people had only known it, nothing could have been more quaint than their own life, and, in a way, it had its own poetry, and needed little help from imagination. There was one woman who went in a child of eight and stayed until she died at eighty-four, and she must have known about as much of the world she left as could be revealed to an observant and caged canary. They had their ghost and their strange noises, and when the last house was torn down a skull was turned up from the mould, and that explained much, if it did not tell its own story. They had their traditions, and as house after house was taken away and the city steadily stole in, they told stories of the times when "Walnut Place" was in its glory, and had its aristocracy and a drab-colored brilliancy. Then, at last, the one remaining house was torn down, the last rose-bush rooted up, and a few exiles, turning away, went into a greater solitude in going into the crowded, noisy town.

This idea of a rural workhouse, which was not to be a mere almshouse, runs through the early history of Philadelphia. The people had no idea of maintaining paupers, and when they found it was a possibility they determined to make pauperism a disgrace. In 1718 the man who chose to exist on public charity had to also

accept a penalty, and, with each member of his family, he was obliged to wear on his right sleeve a badge made of red or blue cloth, on which was a great "P," and the initial letter of the district giving him relief. It was not pleasant to be a pauper in old Philadelphia. To be poor was another matter, and a man could keep his self-respect and his neighbors' esteem if he earned what he ate, but it required courage to take public alms. But plenty of the thriftless had this courage of their laziness, and there were also sick people and helpless old men and women. Still the citizen was taken care of by his neighbors, and sick strangers were lodged in empty houses; but as the population increased the almshouse was needed, and so in 1731 it was founded. A lot of ground between Spruce and Pine and Third and Fourth, just below the Quaker Almshouse, and in view of the new church of St. Peter's, on Society Hill,

bought a large tract of land on the same line between Spruce and Pine, but about Ninth. Here was a good orchard, fine forest trees, and plenty of ground for a small farm. They built a sufficiently commodious house in the midst of the meadows, over which ran narrow foot-paths, and the place had soon the air of a public institution. There was a steward and a matron, out-door agents and some resident physicians. It was really a great comfort to many of the appreciative people who liked a "Bettering-House" to justify its title, and so they crowded in, and had the best they could get. There was a main building and two wings. In the first, there was on the lower floor the offices; on the second the steward, or governor, and the doctors were accommodated; then on the next floor came the sick, and on the fourth the insane, and next the roof another class of sick. The paupers were in the wings—the women in



THE OLD FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE.

was chosen. On Spruce Street there was a gateway, but whoever came over the meadow from Third went in by an X stile. Here were lodged the poor, the sick and the insane, and the common misfortune of poverty put them on an equality even of treatment. After a time it was seen that the sick must have separate accommodations, and the arrangements made for them, which likely enough amounted to little more than a sick ward, taking in "accidents," and under the charge of visiting physicians, have a historical interest, as they resulted in the founding of the first hospital in the colonies. It afterward was removed to High Street, near Fifth, and soon it appears to have ceased being a municipal charity.

Then, as constantly happened with public institutions in those days, the Almshouse was no sooner well established than it had to be moved. Penn had a prophetic knowledge of the possible extent of his city, but as it grew the centre of business was necessarily constantly pushing westward, and also southward, and so all private and charitable interests had to yield and go still further out. The ground at Third and Pine became valuable, and the Almshouse had to go to the country. It was now under the charge of a private corporation "For the Relief and Employment of the Poor," and it

one, the men in the other. The children were sent to the "Yellow Cottage," down in that part of the city known as "The Neck." All seems to have gone smoothly until about the close of the Revolution, when the corporation failed, and that historical body, "The Guardians of the Poor," took its place, and entered upon its prerogative of making the pauper a stepping-stone to higher things for itself.

From this time the charities of the city began to multiply. After the war there was an undercurrent of misery, sickness and poverty to be relieved. The old neighborhood feeling had disappeared in the changes and increase of population, and after 1800 the immigration of people who had to be taken care of until they found occupation became a declared burden. People gave here and there, and all sorts of bequests were made to the public charities. Some testators provided for soup, and some for bread, but more for fuel. It became almost as comfortable out of the "Bettering-House" as in it, if only the needy person was ingenious enough to hold the proper threads in his hand. His support was made easier by the division of the present city into districts. The pauper who preferred out-door relief to the conditions imposed at the "Bettering-House" got



THE HOME FOR INCURABLES.

his soup in the city and carried it home; then he took a little walk to Southwark and asked for his bread, ordered his wood in the Northern Liberties, and probably had a coat or a wig given to him as he went home. The only difficulty he had arose from the constant increase in his class, so that by-and-by the beggars interfered with each other, and none of them liked it. Then there came another trouble. The mendicants began to educate their patrons, and this was a serious evil, and never intended by them. The people who gave found that no one seemed any better for it all. They themselves certainly were not, because constant failures disheartened and irritated them. Give and do what they would, they never got the better of poverty, and their alms, their legacies, all seemed like dragon seed, and only brought forth a large and undesirable crop of greater evils. They were forever multiplying relief by beggars, and finding the result destitution.

In 1831 came a hard, terrible winter of storms and bitter cold, and in 1832 the cholera. During these years the charitable had to work, and had to give, but they also thought. They were benevolent, but that did not also necessitate their being stupid; and our mothers and fathers puzzled over evils which we have fancied peculiar to our own day, and decided upon the same remedies.

There was one good woman, Mrs. Esther Moore, a Public Friend, who thought seriously on these matters. She remembered the days when each one knew his neighbor's needs, and she felt that the thing to do was to restore neighborhood relations. The rich, she thought, ought to educate the poor, and teach them many things they did not know in the way of thrift, of industry, of cleanliness and independence. It was not always the

fault of the poor when they were paupers, and she believed in education as well as regeneration.

Like most women, she did not theorize on the question that interested her, but began to experiment. She selected four blocks down town in a neighborhood where the classes were mixed, and she set to work to make the personal acquaintance of each one living there. Her next step was to make the poor known to the better off, and to persuade the latter to each take a certain number under their care. The poor were not only to be helped to work, but they were to be shown better and more thrifty ways. Their homes were to be made cleaner and more comfortable; the children were to be sent to school. The real charity was to be given in constant influence and supervision. She persuaded women to help her and men to give her money; and, by good fortune, just at that moment there came to Philadelphia a young man named David Nasmyth, who was from Glasgow, and full of Dr. Chalmers' plans for remedying pauperism. He had become so interested in these methods, and so fully persuaded that they embodied the only cure for dependent poverty, that he had given up his business and had set out to travel through the Christian world and preach this new gospel of help. In Philadelphia there was no obstacle to immediate experiment, and he and Mrs. Moore fell into harness together with a hearty good will, and took the parts of Paul and Apollos with instant results. They called a meeting in a parlour, and seven were there, four men and three women. Then, in April, 1831, they resolved to call a public meeting at the Franklin Institute and see what would come of it.

What did come of it was "The Union Benevolent Association," which is still actively in the field, and as

representative of the merits and also the failures in Philadelphia charities as any society could be.

It was founded on Dr. Chalmers' plans, and has very much the same system as the younger "Society for Organizing Charities." It recognizes neither color, nation nor sect. It has a board of managers, who are men, and a "Ladies' Branch," where are found the visitors and most active of the workers in the administration of charity. The city south of Girard Avenue and north of South Street, and from river to river, is divided into districts, each having its own officers and visitors—all women. These report once a month to the ladies' board of managers, and this, in turn, to the men's. In the fifty-one years of its existence this Association has given over a million of dollars, a hundred thousand tons of coal and coke and a proportionate amount of clothing, food and every other kind of help. This record is the more remarkable because the Association was not organized as an alms-giving society. In 1831 the condition of affairs was very similar to that in existence now. The poor were thriftless and numerous; there were all sorts of societies, working independently and without knowledge of each other's pensioner. There was then no Central Bureau, and the imposter who was detected by one society lightly laughed and applied to another. "The Union Benevolent" meant to be just what the "Organized Charity" now aims for. It wished to unite the existing charities, and to educate both the alms-giver and the alms-taker in the best methods of destroying pauperism. But the needs of the poor have been pressed on the visitors, and a great portion of the work has been simply relief and assistance. In this way it has fallen into routine methods, and at last be-

came little more than the most influential and best managed of the alms-giving societies. Yet it was, even in those years, wise and discreet in its charities. It was impossible that it should have had the women whose names run year after year on its records, and not have been of permanent value. It had a store for the sale of clothing, where a monthly average of thirty-four women have found constant employment in sewing, and many a child owes its nurture and education to its mother's regular earnings there. It is conducted on the most quiet and non-competitive system, yet last year its business amounted to nearly four thousand dollars, and over three thousand were paid to sewing women and employés. In the way of practical charity only the poor can tell the tale. How many hundreds of sick have been supported, how many dead buried, how many children provided for, not even the records show. Here was the fatherless boy sent to Girard College, and there the girl given a home in the country. If the house of a seamstress was too forlorn to attract customers, she was told to scrub and clean, and then a little cheap matting, a few whole chairs, transformed the place; patrons were interested, and the woman's name vanished from the charity lists. Boys were set up in business as boot-blacks or newspaper boys. It only cost a little money to get the start, and he made "the plant," and then there was bread at home even if there was no butter.

One of the best known and characteristic of this Association's charities is the "stove." What visitor of the poor does not know the "U. B. stove," and what second-hand dealer would dare to sell one! He could take a diamond from a crown and manage to palm it off and get his price for it, but the comical little stove that was



CHRIST CHURCH HOSPITAL.

invented for the society when anthracite coal first came into use, and which will bake and boil and make a room warm and cheery, has a personality that cannot be disguised, and none of the people to whom they are loaned would dare to sell them, even if any would dare to buy one. Two hundred and twenty-four of these

Philadelphians have confidence is proved by the fact that they are apt to remember it in their wills.

About the time the Union Benevolent was formed, and its founders were discussing remedies for pauperism, the Guardians of the Poor, who were forced to accept the pauper as he was, were as busy determining how they could take better care of him. The Bettering-House, on Spruce street, had had many experiences, and the "cholera year" had proved its want of capacity. The pestilence had raged there in a terrific manner, and coffins were kept piled in the yard ready for use. The man who died after breakfast was buried before dinner, and sometimes there was not a nurse to be had. The Sisters of Charity came in and took charge for some weeks, and by them many a poor heretic was baptized before he died, and so his road through purgatory made more easy. The distress and loss of occupation resulting from this pestilence brought great numbers to the house, and the wards were crowded.



were loaned last year from the fall to the spring.

The men who make up the Executive Board, and who are always well-known citizens, have brought the Association to the front on many questions pertinent to its objects. It has petitioned the Legislature on matters of temperance and the license laws, and on false weights. It long ago denounced the misuse of public funds by the Guardians of the Poor, and has instructed both the employer and his working people on various moral and legal questions. It has kept in its office a register for children; and down in the cellar it has—as a prudent Joseph in charge of the people should—stored vegetables and flour against the days of winter famine and high prices. When the snow comes, the man who wants to earn an honest, if a cold penny, goes there and borrows one of its snow-shovels, and many a peddler has had the loan of money enough to start in business with a well-stocked basket; while the woman who had sewing, but no needle or cotton, went and had her wants supplied. These practical little charities in the way of housekeeping for the poor are the result of a long experience, and the Association, fighting poverty for so many years, has learned that the summer ought to provide for the winter, and the day of plenty for the famine. That it is one of the institutions in which



PICTURESQUE PAUPERS—SCENE ON SPAFFORD STREET.

Little by little the ground had been sold, so that the farm was gone, the forest trees cut down, and only the garden left. The people who built on the streets which had succeeded the foot-paths over the meadows grumbled because of their pauper neighbors, and the Guardians at last determined to build and move.

This new enterprise was, however, to be final; and so, to secure a site beyond city encroachments, they selected a large lot of ground across the Schuylkill River, and on its banks, and there they built the ideal Almshouse.

house. It was to be a great credit to the city, and the pauper must have regarded it with admiring interest. Here was something that wisely accepted things as they were. The pauper was not to be abolished, but made comfortable, and this was what ought to be expected of a paternal government, and they probably approved of their new quarters when they were moved over, in the summer of 1835, four thousand in number, in wagons, in furniture cars, and all sorts of vehicles. It must have been a motley procession, and no "Centennial" is likely to reproduce it. The insane were tied and chained; the women were stowed away as well as possible, and many a sturdy fellow must have tramped over on foot, reasonably eager to see his new house. They crossed the river by the South Street ferry, the insane leading the way; and, except Charon, what boatman ever carried such a crew! Once in "Blockley" they were housed in the spacious wards, and the work of regeneration soon began. The officials in the Almshouse confronted the administration of pauperism, and there was little theory about this. It was all practice, and some experiment. There was nothing easy but the admission of the inmates. Inside the stone walls was a little city filled with degradation, with distress, with all that was helpless and forlorn. Over it all was the governor, or "steward;" and upon his wisdom and faithfulness the whole administration depended. The condition of most public institutions and asylums was at this time simply frightful. Elizabeth Fry and Dorothea Dix had drawn public attention in England and the United States to the hardships and abuses existing in such institutions, but the pressure of public opinion penetrated few of the walls, and everything depended on the character of the men in actual charge. The great misfortune lay, of course, in the fact that the abuses, neglects and tyrannies naturally fell on the most helpless. There was little expectation of curing the insane, and if they could be kept quiet and out of the way it was well enough. If they were too violent a straight-jacket, a chain, a lancet or a shower-bath subdued them, and visitors were sometimes taken to the cells to see them sitting alone, beating the floor, tearing their clothes, or waiting in wicked, sullen insubordination for a chance for revenge. If they recovered their senses it was in spite of their treatment, and never because of it. In the Spruce Street "Bettering-House" women who either could not or would not work were put on the treadmill, and if one was too obstinate or too weak to raise her foot in time to take each step as it came down she was struck and bruised on the instep; but that was her own lookout.

In the old house many evils existed in consequence of the crowded, inconvenient condition of affairs, but this new one gave room for much reform. And it was made. The men were set to work in the quarries and on the farm, and the women knitted stockings for the house and sewed. The treadmill was not allowed to emigrate from Spruce Street, and the shower-bath was abolished, except when it was ordered by the doctors, who had faith in it as a curative remedy. The well were no longer bled nor cupped, the insane were visited, and every little while some one who showed gleams of reason would be brought from the cells into the "Main Building," clothed and set at some congenial work, and the experiment often ended in the final discharge of the cured patient. There was great faith at that time, in this institution, in the beneficial effect of interesting employment and the absence of irritating surroundings; and so it happened more than once that men who had been chained as violent maniacs became excellent gar-

deners, industrious and trustworthy mechanics. Women who had been dressed in one garment made of coffee-sacks, because they tore their clothes up, and who cursed every one who came near them, were converted into seamstresses and even nurses to tenderly-nurtured children. There was a new classification in the wards in many ways, and the whole administration was clean, honest and intelligent.

The Guardians found all of this exceedingly interesting. It was true they did little of the work, but it needed constant supervision, and so once a week they came driving over in hired carriages to attend to that department. Naturally enough the long ride and river air gave them appetites, and this was the time to test the Philadelphia markets! In 1852 it cost \$1.04 per week to feed a Philadelphia pauper, but where are the statistics to show what it cost fifteen years before to feed their Guardians? They tried to save the feelings of taxpayers by having a hothouse, where fruits and flowers could be raised without appearing as an item in the bills, but there were other expenses which, they felt, were made too conspicuous. They could see no reason why wine should not be put among "Medical Supplies;" and as mutton can be converted into venison, they thought the process should be reversed. It annoyed the hungry supervisors to have a spade called a spade in the steward's account, and whenever this was printed their opinion of his administration went down to zero. They sometimes had to explain to taxpayers about the time required for the visits and the distance, and give no end of other good reasons for their dinners and other expenses, and they did not like it at all when the taxpayer at last rebelled, and the cakes and ale and early strawberries all came to an end and there was no more feasting. It became more difficult to get a quorum, and when the managers met around a table decorated with paper, pens and ink, instead of good old Port and lobsters, what wonder they had their own feelings toward any one who would tell the public how he spent its money, and how deeply they came to feel that he was not the man for the place!

This story of extravagance and waste has run on year after year, sometimes checked for a little while,



THE "U. B. STOVE."

and then worse than before, until now it has climaxed in an exposure that has proved that it has not been the pauper who has been corrupted and ruined by public charity, but the men who were intrusted with its administration.

The moral of these disclosures is very simple. It is not that the public officials should be honest and content with their legitimate earnings, but more than this—that the voting taxpayer should look after his public house-keeping, and not be quite so much afraid to ask his employes for bills and receipts. He trusts them to spend his money, but until he is forced to do so he has great delicacy in asking how they spent it. If his wife conducted his home on this principle, he would have a very decided opinion of her capacity, and she—she would probably long for the repose of the river Bagdad.

The story of the "Bettering-House" tells the story of much municipal charity in Philadelphia. There has

is little help, and plays the part of a fifth-wheel among active people. Still she is not the happier because she is useless, but she is the more to be pitied. Dr. Kearsley no doubt had many such anchorless wrecks among his patients. He was an Englishman by birth, and came to Philadelphia in 1711. He was always a busy and conspicuous character; he practiced medicine; he interested himself in architecture—and whoever would see what he did can look at Christ Church and Independence Hall—and he was a member of the House of Assembly and an enthusiastic churchman. The people liked his speeches so well that they would catch him up as he came out of the Assembly and carry him home on their shoulders, and the churchmen presented him with a piece of plate worth fifty pounds to testify to their appreciation of the energy with which he had, against discouragement of all kinds, persevered until Christ Church was rebuilt. The vestry had found it easy to



THE BLOCKLEY ALMSHOUSE.

been nothing niggardly in the appropriations, and the city has given to its poor a spacious, good home, and a liberal income for its support. The result has been the encouragement of pauperism, the defrauding of the poor, and the corruption of public officers. Whether the day will come when the Almshouse will be abolished, and Homes for the helpless, with Hospitals for the sick, take its place, is beyond prophecy, but one of the healthful signs of progress lies in the fact that the work of the "Society for Organizing Charity" has enabled the city to abolish out-relief, and so save thousands of dollars annually.

One of the first of the Homes in Philadelphia—certainly one of the most independent and magnificent—was founded in 1772 by the will of Dr. John Kearsley, and called by him "Christ Church Hospital." No one can know better than the physician how forlorn is the position of a dependent, sick, or aged Protestant woman. She has no convent to which she can go for refuge, and she too often finds her claims on kindred or gratitude but ropes of sand. She is not always the kind of person who adds to the happiness or comfort of a family. She is apt to be queer, and has to be "considered;" she

resolve that the little church should be enlarged and a foundation for a steeple laid, but they had no money, nor did they take steps to get any. Then Dr. Kearsley offered to advance what was needed until subscriptions could be raised, and thus enabled them to begin the work at once. In after years he opened the subscription for the chimes, and was always the friend in need where the church was concerned. When he died, he left his property to Christ and St. Peter's Churches for the maintenance of at least "ten poor and distressed women of the communion of the Church of England." Dr. Kearsley died in 1772, and in 1789 Joseph Dobbins gave to the same charity five hundred pounds and two lots of ground; and then at his death, in 1804, increased the legacy by devising to its hospital all the remainder of his property.

The two benefactors probably fancied the valuable portion of their legacies was the money portion, but the Doctor's land lay in such locations as Front and Market, and Arch above Third, and the ground called "Lot No. 4 from Schuylkill" by Mr. Dobbins, was between Eighteenth and Nineteenth and Spruce and Pine. Such property came to be a splendid bequest, and the

"Lot No. 4" alone, after lying idle and forlorn for seventy years, sold for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The revenues have been managed by prudent business men, and the hospital has always kept within its means, has never been in debt, and never had to solicit assistance. In its early days it occupied a small two-story house on the Arch street property, and accommodated eight ladies, who knitted and sewed, and on Sunday went down the street to Christ Church to service, and on week-days took little runs out to see their friends. Of course they were thankful, and of course they grumbled and gave sufficient occupation to the three vestrymen from each church who were in charge of the charity. Then there came more applicants, and the house was torn down and a larger one built. In time this also became too small, and so a still more spacious building was erected on the same lot, but fronting on Cherry Street. Here forty old ladies could be accommodated, but sometimes two had to share a room, and the matron, as referee, seems sometimes to have had reason to regret the arrangement.

By 1856 the Hospital had an annual income of over nineteen thousand dollars, and so the managers determined to build again. They bought a farm of over two hundred acres of Jesse George, near the West Park, and built the present home. It would accommodate one hundred inmates, but the income, which has suffered from shrinkage of values, supports only forty at present. It might be suggested to good churchmen—for with this work the women have had nothing to do except as pensioners—that every dollar given here would go directly to the support of additional inmates, as all the running expenses are already secured.

One of the most pleasant features in this place is the prevalence of family life. It has happened that the managers have several times been able to take mothers and daughters, sisters and other near relations; so that little homes are set all through the great building, and there is a completeness and content preserved that is not possible when charity breaks all family ties. These beneficiaries have many comforts not common in all such institutions, some of which they owe to their rural situation, and others to the thoughtfulness of the managers. The leading magazines are taken, there are daily papers and a library. On Sunday and week-days service is held in the beautiful chapel, which is in one wing, and so arranged that any one too feeble to go down stairs can enter the gallery from the second floor and worship there. The whole building is fire-proof. They have a farmer, and fresh vegetables, cows and chickens; and many a worse lot falls to poverty-stricken human beings than that of being "a poor and distressed woman of the communion of the Church of England," if this condition leads to a home at Christ Church Hospital. In spite of all their worries, the good ladies, who, as Protestants, cannot pray for the repose of the souls of their two benefactors, must yet follow them with many tranquil, happy thoughts.

This, as we have said, is a man's charity, founded and governed by men, and it justifies their best opinion of

their own management. The "Home for Incurables" belongs to women, and although they have an "Advisory Board" of men, the members of it consider a better title would be an "Indorsing Board," as all they do is to obey orders. It was founded on a legacy of one little gold dollar. There was in West Philadelphia a young girl who had been confined to her bed from early childhood, and she, often thinking of those who suffered as much but were not cared for as she was, longed to make them as comfortable. She used to talk to her mother about a home for incurables, and one day when a gold dollar was given her she said it could be put away as the foundation for a fund for such a home. It was a light enough fancy on her part, but it became an inspiration. After the girl died the money was remembered, and her mother and her friends determined to see her wish carried out. It was easy enough to arouse interest, as every one knew the need of such an institution. In the hospitals established for curative purposes there was no room for patients pronounced beyond help, and even at the Almshouse the transient pauper was preferred to the permanent patient. Every one knew of helpless sick who were suffering in poverty, or supported by hard exertion or grudging charity. There was need enough that the little gold dollar should be put to use. The women who were interested went to work determined to succeed. They held fairs and solicited subscriptions. Those of them who could, gave money, and all worked; and in 1877 they had raised enough money to authorize them in opening a home out on the Darby Road.

At the end of the year they had sixteen patients and a lengthening list of applicants. There were people in all stages of disease, and with every shape of it, asking for admission, but the managers had not only to limit the number admitted, but they had to exclude all diseases not easily managed in their building. A hospital for such uses demands peculiar accommodations and appliances, and the next step was to build one. So, then, this was accomplished. Men gave money to buy ground and women endowed beds, and the managers took care that as their mortar hardened no debt hardened with it. They had not money enough to build as large a house as they needed, but the plans provided for extensions, and there is ground enough. The house really looks like a home, and a very beautiful one. It is well arranged, and no detail of comfort or convenience has been neglected, and the result would have delighted and astonished the owner of the little gold dollar.

Because the building is yet too small, and the managers are not willing to hinder their work by a debt, they have still to turn away hundreds of applicants. They have no wards for men nor children, and can take no one suffering from consumption, epilepsy or cancer. The only vacancies are made by death.

These are a few of the charities of Philadelphia. They represent municipal relief and its abuses; out-door relief and its methods; a church home and a hospital. Each came because it was needed, and each deserves attention.

LOUISE STOCKTON.



RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY LIFE.



FEW days ago I met the Chaplain on the street. He was walking with a small boy, who went homeward with his school-books as we stopped to shake hands.

"Do you know," said the Chaplain to me, "that little chap has just given me an awful setting down."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, you would hardly believe it, but ten minutes ago that boy, bright as he looks, did not

know whether it was the Revolution or some other war that you and I served in."

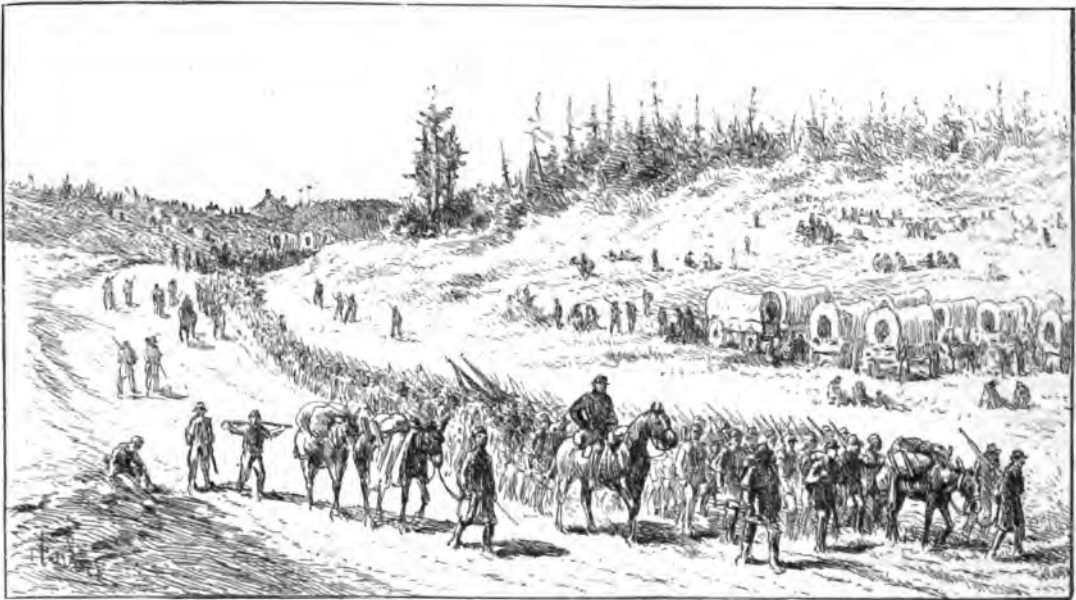
Wouldn't I believe it, indeed! Why, it was only a few days before that a young girl of fourteen or thereabout had made a remark in my hearing, which showed

town, when something tugged at my coat, and turning I discovered that little fellow whom you saw.

"Well, my man," said I, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, it's nothing much, sir. We fellows at school liked what you said yesterday first rate, but at recess we got a-talking about it, and we couldn't quite make out whether *you was on the British or the American side.*" *"

Does any one for a moment hesitate in deciding on which side of Mason and Dixon's line this conversation occurred? Certainly no one who has ever traveled through or tarried in the South will suspect any Southern lad of such ignorance. To the young Southron there is only one war worth speaking of in his country's, or rather in his state's history. He has heard of it ever since he was old enough to follow a continuous story, and he is sure to have had a score of male relatives in every battle fought by the Confederacy. In school, he studies spe-



ON THE MARCH.

that she did not know to which of our few wars the battle of Gettysburg belonged!

I said as much to the Chaplain, and he shook his head.

"My experience is even worse than yours," said he.

"Principal Smith sent for me yesterday to give his boys a little talk, and as it was the anniversary of the day we broke camp for that hard midwinter march of ours in Virginia, in '63, my mind naturally reverted to campaigning days, and I gave the boys a talk which, 'if I do say it that shouldn't,' kept their eyes and ears open till I got through. As for Smith—you know he lost a brother at Chancellorsville—the old fellow nearly broke down when he thanked me after I was done."

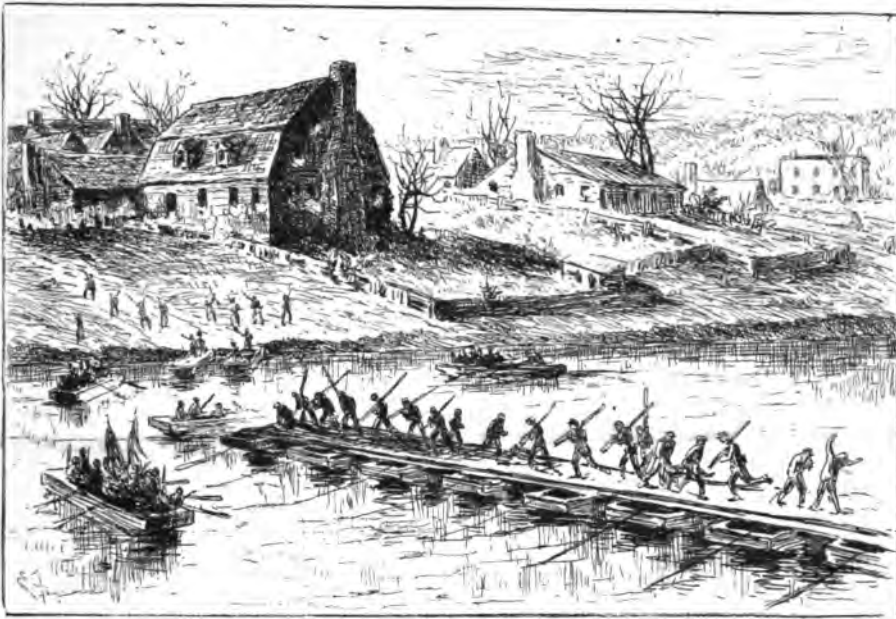
I could readily believe all this, for the Chaplain is one of the best story-tellers in the state.

"Just now," he continued, "I was coming down

cial histories, which extol the valor of the Confederate soldier, and contrast him with the ultimately victorious Yankee—always to the disadvantage of the latter. The brighter ones of this rising generation are perhaps beginning to ask how it happens that, when every battle was won by the Confederates, surrender followed at the last, but to the average Southern boy the war exists as a sacred passage of history, and its record, so far as concerns Southern feats of arms, altogether glorious.

Let this total lack of correct information on the one hand, and excess of questionable information on the other, be what it may, there is no lack of popular interest in army reminiscences in either section of the country. The bibliography of the war has become volu-

* These incidents of the girl and boy are vouched for as literally true.—
EDITOR CONTINENT.



LAYING PONTOONS UNDER FIRE.

minous, and notable additions have been made during the present season. One of the most recent of these is entitled "Bullet and Shell,"* whose author served an apprenticeship in a New York regiment, and became subsequently a war correspondent, and whose illustrator made all his sketches on the field. Preceding this was Carlton McCarthy's "Soldier Life."† This is cleverly illustrated by an ex-Confederate officer. Pre-

*BULLET AND SHELL. By George F. Williams, with Etchings by Edwin Forbes, from which selections are made to illustrate the present article. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

†SOLDIER LIFE IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA. By Carlton McCarthy. Illustrated by W. L. Shepard, Esq. Richmond: Carlton McCarthy & Co.

ceding this by a few weeks was "The Boys of '61,"* a thrilling narrative of personal adventure. Then there are the "Campaigns of the Civil War," now publishing at short intervals,† and a number of other books which we need not now enumerate, but which go to prove that there is a deep popular interest in the subject. We may be sure else that publishers would not be so willing to load their presses with works of this description.

Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? At least one-half of our fifty million souls remember the great con-

*THE BOYS OF '61. By C. C. Coffin. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

†New York: C. Scribner's Sons.



IN LINE OF BATTLE.



A WET MARCH.

flict, even if they did not take part therein, and there are still enough veterans living, according to estimates of the Pension Bureau, to command the profound respect of politicians, and induce, at every session of Congress, renewed efforts on the part of a corrupt lobby to draw still more freely from an already over-taxed treasury.

It is not the purpose of the present writer to depreciate the fighting qualities of one army by comparing them with those of the other. That the South made a magnificent fight against terrible odds is conceded, but the fact that the Northern soldier was better clad, better fed and better equipped is not to his discredit. It was one of the necessary conditions of the war. Could these conditions have been reversed, and the North forced to fight, as it were, for its own firesides, the defense would have been just as gallant.

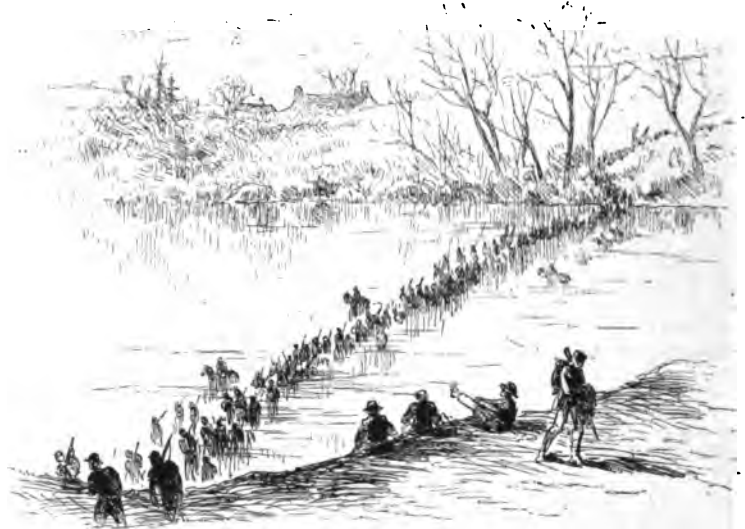
Be all this as it may, however, the romance of soldier-life has not been half told. Those four years of campaigning, with their days of action and weeks of weary marching or waiting, gave birth to no end of varied incident and adventure, the telling of which still starts the pulse of the casual listener as well as of the old campaigner.



THE RELIABLE CONTRABAND.

The etchings of Mr. Forbes, which illustrate the accompanying pages, and those of Lieutenant Shepard, in Mr. McCarthy's book, are perhaps the best exponents of actual army life that have been brought out. They convey, often in a slight and sketchy manner, a vivid idea of scenes and places and incidents which every old soldier will recognize as true to the life, and which a fuller explanation may render equally vivid to the non-military reader.

In active field work there are few more animated scenes than the laying of a pontoon, and ordinarily the spectator may observe it at his ease, for it is not usually undertaken in the face of an enemy. On the march the pontoon-train is a cumbersome and seemingly unwieldy machine. Usually a regiment, or its equivalent as to numbers, is detailed or enlisted



CROSSING A FORD.

as pontoniers and drilled in their duties. Each boat has its carriage, its mule team and teamsters, and its equipment of oars, anchors, joists, planks, ropes and wooden pins. It makes a formidable show in the line of march, winding its lazy length along at a snail's pace. But when a river is to be crossed, everything is galvanized into life. The carriages are hauled as near the water's edge as possible, and the boats are launched. No. 1 is anchored a few feet from the shore, and, in a trice, a row of joists is in place, their ends resting on the bank and on the boat, where they are securely fastened. Instantly the men begin laying the "chesses" or floor-planks, two being told off to make each fast as it is laid down. Meanwhile boat No. 2 is pulled out into the stream, and anchored in its turn some ten or twelve feet farther out; down go the joists between this and No. 1, and the active "chess" carriers, each with a plank on his shoulder, trot out "at the

double," and throw down their burdens, returning briskly for more. Boat No. 3 is in position by this time; and so the bridge grows until the stream is crossed. As it lengthens, the two lines of men, going and returning at a run, present a very lively picture, and when the excitement is intensified by an active skirmish, as in the case represented in the sketch, the situation becomes thrilling in the extreme. The Rappahannock River was actually crossed in this way, in the face of a sharp resistance, by the Federal troops in 1862, just before the battle of Fredericksburg.

Crossing a river, even by a comparatively prosaic ford, is eminently picturesque, as the infantry pushes through the water waist-deep, while a squad of mounted cavalymen take position just below to pick up any unfortunates who may be carried off their feet by the swift current.

Artists who attempt to illustrate army life have, it would seem, an irresistible proclivity to avail themselves of the bayonet as a picturesque accessory, whereas, in point of fact, the soldier rarely "fixes bayonets" except when on guard or dress parade. On the picket line, on the march and in action, the bayonet is habitually carried in its sheath. It will be noticed that in Mr. Forbes' etchings the bayonet is never "fixed," except under exceptional conditions, and this fact lends an air of truthfulness to his drawings. The average artist, who never saw a regiment in the field would probably represent a battalion firing with its bayonets all fixed, but every soldier knows that such a performance would be decidedly out of the ordinary course. On the march, too,



DOUBLE QUICK.

the fixed bayonet is an unmitigated nuisance, and dangerous to friends rather than to foes. The writer hereof has seen more bayonet wounds received by accident during improperly-conducted drills with green troops, than most men have seen in actual conflicts.

There is far more of pomp and circumstance in the illustrated papers than there is in an actual field campaign, and, if anything, less of the picturesque; but a change for the better is to be noted of late years in this respect. The illustrations of the recent English campaign in Egypt were in many instances redeemed by sketches actually made on the spot. During our own civil war there was a great deal of wholly inexcusable work done mostly in safe studios at home, which conveyed a false



THE "REBS" IN PENNSYLVANIA.



GENERAL LEE AND A YANKEE PRISONER.

impression, but found, perhaps, a readier market than a more realistic article would have done.

In the sketches presented herewith there is always an air of "ready for duty" in the figures of men and horses, guns, tents and accoutrements. There is nothing "bandboxy" about them. Even Custer, as represented cross-questioning a Confederate spy, is ready for "boots and saddles" at any moment. Custer, by the way, had much of the dandy in his composition, and habitually wore a gold-embroidered velvet jacket, a soft hat and a red silk tie; yet there was never a suspicion of the starched and padded martinet about him.

Actual campaigning, indeed, quickly takes the starch and the padding out of most people. A day's march in the rain proves the superior value of the rubber poncho when compared with a well-fitting uniform, and happy is the man who can crawl into his dog-tent—made probably with this same poncho—at night, with nothing really wringing wet above his waist-belt. There is, however, something serious and workmanlike about a moving army in wet weather very different from the appearance of a militia regiment caught out in a sudden shower. The men tramp sullenly on, each keeping the lock of his piece covered as well as he may from the damp; the horses hang their heads, and the steady drip, drip of the rain, as it streams from hats and capes into the muddy and much-betrodden road, has a dismal and



GENERAL CUSTER AND A CONFEDERATE SPY.

depressing effect. Nevertheless, amid all the grumbling the column will halt and bivouac with a brave show of good spirits, chaffing one another, singing "I Want to be an Angel," "Put me in my Little Bed," or "I Want to go Home," as if on a picnic.

Presently some one, in some mysterious manner, starts a fire; then, if the wagons have come up, or if there are still rations in the haversacks, there is hot coffee and reasonably good cheer till the drummers beat a lamentably spiritless "tattoo" on their water-soaked drums, and everybody bestows himself for the night. It is not altogether impossible, under such conditions, to sleep the sleep of the just, and arise measurably refreshed for another day's march through more rain and more mud. This sort of thing tells in the long run, however, and many a man who has not yet seen his fiftieth year justly ascribes sundry of his bodily infirmities to those days and weeks of cheerfully-endured hardship and exposure.

I have said nothing of the artillery as yet, though it furnished a most picturesque accessory on the march



A PRISONER.

and in action. It is a sight to remember, to see a battery dash up at full gallop, the drivers lashing their horses and the gunners holding on to their seats for dear life as the heavy wheels leap over obstructions, until the bugle sounds "Forward into line—Action front;" and like a flash the guns wheel into position along the crest of a hill and send their shells howling over the infantry advance into the woods beyond.

This paper may as well conclude with an incident which, so far as I know, has never found its way into print. It is of a gallant officer now dead, Gen. T. W. Sherman of the regular army.

The General was a disciplinarian of the strictest, and a martinet withal, of whom his personal staff, as well as the rest of his subordinates, stood in wholesome awe. His division was in winter quarters near one of the larger Southern seacoast towns, captured and occupied early in the war, and with it was a regular battery of light artillery, which the general, being an artillery officer by training and choice, used person-

ally to drill once or twice a week, just to keep his hand in as it were. A superb battery it was, with perfect appointments—brouze guns shining like gold, fine horses and a full complement of men trained in the strict school of the "old army."

Now, in the outskirts of the town was a large mansion, with a fine lawn, as Southern lawns go, in front of it, whose then inhabitants were three young and charming ladies, and one or two elderly chaperones, whose husbands, brothers and cousins were all with Lee in Virginia, but who, either because they could not see so many handsome young fellows in blue uniforms and abstain from conquests, or because they thought it good policy to be on friendly terms with the authorities, did not treat Yankee admirers with the utter contempt and scorn



A TRANSPORT TRAIN UNDER FIRE.



TO THE REAR WITH DISPATCHES.

commonly maintained by the Southern belle. That they were rebels at heart goes without saying, but a select circle of officers, including certain of the General's staff, was welcomed on many a pleasant evening to their wide drawing-room.

On one of these occasions the talk turned on light artillery, and the ladies expressed a wish that the General would avail himself some time of their special and peculiar lawn to drill his battery.

The two staff officers present promised to see if they could procure the General's consent, and laid their plans accordingly on their way back to quarters.

Next morning at the headquarters' mess one of them remarked casually:

"We were at Mrs. Dorrroughbie's last evening, General, and found the ladies very agreeable."

"H'm! damned rebels, every one of 'em, I'll be bound," was the loyal answer.

"Well, that may be; but they are very agreeable girls for all that."

"More fools you!"

"Do you know, General," said the Adjutant, "they are in mortal terror lest Captain Aims should take a notion to drill his battery on their lawn. They are afraid he would cut it all up with his wheels."

"H'm! Serve 'em right, too!"

"I might give the Captain a hint not to go there if you say so, General."

"Never mind; I'll attend to it."

Not another word did the General say during breakfast, but immediately afterward he called his orderly, who entered, saluted, and stood in that graceful pose known as "attention."

"Give my compliments to Captain Aims," said Sherman, "and tell him that I will drill his battery this



A NEW-MADE GRAVE.

afternoon at half-past two. Tell him to have plenty of cartridges, as I shall do some firing."

So far so good, thought the Adjutant.

At a quarter past two the General mounted his horse and rode down to the battery camp, accompanied by the two young men.

The battery was all ready, looking its best, and at half-past two precisely the bugle sounded forward, and the pieces wheeled into column.

"Head of column right, Captain!" said the General

That settled it, for the usual drill-ground was in the other direction, and the Adjutant and Aide silently exchanged a triumphant wink.

Such a drill as that battery was put through on the Dorroughbie's lawn that afternoon! They fired by sections and in "action front." They advanced and retreated firing; they unlimbered and

not to be caught, and when the drill was dismissed rode away, remarking:

"That will do for once, I reckon," and so went back to his quarters.

At supper-time an old negro servant presented himself with a beautiful bouquet of early roses for the General, whereto was attached a dainty note, expressing the gratitude of the Dorroughbie ladies for the entertainment that had been afforded them, and begging him to accept the roses in token of acknowledgment.

The General never "let on" that he saw through the ruse. A keen lightning-like glance at his Adjutant and Aide was all he vouchsafed, but the battery was never drilled on that lawn again.

Poor man! A year later I saw him carried to the rear on a stretcher with his leg shattered by a rifle-ball, and he never was able to drill his beloved battery again.

He was a faithful and accomplished officer, and did good administrative service even after amputation left him crippled for life, and with his martial spirit broken by the pain which he never ceased to suffer.

It is all over now, thank Heaven! the excitement, the weariness, the hardships. Only the wounds remain, and these, be they of heart or body, death alone can cure. The mounted troopers ride forward, each waving a white handkerchief, the rattle of rifles dies away—Peace has come!

EDWARD COGSWELL.



LIGHT BATTERY GETTING INTO POSITION.

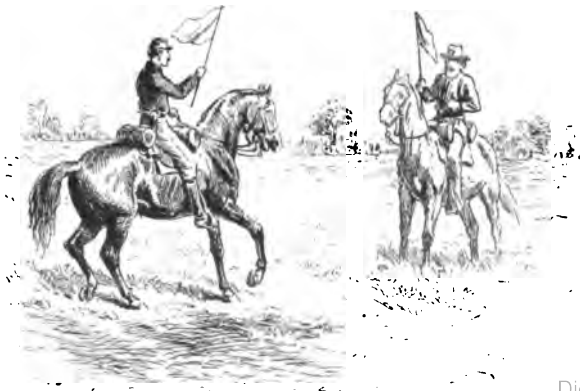


WOUNDED TO THE REAR.

limbered up; they wheeled and doubled, and did everything else in the tactics, until horses were in a lather, and some hundreds of dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's powder had been expended in smoke.

And all through it the Dorroughbie ladies sat in the mild winter sunshine on their verandah, apparently enjoying the show much to the General's bewilderment.

During a pause for rest, the ladies urged the Adjutant, who had ridden up to pay his respects, to bring up the General and introduce him; but the old fellow was



FLAGS OF TRUCE.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BLINDFOLD AND BAREFOOT.

BEECHWOOD SEMINARY stood just without the pur-lieus of one of the busy little towns that are hidden among the New England hills. The ceaseless groan of water-wheels, the breath of wheezing engines, the hum of lathes, the whirl of spindles, the ring of pulsing hammers and the hiss of glowing forges filled the steep-sided ravine along which the village was builded. It was a goblin's cave set in a quiet, peaceful scene. Its people were slaves who worked for the gnomes of trade. Motion and force were incarnate in their lives. They wrought with dull hands magical transformations. Earth became crystal beneath their touch. The misty fibre that the wind blew here and there became the snowy web that wrapt the limbs of beauty or the cable that bade defiance to the storm. Nature shrunk away from her busy, boastful rival. Where she had ended her work, science and art began theirs. They mocked at her tardy processes, and scorned her incomplete results. They stole her secrets; scattered her treasures; prisoned her forces, and made of the once silent glen a busy, bustling, throbbing hive of crowded, wearied, weighted life. On either side the hills rose sharp and stern. From base to summit they were clothed with a garment of verdure that even in winter hid half their ruggedness. The laurel thrust its contorted limbs across the gray cliffs and softened their outlines with its verdure. The spruce and hemlock screened the savageness that the birch and maple would have left uncovered when the summer departed, so that the beholder almost wondered that civilization was content with the narrow stretch which it had conquered for itself along the banks of the boisterous torrent. Less than a mile away, where the mountain swept down into a broad plateau, not only overlooking the bustling town but also commanding an outlook up and down one of those noble valleys that the icy rivers of the north cut through the granite ledges in their pathway to the steaming sea, stood Beechwood Seminary. By what chance this glaring three-storied caravansary, with its green blinds only breaking the vast parallelograms of white with which it faced the four cardinal points, came to be located in a spot of such surpassing loveliness, no man knoweth. It was just far enough from the town to feel its life, near enough to the mountain to partake of its solitude, and high enough above the valley to command all its beauty. With true Yankee disregard of nature, the original forest had been cut away in front, and the

grounds of the institution "adorned," the catalogue said, "with rare and elegant shrubbery"—some stunted evergreens and a few hardy decidua which clung to the wind-swept terrace, doubtfully enough in winter, and leaved and bloomed in summer, weakly and sadly attempting to remedy the violence done to nature in the silly conventional attempt at improvement. A white picket fence enclosed the rectangled lawn known as the seminary grounds. At the back of it, however, nature had held her own. The quaint old farm-house which once occupied this classic spot had not been torn away, but rose up by successive steps from the very midst of the old orchard, beyond which was a narrow belt of rocky pasture land skirted by a gray-lichened wall half hidden under the brown-leaved undergrowth, and above and beyond the dark resinous woods where the pine cones and needles lay thick beneath, and the light was tempered by the inlocked foliage above. Thrift had done all that could well be done to mar the face of nature, but its beauty still survived.

It was upon this scene that Hilda looked the morning after the events described in our last chapter. She stood at one of the back windows of the seminary and gazed upon the mountain glowing in the sparkling splendor of a wintry morning. The season was a late one, and the snow had not yet come, but glistening rime rested on fence and wall, and transformed the white birch limbs into stems of silver filigree. The blades of grass and the brown leaves that autumn winds had piled here and there were touched with points of light. The background of evergreens was strengthened by the contrast and enriched by the sharp shadows that the newly risen sun threw over it.

Hilda was now almost eighteen. She had grown lithe and graceful in form, and her girlish impetuosity of manner had been tempered by four years of training at Beechwood. Yet in her great dark eyes was the same unshrinking directness, and her quick decision of movement showed that she had inherited not a little of her father's steadfastness of purpose. Unfailing health had left its matchless impress on her ruddy cheeks, and given to her eyes a light that was almost saucy in the revelation that it made of buoyant vitality. Her soft, liquid eyes glowed with evident enjoyment as she gazed upon the bright scene without, though a far-away look in their depths showed that her thoughts were wandering. Yet the little trace of care that was in them as she glanced out upon the sunlit mountain, was so foreign to her wont that it hardly tempered their vivacious brightness. A rich, warm-tinted morn-

ing robe encompassed her shapely figure, and her wealth of soft dark hair was wound in a shining coil behind, save only a fringe of rebellious ringlets that escaped control and clustered about her wide, full brow. There was a careless ease of manner that told better than words could, that she had slept on roses. Life had brought neither trouble nor care. A cloud had appeared on its horizon, but it was only a little one, and so very far off that she hardly felt its shadow. There was something in form and gesture that recalled her father. Bright and sunny in temperament she had yet enough of his thoughtful coolness to constitute a nature not easily moulded, nor likely to be turned aside from a purpose once conceived.

She had kindled a fire in the open grate of materials that had been placed ready for her hand the night before—snowy bits of pine, long, slender splints of creamy ash and heavy pieces of maple, with closely-curling cones of rich birch-bark for kindling. The flames roared up the chimney and awakened her from her reverie. She went and stood before the fire, stretching out her shapely hands to catch the grateful warmth. Then she drew back her robe, and held one slipped foot after the other toward the flame. After a few moments she looked at her watch, and stepping lightly across the floor to a half-open door, said softly:

"Amy!"

She listened until she heard the regular breathing of a sleeper, then glanced quickly within, and, with a smile, closed the door and withdrew.

"Heigho!" she said, "I do believe I am the only girl at Beechwood that likes to see the sun rise, and I am not sure that I would if it did not give me such a nice, quiet time to write to Martin. Poor fellow!" she added, "he must be having a very sad time."

She drew a little stand before the fire, and, arranging her writing materials, sat for a moment gazing at the bright flames as they leaped up the chimney's black throat, ere she began to write. This was her greeting—her orison to her absent lover:

"MY DEAR MARTIN: I have risen very early to write to you, for it seems to me that you are anxious and troubled, though I cannot tell why you should be. Surely your father's loss cannot be so very great as to be any good cause, and I cannot think that his illness is really serious—in the sense of danger, I mean. Of course, it is painful and unpleasant, but you will be able to do for him so much more than you would otherwise be allowed to undertake, that you must really enjoy showing him how well and willingly you can serve him. I wish I could be with you, and I would come at once if Papa had not enjoined me to stay until he came to fetch me. Dear Papa, how thoughtful he has always been, and how careful of my happiness! But he will come soon. I know he will, for I have dreamed of him every night for almost a week; and three successive nights, you know, is a *sure* sign, or all the wisdom of the witches goes for nothing. You used to call me a witch, and so cannot deny me the power of divination. It is odd, the repetition of this dream. Every time I see Papa in the stern of the dear old *Sea Foam*. The sails are set; she is standing in through the breakers along a narrow channel. The wind is abeam, brisk but not heavy. The moon is at the full, and makes it as light as day. Papa holds the tiller, and keeps her head in the track the moon makes on the waves. Beyond a narrow point the sea is as smooth as glass, and the glimmer of the moonlight on it is steady and full. It seems as if the *Sea Foam* were going to sail right on into the moon itself. I know the place very well. I have heard Papa and Unthank tell of it so often that I could not fail to know it. It is the old inlet—Hargrove's Inlet—where the buccaneers

used to go in and out in the old days. Papa used to say that he was prouder of having found that narrow passage through the breakers, by which his rugged kinsmen used to come and go upon their lawless errands on the main, than almost anything else that he had done. It seems that he and Unthank are the only ones that know it now, though I have heard him tell the bearings over so often that I almost think I could take the *Sea Foam* in there myself.

"That is all there is of it; but every night I see the same—the brave old boat; the shining, seething sea; my father holding the tiller as easily as if he guided a toy, and watching the course with the moonlight shining on his dear face. I am sure he will come pretty soon, not because I dream about him, but because I think of him so much. Oh, he is sure to come to me, and then we will both come to you. I keep my trunk all packed up, so that there need not be any delay, and twenty times a day I go over the pretty little things I will say to him when he comes in, when we start off and all along through the sunset hills as we fly quickly on our way to dear old Sturmhold.

"Why have you not written me? It has been just an age since a letter came. Oh, I know! Of course you are so busy you have hardly time to breathe. I don't wonder that you have no time to write. Then, you are expecting me every day, too. Tell your father how sorry I am for him, and kiss your dear mother for me. I want them to think as well of me as they can before I come, for I am sure to impair their good opinion by some prank ere I have had time to outwear the freshness of their welcome home. I wonder why Papa was so particular to charge me to stay here till he came or until I heard from him? He never did so before. However, I shall stay. He knows that, and he will come here the very first thing.

"This is Saturday, and is a holiday. I am going to post this after breakfast, and then go for a stroll in the woods. It is cool this morning, but when the sun is well up, the open nooks among the evergreens will be warm and cosy. At any rate, I am going, just to be alone, and smell the pines. It is just the sweetest place in the world to sit and think—to paint pictures and dream dreams. Amy says it is sombre and lonesome among the rocks and under the trees, but I do not see how it could be improved—unless one's lover could be there, too.

"Well, good-by, dear. Amy has waked, and come like a half-frozen ghost and curled herself up between my red wrapper and the fire. I never saw such a cold, bloodless creature as she is. She has the most wonderful eyes, and hair that is as black as jet. She is very proud of it, and well she may be, for the great shining coils lie like a crown upon her small, shapely head, and make her slender neck seem slenderer still. Her dark olive skin has not a trace of flush, and its dull pallor contrasts so strangely with the great black eyes and mass of jetty hair that it sometimes makes her look almost weird. This effect is no doubt aided by the smallness of her features and the thinness of her lips. She seems like a child almost, and yet they call her 'Queenie,' because of her haughty and dignified bearing. She is a strange compound of pride and passion—strength and weakness. She is thin-blooded, and, I fear, cold-hearted, yet I cannot help loving and pitying her. We have always been great friends, yet I should almost doubt that she had any real affection for me were it not for her terrible jealousy of you. It is funny that my best friend should be my lover's worst enemy. Of course, I count it no hardship to choose between you; though it does make me feel very sad to think that I shall be with her only a few months more, for I am really the only friend she has, and I am afraid she is not likely to find new ones. Poor girl! I cannot but think how much happier is my lot than hers. Good-by. She will not let me write any more, and I do not think I ought to write such long letters, when I do not get even a line in reply. Re-

member me to the servants, and think of me often when you visit dear old Sturmhold. How I long to be there with you—yours always and altogether. HILDA."

For more than four years the cosy corner room, from one window of which she looked down the river, and from the other out upon the mountain, had been Hilda's habitation during the term-time at Beechwood. It was on the second floor, opened on the roof of the old farm-house, and had been chosen by her because the view reminded her of home, she said. Her father had stipulated that she should not be removed from this room, nor on any account debarred from the privilege of wandering at will on Saturdays in woods and fields, on foot or on horseback, wheresoever she would. This privilege had been accorded with hesitation; but Hilda had soon become such a prime favorite, not only with the principal and teachers, but also with her mates, that it soon ceased to attract attention, the more especially as it came to be applied to many of the other scholars as well. The room which opened off from Hilda's had been occupied for the same time by Amy Hargrove. Between these a very singular friendship had arisen. While both were brunettes, the dull pallidness of Amy's complexion was in strong contrast with the ruddy bloom that tinged the cheeks of Hilda. Both were considered beauties—one bright and cheerful, and the other cold and haughty. The one had many friends, the other few. They were alike in but one thing—they were both excellent scholars, and rivals for the honors of their class. Everybody wondered at their intimacy. They seemed to have so little in common, and yet they were almost inseparable. The fact was that their friendship was based as much upon the accident of contrasting physical conditions as anything else. Hilda's abounding vitality seemed almost a necessity to the meagre, thin-blooded little creature whom she took under her charge and petted and cared for almost like a child. She laughed at her whimsicalities, submitted to her pretensions, and when it was necessary, disregarded her fantasies. She had none of that self-consciousness that made her jealous of any of the really brilliant parts of her friend. She pitied her from her heart, for despite her arrogance and assumption, she was alone in the world. She had no near kindred, and the one vexation of her life was the fact that her guardian paid no heed to her existence save in providing amply for her comfort. She, too, had been secured special privileges at Beechwood. Her pony was not inferior to Hilda's; but she loved far better to have them harnessed together and driven through shady lanes by another than to mount and ride, as Hilda delighted to do, over the steep mountain roads. Despite these dissimilarities, there was rarely any difference between the friends. The one was happy to subserve the other's pleasure. The other was careful not to try her good nature too far. It was the everlasting puzzle of the strong and the weak; the broad and the narrow; the great and the small. Their natures were complementary, and for that very reason perhaps had so long harmonized.

The day of which we write was one of the rare occasions when the occupants of the two adjoining rooms did not agree. Ever since Hilda's engagement to Martin, Amy had been jealous of the young man's share in her companion's affection. It always put her in a pet to have Hilda write to him, and she spared no opportunity of manifesting, as far as she dared, her disapproval. On this day she had made up her mind that Hilda must drive with her to a town some miles down the river, to visit a friend whom she had met the sum-

mer before. As we have seen, this did not comport with Hilda's plans, and the result was that before the wayward little creature had dressed for the day she had worked herself into a fever of fretfulness. Hilda laughed at her angry expostulation, and when she stamped her little foot in rage, reminded her of a sheep at Sturmhold which was addicted to the same impatient gesture. The result was that the fiery little queen retired to her own room, closed and locked the door between, and when the bell for breakfast rang the excuse of a raging headache which she gave for non-attendance was by no means without foundation. She was prostrated by that curse of natures in which the nervous so far predominates over the physical—a sick-headache. Her room was darkened, and she became a solitary prisoner for the nonce. Hilda, reproaching herself for her refusal to comply with her friend's wishes, would have become her nurse, but the spoiled creature would not permit her to even enter the room.

She, therefore, rode into the town to post her letter, meeting the country mail upon the way, and wondering whether it contained any messages from her loved ones. As she passed along the narrow busy streets that led to the post-office she found herself curiously watched by those she met. The postmaster, a fussy, important man with spectacles and thin gray hair—a deacon in the church and one of the social and religious lights of the little town—drew her into conversation as she handed in her letter, and, on some artful pretext, kept her waiting while more than one of the townspeople came in and regarded her with a strange eagerness. Dropping into a store to make some slight purchases she noted the same unusual watchfulness on the part of all. There was some whispered conversation between the proprietor and a few men who stood near the stove, accompanied by meaning glances in her direction. She caught the clerk who waited on her telegraphing with his eyes, evidently in response to their looks of inquiry. The hot blood rushed to her face as she became conscious that she was the object of observation and remark. Thinking there might be some disarrangement of her attire which was attracting attention, she turned full upon the little knot at the stove with an angry light in her eyes, and then deliberately walked past them to a mirror which hung against the wall at the back of the store. Save her flushed face and flashing eyes the glass showed nothing unusual in her appearance, and the picture that was flashed back at her was certainly not one that need object to scrutiny. She was used to admiration. She had received it all her life. Her father had petted her and praised her beauty always, and every one who came under his roof-tree soon found that the shortest path to his approval was unstinted praise of his daughter. Since she had been at Beechwood she had been the belle of the little town. Everybody in it knew her. Her favor had been a matter of competition with several of the young men, even after it was generally understood that she was already engaged. She was probably better known through the country by her long walks and rides than any other girl at Beechwood. She knew admiration, and rather liked it. But this was not admiration. What could it be?

As she left the store she encountered a knot of men on the sidewalk. They tried to seem not to be noticing her. She knew them. They were a lawyer, a doctor, an editor and the son of a wealthy mill-owner. As she went toward her horse, which she had hitched near the post-office, they all gazed after her, and at once engaged in an animated conversation. Could they be

talking of her? For the first time, she was allowed to lead her horse up to the platform that ran in front of one of the stores, and mount without aid. It was no inconvenience. She had as soon do it as not. She was so expert a horsewoman that only the slightest advantage of surface was needed to enable her to leap into the saddle. She did not care about the attention, either. She was too sincere by nature to desire to be a flirt. She loved Martin too earnestly to even seem to favor another. She liked attention; she desired to please, and was glad to be thought beautiful and attractive. It gave her father pleasure. She was glad to be dowered with beauty for Martin's sake, too. Besides that, she enjoyed seeing others happy, and was glad to be the cause of their happiness. Yet she had never sought such attention, and would not have missed it had it not been universally accorded up to that time. Almost every week for four years, saving the vacations, she had ridden at least once into the town, and never in all that time had she been without a knight to offer his hand for her foot when she mounted to ride away. Indeed, it had been an honor for which there had more than once been sharp competition. Now she mounted alone. Yet a half a dozen familiar faces were at the windows of the shops peering out at her. Not one of the men who stood scarcely ten steps away had ever allowed her to do so before. The young mill-owner seemed quite to have forgotten her existence. Yet he had lately been so pronounced in his attentions that she had wondered if it were not her duty to tell him of her relations with Martin, so that he need have no excuse for continuing them. What could be the matter? There must be something wrong with her attire. She looked herself over nervously, as well as she could. Lifted her habit to see if by chance it failed to fall properly. Wondered if a glimpse of her skirt had shown beneath its border. Her face burned with shame at the thought. She leaned forward in the saddle and breathed freer when she found that was not the cause. Yet what could it be?

She turned her horse's head, and, with a sharp stroke, started on a swift gallop for the seminary.

Hardly had she gone a hundred yards when she saw the good pastor of the village church beckoning to her and calling after her. She reined in her horse and he came out to her—into the middle of the street—the good man who had only bowed and smiled as she had ridden past him hitherto. There is trouble in his face, but he is very kind—very kind, indeed. She almost weeps as he takes her hand, raising his hat with scrupulous politeness, and looking anxiously into her face as he asks many questions, all very kindly and gently, of her father, of the fire at Skendoah, and all the other things that bear on her life. It is very strange she thinks. But meantime he talks on. What a sturdy, resolute face he has! As he talks, he rests his arm, over the horse's neck. Is the whole town watching them? She thinks so. He does not see it, however. He is not reproving her for her gayety, either, as he has done sometimes, but is telling her how trials should be borne. What can he mean? And when he has finished and shaken her hand once more, and she is about to start, he turns again and enjoins upon her anew to come to him if she ever needs a friend. "Come right to my house, my dear," he says, with his honest face aglow, "at any time of night or day. You will always be welcome—just as welcome as if it were your home. Remember, now." What a strange injunction, and how solemnly yet kindly given! What an odd look of inquiry and embarrassment was in his eyes, too! He really seemed

oppressed with sympathy for her. Yet she needed none. Ah, could it be? Her father—had anything happened to him? Her heart stood still with terror as the thought struck her. But no, it could not be. It was not sorrow that she had seen in the eyes that stared at her. Sympathy is sweet and tender and kind. This was hard and furtive and mean. It was a low, jeering, hateful stare, that meant—oh, what did it mean? Anger and pride and shame repeated again and again the futile question. Her eyes flashed; her face flushed and paled by turns; her hands clutched the reins nervously, and she bit her nether lip until the blood started forth in her vexation. Then she gave her horse the rein and dashed over the frozen road to the seminary.

Had the world gone mad? From every window the faces of her schoolmates were peering forth with the same curious expression. Some were lit with furtive sympathy, and some bore the same sinister leer she had met in the town. The very servant who took her horse as she dismounted scanned her face and figure curiously as he did so. She ran up the steps and entered the hall. A dozen expectant faces were turned upon her with the same indefinable, searching glance. She rushed up the stairway and flew to her room. She saw them peeping at her from the rooms, and was conscious of opened doors and watchful observers after she had passed. Was she bewitched? Was there any strange thing in her appearance—any horrible gaucherie of dress or manner—that caused her to be observed and talked of in such an unaccountable way? Had she been transformed in a day?

She rushed to her room and ran at once to the mirror to find if she could a clew to the mystery. Her attire was faultless. She caught a hand-glass from the drawer, and turning from the mirror inspected her dress from top to toe. She walked away from the glass; she turned one side and then the other; raised one arm and then the other; lifted her trailing habit, inspected even her shoes—but could see nothing that should cause remark. Amy was passing back and forth in the room. By a side glance in the mirror she detected on her face the same speculative look she had seen on others; only in her case it was linked with something she had not seen elsewhere. There was a cold, hard look—anger, almost disgust, upon her proud, regular features. Her thin lips were surely half parted in a sneer. Hilda dropped the glass and sprang toward her friend. Amy drew back and raised her hands, as if to avoid her touch. Hilda noticed that she held some books and trifles of her own that in their community of use had been usually kept in this room rather than her own. She glanced around and saw that everything belonging to her companion had been removed—books, pictures, bits of needlework, trinkets which they had hung upon the walls or laid upon the tables, in girlish attempts at decoration. On the bed in careless confusion was heaped a mass of like trifles belonging to herself, which had in the same manner found lodgment in Amy's room. Slowly it dawned upon her. Amy had returned her trinkets and was taking away her own. Her amazement was increased a thousandfold. She grew faint and dizzy with mysterious apprehension. Was the world slipping from beneath her feet? Was mankind flying from her presence? Did she bear a leper spot that all should shun and jeer or hate? She could not think—only feel and fear and dread. Every nerve seemed burdened with indefinable agony. The blood tingled in every vein. Her heart thrilled with pain. Her head was a crucible of fire. She must, she would know what it meant.

"Oh, Amy, Amy!" she said in the shrill, wiry tones which only intensest agony can give, "what is it? Do tell me what makes you look at me so strangely—and the others—the girls—everybody?"

Amy pointed coldly to the glass, her lips now parted in an unmistakable sneer, showing the small white teeth close shut beneath them, while her eyes flashed with angry fire.

Hilda shot one more glance of inquiry at the mirror.

"What is it?" she cried in despair. "Do tell me! I can see nothing."

"Yet it is very plain to others."

Again Hilda looked.

"Oh, what is it? Please tell me! Do you not see you are killing me? Why does everybody shun me to-day?"

"Because they have only just learned the truth, I suppose," said the other coldly.

"The truth! What do you mean?" The question was asked in open-mouthed wonder. "What have you learned—what has anybody learned, that they did not know before?"

"Really one would think you did not know!" said Amy with a mocking laugh, as she entered her own room.

Hilda sprang forward.

"Amy, speak! What is it? I know nothing!"

She was entering her classmate's room, as she spoke. Amy turned upon her as she reached the threshold and pushed her violently back.

"Stand back!" she cried. "Stand back! Do not dare to come into my room! Do not touch me! The very sight of you is contamination!"

"Oh, Amy—Amy!" wailed the poor girl. "What do you mean? What has happened? Why are you so angry with me?"

"Why?" shrieked the friend, now transformed into a demon of hate. "Why? Because I do not choose to associate with such as you! Because I am a lady!

Because you have imposed upon and outraged us! Because the man you call your father—"

"Stop, Amy Hargrove!" The frenzied girl was transformed into an angry goddess in an instant. "Stop!" she repeated and strode toward the venomous little figure with an air of menace that made it shrink away in fear. "Say what you please of me, but do not dare to utter one word against my father."

"Your father?" sneered Amy, still retreating.

"Yes, *my father!* Is it anything strange that I should refuse to hear my father defamed?"

"Meaning, I suppose, Captain Hargrove!" hisped the white-faced vixen, while her eyes gleamed like burning coals with hate.

"Of course. You know my father. Everybody knows him!" wonderingly, but yet defiantly.

"Everybody *thought* they knew him," replied the other with a shrug. "Now they know better."

"What!" exclaimed Hilda, with a surprised, hysterical laugh. "Are you crazy, Amy? Pray, who is my father, then?"

"Ah, indeed! That is not important now. Your mother is known!" meaningly.

"My mother?"

"Oh, yes! Your mother! Don't try to put on that look of innocence. The game is played out. We know who your mother was—or rather what she was?"

"What she was? My mother? What *do* you mean?" cried Hilda, her hands clasped before her and her voice quivering with wonder and dread.

"What do I mean? I mean that we know now that your mother was a slave—George Eighth's negro wife!"

There was a shriek—a fall! Amy sprang quickly forward, closed and locked the door, braced herself against it, and stood shivering and pallid, with chattering teeth and eyes upturned in terror. Did she fear something that lay inanimate and still upon the other side, which the thin panels hid?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SNOW SPRITES.

'Twas a still, starry midnight, just after the snow,
And in lace and fine linen the earth slept below;
The moon through her lattice of light, fleecy bars
Was peeping askance, her fair head gemmed with stars,
While a shy little brook, from somewhere in the shade,
Just tuned his guitar for a soft serenade;
When, trudging back home, at the lane's farther end,
From an evening with Shakspeare, a pipe and a friend,
A medley of soft elfin sounds reached my ear,
And I knew that the Snow Sprites made merry quite near.

On tiptoe I crept through the wood at my side,
And soon gained a spot whence their revels I spied.
'Twas a mad masquerade on a clear, frozen pool,
Where the small skaters whirled, without method or rule,
In costumes so curious, airy, and bright,

That it seemed they would melt ere they passed o'er my sight.

There were gypsies, Swiss peasants and princesses fair,
Wee barons and harlequins light as the air;
Tiny courtiers and knights, not so big as my thumb,
And pigmy musicians, with pipe, fife and drum.

Titania and Oberon glanced o'er the ice
In a pearly sleigh-chariot, drawn by white mice;
And on miniature reindeers, caparisoned bright,
Fairy couriers and outrider flashed through the night.
On mere mites of sledges, another gay band
Sped down the smooth slope of a mound close at hand;
While others were pelting the skaters in fun
With snowballs no bigger than notes in the sun;
Or, with grins of delight on each speck of a face,
Took their turns in the line at some fine sliding-place.

The ring of the skates and the voices in tune
 Arose like the hum of a bee-hive at noon,
 Till the elfin musicians wound up with a crash,
 And each domino then was unmasked in a flash,
 Disclosing the faces of more than a score
 That had long been familiar through legended lore—
 Pucks, Ariels, Snowdrops, Prince Charmings, and all
 Robin Goodfellows told of in hovel and hall,
 When the back-log is cheery, and good wives are hale,
 And the curly-pates hang on the "ower true tale."

Faster and faster the weird frolic flew,
 Wilder and wilder the sprites' revel grew;
 Till at last from a farmyard a chanticleer's horn,
 Blown softly and drowsily, hinted of morn,
 When this way and that the small multitude broke,
 And, stamping my half-frozen toes, I—awoke
 In my own easy chair, where to sleep I had gone,
 And dreamed half an hour with my overcoat on,
 With such strange fancies filled as an evening may lend
 When passed with dear Shakspeare, a pipe and a friend.

NATHAN D. UERNER.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"How can I ever thank you enough for having paved the way for me?" says Sarah next morning, as the two sisters sit awaiting breakfast. "I awoke to-day in such a humble, grateful frame of mind. I said to myself, 'Thanks to God and my good sister, I am out of my difficulty!'"

"Did you happen to mention that it was your seventeenth?" asks Belinda grimly.

"I said to myself," continues Sarah, feigning deafness, "I will put on a clean calico gown, and ask granny to let us have some champagne for dinner, to celebrate my little innocent festival. Really, joking apart, it was almost worth while to be engaged to him, for the pleasure of having it broken off. Cannot you understand that?"

"I have already explained to you several times that I would rather have been burnt alive than be engaged to him at all," replies Belinda trenchantly.

But the snub, like many kindred predecessors, passes airily over Sarah's yellow head, and leaves no mark upon her satisfied serenity.

"Punch," she says, taking the two dogs' forepaws in her hands, and looking gravely in their black faces, "Punch, I am free! Slutty, I am free! Go and tell the cats and the parrot!"

Belinda has sunk back into herself. She is wondering feverishly what is making the letters so late.

"I have not even made an enemy of him," pursues Sarah, loosing the dogs' paws, and sinking back with a sigh of complacency in her chair. "I believe that in his heart he was quite as glad to be out of it as I. He was the first of them," with a slight regretful pout, "who was glad to be off!"

"I think he was *very* glad!" says Belinda spitefully.

"Say one word more, and I will have him back again," cries Sarah, roused by this challenge.

But Belinda makes no rejoinder. To her, Sarah and her light loves have become distant and insignificant things. Her strained ears have caught, or she thinks so, the sound of a footstep. Of course it is only Tommy bringing in the breakfast; but he may be bringing her death-warrant or her evangel, too. It is the first day

on which, according to her calculation of distances, it would be possible for her to receive a letter from Rivers.

"If you had heard," continues Sarah, smiling rosilily to herself, "the masterly way in which I indicated to him that it was only my consciousness of inadequacy to fill that high post, which made me regretfully retire from it, I think that even you would have admired me."

"Should I?" quite inattentively.

"He swallowed it all," continues Sarah, growing grave. "Good heavens!" throwing up her eyes, "what will not they swallow?"

That sound has died away again. It could not have been even Tommy.

"I cried a little," resumes Sarah, with that glow of modest retrospective satisfaction still diffused all over her, extending even to her pink cambric gown. "Do not ask me how I did it; I could not even engage to do it again were the same situation to return; these strokes of genius do not repeat themselves."

She stops, her attention diverted into a fresh channel, for at this moment Gustel throws open the door, and Tommy enters, his childish arms extended to their widest stretch to embrace the breakfast tray, upon which, beside coffee-pot and rolls, lies a heap of letters and papers. Belinda does not stir now that the moment so breathlessly longed for has come; she would fain put it off again, shove it away a little further.

A paralysis of fear nails her to her chair. She feels an impulse of anger against Sarah for doing what she herself is incapable of; for her quick movement toward the tray, her hasty turning over of the family's correspondence. There is a second's pause—a pause during which hope still lives; then in a moment it is dead. Sarah's voice would tell her that, even if her words did not.

"I am afraid there is nothing very interesting for you," she says reluctantly, tossing her three or four letters without looking at her. Belinda's heart dies; then suddenly there flares up a tiny flame of hope in it again. Possibly Sarah may not recognize his handwriting. Probably it is so disguised and disfigured by trouble and emotion as to be unrecognizable. Was not this the case with her note? She snatches at the letters

and looks dizzily from one to the other of the super-descriptions. Alas, no! they are all in the handwriting of familiar and habitual correspondents. She has told herself all night that her expectations were not highly raised for to-day; that to-day is the first day on which it would be possible to hear; that, being only possible, it is not also probable; that her chances are better for to-morrow or the day after. And yet now that the disappointment has come, it seems to her ruinous and final. Her first movement is to dash the letters down on her lap; then, with that instinct of self-respect which parts us from the savage and the beast, remembering that Tommy's round gaze is upon her, she picks up one, and shakily unfolding it, lets her misery-shaded eyes fall on the page. Only for a moment, however; a fresh thought makes her drop it and fly to the papers.

In a second she has torn open one of the English journals, the *Standard*; and seizing the advertisement sheet, greedily turns to the column of births, deaths and marriages. She runs her eye down the names; she will not allow this horrible swimming to blind her; she will read for herself.

"Abbots, Ackers, Anson, Baker, Callcott, Frith, Forly, Harper, Key—when do the R's come? what a long, long list! Ah! here they are! Raby, Rashleigh, Retford—what a number of R's are dead! Yes, here it is! *Rivers!*" The swimming is gone. She can see it clearly; there is no mistake. "On the 24th inst., at Denver Hall, Yorkshire, John Appleby Rivers, M. P., aged 54."

At the same moment, Tommy, his functions ended, shuts the door behind him. For a moment or two Belinda stares dully at the announcement, then silently holds it out to her sister. But Sarah does not see it; her head is buried between the other sheets of the paper, which she has been too impatient even to cut.

"I knew it," she says, speaking suddenly in a voice that is a little tremulous, a little awed, and yet triumphant. "I knew it was his father; he is dead; he has committed suicide. Poor David! no wonder he looked odd. There is a paragraph about it."

"Committed suicide!" repeats Belinda with a gasp, turning as white as the tablecloth, and her great gray eyes dilating, while the image of her poor boy-lover and his whole-hearted devotion to, his innocent enthusiasm about his father, at which she had sometimes smiled, superior yet envious, darts painfully back upon her memory.

Sarah has snatched a table-knife and is rapidly and jaggedly cutting the paper. "We regret to announce the death, under peculiarly painful circumstances, of Mr. John Appleby Rivers, of Denver Hall, Yorkshire, who for the last ten years has represented the Borough of Denver in the Conservative interest in Parliament. The deceased gentleman had retired to rest on the night of the twenty-fifth in his usual health, but on the following morning his valet, on going, to call him at the accustomed hour, found his door locked, and could obtain no answer to his repeated knocks. The family becoming alarmed, an entrance was effected through the window, when the unfortunate gentleman was found extended lifeless on the floor, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Medical assistance was at once procured, but in vain, as life had evidently been extinct for some hours." Sarah pauses with a shudder of disgust, even her blooming cheek a little paled. "Why will people cut their throats," she says complainingly, "when there are so many clean ways of dying?"

"Perhaps he did not do it himself," cries Belinda,

catching breathlessly at this hope. "Who knows? Perhaps he was murdered!"

"Wait a bit," replies Sarah, putting up her hand in prohibition. "Where was I? Let me go on: 'Been extinct for several hours; the razor with which the deed had been accomplished lay on the floor beside the corpse!'" Again she shudders. "Grisly word! why will they use it? Why do all newspaper-writers love it? 'It is surmised that distress of mind, arising from pecuniary embarrassment, was the immediate cause of the rash act.'" She stops for a few moments, and there is silence. Beunda has put her hands over her eyes, before which the ghastly sight is conjured up in its red horror.

This, then, is what has robbed her of him! This is the spectacle for which he has exchanged the spring-dressed, sun-warmed Grosse Garten. This is the errand, falsely and cruelly supposed by her to be a feigned one, which has torn him away. She shivers, and the shiver is followed by a warm rush of passionate pity.

What will he do? How will he bear it? Will he ever get over it? We ask ourselves and each other this senseless question, as often as an affliction a little severer than common alights upon one that is known to us; although experience, a thousand times repeated, has taught us its folly. But below the horror and the compassion, though both are genuine, there lies in Belinda's mind a thick, deep stratum of inexpressible relief and joy. It is explained then! Suspense is ended; at least for the moment it seems so. There may be a cessation of that weary sum-doing. She may think again of the wood at Wesenstein without writhing. Her past is restored to her. Surely she can live upon it until he comes back to give her a present and a future.

"Pecuniary embarrassments!" says Sarah thoughtfully. "I do not much like that. However," with a more cheerful air, "it is better than having insanity in the family. Poor man! it was a cowardly way of cutting the knot!"

"The twenty-fifth," says Belinda, dropping her hands into her lap, and staring with eyes still dilated, straight before her; "that was the day we went to Wesenstein!"

"There is more about him—another little paragraph!" says Sarah, resuming her reading. "Oh, now we shall find out whom he married. 'Mr. Rivers was born on the first of May, 18—' (Ah! Ten and ten, twenty, and ten thirty, forty—that would make him just fifty-four)—'and was the eldest son of the late Mr. Rivers, of Denver Hall, at whose death the property was sold, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments.' (Hem! they seem to be addicted to pecuniary embarrassments.) 'It was repurchased, five years ago, by Mr. Rivers, who had amassed a large fortune in the iron trade. He married, on the third of June, 18—, the Lady Marion Lovell, third daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Eastwood' (bravo, David! I knew that he was not undiluted iron), 'by whom he has left issue'—(a good deal of issue, I am afraid). 'He was an enlightened patron of agriculture, and belonged to several agricultural societies. His death will be widely and deeply deplored.'" She lays down the paper. "That is all."

"All!" repeats Belinda in an awed voice; "and enough too!"

"What a mercy for David that he was not at home!"

"He will not think so," replies Belinda sadly.

"He will avoid most of the horrors—coroner's inquest and all!" says Sarah, with a shiver of disgust. "I

wonder what day the funeral was? You could not expect him to write before that. I am afraid that now you must not hope to hear before we leave."

"Of course not—of course not!" feverishly. "Poor boy! I do not want him to think of me at all!"

"I expect that you are the one pleasant thing he has to think about," replies Sarah dryly. "I hope to heavens that the money—" stopping abruptly. "Will you believe it? There she is! I hear her voice. She has come to tell us. Tommy, Tommy!" flying headlong into the passage, "we are not at home—we are not at home to anybody."

But, as usual, it is too late. Punch, indeed, gallops out in aid, barking irefully. It is not that bark of boisterous compliment which he addresses to most people, but one of a different character—one not unfrequently accompanied by a nip at the heels of the person indicated; a bark which he reserves exclusively for tramps and Miss Watson. Slutty has instantly crawled on her stomach under the settee. To do Tommy justice, he has opened the door as little as he possibly could; but by thrusting her person into the aperture, Miss Watson has succeeded in considerably widening it, and now stands in it, talking loudly and brandishing a newspaper. As soon as she catches sight of Sarah—

"Have you heard?" she cries eagerly. "Have you seen it? Young Rivers' father's death?—suicide? I thought you might not have seen it."

"Of course we have," replies Sarah curtly; "of course we have our papers as usual. I am sorry I cannot ask you to come in this morning; we are so—"

"Do you think he was off his head?" asks the other, interrupting. "Do you think there is madness in the family? If so, no doubt they got it from the Lovells; there is mostly scrofula of one form or another in all those old families."

"What a comfort for the new ones!" answers Sarah with a sneer. "Well, I am afraid that we are so busy packing—"

"Were not you surprised to hear that he had married one of the Lovells? I had not an idea that he had married one of the Lovells. He did not get a penny with her, I will answer for it; they are as poor as Job. Eastwood is mortgaged up to the hall-door."

"Is it? Well, as we have already heard your news," taking hold of the door with a determined air—"come in, Punch, or you will be shut out!"

"What papers have you seen?" asks the other inquisitively. "I wonder is the account the same in them all. Would you mind my having a look at yours?"

Sarah shakes her head.

"Impossible! Granny has not seen them!"

"I would lend you mine with all the pleasure in life, only that I am just going to run round with it to the Freres and Gayhursts; they take only the *Times*; there are not so many details in the *Times*."

A surly silence is the only response.

"Poor fellow! it is too sad, is it not?" continues Miss Watson, her large face beaming with pleasurable excitement. "I do not know when I have felt so cut up about anything! I shall make a point of writing to him; shall not you?"

"She is going to make a point of writing to him," says Sarah with a grimace, rejoining her sister a moment or two later, a judiciously placed hint as to the probability of some one being beforehand with her at the Gayhursts and Freres having rid her of her visitor; "it may be a bad thing to lose a father, but it is very much worse to be consoled for him by Miss Watson.

By-the-by," with a change of tone, "David has your address, has not he—your London address—you gave it him, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ah," with a little sigh of satisfaction, "that is all right then! The sooner we get to England the better for all reasons."

Belinda echoes the sentiment. What is there to keep her or her heart here now? In the place of the drag which a while ago she would have put upon the days, she would now use whip and spur to them. If Time were to obey our impulses, in what a strange jerky manner would he proceed? It is beyond the range of possibility that she should receive a letter from him here. It would be the height of filial impiety. How dare she thrust her trivial self between him and the grandeur of his grief? How dare one thought of her cross his mind, ere yet his father is laid in his bloody and dishonored grave? But by the time that they have reached England, four more days will have elapsed.

Mrs. Churchill has stipulated that the journey shall be accomplished leisurely. Once in England, he and she will at all events be separated by only one day's post, less than a day's journey. In London there are so many posts in the day. Every two hours does not there come a double knock? and may not any one of these double knocks possibly—nay, why be irrationally downhearted?—probably bring her salvation? By dint of continued cherishing, her hopes soar higher still. Why should he write? What is there to hinder his coming himself? In her heart she hears his footfall on the stairs; it will fall more softly on the carpeted London steps than on these bare stone ones. Perhaps it will be less springy than of yore; grief may have made it heavier and slower. He will enter in his black clothes; she has never seen him in black, and tries to reconstruct him in this sombre habit. He will not smile, it would not be right that he should; but he will stretch out his arms to her—Tommy being gone.

At this point her face always falls forward into her hands, and the carnations overrun their borders. She can no more look at that picture than she can stare unwinking at the mid-day sun. But though she struggles earnestly to keep hope sober and low, it is with an elastic step and a bright face that she treads the platform of the Dresden railway station on the day and at the hour of their departure. The tickets have been taken; their own, that of the luggage, Punch's. Slutty is small enough to defraud the revenue by traveling in an ingeniously constructed house of her own, which has the air of a large dressing-bag, and under which Belinda, Sarah and the maid take turns to stagger. And now Mrs. Churchill and Belinda have already seated themselves and arranged their packages. Sarah still loiters on the step, half the German army gathered round her. She has asked them all to come and see her off, and not one but has answered to the call. Her hands are full of great bouquets that they have not stretch enough to hold. She is distributing more addresses than she has time rapidly to pencil. Apparently, every one of them is to correspond with her.

Belinda has no bouquet, and no one has asked for her direction. Even her last view of the fair city is obstructed by Sarah, who has monopolized the window to lean out and kiss her fingers, crying, "Auf Wiedersehen!" until the last glimpse of her dark-blue, light-blue, and green admirers is lost to sight. And yet it is with a light heart, that sometimes even dances, that Miss Churchill steams away toward her native shores.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Who that has a grain of self-respect left would not rather find himself stranded in a "Bettering-House," than in a "Poor-House," or even an "Alms-House"? Such was the comfortable name devised by early Friends for one of their worthiest institutions, as narrated by Louise Stockton in the illustrated paper which opens the present number of *THE CONTINENT*. In the same pages the general and special charities of the Quaker City are described, with their quaint and peculiar characteristics.

THE reproductions of Edwin Forbes' etchings, given in connection with "Recollections of Army Life," are taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Bullet and Shell," a handsome volume of reminiscences just issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Mr. Forbes' large series of etchings published several years ago and entitled "Life in the Great Army," attracted much attention at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and the artist was the first American etcher elected by the Paris society of "Aquaretists." Some of the illustrations of the volume referred to are reduced copies, made by Mr. Forbes from his large plates, but none of these, we believe, are used with the present article.

WHISTLING is not considered a particularly fashionable accomplishment, and has even been cast into ill repute by the rhymester who predicted untold disaster for whistling girls. The habitual whistler is rather a nuisance than otherwise, and his character has long waited for the vindication now suggested by a certain nervous New York lady whose duties call her frequently to pass through streets which may be respectable, but are certainly lonely at times. She says that she is never afraid of a whistler. He who "whistles as he goes for want of thought," or "to keep his courage up," cannot, so she thinks, be contriving highway robbery in his brain, so she carries her portmanteau defiantly in plain sight, and feels that her diamond ear-rings are safe from the hand of the spoiler. Of course this diagnosis of the case will at once suggest the ruse of whistling to the enterprising burglar; and a race of innocently whistling highwaymen, pocket-book snatchers and housebreakers will no doubt shortly be developed to meet the demand of the times.

THE record of fires, deplorably long at best in this prosperous and careless republic of ours, is particularly alarming at this season of the year, when Manitoba evolves a cold wave every week or two, and thus renders necessary a larger and more reckless expenditure of fuel. In these daily or weekly lists of fires, the "elevator" has earned an unenviable distinction. It is to this attractive flue that the fire and smoke instinctively rush. Through its doors and thin partition walls they eat their way into apartments and floors before untouched, and thus the flames spread more rapidly than they could otherwise do. Now the elevator—why not call it the "lift," by the way, after the sensible English fashion?—is a necessity of modern civilization—so, also, it is to be feared, are fires. Under these circumstances, why not make the lift-shaft a great conducting chimney, through which the flames may

rush and roar for fifteen minutes or half an hour without doing any especial damage to the rest of the building? The first objection, of course, is the increased cost, and this can probably only be overcome through the insurance companies and legislation or a combination between the two. The plan is certainly recommended by very high and unquestionable authority—that of fire itself. Practically it has said a hundred times in emphatic language, "When I run away I choose to go through the lift-shaft." Let architects and builders take the hint, and give it every reasonable chance to do within bounds what it *will* do somehow. Thus shall life and property be saved.

The Dark Horse of 1980.

THE article by Professor Gilliam in *The Popular Science Monthly* for February, upon the "African in the United States," is somewhat remarkable from several points of view. The writer has the merit of being the first to point out, from a clear and careful analysis of statistics, the fact that in all probability the colored race will be in a majority in every state of the South within fifty years, and will vastly preponderate in less than a century. Professor Gilliam's figures are based upon the census of 1880, and, while they cannot be accepted as reliable aggregates, it seems indisputable that the estimated proportionate increase of the races may be very safely relied upon. His analysis of this very grave question of ethnologic relations is all the more valuable because it is made from a very evident Southern standpoint. The author writes with a most distinct bias against the colored man. The facts which he recites are the very opposite of what he would have them. He states the question as every intelligent Southern man ought to consider it—purely with relation to the future of his children and that section. It is very well known that the bias of the Southern mind against the negro, as a man, has almost always resulted in coloring their scientific speculations in regard to his future to a degree that has made their fallacy peculiarly noticeable. In the days of slavery it was an accepted hypothesis that the colored man would not work except under a master, and that he was entirely incapable of self-support in a state of freedom. The argument by which this was sustained seemed almost irrefutable. History did not furnish absolutely clear analogies to the contrary, and the *à priori* argument against it was not generally regarded as entirely trustworthy. The experiment that began in 1865 was one which very few of any class of thinkers regarded as certain to result favorably. The verdict of those years has settled the fact in every reasonable man's mind, certainly to this extent, that in the manual avocations, at least, the freedman is entirely capable of self-support. The increased production of the great Southern staples has forever exploded the old idea. It was a pet notion with all of this class of thinkers, too, that with freedom the colored race would decrease rather than increase. Hundreds of eloquent and positive articles predicted the rapid decline and early extinction of the race when squarely opposed in the race of life to the enterprising and vigorous Caucasian. It was the almost universal belief that the superior race would increase and the infe-

rior one would decrease in numbers at a very rapid ratio. Instead of this proving to be the case, the very reverse has shown itself to be true. The negro has outrun the white man in the race of numerical increase to an amazing extent, and bids fair to continue to do so in the future, as the writer has very clearly demonstrated.

The prediction of Professor Gilliam must be peculiarly startling to those classes of our social and political thinkers who have been accustomed to consider the future of the negro in America as a question of minor importance. The facts now clearly demonstrated by the census of 1880 make the question one of peculiar importance to every Southern man, and must convince every reader that the great question for a century to come, both to the Southern people and to the nation, must continue to be the relations of the two races to each other in the whole region known as the Southern States. It is a question altogether above party politics of to-day, though out of it will no doubt come the issues that will divide the parties of the future. No man can afford to be insensible to its importance, and least of all any citizen of the South, whose destinies must be most intimately affected by it. The case is even stronger than he puts it, since he has omitted several of the elements which must very powerfully tend to produce the result indicated.

One very important fact that Professor Gilliam has failed to notice is that the increase of colored population must constantly act as a repressive and expelling influence upon the middle class of Southern whites. Outside of the very poorest and the very richest classes, even at this time, the proportion of Southern young men who come to the North and West to engage in business and the professions is very great. The acknowledged reason is not that the negro is already crowding them, but it is not far from the true one. Remunerative employment in the ordinary branches of manual labor for the white man is very hard to find. The colored man underworks him and outworks him. Even to compete with him is discreditable. The open field, brisk demand and honorable competition of the North are drawing daily upon the really best blood of the South to an incredible extent. New York and Philadelphia alone have more Southern "carpet-baggers" among their population to-day than the whole South has had residents of Northern birth since the war, or is likely ever to have hereafter. This influence must constantly increase. The progress of the colored man in intelligence, thrift and skill will enable him still more completely to monopolize the domain of handicraft, and constantly to circumscribe more closely the fields of labor which are yet securely held by the whites. The professions have already ceased to be exclusive. In teaching and the law they have a respectable foothold, while the numbers of their paid ministers are truly amazing. While these are limited in the main to the patronage of their own race, yet they are taking yearly more and more from the supporting power of the professions for individuals of the white race. The field for the Southern white young man who is compelled to earn a living is daily growing narrower and poorer. The "common-livers" of the South as a class, have always been great feeders of the West in point of population, and promise hereafter to be a not less important factor in the immigration which is filling up the interstices of our Northern life.

Not only is Professor Gilliam's conclusion that the colored man, if he remains in the South, must, within a century, vastly outnumber the whites of that region a seemingly correct one, but that result is likely to occur in very much less time than he anticipates. The remedy—if remedy be the term to apply to such a state of facts—which he proposes is as absurdly insufficient now as it was when the American Colonization Society was founded, in 1817. No possible power can remove the colored people. The very facts which he recites should convince him of that. Our pride of race may rebel against it, but no man who has common sense and arithmetical power sufficient

to measure the ratio of increase, can doubt that two things are sure to occur within the period of a hundred years, to wit: (1). The preponderance of the colored element will have become such that, by mere force of numbers alone, it must overpower the white race at the South if the "color-line" is to be the point of demarcation still. (2). The increase of the inferior or hand-working race will gradually compel the emigration of the most enterprising and ambitious of the white laborers—"common-livers"—of the South to the North, where only white competition is to be met.

In view of these facts, and the apparent probability that in the lives of our grandchildren, if not of our children, not less than twelve states of the Union may be controlled by the colored race, at least if numbers are to prevail, how important does not the question of national education become? Not only are nine-tenths of this race actually illiterate, but they are only a few generations from simple and absolute barbarism. Education will not, it is probable, affect the result so far as the numerical relations of the races are concerned. That is simply the fiat of destiny. The race that is enslaved is sure to overcome the enslaver at some period of time, if they remain together on the same soil. The only question is in what manner it shall be done—whether the inferior race shall continue to be suppressed, held down and kept under by the force of superior intelligence alone, until it breaks through the restraint with a power that will destroy, or whether the higher civilization will reach out a helping hand to the lower, and not only assist it to rise, but by so doing remove its animus to destroy. Shall the 190,000,000 of blacks whom Professor Gilliam predicts will inhabit our Southern States in 1980, be half-civilized menials or the equals in intelligence and development, as near as may be, of the 90,000,000 whites he expects to be co-dwellers with them? It is a most momentous question. In forty years the blacks will at least equal the whites in all those states. Even of the white voting population now, almost one in four is unable to read his ballot. More than forty per cent of the ballatorial power of the South is wielded by men who are dependent on other men to tell them how to vote—who, even if allowed to vote without molestation, do not know that their ballots express their wishes. The time is very short. We must educate the colored voter of the South—we must educate the ignorant white voter there—or the preponderance of ignorance will yet bring ruin—not only to the South, but to the whole land. The duty of education devolves in a peculiar manner upon the people of the North—upon the nation—as well as the states most immediately affected. It is neither just nor reasonable to expect the South to transform this mass of ignorance into intelligence by its own unaided efforts. It has already done much. Northern charity has done much. The past eighteen years have a proud record of results in this direction. What remains to be done is a thousand-fold greater than what has been done, and the necessity for it is hourly growing more apparent. Yet the Congress of the United States has no time for its consideration. The great parties are so busy skirmishing for position in the conflict of 1884, that they are deaf and blind to this greatest of all the dangers which the future holds in store for the country.

ENGLISH women who have married since the first of January enjoy the privilege, never before accorded to any female subject of Great Britain, of holding and disposing of real estate and personal property in the same manner as if they were unmarried. Moreover, a woman may prosecute her husband in civil or criminal courts, and may even bring him into bankruptcy. This state of things results from the Married Woman's Property Act of 1882, the last of a series of acts that have entirely done away with the old rule of common law, which

merged all the rights of a wife in the person of her husband—a rule, by the way, with which every lazy lout in the three kingdoms with an industrious wife was painfully familiar. The act makes some curious distinctions between women who were married prior to 1870 and those who entered "the estate" between that year and 1874. Women belonging to the first-named class are entitled to their earnings and to any property, the title to which accrues as from to-day. Their husbands, however, are liable for their debts before and after marriage. The husbands of the next class—that whose limit closes with 1874—are not liable for debts contracted before marriage, but the wives are sole owners of everything coming to them as heiresses. Women married after 1874 can make their husbands liable for debts only to the value of the property they have received from their wives. Now, these distinctions may all be very clear to law-makers, but the crucial test will arise when some complicated case comes before the average British jurymen. This personage will be very apt to cherish the national conviction that a man has a right to take his wife's money to buy his daily "pint o' bitter," and, perhaps, to beat her should she resist. To him, therefore, these nice distinctions between classes may well seem "stumbling-blocks and rocks of offense." The only Englishmen who seem thoroughly capable of utilizing this state of things in all its aspects are Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, to whom it is respectfully recommended as possibly suggestive for next winter's play. A judicious "migma" of French and English marriages, with American divorces and confusion of property rights under the property act, would assuredly, in the hands of these playwrights, afford situations quite as perplexing as any that they have thus far been able to invent.

It is always a puzzle in the forming of a library precisely what edition of the innumerable editions of Shakespeare had better be chosen.¹ The enthusiastic Shakespearean student demands more than one, and hails with delight every announcement of a new rendering by anybody; but the mass of readers care more for the poet than the critics, and are satisfied even to own an edition with no notes at all. This has its advantages where the love of study and research is an instinct, and the owner has time enough to search out for him or herself, all the shades of meaning in words now obsolete, or in references that require a library for verification. But for practical people, borne along on this swift nineteenth-century current, which allows no stops for refreshment, there is the need of something definite and trustworthy. Research is the portion of only a favored few, who deliberately climb the banks, take their post where they will, so long as it includes silence and space for work, and who refuse, once for all, to be whirled on with the money-getting, money-loving crowd. The scholar is a rare sight in this busy day, a refreshing sight as well, for it is much to find one's self suddenly freed from the complicated demands of modern life, and coming face to face with a nature too single and genuine to feel the power of common motives or aims, and content with a simplicity we have most of us foregone.

And if one holds, as the present writer most firmly does, to the faith that no matter what the work, the nature and character of the worker are woven in with every thread of its texture, then the Hudson Shakespeare must represent something we can hardly do without. The student has grown gray in the quiet research that has filled and satisfied his life. His personality outside the widening circle of pupils who have learned to love him is half a myth to the every-day reader, though workers in the same

field recognize him as one of the most earnest and successful editors and critics the poet has ever had.

The edition issued by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, known as "The Student's Handy Edition," has been put into twelve volumes, each thoroughly revised and with additional notes, and with its flexible covers, tinted paper and clear print, is a temptation and a delight to the reader. The first six volumes were stereotyped and in print before the appearance of "The Collier Emendations," but the remaining volumes received the benefit of such use of them as the editor thought desirable. The first six have now been altered also, though as such alterations were made in the plate, foot-notes could not be added. But advantage has been taken of every light afforded by modern research. The editor mourns his "slender qualifications for the task," but those who know him, while admitting his absolute sincerity in the plaint, will smile at the disclaiming of a power no man has ever more fully possessed. His analyses of the plays given in the form of an introduction to each are of especial value, and the notes not less so, representing, as they do, twenty-one years of labor. If Mr. Hudson accomplishes nothing more, this work is a monumental one.

THE phrase "still-hunter" has been of late years so intimately connected with politics and politicians of a not altogether reputable sort, that it is pleasant to find it restored in the title of this book¹ to its original and legitimate meaning. The author is one of the best, if not the very best amateur hunters in the country, and is already well known to readers of sporting-books through "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," and through various contributions to contemporary literature of a kindred character. To the born hunter, whose longing for the wild woods is as it were a part of his being, a book like this affords delightful winter reading. It differs from most sporting-books in that it goes quietly about the business of explaining the mysteries of still-hunting without any of the preliminary flourish that too often mars the value of such works in the eyes of those who are in the habit of reading the best contemporary literature. Mr. Van Dyke's experience with the "old hunter" of the backwoods has not been encouraging. That worthy person is not in the habit of giving away the secrets of his profession, and is apt, moreover, to draw on his imagination in laying down rules for the guidance of young huntsmen. Mr. Van Dyke, on the contrary, presupposes common sense and intelligence on the part of the would-be hunter. He points out to him the necessity of observing the local habits of his game—for the habits of all wild creatures differ in a very marked degree in different portions of the country. For instance, the hunter who assumes that because deer seek the uplands at a certain season in Maine they will follow the same rule in Northern New York or Pennsylvania, will find himself very much mistaken. The still-hunter's cardinal virtue, Mr. Van Dyke says, is patience, and no one who has tried it, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, will venture to contradict him. The inexperienced amateur is recommended to this book if he aspires to that combination of patience and philosophy which makes up a genuine "Leather Stocking." The work treats in a plain, comprehensible way nearly every set of conditions likely to surround the hunter. It devotes several chapters to the use of the rifle in hunting, as distinguished from target-shooting, and to general advice in regard to outfit and equipment. Altogether it must take rank as one of the best books of the kind that has as yet been published in this country. Moreover it does not infringe on the ground heretofore covered. Indeed it frequently refers to such writers as Judge Caton and Frank Forrester as authorities on details not included in the design of the present work.

(1) THE STUDENT'S HANDY SHAKESPEARE. Revised Edition. With full Notes, Original and Selected, Introductions and Life. By Rev. Henry N. Hudson. Large type, in 12 vols., 24mo, flexible covers, Russia in case, \$25.00; American Russia, \$17.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

(1) "THE STILL-HUNTER." By Theodore S. Van Dyke. Foris, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 12mo, pp. 390, \$2.00.



PECULIAR titles are in order, and one announced in a London journal is not only peculiar but suggestive, being "The Childishness and Brutality of the Time."

THE entire American edition of "Mr. Isaacs" has been exhausted; the Macmillans are hastening to print another, and Mr. Crawford, the author, is the hero of the hour in Boston.

THE apostle of the sunflower has reached England in an exceedingly limp and disheveled condition, with an even more morose opinion of the Atlantic than on his first crossing of its disappointing waters, and announces that he shall be excessively severe in his book on America.

"THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE" is another addition to the long list of journals each devoted to a specialty, and all well printed and readable. It is devoted, in this case, to the popular system of G. A. Gaskell, which, if one accept the ground that every man must write alike, leaves nothing to be desired in the speed, accuracy and real elegance of the hand attained.

"THE WHEELMAN," published in Boston, is fast taking place as not only an authority in all bicycling and tricycling matters, but in literary ways as well, its quality improving with every number. What may be called middle-class literature, represented by many magazines and journals devoted to special topics, is often of surprising literary merit, even in execution, and evidencing a growing critical power and appreciation in readers that is one of the reassuring signs of the times.

"THE MODERN HAGAR: A DRAMA," begins in the middle, a previous knowledge of "Baby Rue" being necessary to any understanding of it; and, though presented in two volumes, gives no sign of ending, a sequel being indicated as a necessity. It is a story with a Southern background, of the days before the war, as well as during and after that period. It is in many points a striking novel, but the machinery is very cumbrous and very obtrusive, the author making the story a vehicle for an extraordinary jumble of opinions on all sorts of matters, from free trade to divorce. One volume would have given much more enjoyment to readers, and the author has real power enough to do far better work. (The Kaater-skill series, 16mo, pp. 369, 402; \$2.00; G. W. Harlan, New York).

To those who recall Palgrave's delightful volume, "A Journey to Central Arabia," comparisons will be inevitable in taking up Mr. William Perry Fogg's "The Land of 'The Arabian Nights.' Being Travels through Egypt, Arabia and Persia to Bagdad." Mr. Fogg has little of the descriptive power or grace of style which characterized Palgrave's work, but the book has its own charm in a certain straightforwardness and simplicity. It is the record of a dangerous journey, made thus far by but one other American, and was published in England in 1875, meeting there a very cordial reception. The first American edition has been revised and enlarged, and with its many illustrations is one of the best reference books for the countries described. (12mo, pp. 350, \$2; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

THOUGH physiognomy has, in great degree, taken the place of phrenology, the principles underlying both are much the same, and those who smile at the latter may

well reflect on what share it has had in bringing about more rational methods of judgment. Mr. Nelson Sizer, who ranks now among the fathers in this science, has written a very amusing and suggestive account of his life-work under the title of "Forty Years in Phrenology; embracing Recollections of History, Anecdote and Experience." The book is a chatty and agreeable record, with no pretensions to style or literary grace, but very readable notwithstanding. It is practically a history of phrenology in this country, and there are countless hints which readers will find of real value and benefit. (Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 418, \$1.50; Fowler & Wells, New York).

A RECENT English periodical devotes some space to a consideration of the question, "Is Merriment Declining?" and decides that while the capacity for uproarious mirth has died out the sense of humor has intensified, and that thus we enjoy more than our forefathers. But, as a whole, Americans still "take their pleasure sadly," though one man at least among us has devoted himself to educating our limited capacity for entertaining or being entertained. Mr. George B. Bartlett's reputation is quite unique, but has a much more solid basis than the casual reader may fancy, for while his purpose is to amuse, there is a good literary quality in all the little plays and adaptations he has given, and character even in his stage directions. A little book recently issued by Harper & Brothers, "New Games for Parlor and Lawn," is a charming collection, old favorites appearing among the new candidates for favor, while many of the plays hold suggestions from which the ingenious reader can evolve new combinations. (16mo, pp. 227, \$1.00).

ESTES & LAURIAT have just published "The Young Moose-Hunters," by C. A. Stephens, author of "Camping-Out Stories," etc., which is the most fascinating of all books of adventure lately given to the public, and one of the most wholesome. Four energetic and ambitious boys band together in order to make a trip to the rough region in the vicinity of Lake Umbagog, in Maine. They take possession of an old logging-camp, from which they are driven by desperate "Cannucks," but which they boldly and bravely regain; and here they hunt, fish, trap and gather spruce-gum until their return to civilization, seven weeks later. There is a flavor of the woods about their story, a familiarity with its scenery and its wild inhabitants, a good, honest ring of real life, and a true picture of the difficulties and dangers attending the trip, such as make it a story of deepest interest. In truth, boys must look out, or those of larger growth will take it out of their hands. (8vo, pp. 288, \$1.75).

BISHOP WILBERFORCE's reminiscences are stirring up as much feeling as Carlyle's, and Mrs. Oliphant declares that they are often inaccurate, especially where her "Life of Irving" and Mrs. Carlyle's views of it are concerned. Mrs. Carlyle is quoted by the bishop as pronouncing Mrs. Oliphant to be both "narrow and jealous, and greatly the cause of submitting him (Irving) to his foes." Mrs. Oliphant declares that she does not believe that Mrs. Carlyle ever said anything of the kind. "The Carlyles," she adds "are at present, I think most unjustly, the sport of every scribbler, and any kind of mud will stick that is thrown at their desecrated house. But I, for one, believe in what I know of my honored friends, rather than in what an analyzing biographer may deduce, or an irresponsible diarist jot down through the fumes of careless talk. My conception of Irving's character was drawn in some respects from the inspiration of Mrs. Carlyle herself, so much so as to offend and annoy friends on the other side; and I kept back the letters she wrote to me on the publication of the book from the number of her letters which I sent to Mr. Froude, on account of the too exuberant praise and report of her husband's approbation which was conveyed in it. The cynical reader will say, perhaps, that this is no reason why Bishop Wilberforce's report should

not be true. I utterly decline, however, to receive it, were it vouched for by a dozen Willberforces." The promised volume of Mrs. Carlyle's letters is to be brought out shortly by Mr. Froude's publishers here and in England.

If horrors are the legitimate province of art, and the passion and anguish of human souls the only side worth minute chronicling, then "Quintus Claudius" fills the rôle as few books have done, and as, it is to be hoped, few books will do. Ernst Eckstein, the German author, from whom the excellent translation has been made by Clara Bell, has devoted himself to Latin archaeology with the same intensity that Ebers has bestowed upon the Egyptian, and the result is, so far as the customs and thought of the time are concerned, wonderfully vivid and natural. The period chosen is that of the horrible emperor Domitian, and involves a persecution of the Christians, in which horror after horror follows, till one actually hears the grinding of martyrs' bones under the jaws of the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. The characters are very real, and no one who reads will fail to gain a new sense of what Roman history really holds; but though the ending is peaceful it is a glowing sunset over a battle-ground, where the wounded still writhe and moan. The edition is carefully edited, with innumerable explanatory foot-notes, and the volumes are well made up. (2 vols., 18mo, pp. 313-303, \$2.00; William S. Gottsberger, New York).

THE author of "Hector," Miss Flora L. Shaw, needs no introduction to American readers, and her latest story, "Phyllis Brown," just issued by Roberts Bros., has much of the charm of that early work. Phyllis is a girl of fourteen, loyal, sincere and proud, with a nature of intense devotion to both ideas and people nearest her. A young Polish cousin, as unworldly, romantic and adventurous as herself, but lacking the clear truthfulness and transparency of her nature, is the contrasting element, and the two go through many adventures, some a trifle too melodramatic, but none impossible. The father is the owner of great powder-mills, and there is much fine description touching their organization, as well as a flavor of the best English country life. The workmen's socialistic tendencies, the life of the neighboring poor and various social questions are all handled, a strong conservative feeling guiding the writer, but never making her lose sympathy with suffering. "Grip," the Socialist; the struggles of his forlorn little daughter to be "respectable"; the outlaw's attempt to blow up the mills; the flood, and his experience in the "trap," with the search of Phyllis and Lal for him, and their escape at last through the underground passage, are powerfully told—almost too powerfully for the nerves of sensitive children. But the tone is so pure and high, the style so attractive, and the whole story so unusual, that it must rank with the best work that has ever been done for children, while of equal interest to their elders. (16mo, pp. 385, \$1.00).

DODD, MEAD & Co., of New York, are publishing a series of histories of the minor wars of the United States, and to it Rossiter Johnson has contributed a valuable and entertaining volume on the French war. He opens with a preliminary account of the first attempts at colonization, and gives a picturesque account of how Italian and Spanish, French and English made long voyages over the seas and planted their flags all up and down the long coast, laying claims only to be disputed or forsaken. The French, however, went farther, and sought to make a harvest for the kingdom of Heaven as well as for their own monarch. The English were content to employ the Indian, and the Spaniard to rob and massacre him; but the Frenchmen meant to convert him. They followed their explorations with a mission, and where the flag went the priest pursued. Sometimes the Huguenot disputed the Jesuit, and the two quarreled over the soul of the convert; but the Frenchman, whether Romanist or Protestant,

knew how to conciliate, and the savage was generally their friend if not their convert. It is a little curious that the English have kept their political hold on this continent by conquering their hereditary enemy, and that a people of French origin, speaking their native language and adhering to native customs, should form the nucleus of the most contented of the English dependencies, while their own settlements so soon rebelled and have so steadily resented all English interference or influence. There is a great deal of romance as well as philosophy in these early histories, and Mr. Johnson has told his story in a picturesque as well as careful manner. The history runs from the earliest discoveries to the surrender of Canada to the British. (pp. 374, \$1.50).

IN John Geddie's "Russian Empire" (T. Nelson & Sons, New York,) there occur the following suggestive passages: "The chief of all the European streams is almost the only one that does not mingle its waters with those of the other rivers of the earth, in the great circumfluent ocean, pouring them instead into a salt lake of Inner Asia. The Russian people also—the most powerful, in numbers, at least, of the European nations—had their faces long turned in the same direction as the current of the Volga, and dwelt, first by reason of an evil destiny, and afterward from prejudice and ignorance, a race apart from others. . . . Peter the Great seized the lagging Russian nation fiercely and roughly by the throat and dragged it from its moping seclusion in the Volga forests into the full light of modern civilization. Keeping a vise-like hold upon it, he entered upon one of the most stupendous 'matches against time' ever witnessed in the history of the world, spurning it forward with savage blows and kicks, until he had worn out in the struggle his own herculean strength, but had launched his country on the track of progress on which the nations of the West had already embarked. . . . It is clear that this great country has reached a crisis in its fate. The three chief powers to be reckoned with, it would seem, are a corrupt military bureaucracy, that has almost said its last word—that is clearly moving toward bankruptcy and ruin; a people still almost dumb and blind, and only half conscious that they have rights and grievances; and a party of wild political dreamers, strong as yet only by reason of desperation, that seek, as the sole panacea for the ills of society, the total destruction of order and law. What will be the issue for Russia it is impossible almost to guess; before it, as a French writer has said, there rises 'an immense note of interrogation.'"

NEW BOOKS.

ICE CREAM AND CAKES. A New Collection of Standard Fresh and Original Receipts for Household and Commercial Use. By an American. 12mo, pp. 384, \$1.50.

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THE JEWS OF BARNOW. Stories by Karl Emil Franzos. Translated from the German by M. W. McDowell. 16mo, pp. 334, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.



A DISTINGUISHED English naturalist, spending the winter in Southern France, gives the following illustration of what is called "natural mimicry:" "I was much interested one day last week in observing a large insect of the order Lepidoptera come from above the olive trees overhead with the wild, dashing flight of the larger moths. Attracted apparently by the sheltered and sunny recess in which I was sitting, and by the scarlet geraniums and bignonias which were in full flower in it, the moth darted downwards, and, after a little hovering, settled suddenly on the bare ground underneath a geranium plant. I then saw that it was a very handsome species, with an elaborate pattern of light and dark chocolate-browns. But the margins of the wings, which were deeply waved or dentated, had a lustrous yellow color, like a brilliant gleam of light. In this position the moth was a conspicuous object. After resting for a few seconds, apparently enjoying the sun, it seemed to notice some movement which gave it alarm. It then turned slightly round, gave a violent jerk to its wings, and instantly became invisible. If it had subsided into a hole in the ground, it could not have more completely disappeared. As, however, my eyes were fixed upon the spot, I soon came to observe that all the interstices among the little clods around it were full of withered and crumpled leaves of a deep, blackish brown. I then further noticed that the spot where the moth had sat was apparently occupied by one of these, and it flashed upon me in a moment that I had before me one of the great wonders and one of the great mysteries of nature. There are some forms of mimicry which are wholly independent of the animals themselves. They are made of the color and of the shape which are like those of the surrounding objects of their habitat. They have nothing to do except to sit still, or perhaps to crouch. But there are some other forms of mimicry in which the completeness of the deception depends on some co-operation of the animal's own will. This was one of these. The splendid margins of the fore wings, with the peculiar shape and their shining color, had to be concealed; and so, by an effort which evidently required the exertion of special muscles, these margins were folded down, covered up, and hidden out of sight. The remainder of the wings were so crumpled up that they imitated exactly the dried and withered leaves around. Knowing the implicit confidence in the effectiveness of this kind of concealment, which is instinctive in all creatures furnished with the necessary apparatus, I proceeded to try and test this very curious psychological accompaniment of the physical machinery. I advanced in the full sunlight close up to the moth—so close that I could see the prominent "beaded eyes" with the watchful look, and the roughened outlines of the thorax, which served to complete the illusion. So perfect was the deception that I really could not feel confident that the black spot I was examining was what I believed it to be. Only one little circumstance reassured me. There was some hole or interstice in the outer covering, through which one spot of the inner brilliant margin could be seen shining like a star. Certain now of the identity of the moth, I advanced still nearer, and finally I found that it was not till the point of a stick was used to move and shake the earth on which it lay that the creature could believe that

it was in danger. Then, in an instant, the crumpled leaf became a living moth, with powers of flight which defied capture.

FUNGI not only attack living and decaying vegetable matter, but also living animals, and especially insects. In New Zealand the caterpillar of the moth buries itself in the ground to undergo its metamorphosis, where it is attacked by a fungus, which rises in the form of a simple spike about six inches in height, from the head of the caterpillar, the body of which becomes a dry mummy; a second species is found in Tasmania, but it differs from the preceding in being branched; and a third species is found growing on caterpillars in a similar manner in China, and is held in high estimation as a medicine, said to possess the properties of ginseng. Another species has lately been discovered in Ceylon growing on a white grub; it rises two to three inches above the ground; its upper part, which contains the spore-cases, is thickened and of a red color. It is said to be a new species of the genus *Torrubia*. In the West Indies wasps are affected with a species of *sphaeria*, which grows on the head like two horns: the spores impregnate them when alive, and the fungus grows to a considerable size before the wasp dies. It is generally understood that fungi do not grow in water, but it is, nevertheless, now considered that the flocky matter that grows on and destroys gold-fish and salmon is a fungus. Within the last twenty years great loss has been sustained by the silk cultivators of Europe, consequent on the silkworm being attacked by a microscopic mould fungus, allied to the salmon fungus. The thready mycelium covers and perforates the body of the caterpillar, which becomes mummified. This disease has become endemic to the silk-producing countries of Europe, which has rendered it necessary to procure fresh eggs annually from Japan and other countries not yet affected by the disease. In the autumn the common house-fly may be seen dead and adhering to the window-pane, the glass surrounding the body being dim; on examining the fly with a lens it will be found to be involved with white flocky matter, the mycelium of a mould fungus, the germ spores of which had been taken up by the fly in some kind of food. It is said that a blue-bottle fly might carry about "sufficient fever spores to infect a parish."

SOME interesting effects of lightning have been observed by M. Alluard at the summit of the Puy de Dôme, where on a circular tower is an iron mast about twenty feet high, supporting an anemometer of the Robinson type, with four copper cups. There is also a ladder and stand (both made largely of iron) to allow of access to the anemometer for cleaning. Two metallic cables connect the system with copper plates in the ground. Under these conditions St. Elmo's fire often appears at the salient points of the mast, stand, etc., and a slight hissing is sometimes heard. All the cups of the anemometer show numerous signs of fusion by lightning, and only in their upper half. Their connecting iron circle has also been fused in some places. Wherever such fusion has occurred the metal has been raised like a small volcanic cone in the centre of a crater. Some exterior force seems to have raised the melted surface.

THERE is said to be a remarkable hill of moving sand in Churchill County, Nevada, some sixty miles from Land Springs Station. The dune is about four miles long, a mile wide, and from one hundred to four hundred feet high. The sand is so fine that if an ordinary barley-sack be filled and placed in a moving wagon, the jolting of the vehicle will empty the sack, and yet the sand has no form of dust in it, and is as clean as any sea-beach sand. The mountain is so solid as to give out a musical sound when trodden upon, and oftentimes a bird lighting upon it, or a large

lizard running across the bottom, will start a large quantity of the sand to sliding, which makes a noise resembling the vibration of telegraph wires with a hard wind blowing, but so much louder that it is often heard at a distance of six or seven miles, and it is deafening to a person standing near the sliding sand. A peculiar feature of the dune is that it is not stationary, but rolls slowly eastward, the wind gathering it up on the west end and carrying it along the ridge until it is again deposited at the eastern end. Mr. Monroe, a well-known surveyor, having heard of the rambling habits of this mammoth sand-heap, quite a number of years ago, took a careful bearing of it while surveying government lands in that vicinity. Several years later he visited the place, and found that the dune had traveled something over a mile.

* *

SCIENCE still meets with many difficulties in its progress into China, and the electric light is the latest improvement which has excited the suspicion and dislike of the Mandarins. The foreign settlement at Shanghai has for some time been lighted on the Brush system, apparently to the comfort and delight of the denizens of the "model settlement," as the foreign portion of the city is generally called. The promoters appear, however, to have reckoned without the Chinese officials. They probably thought that where gas was permitted there could be no objection to electricity. The Chinese governor of the district appears to be of a different opinion. He has addressed a letter to the senior foreign consul requesting the removal of all the electric lamps. He has read, he says, in translations from European papers, that terrible accidents have arisen from electricity, and flatly refuses to permit the residents of Shanghai to be exposed to such dreadful risks. Hundreds of thousands of houses might be destroyed, millions of lives might be lost; even the walls of the city might be blown down if anything went wrong with the machines. He has strictly forbidden his own countrymen to use it, and has peremptorily ordered those who have already adopted it to discontinue it forthwith.

* *

REPORTS come from Mexico of the discovery, near La Paz, of the largest pearl the world has ever seen. It is of light color and oval form, one inch in length and three-quarters of an inch in its shortest diameter, and of surpassing lustre. No doubt the oyster was glad to be put out of its misery, for its tenant was too large to be accommodated and too strong to be dispossessed. For a long time the poor bivalve had been unable to close its habitation. The owner of the pearl estimates its value at \$50,000.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

January 24.—John R. McPherson was elected United States Senator from New Jersey, and Preston B. Plumb from Kansas.—S. S. Greene, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics in Brown University, died, aged seventy-two years.—The Rev. Samuel E. Smith, Rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocents at Albany, N. Y., died.—James Patrick, the oldest journalist in Ohio, died, aged ninety-one years.—A large tract of land in the outskirts of Wilkesbarre, Pa., sank one or two feet in consequence of subterranean fires in old coal-mining galleries. . . Jan. 25.—The Rev. Dr. John W. Claxton, of the Episcopal Church, died in Lancaster, Pa.—The Princess Louise sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Bermuda, in H. M. S. Dido. . . Jan. 26.—The Marquis of Lorne, Gov.-General of Canada, arrived in Washington and exchanged visits of ceremony with the President.—The Milwaukee (Wis.) College for young ladies was burned; loss, \$50,000. . . Jan. 27.—Colonel O. H. Irish, Chief of the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing, died in Washington, aged fifty-three years.—A fire in Winoski, Vt., caused by the explosion of an oil car, occasioned

a loss of \$200,000. . . Jan. 29.—The United States Supreme Court decided that the Alabama law prohibiting "Miscegenation" is constitutional, as it makes no discrimination in regard to color.—The legislature of Colorado elected Thomas M. Bowen to be United States Senator for the long term, and H. A. W. Tabor for the short term.—In the United States Senate, Roger S. Greene was confirmed as Chief Justice for Washington Territory, George D. Perkins to be Marshal for Northern Iowa, F. N. Dow to be Collector of Customs at Portland, Maine, and Captain James E. Jouett, U. S. N., to be Commodore. . . Jan. 31.—Cetewayo resumed the crown of Zululand.—The State Treasurer of Alabama left Montgomery, and a deficit of over \$200,000 has been discovered in his accounts.

THE DRAMA.

THE incandescent electric light will be used for the interior illumination of the now completed Cosmopolitan Theatre in New York. This is the first theatre in New York to adopt this system of lighting, and the second in this country—the Bijou, in Boston, being the first.

MR. LESTER WALLACK's old theatre, on Broadway, corner of Thirteenth street, New York, not having proved successful in its German rôle, has come under Mr. Wallack's control again. It is to be called the Manhattan. Attractions not suited to the up-town house will be presented.

THE Bijou Opera House, New York, is to be under the control, next season, of a well-known manager of Cincinnati, Mr. R. E. J. Miles. Extensive alterations are to be made, and the lighter character of entertainments will be presented. The present incumbent, Mr. McCaull, is to be manager of the New York Casino, and the traveling companies connected therewith.

It is stated that Mr. Henry E. Abbey began his managerial career by "managing" a tight-rope walker at country fairs, and collecting donations during the performance in a cigar box, dividing the proceeds equally with the performer. (In the theatrical vernacular, paying his attraction fifty per cent of the gross receipts.) The distance is indeed great between the mountebank's assistant and the director of a tour, say like Mme. Bernhardt's, and the responsibility, at the same time, of several additional important ventures.

SIGNOR SALVINI's son, Alexander, who has been playing "Romeo" with Miss Mather this season, was intended by his father for a mercantile life, but before entering the business house of a friend of his father's in Baltimore, was invited by Mr. A. M. Palmer to play a small part at the Union Square Theatre, New York. He accepted, acquitted himself satisfactorily, and determined to adopt the stage as a profession. He has thus far been quite successful. The Signor lately made a special trip from Baltimore, where he was fulfilling an engagement, to Philadelphia, to witness his son's performance of "Romeo," and was so pleased with the promise of future excellence that he determined to subject him to a course of study under his personal supervision during the coming summer.

THE first performance of "The Silver King" in this country, at Wallack's Theatre, was very successful, and the play is probably destined for a long run. It is a melodrama, but differs from the "World" and "Romany Rye" by its pronounced literary and dramatic strength. The theme is psychological and full of interest, being that of a man who, in an intoxicated condition, receives great provocation from an enemy, and determines to be revenged by killing him. He goes to the enemy's house; is chloroformed there by burglars as he enters. The owner returns and is shot dead by the cracksmen with the pistol of the drugged man, who, when he recovers, believes that he has really committed the murder. Filled with remorse, he flies and is pursued by the police. The train bearing him away is wrecked, and he is believed to be killed. He escapes, however, to America and becomes rich, and is known as "The Silver King." After many years he returns, to find his wife and child in poverty, but he cannot disclose his identity, fearing detection. By an ingenious device he learns of his innocence, and everybody but the villains are made happy. Mr. Osmond Tearle played the hero with great ability, and scored a great hit, as did Miss Coghlan also, who played the wife. Some magnificent scenery was shown, and, all in all, the play was eminently a "go."



A "TUG OF WAR" IN THE SNOW.

Enigma.

"BEAUTIFUL one ! fain would I sing to thee,
While sinks the moon beyond the western sea.
"I will not ask reply in flowing rhyme,
Nor specify restrictions as to time.
"What tho' responsive tone greet not the ear,
I am content with but thy presence here.
"Tho' oft thou seemest all the world to me,
I can but know my love is naught to thee.
"Yet could I bear to part from thee, my own,
And wander thro' a world like this alone?
"Light for my darkness only thou canst give,
And bring to me the joy for which I live.
"In heaven itself I seem almost to be
Thro' the sweet hours I spend alone with thee ;
"And yet, for all that thou hast been to me,
Thou canst not walk, nor talk, breathe, hear or see ;
"Nor ever know the wonders thou hast done,
O mute, unconscious, soul-inspiring one !"

While others thro' the mystery grope,
And fail to catch the drift,
"Th' astronomer to his telescope,"
Replies Professor Swift.

S. WHITE PAINE.

Camomile Tea.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a cot by the Irish Sea,
A decoction I knew of which *you* may know
By the name of Camomile Tea ;
A stuff which was brewed with no other end
Than to plague and be drunk by me.

I was a child, a mere bit of a child,
When I lived in that cot by the sea ;
But I hated with hate which was more than hate
That horrible Camomile Tea ;
A hate that was visible, I have no doubt,
To the eyes of my Aunt MAGEE.

And this is the reason, I happen to know,
Why she always was down on me,
Whenever I had the least malady, filling
A tumbler with Camomile Tea,
And drenching me three times a day with the same—
The horriest bore that could be—
And shutting me up in my bed-room for hours,
With a tract and more Camomile Tea.

The slaveys, not half so weary at work,
Went whispering, pitying me ;
And what was the reason, I'm blowed if I know,
Why they left me with Aunt MAGEE,
A wretched young shaver, by day and by night,
Swilling and swilling her Camomile Tea.

But my hate it was stronger by far than the hate
Of a Templar for neat *eau-de-vie*,
Of a Jew for a piggy-wig-gee ;
And neither my Aunt, who strove early and late,
Nor her myrmidon old Doctor B.,
Was ever so clever as me to inspire
With a liking for Camomile Tea.

Even now, strange as it seems, I have hideous dreams
Of that horrible Camomile Tea ;
Of its taste when I think I still shudder and shrink
At that nauseous Camomile Tea ;
And I muse in amaze at that old woman's craze,
On the loathing, the loathing I felt in those days,
When I lived in that cot by the sea,
In that cot with my Aunt MAGEE.

—Punch.

At Thirty-five.

THEY tell me, sweetheart, my life work 's half done !
Ah, no ! that is not so ;
My life began when I thy fond heart won,
Only ten years ago !

They tell me, sweetheart, I am growing old !
Ah, no ! that cannot be ;
Though hair turn gray, the heart can ne'er grow cold
Companionship with thee !

L. T. S.

THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7, 1883.

Whole No. 56.



TIGER TAIL, LATE CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.

ISTÉ SEMOLI.*

IN the southern portion of the peninsula of Florida, far within the swampy Everglades and Big Cypress, is living the remnant of a people who fought desperately for the lands which their ancestors claimed by the right of conquest, and who prefer to drag out, in pride and poverty, a mere existence in this least desirable portion of their once powerful domain, rather than trust the Government's promise of a better home, school-houses and riches, with a title in fee simple, beyond the Mississippi. The same mistrust and dread of exile which actuated those who refused to sign the treaty for removal in the times of Osceola and "Billy Bowlegs" haunt them to-day; but the period is not far distant when, through the rapid encroachments of the whites, they will be compelled to assimilate with them or accept expatriation—their much dreaded fate.

As they cling to their home, so do they to their primitive style of dress, ancient customs and religious rites. In fact, the Seminole in Florida to-day is the Seminole of fifty years ago. He is self-supporting, the Govern-

ment neither providing anything, nor exercising any control over him.

The Seminoles were originally Creeks, but, owing to continued misunderstandings, separated from the main body about the middle of the last century, and settled in the centre of the peninsula. They, at various times, adopted into the nation remnants of the Yemasees, Uchees and Micasaunkies, until they had become a people, "numerous, proud and wealthy," and so continued while under the Spanish government. But when Florida became a territory of the United States, many difficulties arose between the white settlers and these Indians, until finally the Government decided that the easiest way to solve the problem was to remove them west of the Mississippi.

An attempt to enforce this brought on a war, which lasted seven years, costing us sixty millions of dollars and the lives of nearly two thousand men. Those who were not captured, and would not surrender, fled farther south, and were permitted to remain in peace until the continued encroachments of the whites brought about what is known as the Billy Bowlegs War, when he

* Persons wild—Seminoles.

and many of his followers were captured and sent to join their brethren in the West.

Tiger Tail, Tustenugga and old Chitco, with a few followers being still at liberty and refusing to surrender, fled into the very heart of the Everglades, where many of them with their descendants still continue to live, asking for nothing but to be "let alone."

Their numbers are variously estimated at from four to six hundred, which are divided among several villages, the main body living in the Big Cypress Swamp, near the head-waters of the Ock-holoa-couchie.

It was early one morning in March, after an unusually dry winter, that the Doctor and I, fully equipped, accompanied by Eph, who was to make himself generally useful, stepped into our boat with the intention of visiting these people in their central stronghold. Our start was made from the shanty of one of the last settlers on the Caloosahatchie, about twenty-five miles above Fort Myers.

We rowed all that day up this, the second largest navigable river of Florida, whose sluggish waters offered but little resistance as they flowed in their serpentine course through a luxuriant growth of semi-tropical foliage on their way to the Gulf. Alligators, lazily basking in the sunlight, slid noiselessly into the water, and water-turkeys darted into the river to raise their snake-like necks among the lilies and bullrushes, and stare at us as we passed. We camped that night on the former site of Fort Deynaud, the location of which we never should have known, save upon the map, but for a tall cypress tree that had been blazed by the cattle-hunters to mark the memorable spot.

As we proceeded the next morning the river grew narrower and narrower, and the overhanging branches of huge live oaks, covered with Spanish moss, came nearer and nearer, until meeting overhead they formed a perfect bower. Then sand bars and fallen trees obstructed the channel, over and around which we were compelled to work our way. As we neared the rapids at Fort Thompson the country began to expand into a beautiful prairie of six or eight hundred acres, covered with a luxurious growth of tall grass. This prairie is

geographically known as Lake Flirt, but is only covered with water about six months of the year.

Landing a short distance below the rapids we shouldered our rifles and started for the trading post. On the way we passed by the ruins of Fort Thompson. A few charred stumps of the palisades are all that remain to show where once stood one of the most important stations of the Indian wars. We were made exceedingly

welcome by Clay, the trader, who apologized for his stock in trade by informing us that he had been waiting some weeks for the arrival of a cargo of goods from Key West; his present stock consisting of whisky, guava jelly and a few quinine pills. We had just completed arrangements for the hiring of his oxen and cart, and were talking over the possibility of reaching the Indian village, when we heard the bugle-like tones of the cattle call, and shortly after a party of six Indians, with two ponies carrying enormous packs, emerged from under a grove of huge live-oaks to the north of the river. Their packs consisted principally of buckskins and rawhides, with a few pots and kettles attached, which kept up a continual clatter as they approached.

Their dress was uniform and rich in color, and their silver ornaments and brass mountings of their long Kentucky rifles shone brilliantly in the sunlight. On going out to meet them we were greeted with a hearty shake of the hand and a "how d'y." They were good specimens of physical development, graceful and active, of medium height, with broad shoulders and swarthy complexions. Their dress consisted of a tight-fitting "hickory" or homespun hunting-shirt, belted at the waist with a band of rawhide, from which hung a long sheath-

knife. Their coarse black hair was shaven from the sides of the head, excepting just above the temples, and a crest on the crown that terminated in a carefully-braided scalp-lock at the back. Enormous turbans, extending the width of their shoulders, and each formed of several bright red shawls, savored strongly of the Orient; powder-horns and rawhide pockets slung from their shoulders completed their attire. They were Big Cypress Indians, and were returning from a visit to the Creek band, near Lake Istok-poga.

Here was our opportunity. While they were removing the packs from their ponies, preparatory to camping for the night, the Doctor informed Tommy, the medicine man, of our desire to accompany them to their village. After this they obstinately refused to talk



THE BIG CYPRESS.

"Isté-hatka (white man's) talk," and, pretending not to understand, kept up quite an animated conversation among themselves in their native tongue. Finally Clay convinced them that we had no connection with the authorities at Washington, and had come a long way to make a friendly visit. To this Tommy said, "Hint-lostchay!" (good), and extended a very cordial invitation to "go Big Cypress, eat heap Injun's su-cah and chok-see" (pig and pumpkins).

All the necessary arrangements having been made for an early start, we returned to our boat, and, after removing our packs, sunk it, to protect it from the rays of the sun.

We were just seated to enjoy our morning repast, when Tommy appeared, followed by his five companions, and being invited to partake, all squatted upon the ground. The way our coffee, bacon and biscuit disappeared caused us no little alarm, until exclamations of "heap full!" told that the feast had ended, and "heipus-tchay" (I go) that we must prepare to follow. Shortly after the caravan moved forward in true Indian style, Tommy taking the lead, followed by his five bare-legged companions, the Doctor and myself; Eph driving the oxen, with the ponies attached to the tail of the cart, brought up the rear.

Our course now was by the Indian trail, in a south-southeasterly direction, over prairies, through pine-woods and palmetto thickets, a section of land that is entirely submerged during the rainy season. We had just entered the pines, and were slowly moving to the clatter of the pots and kettles jostled about in the cart, as it bounced over the roots of the saw palmetto, when an exclamation from Eph, dire and deep enough to shake the tops of the tallest trees, discovered to us that the tire had dropped from one of the wheels. We dispatched him in all haste, mounted upon one of the Indian ponies, and he returned an hour later, accompanied by Clay and the necessary implements. We began in earnest to repair the damages, while the Indians seated, dignified, and in a semi-circle, looked on with characteristic stoicism.

Dinner over, and all in readiness, the caravan again moved forward to the tune of the pots and kettles. At sunset we camped on the border of a large "gator" pond, and were joined shortly after by three of the Indians, who had left the trail to hunt for "e-chaw" and "pinnee-wah," and were successful, for they brought back a deer and a turkey, which replenished our commissary department to such an extent as to relieve us of all anxiety for the remainder of the journey. We were lulled to sleep early in the evening by the "Ump, ump, ump!" of the alligators, to awaken the next morning and find our oxen gone. An inquiring look at one of the Indians elicited the remark, "Hul-pit-tah (alligator) he eatum." This proved to be only an Indian joke, for shortly after we saw Eph approaching, leading the oxen, they having dragged the tether-stake from the ground and wandered off during the night.

About mid-day we reached the saw grass bordering on the Big

Cypress, and were compelled to abandon the cart until our return. So while we were fastening our packs upon the oxen the Indians put on their leggings and moccasins as a necessary protection. We entered a narrow trail; the serrated blades of grass, six and seven feet high, pulled and tugged at our clothing as we brushed by, until we came to the Big Cypress—a damp, dismal-looking swamp, with such a dense and tangled growth of vegetation that it almost totally excluded the rays of the sun. Stumbling over cypress knees, sinking into soft black mud and splashing through slime-covered pools, we dragged our oxen after us, as we threaded our way between tall cypress trees; now to emerge upon a pine ridge, or an island of live-oak, and again plunging into the loathsome swamp. About dusk we came out upon a prairie, dotted here and there with clumps of palmetto thicket; beyond this prairie, in the pine-woods, lay the Indian village; darkness overtook us, but the glimmer of camp-fires and barking of dogs, as they came bounding toward us, told that we were nearing our destination.

Tommy led us to one of the fires, around which were seated several men, women and children. While the warriors welcomed us, the women spread bear-skins for us to sit upon, and busied themselves broiling venison and baking coontee cakes for our refreshment. We had been seated but a short time when those of the population who had been informed of our arrival surrounded us. The old men were exceedingly sociable and very entertaining, but the young warriors were dignified and reserved, and the women, being very shy, kept well in the background. They were wild and picturesque in the extreme, and were made doubly so by the light of the fire as it brought them into strong relief against the background of darkness.

The evening was spent in singing and telling stories.



A CONSULTATION.



A SEMINOLE LADY.

Charley E-math-la, an old Indian, related an amusing incident, which was decidedly at their own expense; but their hearty laughing showed a keen appreciation for the humorous side of the story. It was told in jargon, supposed to be English, but was really a mixture of Seminole and very bad English, slightly sprinkled with Spanish. The substance of the story was this: Charley, with some others, was one day quietly paddling down the river on their way to the trading post at "Fortie Myer," when they came to a wire crossing the stream (the continuation of the Havana cable crossing the Caloosahatchie about fifteen miles above Fort Myers). This was something beyond their comprehension, and the order, "Starn all!" or whatever may be its equivalent in Seminole, brought the expedition to a stand-still. What could it be, this mysterious line reaching across the silent river and disappearing in the dark forest on either bank? Landing, they followed it two or three miles to the north, returned and followed it to the south, and, much bewildered, sat down, and talking the matter over, concluded that the white man had placed it there to mark the boundary of the Indian country; so they dare not venture beyond. There they remained in a very unsettled state of mind until a party of cattle hunters who came up the river explained that it was a "talking wire," and need not concern them.

It required much coaxing and several songs from Eph to induce Billy Tustenugga, a young warrior, to sing. The air, which we heard many times after, was a particularly favorite one, and ran thus:

Andante con spirito.
ra below ad libitum.

mf

1. Che-wan-a-tar-ky ah - pe - a - te, Che-wan-a-tar-ky ah -
2. O - po - a - tar-ky ah - pe - a - te, O - po - a - tar-ky ah -

- pe - a - te, Che - wan - a - tar - ky ah - pe - a - te) Hol - a
- pe - a - te, O - po - a - tar - ky ah - pe - a - te)
- wa - ti - lo - un - a - pe - ah - ka - te. O! Hi - e - ton,
Hi - e - ton, Ugh! Hi - e - ton, Oc - sis - a - coo.

We slept that night in a vacant shanty that had been assigned us, and where our packs had been deposited early in the evening. In the morning we discovered that the village or settlement was composed of some thirty shanties, scattered about singly or in groups of three or four each, half a mile intervening in many cases. They were carefully constructed of four posts, that supported a slanting roof covered with palmetto leaves, and open on one or all sides; the furniture consisted of a platform of logs raised two or three feet from the ground, and extending the width and length of the structure. From under the roofs and near by, upon limbs and poles stretched from tree to tree, hung fawn-skins filled with honey, bladders, pots and kettles, demijohns, rawhide bags, leggings, blankets, and all kinds of female apparel. Chickens and pigs meandered around, and a host of dogs and naked children frolicked everywhere. The men were preparing to hunt or work in the field, and the women were busy cooking, dressing skins or washing coontee-root.

The women were exceedingly neat and clean, evidently taking great pride in their personal appearance. They were of medium height and well proportioned. Their luxurious growth of raven-black hair was gracefully tied in a knot on the crown of the head and "banged" in front. They wore tight-fitting jackets, and two or three skirts of different lengths, the inner one reaching to the ankles, while the outer came only to the knees. Their jackets, which were short, did not meet the skirts by two or three inches, thus leaving exposed a belt, so to speak, of unadorned Seminole; around their necks were strings upon strings of large blue and white beads, completely covering their shoulders and extending upward to the chin; numerous silver ornaments and soft buckskin moccasins completed their attire. The dress of the old women was somewhat similar, but not so elaborate, while that of the children under twelve was limited to a string of bright-colored beads.

We had been stirring about but a short time, when a dignified old Indian, whom we had not seen the night before, approached and introduced himself. "Me Tiger Tailie; heap big officer under Osceola." He was a noble specimen of an old warrior, a veritable "Chingach-gook," about six feet in height, well-proportioned, with a countenance striking and prepossessing. About his head was bound a bright yellow bandana, from under which straggled his iron-gray hair, gracefully

covering his shoulders. Though past eighty years, there were few outward signs of advanced age, and, being still agile, he hunted for deer and did his share of work in the corn-field. As chief, he seemed to command the respect of all the Indians, young and old. This was Tiger Tail, the old veteran, who had fought so desperately in the two wars to retain the title of lands on which he and his people were living. Since our visit the fine old fellow has gone to the "happy hunting-grounds" of his fathers.

Accompanied by the old chief, we visited several of the fields, situated some distance off in the rich hummock land, where they had cultivated extensive patches of ground, in which were growing corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, beans and sugar-cane, with a few banana plants and orange-trees. It is a pleasant characteristic of Seminole life that the labor of the field is equally divided among the men, women and children.

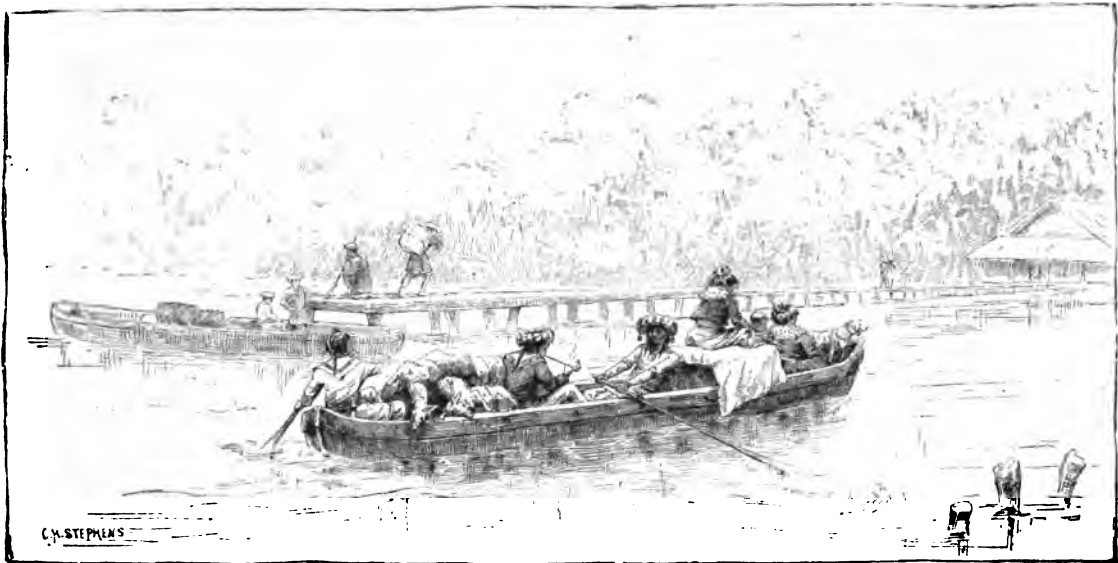
From the fields we went beyond to a group of shanties, and being invited to "hum-pit-tchay" (eat), we gathered with others about the mutual pot of "sof-gah" (thin stew of meat and rice), in which was placed an enormous wooden spoon. Streetee Parker, a sub-chief, and father of the household, presiding, seized the spoon, stirred vigorously, and, partaking, passed it to his handsome daughter, Mrs. Sammy Billy, who also

partook and passed it to her neighbor; and so on until it had completed the circle. I like "sof-gah," but prefer it on the European plan. Next came venison-steak, served on the end of a long skewer stuck in the ground, at the base of which were heaped sweet potatoes just as they had been raked from the ashes.

Beside the yield of their gardens, they depend largely upon the "ah-hah," or china-brier, and coontee-root, both of which furnish them with large quantities of farinaceous food. Fish and game are abundant, and these, with their live stock of cattle, pigs and chickens, keep their larders well supplied. At the traders' their deer-skins, raw-hides and surplus stock of cattle are given in exchange for tobacco, sugar, coffee, calicoes, powder, and the few implements and cooking utensils they may require. So their wants, which are few, are well supplied, and all that the Seminole asks is to be allowed to enjoy his swampy solitude undisturbed.

Our visit extended over several days, and when we departed we were escorted in safety to the trail beyond the Cypress. Many times I met these people as they paddled their canoes to and from the trading-post, and found them ever kind, generous and hospitable, and surely they are deserving of a better fate than that which threatens them in the not far distant future.

CHARLES H. STEPHENS.



A TRADING POST.

UNFULFILLED.

WITHIN a poet's heart a song
Throbb'd wild and sweet the whole day long;
Yet ere he sang age came and stole
The music of his tuneful soul.

An artist felt the impulse fine
To paint a masterpiece divine;
Yet while he dream'd years passed away;
Death knocked upon his door one day.

A rapt musician by the sea
Ponder'd a mighty symphony;

Yet with him in his grave it lies—
Mute are its wondrous harmonies.

O thou who, in thy secret heart,
Dost nurse some life-long dream of art,
Be wise to-day! Essay thy might!
Make large with toil the hours of light!

Lo! o'er the landscape dim and brown,
How silently the night comes down!

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

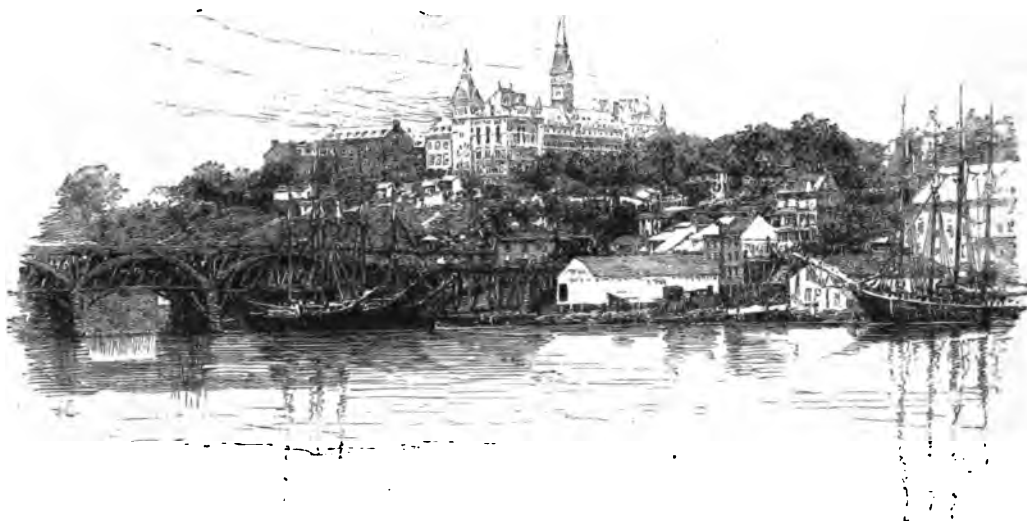
AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

UPON the crest of one of the hills that rise, slope after slope, to the west of the old city of Georgetown stands an old college of the Jesuits. The site is one of unrivaled beauty. The grounds cover an area of one hundred and seventy acres, comprising the most beautiful woodland heights and valleys of the region. The receding hills are crowned with their primitive forests of oak and chestnut, and at the foot of College Hill itself flow the rapid waters of the Potomac, which, though long released from their rocky fastnesses, have not lost the swiftness of a mountain stream. Along the further shores lie the Virginia Hills; nearly opposite is Arlington, over which the flag is ever seen waving as

enthusiastic botanist, who, in these undisturbed nooks, increases his collection of the district flora by at least three distinct species, found nowhere else, to the truant school-boy, who studies nature on the sly.

Our New England institutions of learning, and those springing from them throughout the country, are essentially different from anything in the Old World. "American" has come to signify a type peculiar to ourselves. The survival of European characteristics in the Catholic University of Georgetown is all the more interesting because of its rarity.

Having its beginning in the first Catholic colony of the New World, the interests of the college have ever been



GEORGETOWN COLLEGE FROM THE RIVER.

gladly and brightly as though it marked not the resting-place of thousands of the country's dead; and, further on, a film of smoky haze but partially obscures the spires and roofs of Alexandria. To the left lies Washington, crowned by the marble Capitol, standing in dazzling relief against the more distant Maryland hills. Close at hand, creeping up to the very gates of the college, are the old streets of Georgetown, and the Heights, famous in history and in story, where still are seen the ancient houses that were the scenes of stately revelry in that "olden tyme," when every man was brave and every maiden fair. On the slope of an adjoining hill stands the many-gabled cottage of the novelist, Mrs. Southworth. The western boundary of the grounds has been recently extended to take in the land on which stood, not long ago, the old "Decatur Cottage," where for many years lived, and, in 1860, died, the widow of Commodore Stephen Decatur.

The rare good taste that has left the large grounds much in their natural state merits the gratitude of student and visitor. Through them wind the walks, a mile in length, lined by overhanging trees, that afford a grateful shelter from the southern sun. Slight rustic bridges are thrown over the little stream that threads its way through the wood, and foot-paths wind in and out, made by strollers of every class, from the

allied with those of the society in the Old. Its founder, John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, was the grandson of a Catholic gentleman, who, with his two sons, emigrated from Ireland and joined Lord Baltimore's colony in 1680. He had been one of the ministers of James II, and had lost vast estates because of his fidelity to the Roman Church. He was made Judge and Register of the Land Office under the Proprietary, and was also agent and receiver of rents for Lord Baltimore. The family became influential in the young colony, and their name is inseparably connected with the early history of the nation. The eldest son, Charles, became the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The younger, Daniel, was the father of Archbishop Carroll.

Daniel Carroll was a gentleman of education and culture. His wife had been educated in France, and it is no wonder they sought for their young son better advantages than the school of their faith in this country afforded. From the little academy of the order in Bohemia Manor, Maryland, the boy was sent, at the age of twelve years, to St. Omer's, a school established in French Flanders for the education of the Catholic youth of England, debarred from schools at home unless they renounced their faith.

It was an eventful step in the life of the young boy,

as it also proved to be in the history of the Jesuit interests in America. Twenty-seven years passed before he returned, a mature man of forty, saddened and chastened by the misfortunes of the society to which he had allied himself, to follow his sacred vocation in his native country. In a little church which he himself built at his mother's home near Georgetown, Father Carroll pursued the duties of his priesthood until 1776, when he was called upon to take part in the stirring scenes of the Revolution. He was known throughout the country for his outspoken devotion to the cause of the colonies, and his able and earnest eloquence was depended upon to induce the Canadian Government to aid them, or, at least, to remain neutral. At the request of the Continental Congress, he went to Montreal with its delegates, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll and Samuel Chase, upon a fruitless mission, and nothing remained for him but to return home and henceforth aid, by his counsel and advice, the struggle for independence.

In 1789 he was appointed the first Bishop of Baltimore, and about the same time accomplished his sole ambition—the founding of an institution of learning in Maryland. Two years before he had dispatched to friends in England a petition for funds for this purpose, but the needed assistance was never obtained. During the early part of the seventeenth century, the missionaries belonging to the Society of Jesus had acquired large estates in Maryland under the "conditions of plantation," which entitled every settler who brought five able-bodied men into the province at his own expense to two thousand acres of land; and these possessions were increased by donations from the Indians for building churches and supporting priests in the Indian nations. This property had been, since the suppression of the society in 1773, held by a corporate body under the title of the "Catholic Clergy of Maryland," and it was determined to apply some part of the income derived from these lands—the only support of the members of the society in this country—to this purpose.

The site was selected and the erection of a modest building begun. This was two years before Washington was selected as the seat of government, and Bishop Carroll's most sanguine hopes could hardly have added this as a possible advantage to be considered in placing the school.

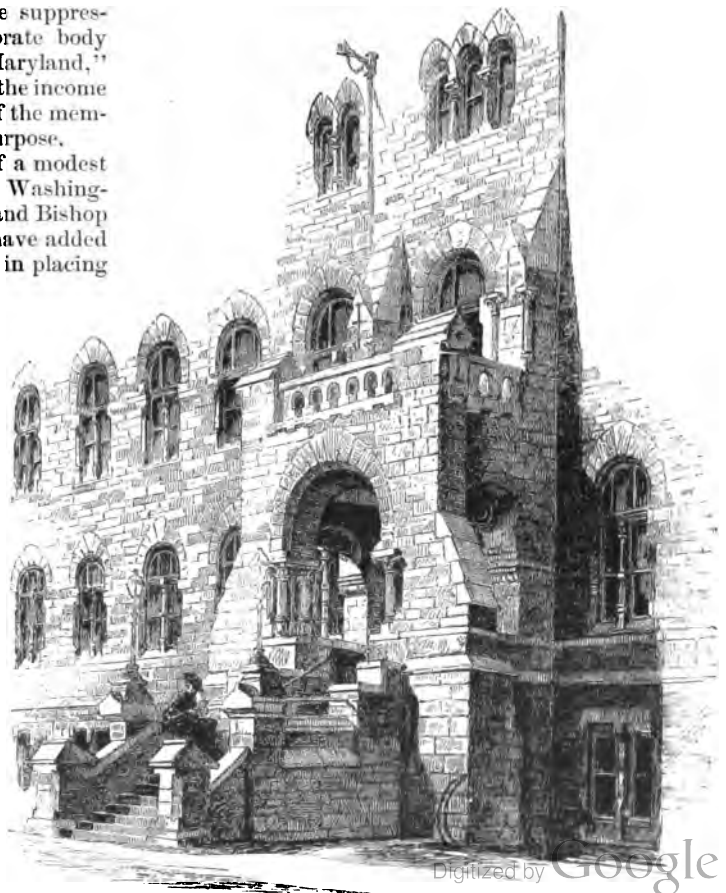
The college was opened in 1792. The first president was the Rev. Robert Plunkett, and the first pupil upon the rolls was William Gaston, the eminent jurist and statesman of North Carolina; his name is still shown, carved in rude school-boy text upon the wooden jamb of a window in the old building. Another member of this class was Benedict Fenwick, afterward bishop of the Catholic see of Boston. The college may well point with pride at its roll, containing, as it does, the names of men eminent in every profession, from nearly every state in the Union. The success of the undertaking was such as to require another building for the accommodation of the pupils. Protestant and Catholic alike looked with favor at the young college, and availed themselves equally of its advantages. Much interest was manifested in all quarters.

A legend of the college is that in 1797 General Washington rode unattended to the gate, dismounted, and, hitching his

horse to the paling, entered the college, to be welcomed not only by the reverend father in charge, but by a poetical address from one of the pupils. Be this as it may, the records of the college show that he and many of his successors visited the college commencements and conferred the medals and diplomas upon the graduates.

The observatory was erected in 1843, a year after the erection of the National Observatory at Washington. It surmounts a little knoll to the westward of the college, and is a prominent object viewed from the river, with its revolving dome for the equatorial telescope and two apartments on each side for the transit and other instruments connected with astronomical research. If not the most completely equipped of observatories, it still has the honor of having been presided over by the most famous astronomers the country has known. In 1848 the revolution in Italy exiled to this country many priests, whose name have become famed in the annals of science and discovery. Among these was the astronomer of the Roman Observatory, De Vico, who, with Sestini, another astronomer whose name is familiar to students, conducted the observations at the college for some years. He was accompanied in his exile by Father Secchi, the famous physicist, who afterward succeeded him as astronomer at Rome, and to whom the world owes so much for his indefatigable observations on the spectra of the fixed stars. Father Secchi is described as a deep-browed Italian, with massive features, like those of Daniel Webster.

From this time until the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, the increase and prosperity of the college



CENTRAL PORCH—NEW BUILDING.

was unexampled, under the vigorous and energetic supervision of the Rev. B. A. McGuire, the eloquent pulpit orator.

On the fall of Sumter it was impossible to repress the excitement of the students, and in forty-eight hours two hundred were speeding northward, westward, southward to their homes, leaving but one-third of their number behind. Even these were for a time wild with the exciting events that crowded upon their quiet.

The president, Rev. Mr. Early, placed the resources of the college and the use of the observatory instru-

hospital, and the school routine was again interrupted. Still, so perfect was the school discipline that it was found possible to continue the education of nearly one hundred students who remained at the institution during the years it was so occupied. Many a veteran who languished in hospital ward and convalesced under the shade of the grand old trees he decorated with his name will recall the many incidents that served to enliven invalid life; the unfortunate music teacher, who, forgetting the password, climbed the college wall, only to be arrested on the other side by the sentry and confined



THE MOST REVEREND JOHN CARROLL, D. D.

ments at the disposal of the Federal officers sent to the Heights to locate sites on the Virginia side. The boys, most of whom were from the South, were drawn up in ranks on each side of the driveway as the officers rode away, and, at the word from their young leaders, gave three rousing cheers for "Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." Many of them still remember the surprised silence in which they broke their ranks as the captain turned in his saddle, and, smiling, exclaimed: "Hurra, boys, hurra! I was once a boy myself!"

The buildings were given up as barracks for the daily arriving troops, and professors and students confined themselves to the smallest possible accommodations for several months, and kept up their scholastic exercises among the bustle of parade and drill, and the novelty of military rule. Hardly were they freed from this when the sadder emergencies of war turned the college into a

in the guard-house, his confused stuttering being taken as indications of fear and guilt; the delight of his pupils at his discomfiture and their own liberty; the horse-racing around the grand campus after the day's parade; the confusion and terror when the burning of a dwelling on the Virginia side, in the middle of a dark night, convinced all that the enemy was at hand; the insubordination of the whole hospital when a nearer fire, between them and Washington, aroused the convalescents to the fear that the Capital was attacked and they were needed for the rescue; the ignominious drumming-out which followed any transgression of the careful discipline that rendered even a soldiers' hospital no improper place for young boys to while away their leisure and beguile the tedium of the soldier's sick bed.

The erection of a new building in addition to those already standing was determined upon, and the archi-



AN INTERIOR ANGLE.

arch and the sculptured capitals tell us that we have a specimen of Rhenish Romanesque, that type that reached its highest development in conservative Germany, and flourished side by side with the early Gothic.

Like all good architecture, it is built upon essential principles of construction; the building forms the style which is its dress and adornment, not the style the building. Standing without, an architect can follow the interior plan from story to story by the arrangement of windows and courses. Here, in this corner of the court, is a difficulty of support and light cleverly avoided by throwing across an "arch of discharge;" there you can see where the stairway mounts, window by window, in the tower.

Surely nothing could be better chosen for this Old World college. It speaks to us of the early churches, the glories of Worms, Speyer and Mayence; of the castles of feudal barons and of Norman chateaux. It is the type selected by the Jesuit fathers in Europe for their col-

leges, Smithmeyer and Pelz, of Washington, commenced work in 1877. The new building forms one side of a parallelogram, facing the east; the northern and southern sides are formed by the old buildings, and the fourth side is open to the west.

We have become so accustomed lately to novelties of design in architecture that the unsophisticated might not notice the striking contrast to the modern styles afforded by the yet uncompleted front. An architect notes at once that this is far removed from the style by which Queen Anne again reigns so absolutely. Here is but little ornament, severity without coldness, chastity without rudeness; the round

leges and academies of learning. There are four specimens in this country, St. Mary's Catholic Church in Boston being the principal example. The stone is well chosen for the demands of the style. Blue gneiss from the upper Potomac, cool in tone, is contrasted with soft gray Ohio free-stone and finely-cut blue-stone from the Hudson.

The balancing of the masses in the building shows the taste of the architect. On the left is a square pavilion, containing the library, the scientific lecture-room and laboratory, and adjoining this a tower surmounted by a belvedere, from which can be seen the outspread cities of Washington and old Georgetown, and the blue waters of the Potomac broadening and widening as they leave the narrow channel and trend toward the ocean; on the right is the Aula Maxima, or Commencement Hall, the Museum, the reception-rooms and grand portal. Between the two, and supporting in the middle a slender clock tower, runs the curtain-like front, its monotony to be relieved by a central portico of excellent design, to be called the "Scholar's Porch." The roof-line viewed from the river, well marked against the western sky, is remarkably pleasing and picturesque in effect. The same principles of design are carried out in the interior. The rooms on the main front open out from long vaulted corridors, with cylindric arches, the niched windows on the other side of the corridor opening on the court. All features of construction are plainly displayed. Carved beams and capitals, turned wooden columns and brackets, where bay-oak and Southern pine are brought into charming contrast; corbels of chiseled free-stone and massive stone stairways lend variety.



A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY, WITH LORD BALTIMORE'S TABLE.

The air of the place is of seclusion and studious quiet. Were it not for the newness of everything here we might expect to see a file of monks pass down these aisles, and hear the chanting of the "Benedictus" borne through the open windows. The fathers, passing and repassing in their black gowns and beretti, seem much more a part of the scene than the noisy crowds of American boys who scamper up and down the stairways, clamor in the court and meet one at every turn. Wherever they are, however, be sure the black-robed father will not be far away—sitting upon a stone at the edge of the campus; directing the exercises in the gymnasium; watching, book in hand, the plays of the younger boys, little fellows who are not let to miss their homes in the care and gentleness bestowed upon them here; sitting in the teacher's chair, still book in hand, watching the shame-faced youngsters who find in curtailed freedom their severest punishment;—the director and umpire of play and work alike, the father manages, from first to last, to maintain a pleasant and friendly intercourse with every one. Looking over the *College Journal* one finds such anecdotes as this: One of the teachers of mathematics had offended the pupils by a rigid discipline in class. One day on entering the class-room he was confronted by a monster drawing upon the blackboard of a goose wearing a beretta, surmounting features whose lines bore a likeness unmistakable. With an imperturbable face he picked up the chalk and drew, in procession, fifteen goslings, the number of his class. The *entente cordiale* was at once restored.

In America we cannot have the ivy of centuries and the mellowness of tints that come from long ages of use; we can neither rival Oxford, with its Gothic halls, nor show the worn steps by which generations of students have passed to the lecture-rooms in old German universities. The little we have is not the less picturesque by its contrast.

The room for the library overlooks the river, commanding a view of exquisite beauty. Here, too, the individuality of the college asserts itself. That large oval table in the centre is a massive structure of solid mahogany, requiring nine men to lift it. It was the dining-table of Lord Baltimore, brought from England. Around it the Council of the Maryland colony under Leonard Calvert sat, and many a question of religious toleration, of war and of civil polity has been discussed across this board. For more than a century it was in

the possession of the clergy at the Church of St. Inigo's, Maryland. When the residence in which it stood was burned, the fathers devoted their energies to rescuing it from the flames, and it was the only article of furniture saved. In the cases are some of the rarest books in America. An old manuscript prayer-book on vellum, supposed to be of about 1280: its initial letters, painted by hand, are fine. Here is another, "The Epistles of the Ecclesiastical Year 1376." In early printed books or incunabula the library is particularly rich. Among them are "The Etymologies

of St. Isidore of Seville," a "Synopsis of Human Knowledge," bearing date 1472; a Latin Bible of 1479; "Euclid's Geometry," 1494; and "Virgil," 1502. This old law book, with beautifully illuminated initial letters, is the Pandects of Justinian, published in Venice in 1477; and be-

side it, still bearing the chain that insured its safety in some old court of law, is a "Synopsis, Commentaries of Paul de Castro" upon the Justinian Pandects, printed in 1483. An English black-letter prayer-book of Queen Mary's time bears date 1555. Here is its title:

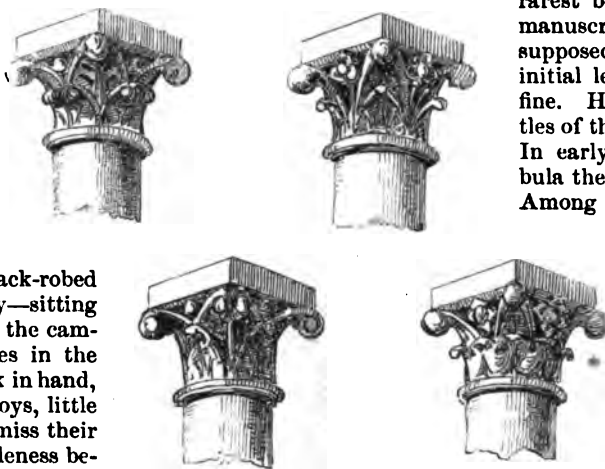
THE PRIMER IN
LATIN AND ENGLISH
AFTER THE USE
OF SARUM
WITH MANY GODLYE
AND DEVOUTE PRAYERS AS
IN THE CONTENTES DOTH APPEERE.
WHEREUNTO IS ADDED A PLAYNE AND
GODLYE TREATISE CONCERNING THE MASSE
AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENTE
OF THE ALTAR FOR THE INSTRUC-
TION OF THE UNLEARNED
AND SIMPLE PEOPLE.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY JOHN
WAYLANDE, AT THE SIGNE OF THE
SUNNE IN FLETESTREET OVER
AGAYNSTE THE GREAT
CONDUIT.
ANNO DOMINI MDLV.

Uno privilegio per septennium.

When we recall that not until 1460 was any book printed on both sides of the leaf, and that Caxton's Bible, the first book printed in England, bore date 1474, the rarity of this collection will be realized.

Here also is a copy of the first edition of Pine's Horace, the text and many illustrations all printed from copperplate, bearing date 1733, and believed to be the only copy in the country. With a merry twinkle, the aged father who exhibits these trea-



CARVED CAPITALS.



THE DECATUR MEDAL.

sures pulls out an Irish dictionary printed in Paris in 1756. "A most useful book," he says. "I keep it within easy reach. The Irish laborers hereabouts, when they are taunted by their fellow-workmen with having no language worthy a name, bring them here, and triumphantly display the grammar and dictionary of their tongue."

The museum of a college, if the institution be at all old, is always an interesting place. Here an altar ornament from a small church built by Lord Baltimore, now demolished; an ancient dress sword of the Carrolls of Duddington, and a silver pomander that some lady of that date wore "pendante from ye left arme," as the fashion is described, take us back to the Maryland Pilgrims. Here is General Washington's liquor-case, set in a small traveling-chest, the square cut-glass bottles still dotted with gilded stars. Could it speak, how many tales could it tell of Old Put, Mad Anthony Wayne and Light-Horse Harry, and the convivial meetings in the General's tent! There is a fragment of the chain which stretched across the river below West Point during the Revolution, to keep Sir Harry Clinton from ascending the river; a medal presented to Stephen Decatur, Sr., the father of Commodore Decatur, for his service as captain of a privateer that did good service for our young republic during the Revolution. On one side are the arms of the family, with the chivalric inscription, "Pro Libertate et Patria Dulce Periculum;" on the reverse a ship under full sail, above which is engraved, "Success to the Royal Louis," and, beneath, "Step: Decatur, Commander, 1781." Of the gallant Commodore there is an excellent portrait, and a curious memento of the battle off

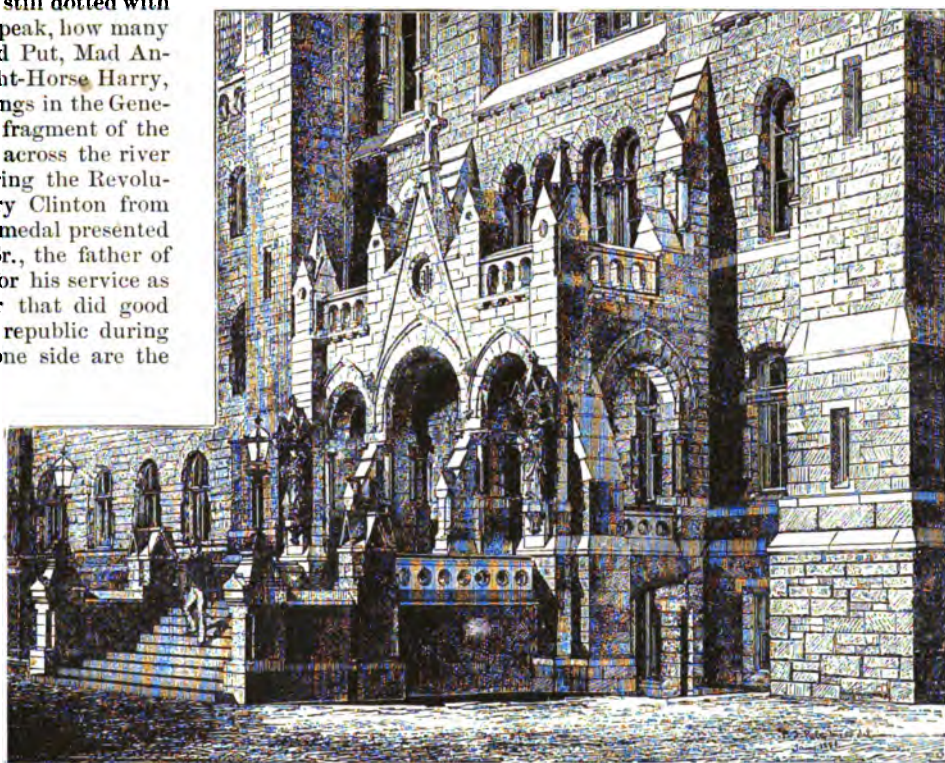
Tripoli—a Mohammedan prayer-book, written in Arabic characters within a broad margin defined by a black line. This little book was taken by Commodore Decatur from the neck of a Moorish soldier killed in the fight.

Some of the coins are of great value, notably two silver coins of Sicily, B. C. 450, and one of Alexander, B. C. 336; a coin of the Ptolemies, and Roman coins from Pompeii; medals of every land; a gold one presented Father De Vico by the King of Denmark, and a set presented by the family of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide. Figures and relics found in the Roman excavations bring us near to Rome when she was mistress of the world. The Old World jostles the New. Here are relics of our American Old World—Indian handiwork and ancient pottery from New Grenada

The few works of art have found their way here as gifts brought from the Old World—a statuette copy of Canova's Paulina Buonaparte, a bust of St. Aloysius by Cassano, and other minor pieces.

One of the most valuable possessions of the college is

a genuine Giordano, formerly belonging to the famous collection once in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, known as the "Meade Gallery." This collection comprised a large number of paintings brought from Europe by Mr. Richard W. Meade, a native of Philadelphia, who, at the beginning of this century, settled in Cadiz, Spain. Being a man of wealth and a connoisseur of art, he collected many valuable pictures in his travels. In addition to these, a great number were brought to him during the siege of Madrid, in 1810. They were taken from churches, monasteries and private collections—often cut from their frames in the haste to secure them and to place them under the protection of the American flag. Many of these treasures of art were purchased by Mr. Meade. Among them the "Vocation



MAIN ENTRANCE, NEW BUILDING.

of St. Matthew," by Lucca Giordano, was remarkable for its beauty of composition and coloring. The picture is a large one, the canvas measuring seven feet by nine, and the figures are nearly life-size. It represents the Apostle at the "seat of custom" at the moment when the Saviour, in passing, called him to leave all and follow Him. The glowing colors upon the canvas seem as fresh as if just from the hand of the artist. The picture was presented to the college by a daughter of the collector, and it is fully authenticated. There are few paintings of its size and value in the country, and it should find a place among more suitable surroundings. The college has no gallery where it can be properly displayed, and it is virtually lost to the world, unless its purchase and removal are effected.

Another fine painting here is "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." It was taken from the walls of a church in the City of Mexico, during its occupancy by the American army, by a private soldier, who cut it from its frame, wrapped it about his gun, and brought it away

as one of the trophies of war. It was given to the convent near by, and by the Lady Superior sent to the college.

At the foot of the hill, to the west of the college, nestle the graves of eighty-two of the fathers. Rank

upon rank they lie, soldiers in death, as they were in life; soldiers who pressed forward in unselfish devotion, and who now await the last marshaling.

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MAY COLE BAKER.



ROMAN RELICS.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAMP.

March 4.—Washington should have a special calendar. Everything dates from the beginning of the civic quadrienniate. The year itself should begin with the Fourth of March. So my journal shall open when first the south wind plays softly amid the sturdy pines and melts the snow beneath their branches. To-day the shadow of the great dome falls across my feet, but in the distance the blue hills of Virginia beckon and invite. What care I for President or Cabinet or Congress? O heart of mine, that loveth nature, I know thy answer! Unto thee, O hills, I come!

It is Thoreau, I think, who says that no matter how early you go into the woods, you will find that spring has been there before you. Spring has a fair start of me to-day. The sap is in the young trees, the raspberry bushes are purple with new life, the grass is fresh and green. I notice buds on the arbutus, and the water-cress has begun its sturdy growth. As yet, however, wild flowers have not appeared. The tiny white corollas of the *Draba verna* cover the hillside, but no other blossoms announce the coming of spring, except two hepaticas half hidden by dead leaves. Nevertheless, I find as I go home that my pockets are full of trophies—bits of arbutus, ferns, violet leaves and scarlet partridge berries.

March 20.—On the map of Washington and vicinity which lies before me, it is easy to notice that the long slanting line marked Boundary Street is in reality a division between the city on the one hand and the country on the other. The hills of Maryland come rolling up to the very edge of the city, like waves breaking upon a beach. You step from the asphalt pavement into broad fields and green woods. An hour's walk from the Capitol will carry you into secluded recesses, where only the voices of nature disturb the silence. There are places in Rock Creek Valley where the sounds of civilization are not heard. Washington, therefore, is a city where a lover of nature can make his home with peculiar advantage. The time may come when this shall no longer be. Let me then, to-day, go out into the woods and hear what spring is whispering to the earth.

April 15.—Out into the woods, with only my thoughts

and the wild flowers for company. By the corner of an old fence I noticed a violet growing. Stooping down to pluck it I glanced along the bottom of the fence and saw with pleasure a long line of blue violets. They had grown close to the sheltering fence, and the deep, rich color of their blossoms contrasted prettily with the gray lichen-covered boards.

May 5.—A warm rain last night, and the air balmy as June. In the park I heard, for the first time this season, the sound of the tree-frogs. There seemed to be myriads of them, and their music—for it was music—filled the air. Where did they all come from so suddenly?

May 9.—The colored women who crowd the sidewalk on the outside of the market are a study. I have come to know them, and I suspect they know me. There is a fat old woman, in a gingham gown, ragged and dirty, and a more cleanly one, whose blue check apron is tied in an artistic bow. One aged negress sits with her head sunk down to her knees, and rarely stirs; but most of them are more wide awake and anxious to solicit my custom. One colored girl, standing sideways against the wall, looks like some dark figure carved in relief against a red background. The strong sunlight upon her throws a shadow that makes the impression all the more vivid. Her dress is artistically negligent, and her head is covered with a black hood. She is apparently unconscious that she would make a splendid subject for a sketch.

There is one woman who watches me as I saunter up and down, with my hands in my pockets, as if I were a detective in disguise. Different from her is the pleasant negress who calls me "honey," and, with soft cajolery, always induces me to buy several more bunches of flowers than I really want. I notice, too, that these women have different ways of caring for and arranging their wild flowers. Some keep them in great pans of water, fresh and bright, as if they had a feeling for the little blossoms. Others lay their bunches on the hot, dry bricks, until the flowers are withered and dead. Some arrange the colors so that they blend together and are made attractive.

May 13.—I have been reading Thoreau's "Maine Woods," and it has stirred my heart to seek the wild-wood. Were such a thing possible, I should at once, with blue shirt on and knapsack strapped across my back, strike for the deepest wilderness.

It seems to me sometimes as if I must have some Indian blood in my veins, which draws me almost irresistibly to green fields, waving trees, running brooks and perfumed flowers. Possibly, a long time ago, some of my ancestors worshipped Athena, the Queen of the Air. The blue of the ægis, her sky-shield, I love; before the beauty of her wonderful cloud-forms and the glorious tints of their raiment, "which no covetousness can rob," I bow down and worship. Her breath is my inspiration, and the winged birds that sail and soar and rest upon her bosom, are to me messengers of joy.

Oftentimes, when the routine of work becomes wearisome, I send my thoughts out upon the country roads, to travel fast from town to village and from field to forest; to the spots where I have camped; to the springs where I have quenched my thirst; to the paths that lead to valleys watered by murmuring streams; and when these rambling thoughts of mine return—and they return most reluctantly—I am all the better for these mental wanderings in places where my body cannot go.

May 30.—Coming down out of the woods to-day, bearing a bunch of ferns, we met a young man, who looked at it with longing eyes, and said that ferns were the very things he had been looking for. The idea! looking for ferns on a dusty roadside with never the woods in sight. Ignoramus! "He is looking for the walking-fern," said my companion, "something that will come right to him." I hope he did not find a single specimen.

June 25.—We found a field of dewberries to-day. It is on the crest of a hill, where the wind blew fresh and strong in our faces. My friend, the Professor, seems to possess an unerring instinct, which leads him where the ripest, largest, sweetest berries grow. This out-door life makes one sharp-eyed and quick-witted. It broadens one's whole nature, too. You cannot help taking in the far-reaching sweep of country, with its broad-lying fields, and getting something of their generous fullness into your heart. It is this feeling which makes your companion say to you, "If you are not finding berries, come and share with me." Selfishness has no place out here in the woods—everything must be fair and equal.

I am imbued to-day with the spirit of the Greeks and Romans, and pour upon the ground a libation to the gods before I drink the water of the mossy spring. Ferns—cinnamon-ferns and royal flowering-ferns—grow tall and rank around me. The air is laden with the perfume of magnolia and swamp azalea; the chinquapin bushes are also in bloom, their long, yellow, feathery plumes waving gracefully. Down through the woods we go to an open field, where we find larkspur and the common pansy escaped from cultivation—the latter flower dwarfed by its wild, uncared-for life in the fields. Should I grow dwarfed if I escaped from cultivation? I think not.

I quote to my companion what Ruskin says of the larkspur: "It ('the charm of the dragon') enters like an evil spirit into the buttercup, and turns it into a larkspur, with a black, spotted, grotesque centre, and a strange, broken blue, gorgeous and intense, yet impure; glittering on the surface, as if it were strewn with broken glass, and stained or darkening irregularly into red." The Professor listens until I have finished, and then laughs and says, "Intensely unscientific."

July 18.—How little the country people know of that

which is at their very doors! While we were walking to-day, a discussion arose as to the common name of a certain flower. To settle the dispute, we referred the matter to a "native" who was passing in a wagon, and then to other "natives" in a house near by. None of these could enlighten us, nor did they make the least excuse for an ignorance of which I should think they would be ashamed.

July 20.—A cherry tree by the roadside offers a temptation to climb which even the dignity of a lawyer and a journalist cannot withstand. Throwing our coats upon the ground, we are soon amid the branches. The scene around us, when at last we have surfeited ourselves with the sweet, juicy, transparent fruit, attracts our attention. The country is spread out like a vast panorama. There is only one house in sight, and that is a considerable distance off. Fields beyond fields stretch away in the dim distance, until they meet the circling sky. Over to the north we can make out the deep valley through which the river passes, and beyond are the Maryland hills. The road beneath us is like a great, glistening serpent, whose shining body extends for miles to the right and to the left of us. It is high noon, but a gentle breeze fans our faces. The sound of our voices, the rustling of the leaves, the hum of the grasshopper and the momentary echo of a distant dinner-horn alone break in the mid-day silence. Not a human being is in sight. If we are not lords of all we survey, there is at least no one present to dispute our right.

As I reclined upon the ground waiting for my companion to descend, I looked up at the sky through a fretwork of grass and yarrow, daisies and blackberry bushes. A great yellow butterfly floated airily around the flowers at my head, in consciousness of perfect safety. There was a dreamy stillness in the air that soothed me. It was a day such as Longfellow has described:

"O gift of God! O perfect day!
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be."

Here there came to me another quotation, and I laughed softly at the humor of its application as I repeated it to myself:

"Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown!"

July 21.—We can never get entirely clear of civilization. We came out into the woods to-day to rough it and cut loose from town-life, and the very first thing we do is to spread a table! The conventionalities of custom bind us tightly. I remember once that out in the woods we dined from a table of bark, which was not quite as bad as it might be; but alas for the time when we actually built a table under a tree, as if we were in a house, and had come to stay.

The blaze of our fire surrounds us with a wall of impenetrable darkness. We smoke, of course. A spring is the joy of the traveler along the wayside, but a pipe is his comfort in camp at night. The smoke floats dreamily away on the air, as idle as his thoughts. He is at peace with all mankind, and he smokes his pipe, as the Indian does, to show it. The dainty rings lose themselves, like gray spectres, in the darkness, and he falls into a reverie. Aye, in the solitude and quietness he becomes almost reverential. I should not wonder if reverie and reverential originally sprang from the same root.

August 12.—I noticed to-day that the sound which the scythe makes in cutting grass is exactly the same as the singing of the locust. The similarity of the two

sounds startled me as I came through the park this afternoon.

August 22.—That was a quaint expression that I came across to-day, in reading about Thoreau—that he experienced Nature, as some men are said to experience religion.

August 24.—To Battery Cameron, by way of the Ridge Road, to see the sun set. On the crest of the Virginia hills was a low, heavy bank of clouds. Above this the sky was dappled with fleecy flakes, such as my friend calls "angels' heads." Sinking behind the clouds the sun appeared like a globe of fire. Against its red disk the edges of the clouds assumed queer shapes. Once it was a crane or stork, outlined plainly, standing beside a rock. As the sun sank the crane moved upward, and the rock became a four-footed animal grazing. Then the great glowing ball disappeared. Overhead the sky was full of delicate colors. The hills of Virginia were crowned with a blue haze, which seemed to change gradually, until away up in the zenith it became a deep red, the tint of the departing sun.

It was the rainbow over again, from the violet to the crimson.

The bunch of wild flowers which I gathered was worthy of a painter, if, indeed, any artist could have done justice to its brilliant coloring. There was the rich, deep yellow of the cone-flower and the dainty yellow of the golden rod and St. Andrew's cross; the lemon color of the toad-flax contrasted with the bright orange of the butterfly-weed; the pink purple of the phlox and the pure purple of the iron-weed; the lavender tint of the mist-flower with the greenish-white of the wild carrot and the dead white of the spurge to subdue the brightness of the rest. Back of all was the fresh green of the sweet-scented cedar, its silvery berries matching the color of the milkweed pods.

September 10.—I imagine that the young farmer whom I met driving home his hay wagon, while riding this afternoon, regarded me with envy. I would not have changed places with him; yet suppose a piece of harness had broken or a part of my buggy become loose. He could have stepped up and repaired it, while I should have been compelled through ignorance to stand by almost helpless. In that one thing, at least, he was wiser than I; and, in so far as that knowledge extended, he was better than I. He could have taught me something, and I should have had to respect him. He could have lorded it over me and told me to stand aside, and I should have been compelled to obey.

September 11.—Emerson says, "Everything good is on the highway." Yet I think the highway is lacking in its goodness if there be not a spring of clear, cool water hidden somewhere in a bordering field or under a tree by the roadside. Without such a spring it is weary to the traveler and a reproach to the country through which it passes. The walker cannot love it, and even the very animals seem hastening to leave it behind.

Our ignorance, however, may lead us astray in this matter. I have walked over a highway which seemed as dry as the dust under my feet; but afterwards, when I have passed over it with one who knew the country, he has shown me hidden springs of whose presence I had no suspicion.

September 14.—The linden tree is one of the first of trees to show the approach of fall. The gum and oak and maple die like some old warriors, flaunting their colors in the face of their foe; but the leaves of the linden shrivel, as if they dared not offer resistance, even at the first approach of autumn. The edge of each leaf first turns brown and curls up, leaving a green

centre. This, indeed, is rather a pretty sight, when the leaves are viewed collectively, the colors contrasting well and the brown border being distinct.

October 5.—Like a strong, vigorous old man, who has lived on beyond his allotted time, and is at last stricken by a sudden and fatal heart disease, summer died while it was yet in its prime, though it was October. When the sun set last evening summer was with us, but ere the dawn it had disappeared. There was a death-struggle in the night that we knew not of. Out of the west came a whistling wind, cold and cruel, and a dark, overhanging cloud. The battle-royal which summer fought for life was not long. Its heart, so warm and generous, was touched by a killing frost. There were a few quiet convulsions, the flowers wept and the earth was sad. Summer was dead.

And then, out of this wind and cloud, there was born to us in the night while we slept a new season. It was no puny infant, but sprang, Minerva-like, full-grown into being. It was as strong in its youth as was the summer in its prime. It laid hold on the tender leaves and they withered in its grasp. Its breath fell upon the woods, and the trees cast off the colors of the departed summer and attired themselves in the gorgeous livery of the new king. The golden rod and aster alone lifted their heads, nor bowed in reverence to the wind as it went by. They were of the household of the young monarch, and had been waiting on the hillside and in the valley for his coming. They, with the painter's brush and marigold, shall be his crown of glory.

And he shall not die nor leave us—no, not even though the south wind come with its baneful breath—not even though the Indian summer come and apparently take possession of his throne.

December 6.—I came down the road to-night through an atmosphere thick with a frozen mist. The moonlight fell upon the earth as through a gauzy veil. The hoar-frost was unusually heavy, and covered the country with a perfect beauty. The fence-rails were as white as if a light snow had fallen, and a motionless log by the roadside was as a corpse wearing a silvery shroud. The fields stretched away into the distance, hidden beneath a white, sparkling dress—a *robe de nuit* of finer texture and more beautiful workmanship than mortal hands e'er made for mortal wear.

"He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes," says the Psalmist; but ashes are dull and opaque, while every tiny frost-crystal reflects a ray of light.

December 8.—The last leaf has fallen; the last golden rod has disappeared; the chestnut-burr has opened; beneath the hickory and the walnut trees is the ripened fruit; the Indian summer days are gone, and the air is cold and bleak. Upon the throne of the year sits a royal monarch, hearty and bluff and rugged, whose mantle is whiter than ermine and softer than down.

December 9.—The branches of the aspen in the winter-time seem more flexible than those of any other tree. They present in this regard a great contrast to the limbs of the linden tree, which, no matter how hard the wind blows, are stiff and unbending, as if there was a rod of iron in the centre of every branch.

December 12.—A spring thought came to me this dreary, rainy December day. The rains of April melt the frozen earth, and in the place of snow and ice come violets and roses. The people who do good in the world melt the hard crust of the world's selfishness, and where malice and discontent abounded, bloom the beautiful blossoms of charity and love.

December 14.—How persistently summer is resisting the attempts of winter to gain a foothold. A few nights

ago winter got so close upon the enemy's stronghold as to cast into it several thousand snowflakes, and I thought that the battle was surely ended. But the south wind has come to summer's assistance. To-day is fresh and warm, and winter has again retreated, I know not where.

December 15.—The crows are having a hard time of it this afternoon trying to reach their resting-place in the Virginia pines across the river. Their wings flap in a quick, desperate, convulsive movement as they battle with the wind. One old crow, who has made pretty good progress, is caught at a disadvantage, swung a little to one side, and in a moment is carried—a mere plaything of the gale—far back into the east, almost out of sight. Many of the crows make a strategic move, flying up perpendicularly, and then sailing down at an angle in the face of the wind. But even this does not avail them much.

No breath is wasted. The long line of battling, struggling crows is silent. Not a single "caw" is heard, although usually the crows make a noisy clatter while flying home. This silence and the desperate flapping of the wings are expressive.

December 17.—Winter has set his death-mark on the fields. I notice everywhere great patches of blighted grass, and over all is a sickly hue of yellowish brown. How prettily the gilded vanes shine in the sunlight here and there all over the city!

December 23.—To what shall I liken the smell of the pine needle?

Coming down the street this morning I picked up a little branch of a pine tree from the pavement. I stripped off the needles, bruised them thoroughly in my hands, and took a long inspiration of their fragrance. It was a bit of the country transplanted to the city. It filled me with a new life. Again and again I held the handful of green to my nostrils.

Far better than the insipid sweetness of cologne is

this strong, healthy, woody, aromatic odor of the pine needle.

All day long I have kept the handful of needles on my desk, and ever and anon my mind wanders to a forest of stately trees, green in winter, and their tops moving to and fro in the wind.

December 24.—Midnight. My heart is open. Spirit of Christmas, enter!

I would not paint Christmas as a man, but as a maiden, ever young, ever gentle, ever kind. Not as a king, but as a queen, before whose loving sceptre all should bow; whose countenance should be the happiest that ever mortal gazed upon. Her crown should be of holly branches, and her sceptre a branch of cedar. And I, adoring, would bow before her throne.

December 25.—I am glad that this Christmas day is perfect. It only needed this to round out, fully and completely, a typical week.

First there came in the early part of the week a down-pouring of rain. So, too, there was a cloudy and tearful time in the history of God's chosen people; a time of weeping and wailing and lamentation among the prophets over the sinfulness of Israel.

Then followed the strong northwest wind blowing back the clouds and foretelling a blue sky. So, too, the powerful, self-reliant prophecy of the coming of Christ was uttered while yet there was darkness in Israel; so, too, the clouds of superstition and of error broke.

Yesterday was an almost perfect day, the air almost calm, the sky azure. This was the world becoming ready for the Saviour's birth. Do not historians tell us that at the coming of Christ the world was better prepared to receive Him than at any other time? Yesterday, over again, the earth was waiting.

So I am glad that this Christmas day is perfect. It ought to be. Christ has come into the world.

The clear, transparent blue above is the infinite tenderness of the Christ-child.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST.

ROBIN IN THE SNOW.

ROBIN, singing in the snow,
Where the March winds wildly blow;
Peering through the blinding storm,
I can see thy tiny form,
On the paling's sharpened height,
Quiver with the song's delight.
Clouds above and death below,
Yet thou singest in the snow!

Not a twig on any tree
Holds a nesting-place for thee;
Not an inch of forage-ground
Bare in all the country round.
On the unswept window-sill
Scattered crumbs have been thy fill,
Scanty provender, 'tis true,
For a hungry wight like you,
Minstrel, wandering to and fro,
For thy dinner in the snow.

Trill and twitter in the gloom,
"Sunshine bringeth leaf and bloom;
Soon on yonder snow-clad tree
Mate and nest and warmth for thee.
One who cares is over all—
I have heard His Easter call;
Trust Him, though the storm may blow,"
Sings the robin in the snow.

Oft the story has been told,
In the legend sweet and old,
That thy bosom's stain of red
Trickled from the thorn-crowned Head;
Watching in the twilight gray,
Ere the stone was rolled away,
Perched the sepulchre a-near,
Rose thy song of faith and cheer.
I can well believe it so,
Robin singing in the snow.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD II.

"Je ne comprends pas comme on peut tant penser à une personne : n'aurai-je jamais tout pensé ?"

CHAPTER I.

It is November; the second November since the Churchills' return from Dresden. A second summer has raced after a second spring, and a second autumn is pursuing both. The full tale of eighteen months is complete. Time has swung by on his mighty wings, which all the centuries are powerless to tire, bearing in his arms diverse gifts. To some he has brought satisfied ambition; to some grinding poverty; to some a surfeit of pleasure; to some a mad-house; and to some a grave. To many only a bundle of little nagging cares and pigmy pleasures, that passed without much heeding.

To the Churchills he has brought—what? To Mrs. Churchill a beautiful new *râtelier*; to Sarah, six new lovers and one new dog; and to Belinda, a knowledge of the postman's step, whether distant or near, that she might defy any inhabitant of this or any other street to rival. Before her return home, she had congratulated herself upon the convenience and number of the London posts. Ere six months are out, she execrates their frequency.

For eighteen months Belinda has been listening, and not once have her ears been filled with the sound that they are ever strained to catch. Not once has Rivers written. Not once has he come in person to explain his silence. He has gone—simply gone out of her life. That is all!

He was free, of course, to come or to go; as she tells herself, she cannot quarrel with him for that. The why she is at issue with him is that he has taken the taste of her life with him. For her he has taken the color out of the sunsets, and the music out of the larks. She looks at the beauty of our mother earth with a grudging, sullen eye. The summers with the glories of their roses; the autumns with the glories of their sheaves, are to her absolutely waste and worthless.

"Even if he came back to me," she says to herself; "even if I lived to be ninety, and saw him henceforth every day, every minute, until I die, I could never fill the emptiness of these days; they will always have been dead, dead loss!"

Now and again she rises up in revolt against the tyranny of the idea that is eating into and corroding her prime. She will cut him out of her life; will cut off that portion of her life in which he had concern, sheer away, like a precipice.

"I did well before I knew him," she says to herself, with a sort of indignation; "he was in the world, and so was I; he smiled as he does now—does he smile now, I wonder?—and I was none the worse for it. He did not blot out the sun; he did not make it up-hill work to eat, to speak, to breathe. Let things be as they were then. Why cannot they be? They shall be!"

For a moment she is strong and light-hearted; sings a gay verse of a song; feels the goodness of youth. Then a sick qualm comes over her. It is gone, done with! and the whole earth, the whole of life, is empty, hideous, void!

It is November; the afternoon is drawing toward its close. Tea has been drunk, and visitors are gone. The hour of dressing draws nigh. This, however, is a fact that neither Mrs. Churchill nor Sarah are willing to admit; Mrs. Churchill because her drive has made her sleepy, and fire and owl-light are drowsy and soothing; Sarah because she is absorbed in the ingenious, if not useful, employment of painting the large white terrier lately added to the establishment, in colored stripes and spots to represent a clown. Jane is, happily for herself, not a sensitive dog, and submits with stolid good-humor to a process that would penetrate Slutty's heart with agonies of undying shame.

"Belinda is late," says Mrs. Churchill, drawing herself up into a sitting posture, the first preparatory step toward the unavoidable, dreaded move up stairs.

"I hope she will not come back until Jane is finished," answers Sarah warmly, hesitating for an instant in the choice of a pigment; while Jane opens her mouth in a large, bored, patient yawn.

"Perhaps she did not find it so tiresome as she expected," says Mrs. Churchill, reluctantly taking the second step toward departure, and rising to her feet.

"Perhaps not," replies Sarah absently, drawing back her head the better to judge of the effect of a large splash of gamboge, just applied upon Jane's right cheek.

"What an object you are making of that poor dog!" laughing lazily.

"She likes it!" replies Sarah gravely. "She thinks it is becoming. Do not tell her it is not. If she is a success, I mean to paint the others as Harlequin and Columbine!"

"I wish Belinda would come," says Mrs. Churchill, with a little comfortable curiosity in nowise akin to the loving, foolish solicitude that thinks that some unlikely misfortune must have happened to its beloved, if he or she be detained five minutes beyond his or her usual time.

"I hope she will not come until Jane is finished!" repeats Sarah seriously, working away with redoubled ardor.

"I think she must have been amused."

"H'm!" replies Sarah dubiously. "If she is, she is the first person in whom that emotion was ever provoked by an afternoon drum; and Belinda is not easily amused. I think," with quiet pride, "that Jane will amuse her. Ah, how provoking! Here she is!"

In effect, as the last words leave her lips the door opens, and her sister enters. If your eyes were shut, or if you were blind, your ear would never have told you that it was a young person's entrance, so measured and unelastic is her step.

"Do not come here! Do not look at Jane!" cries Sarah in an agonized voice, hastily throwing the cloth on which she has been wiping her brushes over Jane's long-suffering back. "Stay where you are! No! Now you may come!"

"Which am I to do?" asks Belinda; and her voice has as little spring in it as her step.

"Well?" cries Mrs. Churchill in a voice of cheerful expectancy, ready to abridge her dressing-time, to sit down again and be amused.

"Well?" replies Belinda unresponsively.

She has advanced to the fire, and now stands there, a foot on the fender, for the evening is chill, while the cheerful flames, upspringing, play upon the uncheerful beauty of her face, and lend a little of their own dancing to the

"Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be gray,"

that have no dancing of their own in them.

"You are the worst person in the world to send out," says Mrs. Churchill, disappointed and cross; "for all the news you bring back, you might as well stay at home."

A couple of years ago, Belinda would have pleasantly acquiesced in her own lack of observation; would have cheerfully tried to remedy it. Now she only answers, with a sullen look:

"What is there to tell? What is there ever to tell about a drum? There was a mob of women, and a smell of hot sealskins!"

"Not a man, of course?" asks Sarah from the distant corner of the room, whither she has retired with the inchoate Jane, to pursue her artistic labors unseen. "How glad I am I did not go!"

Belinda smiles. When she smiles, you see even more clearly than when she is grave the inexpressible hardening which has happened to her face.

"There were two or three men."

"The usual refuse that you meet in a second-class literary salon, I suppose," rejoins Sarah contemptuously. "Dirty little poets, and greasy little positivists?"

Belinda still smiles a smile that is without gayety, but is not without satire.

"There was one man there whom you did not think too grimy to bestow a good deal of your notice upon at one period of your history?"

"Who?" asks Sarah, pricking up her ears with awakened yet puzzled interest. "You would not be likely to meet any of my friends there, I should hope."

"Guess!"

"Je vous le donne en trois; je vous le donne en dix; je vous le donne en mille!" says Mrs. Churchill, who at the unsealing of her granddaughter's lips has recovered her good-humor. "Was it—pooh! what a memory I have—Signor Valetta, the singing-master, who went down on his knees in the middle of the lesson?"

"No."

"I have it! It was the German who wrote 'Ich liebe dich!' on the fly-leaf of the grammar!"

"It was not!"

Sarah has paused, brush in hand, her brows furrowed by her efforts to repass in her mind's eye the crowded phalanx of her suitors.

"They were the nearest approach to literature I ever made," she says doubtfully; "except"—a sudden rush of color and animation into face and eyes—"except—no! it could not have been; it was not—was it—*Professor Forth*?"

"It was Professor Forth."

"How awkward for you!" cries Mrs. Churchill, interested; "and of course he is not man of the world enough to carry off the *gêne* of such a meeting!"

In the emotion of the moment, Sarah has unintentionally released Jane, who now trots composedly back to the fire, her incomplete face, white on one side and garishly painted on the other—a fact which, even when taken in connection with the distrustful and angry wonder of the other dogs, is powerless to rob her of her stoic calm.

"Did he speak to you? Did you speak to him?"

cries Sarah in high excitement, running back to the hearth.

"I talked to him for a good half-hour."

"He accepted the situation, in short," says Mrs. Churchill. "Well, that was more than I should have expected of him."

"Did he mention me? Of course he mentioned me?" asked Sarah eagerly.

"He inquired after granny; and then he put you in as an afterthought."

"I dare say that he could not command his voice to ask after me at first?" cries the other, laughing. "Did his voice tremble at all? I hope it trembled."

"Not in the very least."

"You talked to him for half an hour? What did you talk about?"

"We talked about Browning's poetry."

"*Browning's Poetry!*" with a disgusted accent. "What a bore for you! I thought that of course you would have talked about me!"

"Bore!" repeats Belinda, with a sort of bitter animation. "I thought it such a blessing. I did not want to talk about you, or myself either, or granny; we are always talking about you and myself and granny. It was such a relief to get away once in a while from people, and turn to things!"

"I must say that Browning is a great deal too clever for me," puts in Mrs. Churchill contentedly. "I am very fond of poetry; but I like something that I can understand."

"But did you talk about nothing but Browning's poetry?" inquires Sarah, incredulously lifting her eyebrows. "Did you talk about it the whole time?"

"We had hardly exhausted the subject in half an hour," replies Belinda, with a disagreeable sneer. "And then he read aloud; he was asked to read aloud!"

"And you all sat round worshipping!" exclaims Sarah, breaking into new laughter. "That is exactly what they did at the house I first met him at. You may not credit it, but I sat round worshipping, too!"

"They were rather fulsome!" replies Belinda, her lip curling at the recollection.

"And what did he read? Did he read anything amusing? But of course he did not!"

"He read 'The Grammarian's Funeral.'"

"*'Grammarian's Funeral!'*" repeats Mrs. Churchill with a shrug. "What a name for a poem!"

"*'The Grammarian's Funeral!'*" echoes Sarah, but with an emotion different from her grandmother's coloring her tone. "That was the very poem he read the night I first met him. I could not make head or tail of it; but I pretended that I thought it very fine. Belinda, beware! or this family may have a second time cause to rue that that Grammarian ever was buried!"

"How curious, your meeting him!" said Mrs. Churchill, with an amused, leisurely smile. "How it must have reminded you of Dresden!"

Belinda shudders a little. There is so much need to remind her of Dresden! And yet she herself has been surprised at the extra vividness with which the sight and bodily presence of one of the subordinate actors in the little drama enacted there has brought it back to her. Is her memory growing habitually dull? Oh, if it were so!

"Is his mother alive still?" asks Sarah, striking hastily in to divert the conversation from the channel into which her grandmother seems disposed to direct it. "I hope you were not behindhand in civility; and that as he remembered to ask after our old lady, you remembered to ask after his."

"I did not; I thought she might be dead, but I do not think she is. He mentioned her; he said something about 'My mother.'"

"Then of course she is not dead!" answers Sarah decisively; "if she had been, he would have said, 'My poor mother!' Granny, when you are dead, I mean always to talk of you as 'my poor granny!'"

"Do you indeed, my dear!" rather sharply. "Let me tell you that I have no intention of giving you the opportunity just yet!"

"Did he say anything about coming to call?" asks Sarah, with an interested look.

"Not a word."

"Did he give you the impression that he was contemplating it?"

"Not in the least."

"Do you think that he will?"

"I should think certainly not; indeed he is going back to Oxbridge to-morrow. I wish I were going to Oxbridge to-morrow! I wish," restlessly, "that we lived at Oxbridge."

"To be near him?" asks Sarah, laughing.

Her sister joins in the laugh, but without heartiness.

"Not exactly; but from what he says—from what every one says—there must be such a continual stir of intellectual life going on there."

"Good heavens!" cried Sarah, shocked; "what has happened to you? You are growing to talk just as he does; those are the kind of things he used to say to me, and expect me to provide them with suitable answers!"

"It does sound high falutin'," answers Belinda, rather ashamed; "but it is not, really: it is only that I would give anything to get out of our own little groove into any other."

"I like our little groove," says Sarah, contentedly; "by-the-by, that reminds me—Jane where are you? Jane, how dare you? How can you be so indelicate as to present yourself half dressed to Punch and Slutty? Come here this instant."

But Jane, though giving a slavish leer and a sycophantic wag of her disfigured tail, makes no movement toward exchanging her warm couch on the deep rug for the uncomfortable glories of the palette and the brush.

"It may not be a bad little groove for those who like it," rejoins Belinda, discontentedly; "but it is pleasant to get a glimpse beyond it now and then. I do not know when I have been so little bored as I have been this afternoon."

CHAPTER II.

SHE says the same thing to herself in the solitude of her own room—that solitude where the least truthful speaks truth. She says it again when she awakes next morning. Is it possible that an avenue to renewed interest in life may be opening before her? Others—Professor Forth, for instance—have lived and live by the intellect; live to all appearance worthily and contentedly. Why may not she too? What—her heart being stone dead—is there to prevent her?

"If you please, 'm," says Tommy next day in the afternoon, appearing in the doorway of the little back sitting-room, litter-room, dirt-hole, where a special cause has gathered the three ladies of the Churchill family, "there is a gentleman from Higgins and Rawson in the hall."

It is a new Tommy; the old one, having bloomed out into increased size and new vices, has been superseded; a new Tommy with a cherub face, but an education for his profession that as yet leaves much to be desired.

"A gentleman from Higgins and Rawson!" repeats

Mrs. Churchill indignantly; "there are no gentlemen at Higgins and Rawson—it is a haberdasher's shop! Ask him his business."

The cherub retires, trembling, and his mistress' attention returns to the object from which his entrance had diverted it; the object which has called both herself and her granddaughters hither. It is the washing of the dogs, a function periodically celebrated and revelled in by Sarah.

Jane is already washed; she is a pushing dog, always putting herself forward, and claiming the chief seats in the synagogues. Candescents white, cleansed from stain of indigo and ochre, no longer comic, but gravely beautiful, she lies in glory, drying on a blanket. It is now the martyred Slutty who is in the wash-tub, dripping resignedly, while Sarah's strong white arm is employed in vigorously scrubbing her fat back, and the soapsuds are falling into her dreadfully goggling eyes.

Punch is seated in a deep dejection not usual with him a good distance off, well aware that his fate also is hurrying to overtake him, but trying to imagine that he may avoid it by remaining seated in the middle distance, and totally refusing to reply when addressed.

Belinda sits by, occasionally lending a helping hand when Slutty struggles, and occasionally turning a page of the volume of Browning, which, in pursuance of her intention of living henceforth by the intellect, lies open on her knees.

Tommy has again appeared.

"If you please, 'm, there is a lady with a tambourine—"

"A lady with a tambourine!" repeats Mrs. Churchill, in an awful voice. "What do you mean, Tommy? Ladies do not play tambourines about the streets! You mean a woman with a tambourine! Send her away."

A second time Tommy retires discomfited, but not for long. After a short absence he returns.

"If you please, 'm, there is a person in the hall wishes to speak to you."

"A person!" echoes Mrs. Churchill commendingly. "Come, that is better! A shopman, I suppose! Did he say what shop had sent him?"

"Please, 'm, I do not think he is a gentleman from—I do not think he is from a shop at all. He said his name was Forth, and asked me to give you this card" (presenting one).

As her eyes fall upon it, Mrs. Churchill jumps up with a little shriek.

"Good heavens!" she cries, aghast, "it is Professor Forth! What do you mean, Tommy, by calling him a 'person,' and leaving him in the hall? Show him up to the drawing-room at once!"

"Please, 'm," replies Tommy, whimpering, "you said as how I was not to call 'em gentlemen."

"So he has come!" cries Sarah, in a rather triumphant voice, raising a beaming face from the middle of the steam and suds. "Do not you think he would like to see the dogs washed?"

"I cannot think what has brought him," says Mrs. Churchill, in a vexed voice; "that class of people has no tact. I never could find a word to say to him. Now, pray, Sarah, do not make a fool of him again! It is all very well for you, but you do not reflect what a nuisance he is to Belinda and me!"

"He is no nuisance to me!" replies Belinda coldly; "I am glad he has come. I wanted to talk to him! I do not think he has come to see Sarah; I think he has come to see me!"

She says it with cool, positive, indifferent composure. With as much coolness, as much indifference, as much

composure, she walks up the stairs and into the drawing-room, pursued by her sister's message :

"Tell him that I am coming directly, but that, with me, even Love cedes to Duty, and I must finish washing Slutty."

Mr. Forth is looking toward the door as Belinda enters; and an indescribable air of relief steals over his countenance when he perceives that she is alone.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he begins formally; but she interrupts him.

"I am glad to see you," she says, with a direct look of cold sincerity. "I wanted to talk to you. Will you sit down?"

And yet, now that the opportunity for gratifying that want has come, she seems for a while to lack the power.

According to his chilly wont, he has chosen the seat nearest the fire, opposite the window, and she has placed herself on the other side. As she looks in his face, a cataract of agonizing memories pours storming over her heart. In the throng and bustle of last night, memory had not been half so busy. She had thought that she could see him without pain; with only that dull numbness with which she sees small and great. But now she finds that for her in each wrinkle traced by thought about his eyes—in each pucker of discontent around his lips—there lurks a demon of recollection.

The little wintry, fog-thickened London drawing-room has changed to the sunny Dresden salon. It is full again of Sarah's pungent pleasantries at her lover's cost, and of Rivers' resounding laughs at them. A hundred worthless speeches of Rivers', ridiculing the other's foibles, his muffetees, his parsimony, his digestion—speeches trivial and merry when spoken, now solemn and woful, rush back upon her mind. Oh, if her heart should turn out not to be stone-dead after all! But it must!—it must!—it shall!

Her silence has lasted longer than she is aware, and there is a slight tone of offense—to that, too, a memory is tied—in her visitor's voice, as he says:

"I hope I have not chosen an inopportune moment for my visit?"

"Not at all!—not at all!" she answers hastily; but the composure with which she had entered the room, had first addressed him, is gone; a fever has come into her cheek, and a hurry into her words. "As I told you, I am glad to see you. I want to talk to you. Why have not you gone back to Oxbridge?"

"I am to return by the 4.45 train," he replies; "and I thought that I could not better utilize the moments left me than by—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," she cries, brusquely pushing aside his civilities. "I want to ask you—I want you to tell me—I suppose that you are a competent judge—is not it quite possible for a person to live entirely by the intellect?"

He looks at her doubtfully. Such a question in the mouth of a Churchill, his experience of Sarah has taught him profoundly to distrust.

"I mean," she says, nervously plucking at the Japanese hand-screen that she has taken up to shade her face—hot, but not with fire heat—"I mean," panting a little, "do not you think that that is the best life—the most satisfactory on the whole—the least liable to interruption and disappointment—that is built upon—upon—upon books, you know—upon the—the mind!"

"You must be aware," he answers frigidly, "that the whole tendency of my teaching is to show that the pursuit of knowledge is the only one that really and abundantly rewards the labor bestowed upon it."

"You think so?" she answers, breathlessly, leaning

eagerly forward, and fixing her large heart-hungry eyes upon him. "You think that it would be *enough*—that it would satisfy one—that one would not need anything beyond?"

There is an inexpressibly sorrowful yearning in the accent with which she pronounces this last phrase. Oh, if he could but furnish her with this anodyne, how she would fall on her knees and bless him!

"Since there is no limit to the domain of the knowable," he is beginning, when again she breaks in upon him:

"No, no! of course not! I understand! but how to get at it, that is the question! I thought—I imagined—I hoped—that perhaps you might help me—might direct me!"

Again he looks at her suspiciously. Is not this the very same request with which the mendacious Sarah had opened her fire upon him? Is this a thirst for learning of the same character, and that is likely to be quenched with the same surprising ease?

"Of course," she goes on hastily, mistaking the source of his hesitation, "I cannot expect you to waste much time upon me; but I thought that—that—perhaps you might be inclined to set me on the way; to—lend me a book or two every now and then."

"I am not in the habit of lending books," he answers, still suspiciously; "but I should be happy to make an exception in your favor, were I convinced that your desire for self-education were a genuine one."

"Genuine!" she cries, indignant and astonished. "Why what else should it be? What motive could I have for feigning it?"

A slight look of embarrassment, mixed with mortification, crosses his face.

"You cannot have forgotten," he says, "the interest in literature counterfeited by your sister—"

He stops suddenly; for, as if the mention of her had conjured up her bodily presence, at the same instant she enters, protected by her grandmother and by a tempest of clean dogs.

"How are you?" cries she, holding out her hand to him with the same easy, jovial smile as if they had parted yesterday on the best of terms. No confusion born of the recollection of their last meeting troubles her good-humor. No doubt as to the present visit being addressed to her ruffles her mind. None such apparently results from the precipitancy with which, upon her entry, her ex-lover begins to seek his hat, and murmur of his train.

"And about the books?" says Belinda, with a hesitating wistfulness when her turn comes to be bidden good-by to. "You will not forget about the books?"

It seems to her as if he were carrying off her new, faint, feverish hope with him, and she cannot let it go without a struggle.

"I will think of it," he answers hurriedly, with a distrustful glance at Sarah; "I—I will let you know."

"What about books?" asks Sarah inquisitively, as soon as the door has closed upon him. "Is he going to lend you books? The old villain! it was with books that he first beguiled my young affections. I believe that he is like Jacob: not having been able to obtain Rachel, he is going to try and put up with Leah! eh, Leah?"

"What an untidy way he has of sitting!" says Mrs. Churchill pettishly, advancing to set right the chair lately occupied by their guest; "these loose chair-covers are a mistake. I am sure I hope that he will be in no hurry to repeat his visit. One thing is certain; not one of us expressed the slightest wish to see him again!"

"If I did not express it, I felt it," answers Belinda perversely. "I wish to see him again."

Mrs. Churchill's sole response is a silent shrug, a mode lately adopted by her and Sarah of receiving the starts and frets of Belinda's temper—that temper once so smooth and sweet—a mode of expressing that they are to be endured, not argued with.

"How curiously ugly he is!" cries Sarah, chuckling at the recollection. "I could hardly help laughing when I looked at him; he is like Charles Lamb's Mrs. Conrady: 'No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge!'"

Mrs. Churchill laughs lazily. "What a memory you have, child!"

"I can go on, if you like," continues Sarah, encouraged by this praise. "'No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologized to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her; the pretext would be too bare.'"

"You have always grossly underrated him," says Be-

linda severely; "there is a side of him, an intellectual side, which you are totally incapable of appreciating!"

"Totally!" assents her sister placidly; "and so, I hoped, were you!"

"At least I know that it is there!" cries Belinda angrily, beginning to walk restlessly about the room after a fashion that she has adopted during the last year—a fashion that is somewhat trying to her housemates' patience. "I recognize it; I admit it; I would imitate it if I could!"

"Since when?" asks Sarah dryly.

There is something in her apparently harmless question which jars upon Belinda's sick nerves.

"It is very hard," she breaks out, reddening, "that one should be thrown back and ridiculed here, when one makes any least effort to improve one's self! What is the use of making any attempt in such an atmosphere as this? What is the use of struggling—of trying—"

She bursts into stormy tears, and leaves the room.

"Her temper is becoming impossible!" exclaims Mrs. Churchill, holding up her pretty old, white hands.

But Sarah only says, "Poor dear!" in a very lenient voice, and kisses all the dogs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOST ESTATE.

WHERE the deadly nightshade grows,
Where grim shadows now repose,
Once the morning stars arose
In the golden olden time.

Fairy footprints sparkled there;
Heavenly music filled the air;
Darkness, Silence and Despair
Fled on noiseless raven plumes.

Spring awoke the dreaming flowers;
Birds in hymeneal bowers
Sang away the halcyon hours
On the hyacinthine shore.

Love and Beauty, hand in hand,
Wandered through this wonder-land—
King and queen, at whose command
All its teeming treasures lay.

Then their hearts no sorrow knew,
For their love was warm and true;
Fields were green and skies were blue;
Life was rosy with romance.

Lordly mansions they possessed
In this "island of the blessed,"
By enamored waves caressed
Into slumber on the deep.

Never, in her wildest flight,
Gleamed, on Fancy's eager sight,
Fairer gardens of delight,
Or in cloudland or Cathay.

How the desolation came—
Whether pestilence or flame,
War or famine, were to blame—
No one, living now, may say.

Voyagers on passing ships
Whisper yet, with whitened lips,
Of the wan and weird eclipse
Fallen on that high estate—

Tell of cruel lust of gold,
Beauty haggard, love grown cold,
And disasters manifold
Wasting the enchanted isle.

Ivy frets the palace wall;
Crumbling arch and column fall;
Mold and canker over all
Hold a ghostly carnival;

Light and music flown away;
In the courts no fountains play;
Death holds undisputed sway
From the mountains to the shore.

Ah! had Love his truth maintained,
Then his kingdom had remained,
And his dynasty had reigned
O'er that Aidenn evermore.



By ALBION W. TOURGEE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

BEECHWOOD SEMINARY had a wide reputation. It not only afforded exceptionally fine advantages for the education of young ladies, but it was eminently respectable. To have been admitted to its classes was of itself a certificate of social rank. To have graduated from Beechwood was to hold a master-key to good society everywhere in the land. Twenty years had passed since the Misses Hunniwell began with three boarders, whom they taught in the parlor of their father's house, upon the front of which the Seminary building proper now abutted. Their father had been a merchant who had saved from ruin, in the "crash" of '37, only this old homestead and the little hill-side farm, whose chief value was that it furnished firewood and shelter. His daughters had been well educated, and were too proud to descend from their former high social position to any menial avocation, and too "capable," as the saying of that region is, to be dependent upon others. Their mother was dead. So between them they managed the household and the scholars, and managed both so well that their fame soon came to the ears of others—parents and pupils.

Then the father died. Their pupils filled the house, and some even obtained board at the neighbors'. They builded a separate school-room; it was soon more than full. Then a small legacy fell to them. They borrowed what was really a large sum in those times, and erected the comfortable structure that now bore the name of Beechwood Seminary. In a few years the debt was extinguished. One of the sisters died, and the other wrought with still greater pride and devotion because of her memory. It was a high-priced and high-toned institution; but it was a thoroughly good one. Its founders contemplated their own advantage, yet they were strictly honest, and would have scorned to take pay for anything without giving a fair equivalent for it. They were, above all things else, ladies. They were descended from one of those old families of the colony whom the age of vulgar shops and factories overtook and drove in upon themselves. They were types of that aristocracy which somehow or other grew up and stood, proud and cold and self-respecting, among the barren hills which mechanic art invaded with its army of hand-workers—men and women—whose labor was to build the foundations of the aristocracy of to-day. The Hunniwells were an old family. Their blood was very clear and very blue. The chilly purity of that creed whose great expounder had once dwelt almost in

sight of the seminary, had left its impress on their hearts. To "be a lady forever" was a Scriptural injunction that followed hard upon the decalogue in their minds. To be in all things "under the breath of good repute" was a prime pre-requisite to favor with them. They pitied the poor. They would cheerfully serve the humblest. Suffering never cried to them in vain. Conscience and sincerity were to be seen in their soft, refined, yet sharply cut faces, as clearly as the blue veins that showed through the silky skin. The calm gray eyes were full and strong, but they were kind and, in a way, tender. They were interested in their neighbors of the busy borough that had grown up so near the old farmhouse by them. They patronized the public schools which nestled about among the hills. Rarely did one of these close a term that one of the sisters with a few of their pupils did not honor the closing day with their presence. The white slender fingers pointed out errors on the blackboard or the slate. The silky brown curls that framed the calm, refined faces and softened their serene severity, rose and fell with the little nods of approval which they gave for the encouragement of merit. Their aristocracy was not one of scorn or self-assertion, but of infinite self-respect. They did not like new things or take kindly to new ideas. The proprieties of the olden time ruled their convictions. They kept aloof from "isms" that smacked of question of the old doctrines. As the delegated guardians of the pupils intrusted to their charge, they held it a sacred doctrine to see that these imbibed, while under their care, no doubtful dogma. They were not ascetics. They did not shut their pupils away from the society that surrounded them, but required them to attend church upon the Sabbath, encouraged them to attend the prayer-meetings, and with the parents' assent allowed them sometimes to attend social gatherings and to receive, with scarcely a show of restraint, the visits of the young men of the neighborhood on certain specified evenings. The Misses Hunniwell were ladies and had no young ladies at their school whom they could not trust. So, too, they were not unreasonably severe in regard to girlish escapades, recognizing that young life must break from its leading-strings now and then. Their pic-nics, "recreation evenings" and holidays were festal occasions full of sweet innocent pleasure, not only to their pupils but to the favored youths who were deemed worthy of admission to this hill-side Eden.

Since the death of the elder sister, and especially since the coming of Hilda and Amy, even the former

seemingly light discipline had been somewhat relaxed. Hilda, especially, had become a prime favorite, despite her apparent disregard of some of the minor proprieties. Much was forgiven, because of the free, untrameled life of Sturmhold. The privileges which Captain Hargrove had demanded as the condition of her coming had been granted with some reluctance. Perhaps no man of less evident gentility—certainly no man whose Southern birth and lineage did not entitle him to ask such a thing as a concession to the home life and custom of his daughter—could have obtained the consent of the lady principal of Beechwood to the keeping of a pony for his daughter's use. It was with no little misgiving that it was granted. After a time it seemed to prove so innocent a pleasure, and Hilda's abounding health as well as her frank good nature, cheerful application and marked superiority in her studies had thoroughly overcome the good lady's fears, that more than one sleek pet stood in the stable of the institution. She was not at all averse to the added income, though no temptation of gain could have induced her to lower, in the least degree, the standard of excellence or the tone of exclusiveness and propriety which clung around this pride of her lonely life. Since these innovations had come she had even allowed herself a pleasant luxury, which she had never before dreamed of indulging. Having now to keep an assistant for the man-of-all-work, who spaded the garden, milked the cows, prepared the wood and did the purveying for the institution, she had set up her carriage in a modest way, instead of relying on the village livery when she needed a vehicle for any purpose. So it happened that Beechwood had come to be regarded as not only a respectable and exclusive institution but even in a sense a luxurious one. All this added to its prosperity and popularity until the number of pupils who were refused admission, year by year, almost equaled the number accepted.

Yet let it not be supposed that there was any lack of wholesome discipline at Beechwood. Woe to the young lady who transgressed in any really important feature its regulations. She found that beneath the gentle nature of the principal there was a will of iron. Concealment of any fault or evasion of any duty was certain to receive merited reproof and humiliation. Falsehood in word or act was the most heinous sin. The unworthy, incorrigible or persistently neglectful were weeded out with the most summary firmness. She was tender in her care but inflexible in her requirements. Among the things most rigidly prohibited was all mention of the question which had grown to be the absorbing topic of the day. Holding herself to be the parent *pro tempore* of her pupils, she considered it a sacred duty to see to it that the home teachings of each were not perverted while under her care. Having pupils from the South, as well as the North, she counted it needful, both for her own interest and as a trustee of their interests, not only that discussion and dissension should be avoided, but that ideas which might be repugnant to the respective parents should not be imbibed by them while under her control. So while the life about her became a seething mass of heated controversy, Beechwood felt none of its influence. To this fact Miss Hunniwell owed no little loss of prestige among the people of the town. She was said to be bitterly proslavery in her views, and the seminary was regarded by some of the most rancorous of the abolition fanatics as a nursery of the most pestiferous doctrines.

This opposition naturally inclined this self-reliant woman to a more positive and pronounced hostility to

that sentiment which had gradually worked its way into so many of the institutions of the North. So when a family of colored children found their way into the schoolhouse of the little village she ceased her customary visits there, and so far overstepped her own rule as not only to speak somewhat bitterly in reference to it in private conversation, but also to refer to it in her customary Wednesday afternoon talks to her pupils. She did not like slavery. She even regretted its existence, and was truly sorry for the slave's hard fate. But, on the other hand, she did not like the negro. She thought he had a right to the proceeds of his own labor—to be a man and have a home—but that did not make him white, or entitle him to be the equal of the white man. She gave liberally to the Colonization Society, and hoped the day would come—indeed, she prayed for it daily—when Christianized slaves would be reshipped to Africa by the million as missionaries, who should convert their barbarian kinsmen to Christianity. She took no note of probability or possibility. She never stopped to consider of their fitness, and it did not once occur to her that the untaught slave was, at best, a queer emissary to bear the message of Christian freedom to the continent whence Christian hands had ravished slaves for centuries to minister to Christian greed. Her only feeling was that they ought not to have been taken from thence, and, being here, ought to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. There were very many who sympathized with these views, but in the region where she dwelt the antipathy to slavery as an act of personal injustice to the slave was fast overcoming the antipathy of race and color.

It was to this community and to this woman that the report had come, so well supported that none could doubt, that a favorite pupil of this exclusive institution was a threefold social leper—illegitimate, the daughter of a slave—perhaps a slave herself—and cursed with that befouling taint, the blood of Africa. The metropolitan journals had brought the news, now fully confirmed, of the death of Captain Hargrove in the attempt to remove the slaves from Mallowbanks, together with the further information, derived from papers found upon his person that removed all possible doubt, that the daughter of George Eighmie and Alida had been entered as a pupil at Beechwood. The village paper, which was rampantly Abolition in its tone, had referred to it with a sly touch of gratification at the position in which the principal would find herself, combined with a really sympathetic allusion to the young lady herself. Another journal, of opposite proclivities, published in a village a few miles away, had discoursed upon it at considerable length, taking occasion to express its entire confidence that Miss Hunniwell had been imposed upon by the accomplished kidnapper and the girl whom he had represented as his daughter. It added that the latter was said to be gifted with that rare beauty which the quadron sometimes possesses, but was easily recognized as having colored blood when the fact was once suggested to an observer. Three letters had also come by that morning's mail to the lady principal, which brought vividly before her mind all the horrors of the fact she had learned. Two of these were from Southern patrons. They were bitterly indignant at the fact that their daughters had been made the victims of such an infamous fraud, and demanded their instant return to their homes. They denounced her in unmeasured terms for the very sin she hated most—deception. She felt that their anger was justified. She was angry herself at the imposition which had been practiced upon her, and utterly appalled at the disgrace

which must ensue to her beloved seminary. The other letter was from Mr. Robert Gilman, in his capacity of attorney for the heirs of Eighmie, informing her that they had positive information that "a certain negro girl, belonging to the estate of said Eighmie," was kept and harbored at the seminary under her charge, under the name of Hilda Hargrove, having been entered there as the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove, deceased, who had the said girl in his possession, claiming to be the testamentary heir of said Eighmie, though in fact held only to be an administrator *de son tort* of said estate. A reward of one thousand dollars was offered if she would hold and detain the said negro girl until the duly authorized administrator could take measures to reclaim the same as the property of the estate. He added that the administrator would arrive in a very short time—perhaps nearly as soon as his letter—fully prepared to substantiate his claim and take the necessary steps to recover possession of the slave.

A cry of horror escaped the lips of the teacher as she threw the letter from her, almost before she had finished its perusal.

In an instant she was transformed. The anger of her patrons, the pecuniary loss, the shame that would attach to Beechwood and its loss of prestige—all were forgotten in the horrible vision that rose up before her of the fate that impended over her favorite pupil. Till that moment she had not been conscious of any exceptional fondness for Hilda. Her beauty, her winsome frankness and her affectionate disposition had made her a favorite with all; but this foster-mother of twenty generations of *alumnæ*, this *alma mater* of a thousand spotless girls, would have counted herself unworthy of her trust had she admitted in her heart an hour before that she could love one of them in any great degree more than another. She would have dismissed from her employ at once any teacher who had manifested a like partiality for any particular pupil. All her life she had been as impartial as Rhadamanthus, and had fixed her pride upon and given her care and tenderness in almost equal degree to all. Now, the heart of this gray-haired, childless woman burst the bound of habit, and cast aside all the wisdom and pride of her life. She forgot every one that was under her charge save this lone child of a nameless union—the hopeless Pariah, the incurable leper, before whom waited only a life of shame and suffering—this nameless waif of the Dead Sea of Slavery. She saw it all—the chains—the block—the mart—the life of shame—the death long waited for and welcomed because an end of life. Within her breast the mother sprang to life. Born of this spirit-travail Hilda became at once her child—her one ewe-lamb—her very own. Her father's death had given her back the mother she had never known.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" cried the childless woman, as she clasped her arms across her bosom

and walked back and forth across the study floor. "My child! My Hilda! What shall I do? How shall I save you?"

That moment she caught the fire of the enthusiasts. In that hour she became a fanatic. The one thought which was seething in the heart of the people had found entrance to her own, and drove out all others. No argument, no exposition of theory had ever touched her calm, conservative nature; but the very thought of this Nessus robe, which must forever encase the fair young form in the room above, overturned at once her life-long convictions, destroyed all thought of prudence, and set her in battle array against an institution of which Hilda's peril was but an incident—rare, perhaps, but possible. With her nature it was not enough to feel or believe. She must act. She ceased her rapid walk across the room, took the letter of the attorney from the floor, and carefully read it again. Her soft cheek burned and her eyes flashed with anger. She sat for a long time with her head resting on one hand, her lips close shut, and the letter crushed in the clinched fingers of the other. She was thinking—thinking what she could do, what she must do. She had decided without thought what she ought to do. She hated this attorney who could speak so coolly of the fate that impended over her favorite. Yet he was a good man, an honest man; a loving, tender-hearted father and a conscientious attorney. In writing this letter he had performed a simple duty which the law imposed upon him. If he had known her thought, he would no doubt have been surprised. He would have felt that she was unjust, and he, in his turn, would also have been unjust. Cruelty was as foreign to his nature as to hers. He was only the product of a system she could not understand, as she was the creature of a development of which he knew nothing.

She heard the shriek and then the fall in the room above. In an instant she comprehended what had passed. She knew that the fatal message had reached Hilda's ears. She sprang to her feet, rushed out of her study, ran along the hall and up the stairs with the crumpled letter in her hand. The curious pupils, who had come from their rooms at the sound of the shriek, shrank away from her as she passed them in amazement. She did not speak to them nor look at them. No one had ever seen her manifest excitement before. A teacher, with a white, terrified face, met her at the head of the stairs, and asked her a question. Miss Hunniwell thrust her rudely aside without reply, passed straight on to Hilda's room, turned the knob without knocking, entered, and closed the door behind her.

Without there were pale faces, quivering lips and hushed, wondering whispers. The premonition of a sad, mysterious tragedy that was being enacted in the midst of them had hushed the chatter of an hour before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VANISHED LIGHT.

FRAIL, lovely lamp of workmanship divine,
Some ruthless hand hath quenched thy gleaming light;
No flush of pink now stains the marble white
Of thy cold, sculptured form. Harsh Death, 'twas thine
To work this wanton deed. Thou gavest no sign;
But with one breath hast wrought for me such blight
As Time can ne'er undo. Thou 'st doomed to night

The life whereon that pure, clear flame did shine;
On radiant reach of some fair heavenly slope,
The light here quenched now gloweth like a star.
Death hath no foothold in that realm, whose scope
God's angels scarce do know, and naught can mar
The beauteous flame; while I in anguish grope
O'er paths unlit and ways that darkened are.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

NOTHING is more common than criticism of American manners, the causes assigned for their shortcomings being as various as the complaints are loud and frequent. One censor attributes all faults of decorum to the American's want of reverence, another to his lack of leisure; still a third finds a cause in his unpicturesque costume, and, with a fond glance backward at knee-breeches and lace ruffs, holds the modern trousers and stiff linen responsible for the evils.

In all these cases there is an assumed disorder, the source of which is sought. That is, American manners are *assumed* to be bad manners, and society is probed to find the origin thereof. The search reminds one of the story of the wise men puzzling their heads over the problem why a jar of water weighed no more after the fish was put in than before. It was a long time before any one suggested that the jar be weighed to see whether the case was truly stated, whether the jar actually did weigh no more with the fish than without it.

We propose to ask in the outset: Are American manners bad, and, if so, in what respects? What, in the first place, is the standard of comparison? Pressing the question closely, we shall be apt to hear a good deal about "gentlemen of the old school," about a "queenly carriage," "courtly grace," etc., with perhaps some references to "the good old times when George the Third was king"—from which we may infer that English society in the latter half of the last century presents itself as one model of *politesse*. If we accept this as the only or the best model of manners, we must resign at once any claim for our own time and country. The sweeping courtesy, the studied obeisance, the quaint ceremonials of those days are out of date; no one now attaches the same importance to the exact angle of the feet and elbows on entering a room; the "Art of being Easy at all Times and in all Places," the most popular work of the time, is now out of print. Along with these traditions, however, have come down to us other traditions also, which leave no doubt that this same imposing "gentleman of the old school," this model of deportment in the presence of ladies, or under the tranquilizing influences of a state dinner, sometimes used very ugly words when with those of his own sex alone, and it is quite certain that even that pattern of all the feminine graces and accomplishments of her time, the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was not wholly without reproach in the private relations of life.

Evidently, to consider the subject at all, we must first come to some sort of definition. We must know what we mean by manners before we can classify them as good or bad. In the first place, I think we must discard the Sunday-school theory that good manners are synonymous with certain virtues, as unselfishness, amiability, consideration for others and the like. Had I not long seen its fallacy, I could have had no more convincing proof of it than has come to me during the present writing. A gentleman called on me, who commands my entire respect, both by reason of his able mind and his generous heart. Nay, more than this. When I think of the perseverance by which he has gained an education, despite of poverty, discouragement and difficulties of various kinds; of the industry by which, though still young, he has made for himself a place in his profession; of his goodness of heart toward the unfortunate and

sorrowful, my respect quickens into admiration. Yet this man of true and tender soul, calling upon an errand which did credit to both head and heart, stood before me with his hat on his head and his hands in his pockets; and, when I had arranged to go with him at an appointed hour to co-operate in his benevolent mission, asked me "if it would be too much out of the way for me to call at his office!"

On the other hand, a gentleman (so-called), whom I have every reason to believe is a veritable scoundrel, places a chair for me with a grace that I have never seen equaled, and says "good morning, madam," with such *empressement* that I feel like a princess for many hours thereafter. And this man of the gracious mien but wicked heart finds a welcome in society, and really good society, too, where my noble friend, if invited at all, would be laughed at, except by the few that know him well enough to forgive his blunders.

Neither are fine manners synonymous with talent or education. You shall see the scholar of wide and accurate knowledge abashed and ill at ease the moment he leaves his study, while a mere simpleton will have the air of *savoir faire* in every situation.

Plainly, this thing, which is neither virtue nor wisdom, but which, more than either, is the passport to the "best" society, is not of trifling import; but while always instantly recognizable, it is nevertheless so impalpable as almost to elude definition. Perhaps we can get no nearer to a definition than by saying that manner being the deportment of one person toward other persons, fine manners consist in *suitableness*. A really fine manner is susceptible of infinite shades and gradations, but each suitable to the time, place and person. A manner which is suitable in addressing a person of twenty years of age is not suitable toward one seventy years old. A gentleman does not address a lady with the same familiarity that he uses toward one of his own sex; a tone which is proper from a parent to a child is not proper from a child to a parent. An obtuseness as to the relations of things is the mainspring of bad manners, and makes life, for some people, one long, unconscious impropriety.

Suitableness, then, being the test of manners, we may apply it to ourselves and ask, Are our manners suitable to the age and to our social atmosphere? If we are to compare American manners with English manners, for example, we must first compare the two societies. In so doing, four important differences are at once apparent:

First. In this country there are no distinctions of rank; no titles of duke, earl, baron, knight, esquire, etc., and, consequently, no code prescribing with as much exactness as the number of pints in a quart or ounces in a pound, the exact amount of reverence due one man from another.

Secondly. The American man, unlike the Englishman, attaches small importance to etiquette and social forms; consequently, here, much more than there, society is in the hands of women.

Thirdly. In this country young people step upon the social stage at a much earlier age, and there is far greater freedom allowed them.

Fourthly. There is a vast difference in the home atmosphere of the two countries; there, the relation of

parent and child being one of authority and deference ; here, one of mutual good-fellowship.

For all these reasons, social intercourse is far less formal here than in England. Richard Grant White tells of an American who went to England, honestly desirous of getting acquainted with English people, whose design was completely frustrated by the kind letters of introduction he carried with him. He found that the presentation of one of these letters meant invariably an invitation to a very grand and ceremonious dinner, and there an end. In despair he said, "I don't want their dinners; I want *them*," and kept his remaining letters in his pocket. Had the case been reversed, and an Englishman presented similar letters here, he would very likely have found himself taken home to a mid-day family dinner, without ceremony or announcement; afterward, *pater familias* having hastened back to his office or counting-room, the guest would have had an hour's friendly talk with the ladies of the household, or the pretty daughter would have taken him to drive; then, if he had shown himself worthy, he would have been invited to come and pass an evening quietly or with friends, at his option. What manner can be more pleasing to a stranger than this which makes him feel instantly at home! And what hospitality can be finer than this which bears evidence of disturbing in no way the usual easy household ways!

We can well conceive the astonishment of the Prince Regent when, being a little slow in beginning the conversation after being introduced to the American belle, she said: "They say I am not to speak to you unless you speak to me; is that so?" This was not pertness on her part. If his highness was embarrassed, as, being a man, he might be expected to be, it was her place, as a woman, to put him at his ease; nor, had there been occasion, would she have hesitated to add any words of advice upon his public or private duties that might have occurred to her. Why should she not? For society is her realm, wherein she is the absolute ruler, making its laws and enforcing them.

One may learn Greek or the planetary laws late in life,

but a fine manner, like the correct use of one's mother tongue, comes only from early and habitual intercourse with refined people. In America, nurseries and governesses being the exception, children out of school hours are admitted to the society of the elders of the family. Such association is the best possible school of that tone and manner which we call "well-bred;" a child thus favored will possess a diction and a facility of expression impossible to acquire by study in later life; it learns, with some tact and patience on the part of parents, that most graceful of arts, the art of listening.

The rudest family of children I have ever known were the children of some wealthy English parents living at a fine place on the Hudson. Until quite well grown they met their parents and parents' guests at table only once in the week, at the Sunday dinner; and they were on much closer terms of intimacy with nurse, servants and governess than with either father or mother.

By contrast with these children I recall the charming courtesy of a little fellow of ten, accustomed to share in the hospitalities of his father's modest home. Seeing me coming one day he ran to open the gate and relieve me of the large books I carried. I told him he might take one, but more would be too heavy. "Pray, allow me," he said, gently taking the whole burden.

"Happy is the man," says Richter, "who reverences all women because he first learned to worship his own mother." In that home where the mother is centre and authority—in that society where woman is the ruler and lawgiver—there shall you find men of the comeliest manners. Such is the rule of the American home and of American society. Therefore, too, as a rule, the real spirit of chivalry, that obligation by which the mediæval knight bound himself to the service, protection and defense of some lady fair, has nowhere else so close a parallel in modern times as in the relations of American manhood to American womanhood. For the exceptions women are themselves to blame.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

ONE MAN AND ONE WOMAN.

THE mountains nurse the Man to life,
His soul is fed with storms,
And Nature's rugged forces lend
His heart and brain their forms.
He star-ward grows and God-ward; climbs
To peaks that touch the skies,
And far below him lie the vales
Whence silver mists arise.

But in the mist-clad valley wakes
The tender Woman soul;
Sweet influences of bird and flower
Her pulsing veins control.
She walks her own sweet way, but finds—
Scarce knowing why—her eyes
Uplift at times toward the peaks
That touch the far-off skies.

He feels, afar, his bosom thrill
With longing strange and sweet,
And musing plucks the little flower
That blossoms at his feet;
He yearns amid his hurrying clouds;
He feels across his sleep
A nestling head upon his breast—
And all his pulses leap.

God wills it. Love doth calmly wait
In her abiding-place,
Till Strength shall leave his lofty hills
To look upon her face.
Yea, all God's miracles are great—
Birth, death, woe, gladness, pain—
But greatest that sweet marvel wrought
By His "Be One, ye Twain!"

MOLLIE E. MOORE.

THE HOUSEHOLD—HOW?

"DRAINAGE is for the rich," a correspondent wrote the other day. "They can submit to plumbing extortions calmly; but how about the people with small incomes and equally strong desires for perfection? Are there any rules that will help them out, supposing that water is suspected and the drain of the present establishment a surface one near the well?"

The inclination is to answer such a correspondent in some old words, very applicable to many conditions in the homes of to-day: "Flee to the mountains; look not behind you." But even on the mountain, unless one selects the very top, there is still danger that the drain of the neighbor just above will undo all one's own precautions. There must be some general rules for all, and these are very few and simple, requiring no great expenditure of either time or money.

In the first place, all suspected water can be boiled, though neither boiled water nor boiled germs are a particularly fascinating drink.

In the second place, if one is too poor to have a drain made long enough and tight enough to carry every drop of refuse water to a safe distance from the house, there is another plan. Have a large tub or barrel standing on a wheelbarrow or small cart, and into this pour every drop of dirty water, wheeling it when full to orchard or garden, where it will enrich the soil and make a return, not in disease and death, but in sound fruit and vegetables. If there is a well, let it have certainly a roof, and, if possible, a lattice-work around it to keep out flying leaves, dust, etc. A door can be cut in the side of such lattice, which will admit air fully, though not stray mice, kittens and frogs, the essence and tincture of which we sometimes drink.

In the third place, allow no open cesspool or surface drain to poison either air or water about the house. Sink it at the right distance from the house, and connected with it by a drain so tight that the contents cannot escape. And for all such pools, whether in town or country, one rule is absolute. Let every drain entering it be thoroughly trapped, and a ventilating shaft be added, so that none of the gas, always forming, can find its way back into the house. This shaft is of vital importance, as such gas when formed, if it cannot at once escape, condenses and becomes a cold, creeping, intense poison, slower in action but no less fatal than prussic acid or strychnine.

If the cesspool cannot be an elaborate brick-lined cistern, then it can be an old hogshead, thoroughly tarred within and without, and sunk in the ground, and in either case it is, in country life, one of the most essential adjuncts to a fine garden. No richer fertilizer is known, and there are great market-gardens near London treated with sewage and yielding enormous crops, which but a few years ago were barren and unproductive wastes. To use such a pool to best advantage, it is worth while to make a pile of all decaying vegetable matter, leaves, weeds, etc.—give burial-place in it to all dead cats or hens, and wet it at intervals with liquid from the cesspool.

Having been mistress of such a pile, I know it to be a less unpleasant task than it sounds, and in the use of all waste material in this manner, we fulfil the great agricultural duty of mankind—to return to the soil as fertilizers all the salts produced by the combustion of food in the human body.

For those who live in cities the water-supply, of course, comes from a common reservoir, and over that we have no control. But we can see that, once in the house, every water and waste-pipe is in the most perfect condition; that the best and most scientific traps and other methods of preventing the escape of sewer-gas into our houses are pro-

vided; that every stationary washstand or basin has the plug always in it, and at night, when infection is most insidious, a little water left standing in each. Every water-closet should also have a ventilating pipe or shaft, high enough to carry off all gases. Add to all this the frequent use, especially in summer, of simple disinfectants, chloride of lime, carbolic acid or a solution of copperas.

Absolute cleanliness for all seasons completes the list of rules. And if any thought has entered that much of this is a man's work, it being his business alone to attend to cellars and cesspools and all the other "horrid things no lady should touch," dismiss it at once, for only a lady can do such work thoroughly. Men are much more willing to pay doctors' bills than to spare any time from business toward overlooking drains. Moreover, in many men, the sense of smell is blunted or half-destroyed by the combination of tobacco-smoke and stale air in which many seem entirely content to spend the working-hours of the day, and thus only woman's more sensitive nose can test truly the presence of objectionable odors. Smell alone, however, is not to be trusted, furnaces doing their work toward vitiating the air as thoroughly as tobacco; not because they are furnaces, but because no suitable arrangements for free ventilation accompany them.

For every woman who has or expects to have a home is the duty of learning the simple laws of both ventilation and drainage. Let the location of every drain in the establishment be marked out, and then insist upon its being kept, relatively, as clean as the china in daily use. And if it seem a disagreeable, even detestable, necessity, be sure that nothing which can make life better can be either common or unclean. Before either literature or art, or any pursuit or study meaning or creating love of the beautiful and noble in either, must come the knowledge which alone has power to make life itself beautiful and noble—the knowledge of every law that must govern body and soul.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." The old saying may be amended—cleanliness *is* godliness; for it is certain that whoever has learned it, not only for body, but for everything in which that body must have its being, has mastered many problems, and is already cultured beyond any attainment that godliness without cleanliness can hold.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"A GENTLEMAN calls on a lady, and she ushers him into the drawing-room. On entering the room which should take precedence, the lady or the gentleman?"

Ans.—The lady always. She precedes her guest and shows him the way, if she has occasion to conduct him from one room to another.

"WILL you please state through your paper in what way a lady should address a gentleman in writing? Should it be 'My Dear Mr. Brown,' or 'My Dear Dr. Jones?' Would the above be preferable to 'Mr. Brown, Dear Sir,' or 'Dr. Jones, Dear Sir?' You will oblige a

"NEW SUBSCRIBER, Auburn, N. Y."

Ans.—If not well known, the latter form is preferable. If a slight acquaintance, "Dear Mr. Jones;" if well known, "My Dear," etc., is in order.

"A gentleman wishes to know whether etiquette requires him to send in more than one card if there is more than one lady receiving—as, for instance, in the case of New Year calls. If five or six are receiving should he send a card to each? Also, is it good taste to have an appropriate greeting engraved on the card, or only have his name? Also, if more than one gentleman calls should they have separate cards, or their names engraved on the one card? By answering the above you will oblige, yours respectfully,

R."

Ans.—A card for the hostess is sufficient. A plain one is always in better taste. Each gentleman should send his own card in.

"THERE is a remedy for rats which does not 'poison the entire family.' If directions are strictly followed in the use of a 'rat exterminator' by name 'Rough on Rats,' it will work. I have tried it, and experienced safe and satisfactory results. They do not die in the house, but it drives them from our dwelling. E. E. B., Canaan Centre."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



To observers of human combinations, be they social, civil or ecclesiastical, there is no more fascinating and instructive study than that wonderful society known to certain Anglican brethren as "Our Sister Church of Rome." Protestants differ widely in their estimate of the Catholic future in America. Hatred, fear and distrust are specifications in the count against it; but when the question of education is considered, a new element at once presents itself. There is now before the church authorities a proposition looking to the establishment of a great Roman Catholic University, intended to equal or surpass Yale and Harvard in point of size, endowment and general scope. If, as seems to be accepted, this scheme should be carried out, it may as well be taken as a foregone conclusion that the work will be well done. The Mother Church has, during the long centuries of her existence, gained consummate skill in the management of such enterprises. She will take her time about it. She will gather contributions in the shape of dimes and half dimes from a million sources, and she will not scorn to accept Protestant aid, should such be offered. All the complicated machinery of her vast organism will work smoothly and with certainty to the desired end, and it is not at all improbable that, should she bend her energies to the task, the close of the century may see on the banks of the Hudson an establishment that shall do her honor in the eyes of the world. She has ecclesiastical schools already. The ancient Jesuit College at Georgetown is fully described in the present number of *THE CONTINENT*, and others exist in various parts of the country, which supply her needs in this direction. But though she has numerous preparatory schools, she lacks as yet a lay college where young men may obtain a finished higher education under ecclesiastical supervision. To many Protestants this scheme will seem pregnant with danger; but if it has come to this, that Protestantism has anything to fear from the spread of intelligence, it is high time that Protestants study the signs of the times. If it be objected that the education acquired in such a college will be sectarian in the worst sense, the reply may be to the effect that, if the instruction be not as good as is imparted elsewhere, the inferiority will soon be apparent in the equipment of graduates for their life-work; while, on the other hand, if it be better, the Protestant colleges must look to their laurels.

UNLESS some unlooked-for change takes place in our social conditions, we shall, before many years, be burdened with a very useless type of young man, in numbers sufficiently formidable to give him far more influence than he deserves. When wealth accumulates and concentrates as it is now doing in this country, the class which is not obliged to work for its living naturally increases in numbers. The father who has earned his own way to fortune, sends his boys to college, usually gives them too much spending money, and expects them, after graduation and two or three years of European travel, to take their places in the counting-house and become steady workers. That he is often disappointed we all know. The boys, now

grown to young manhood, have enjoyed themselves too well in idleness to take kindly to regular hours at desk or counter. When the old folks are gathered to their fathers, there is usually in the case of large fortunes an assured income large enough for all reasonable and often for many unreasonable needs, which can be had simply for the trouble of drawing checks or getting coupons cut off and cashed at the banker's. That the class of utterly good-for-nothing idlers is not already larger, speaks well for our republican influences, but at best it is too large, and must, in the nature of things, increase, unless something can be done to check its development. One mistake that is made on the part of parents is that they expect their children to adopt the same line of work in which their own successes have been achieved, forgetting that this may not be calculated to attract them or afford them congenial occupation. It is a mistake, too, for every man who has an independent fortune to assume that he must needs engage in a fixed commercial or professional career. Why should one who has ample means secured to him through safe dividend-paying investments do work which some poor man can do as well and earn his living thereby? Wealthy men have no business still further to crowd markets that are already over-crowded. If one has a special gift, and can do a certain thing better than any one else can, let him do it. He may find abundant employment in supervision and organization. Why should he do mere routine work when there are so many needy young fellows who can do it quite as well?

But supposing this rich young fellow has no talent for supervision, or has nothing to supervise—nothing, in short, but his income to spend. What shall he do with his time? To one who hates idleness and has abundant natural resources for the employment of all the spare time he can command, such a question seems absurd. But it is by no means absurd in the eyes of a matured cub who has dawdled his way through school and college, and has never given his supposed mind to anything more profound than making up a betting book. There lies the trouble—those long years nominally devoted to education! If the lad falls under influences which stimulate his intellect and develop his natural bent, his after life will not stretch out in an endless perspective of years which he knows not what to do with. Has he but a love for horses, let him have his stock farm and improve the breed. Very likely he will spend a good deal of his time on or near the race track, but at least the stock farm is a redeeming feature in his career. Has he mechanical or scientific tastes, there are unexplored lines of investigation which only await the encouragement of capital to develop untold wonders of discovery. Is he literary, there are a thousand ways in which he can employ his time in research and publication, ways which will give remunerative employment to others of like tastes. Is he a philanthropist, he can hardly take up a newspaper that does not offer suggestions. Let him, for example, interest himself in founding a society whose object shall be to help ex-convicts in earning an honest livelihood. Does he love the sea, let him keep his yacht, and instead of making aimless voyages

for pleasure, let him correct soundings, report errors in charts and try experiments in navigation or marine architecture. Then there is politics—but this, in its present condition, does not offer a very alluring field. Still, to one who has a turn for statecraft, it presents noble opportunities for honorable effort. In all these ways and a hundred others, a young man who is good for anything at all may find employment for himself and others, and may keep his money moving in ways that will, upon the whole, make the world better.

Of course there will always be some who are capable of nothing beyond faultless attire, the exertion of sitting in club windows and hanging about the play-houses and pool-rooms. For these, perhaps, there is no hope, save that they will go to ruin as swiftly as possible. They cannot be made boys again and re-educated, and except there befalls a most unusual awakening of spirit and physique, they are emphatically "no good." The whole matter depends upon early training. If that cultivates manly virtues, no income can be too large. If the reverse be the case, no amount of preaching can ordinarily avail.

THERE is hardly an American author of the past generation whose personality is so completely hidden as that of Cooper. His novels are in greater demand to-day than even in their first popularity, but the readers of to-day have no memory of the bitter libel suits and the intolerant criticism of American manners and customs that made him in his time one of the best-hated men of letters since Swift. For this state of things Cooper is himself responsible, one of his last injunctions to his family having been that they should "authorize no biography." For twenty years and more this injunction has stood in the way of all right comprehension of the man, and it is still sufficiently binding to render unavailable the sources of information to which a historian would most naturally resort.

In the present biography¹ Professor Lounsbury has had to depend on old newspaper files and the recollections of contemporaries for the facts of Cooper's life, and thus the reader is prepared to expect little. He or she will be curiously disappointed. Nothing more perfect in the form of biography has been given for long. It is accurate in every fact, no matter how prejudicial, yet absolutely impartial. The style is delightful. A subtle humor runs through the whole, and the natural and inseparable accompaniment of all real humor—sympathy, understanding and a quiet friendliness. Many writers of fiction may envy Professor Lounsbury's methods of dealing with his subject, which he has made as fascinating as any of the romances that retain their hold on the popular heart in England and France, as well as at home.

The fighting qualities of the old Norsemen struggled through life with the peaceful Quaker tendencies which were also his inheritance, the father being of this faith and the mother of Swedish descent. Twelve children came to the pair, Cooper being the eleventh, his birth taking place in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789. At thirteen he had entered Yale, but a boyish frolic caused his suspension, and, instead of graduating in the class of 1806, he went on a voyage to the Mediterranean as a sailor before the mast. He became, two years later, a midshipman in the navy, and served two years, gaining thus all the minute knowledge of sea-life utilized in many of his novels. His naval career ended suddenly in 1810 in another service. He met and loved Miss De Lancy, a daughter of the well-known John Peter De Lancy, and was married January 1, 1811, his bride being nineteen and he just twenty-one. This marriage was singularly happy and fortunate. "It seldom falls to the lot of the biographer to record a home-life more serene and happy than that

which fell to the share of the man whose literary life is the gloomiest to be found in the history of American Men of Letters. Cooper, like many persons of fiery temperament and strong will, was very easily managed through his affections."

His first novel was the result of pure accident, if anything can be said to be accidental. One day while reading to his wife a novel on English life which he did not like, he laid down the book suddenly, saying, "I believe I could write a better story myself." His wife challenged him to attempt it, encouraged him steadily through the composition, and the result was "Precaution." "The Spy" followed in 1821, its success being immediate, and from that time on there was no break in his literary activity, nearly a hundred volumes having been published.

The reader must go to the clear and vivid pages of the biography for the story of the busy years that followed, each one unfortunately more and more full of the aggressive spirit which led him into unending broils. No man was ever more misunderstood, and no man ever better deserved such fate. He had a positive genius for saying the wrong thing. As one of his friends said of him, "he rubbed down all hurt shins with brickbats." Proud, sensitive, intensely truthful and intensely patriotic, he succeeded in impressing himself upon his own time as a man of petty vanity, selfish and unfeeling, with actual contempt and loathing for his country and its institutions. The analysis and summary of his motives and actions and their results is one of the most striking portions of the brilliant narrative, and keenly as the work is done the sense of the underlying pathos is given in full. Every page has some characteristic and quotable passage, the closing paragraphs being all for which room can be found:

"The fearlessness and the truthfulness of his nature are conspicuous in almost every incident of his career. He fought for a principle as desperately as other men fight for life. The storm of detraction through which he went never once shook the almost haughty independence of his conduct, or swerved him in the slightest from the course he had chosen. The only thing to which he unquestioningly submitted was the truth. His loyalty to that was of a kind almost Quixotic. He was in later years dissatisfied with himself, because, in his novel of 'The Pilot,' he had put the character of Paul Jones too high. He thought that the hero had been credited in that work with loftier motives than those by which he was actually animated. Feelings such as these formed the groundwork of his character, and made him intolerant of the devious ways of many who were satisfied with conforming to a lower code of morality. There was a royalty in his nature that disdained even the semblance of deceit. With other authors one feels that the man is inferior to his work. With him it is the very reverse. High qualities, such as these, so different from the easy-going virtues of common men, are more than an offset to infirmities of temper, to unfairness of judgment, or to unwisdom of conduct. His life was the best answer to many of the charges brought against his country and his countrymen; for whatever he may have fancied, the hostility he encountered was due far less to the matter of his criticisms than to their manner. Against the common cant, that in republican governments the tyranny of public sentiment will always bring conduct to the same monotonous level, and opinion to the same subservient uniformity, democracy can point to this dauntless son who never flinched from any course because it brought odium, who never flattered popular prejudices, and who never truckled to a popular cry. America has had among her representatives of the irritable race of writers many who have shown far more ability to get on pleasantly with their fellows than Cooper. She has had several gifted with higher spiritual insight than he, with broader and juster views of life, with finer ideals of literary art, and, above all, with far greater delicacy of taste; but she counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature and no more heroic soul."

MUSICIANS will thank Mr. Stephens for preserving in his paper on the Seminoles a local song, as performed in the Everglades. A metrical translation is now in order.

(1) JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 306, \$1.25. (American Men of Letters Series). Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



So great is the enthusiasm over Mr. Howells' new novel that a supplementary edition of *The Century* for February was called for and promptly issued.

AN interesting issue of the Franklin Square Library is a collection of "Character Readings from George Eliot," arranged by Nathan Shepard, which lose less by their separation from the context than would be expected.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are to be the publishers of Thurlow Weed's autobiography, the preparation of which occupied all the later years of his life, and which is being arranged for the press by his daughter and grandson.

THE CENTURY COMPANY are to issue an American edition of the "Imperial Dictionary," long a standard in England, and the revision necessary is to be done by Professor Whitney, of Yale. Much new matter will be added. An edition for those who prefer it in its present form will be issued in March.

"LATINE," the little magazine edited by Professor Shumway, and designed to increase not only interest in the language but facility in acquiring it, has found many friends. The February number contains "Pliny's Ghost Story," with colloquial exercises, and various other selections and arrangements.

"THE SANITARY NEWS," of Chicago, though not much beyond its infancy, gives promise of very vigorous and profitable life. It speaks well for the culture of Chicago that a special journal so well printed and bright should find support there, and its literary tone is high enough to make it very agreeable as well as profitable reading.

THE "World's Cyclopedia of Biography," published by John B. Alden, of New York, differs from ordinary compilations of this nature, in that it is made up of lives written by eminent authors, and having real literary value. The fourth volume contains E. Paxton Hood's "Life of Cromwell," and as this in its usual form sells at \$3.00, the price of seventy cents for the volume is at least not exorbitant. Mr. Alden announces that the work is not "pirated," but that every author receives a fair consideration for his labor.

ONE of the gentlest and most pleasing stories for girls recently printed is found in "Ruth Eliot's Dream," by Mary Lakeman. Ruth is one of a gay party of girls who in the opening chapter give their hopes and dreams of the life they are just entering upon. It is the inner life that is given, rather than varied outward experience; and while the little story follows the fortunes of them all, the interest centres in Ruth's own aspirations and struggles. Her dream passes, but memory and hope remain, and one is sure that happy life must and will be her portion. (16mo, pp. 270, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

THERE are certain books as indispensable almost to the literary worker as the dictionary, and that are of use to any reader who seeks to understand thoroughly unfamiliar allusions or quotations. Among these must rank "The Reader's Hand-Book of Allusions, References, Plots and Stories," by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. The present edition has two appendices, and the summaries and definitions have not only brevity but something which is seldom associated with brevity—a real charm of style, a felicitous way of putting things that is very unexpected

and often very charming. (8vo, pp. 1170, \$3.50; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

HENRY HOLT & Co. have done an excellent thing for the busy readers who can only taste and have no time for prolonged study, in issuing an edition of Robert Browning's "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems." The selections are prefaced by E. C. Stedman's brilliant essay, included in his "Victorian Poets," and the whole has been carefully edited by Edward T. Mason. That one should miss a few favorites that would naturally seem to find place here, is always the experience with any collection; but Mr. Mason's gives on the whole a just idea of Browning's power in this direction. The make-up of the book is unexceptionable. (16mo, pp. 275, \$2.00).

MRS. ESTHER J. TRIMBLE LIPPINCOTT'S "Chart of General Literature" has already been widely adopted in schools, and her latest work, "A Handbook of English and American Literature," is equally worthy of success. She outlines a course divided into seventeen chapters, each chapter representing an era, and the methods of study suggested are likely to stimulate interest in even the most sluggish pupil. The final part is, however, crowded and very incomplete, leaving the impression on the reader's mind that the author lost patience, or was too hurried to amend slips and imperfections. Aside from this, the book is carefully printed and a most attractive text-book. (12mo, pp. 518, \$1.50; Eldredge & Brother, Philadelphia).

THE little volume of "Poems" by Henry Peterson includes "The Modern Job," a drama, which attracted wide attention on its appearance in 1869. It is as thinker rather than poet that the author must rank, though he writes smoothly and easily, and here and there gives lines of real poetic beauty and value. Judas, in "The Modern Job," is a powerfully-drawn and tragic figure, and the interview or vision in which Michael the Archangel and Satan appear is a strong and singularly interesting one. It is as the formulation of deep and earnest thought on many problems of the day that the book most deserves attention, and no one can fail to profit by many of the conclusions reached. (16mo, pp. 227, \$1.00; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

"RACHEL'S SHARE OF THE ROAD," the latest volume in the Round-Robin series, is, in many points, the most important one of the list. It is a sober story, dealing with a great problem of the day, for Rachel is the daughter of a railroad magnate, and her "share of the road," at first only the luxury of all great wealth, comes to mean an intimate knowledge of the condition of its employés, and the many sad phases of the labor question. In her researches into this and her direct personal dealing with the men, she finds an escape from a marriage that would have held only disappointment. The rich lover finds his suit hopeless, and the poor one, after a rather melodramatic rescue from floating ice, gains courage to plead his cause, and is successful. The slight vein of humor is supplied by Mrs. Shackles, who "won't beg," but attains her purposes by gentle hints, and the little book leaves the impression of very noble and genuine characters, well if not elaborately drawn. (16mo, pp. 331, \$1.00; J. R. Osgood & Co.).

THE *Art Interchange* not only offers to its steadily increasing circle of readers the best thought on every question in its field of work, but adds more minute suggestion and direction than can be given in the limits of the paper in the shape of elaborate Art Manuals, the publication of which was begun in 1881, and the various numbers of which form a system of instruction which has as yet no rival that can fill its place. The series is edited by Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, whose work has done as much toward the development of industrial art education in this country as the combined forces of South Kensington are doing for England, and each number contains carefully prepared supplements, with designs for the work under

discussion. The twelve numbers include Ceramic Painting, Tapestry or Dye Painting, Wood Carving, Outline Embroidery, Leather Work, Decorative Oil Painting, Filled-in Embroidery, Repoussé Work, Stenciling, Drawing and Decorative Design, Papier-Maché, Modeling in Clay and Underglaze Faience Decoration. (Set, \$3.00; single numbers, 30 cents.)

NEW BOOKS.

A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. Historical and Critical. With illustrations of the Writings of each Successive Period. For the use of Schools and Academies. By Esther J. Trimble. 12mo, pp. 518, \$1.50. Eldredge & Brother, Philadelphia.

A METHOD OF TEACHING THE GREEK LANGUAGE, TABULATED. Together with Directions for Pronouncing Greek, Rules of Accent, etc. By John Wentworth Sanborn. Paper, pp. 44, 30 cents. Published by the Author, Batavia, N. Y.

TRIBUTES OF HAWAIIAN VERSE. Published by Thomas G. Thrum, Honolulu, 1882.

COLLEGE VERSES. Compiled by the Berkleyan Stock Company. 18mo, pp. 112, \$1.00. California Publishing Co.

A BREEZE FROM THE WOODS. By W. C. Bartlett. Second Edition. 12mo, pp. 255, \$1.25. California Publishing Co.

A STUDY OF MARIA EDGEWORTH, With Notices of Her Father and Friends. By Grace A. Oliver. Third Edition. 12mo, pp. 571, \$2.25. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

TIMOTHY, HIS NEIGHBORS AND HIS FRIENDS. By Mrs. Mary E. Ireland. 12mo, pp. 292, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WHIST OR BUMBLEPUFFY? Ten Lectures Addressed to Children. By Pembroke. 16mo, pp. 89, 50 cents. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



CRYSTALS of quartz containing cavities filled with fluids and gases are not uncommon, though the crystals having such cavities plainly visible to the naked eye are rarely found. The quartz crystals from Western North Carolina have attained wide celebrity from the fact that the cavities are of remarkable size. In some cases they were wholly unprecedented. Over four hundred pounds of choice quartz crystals were obtained from one "pocket," besides a number of emeralds. When the smoky crystals were first found, they were noticed to contain many cavities, seemingly filled with a very clear and lustrous fluid. The cavities enclosed in these crystals were of remarkable size and quantity. The longest cavity noticed was nearly two and one-half inches long and one quarter of an inch wide. Cavities of one inch were not uncommon, while those of one quarter inch and less were, in truth, without number. Many of the crystals seemed to be made up almost wholly of cavities, whose walls were barely thick enough to keep them separated. Many hundred, plainly visible to the unaided eye, could have been counted in a single crystal. For some time after these crystals were removed from the pocket no bubbles were noticed in any of the cavities. Some peculiar condition of the crystal or of the atmosphere, then existing, probably prevented their formation. Later the bubbles appeared in great numbers. A few of the crystals were, as water-bearing crystals, very remarkable in size. One weighed nearly twenty-five pounds, had both ends terminated, was of a dark brown color, and as beautiful as any found in any locality. All the water-bearing crystals were large—none less than two inches in

diameter—and many of over three pounds in weight. The interesting phenomena observed in these crystals did not occur until some time after their discovery. The best crystals of the "find" were carefully selected and placed where they were considered to be safe—safe, at least, from molestation. It did not occur to the owner that the weather could in any way affect them. During the night following the mercury unexpectedly descended below the freezing-point. About midnight he heard over a dozen sharp reports, like the explosion of gun-caps. Upon making examination in the morning, he found there remained only a few sharp fragments of quartz upon the table where the magnificent crystals had been resting. Pieces of the crystals, large and small, were found even fifteen feet away. The cold had caused the water in the cavities to freeze, consequently to expand, and then burst the crystals. Those with few cavities had burst, scattering large fragments, widely separated, while those containing minute cavities lay as a heap of small fragments, frozen together in a coherent mass. This last feature is of value to science, since it shows conclusively the abundance of the fluid included, and also, what is of more importance, that this cementing ice was formed either directly from the fluids in the crystals, or by the influences which they exerted. As the room in which they were was a dark one, the owner had all these masses and larger fragments carried out and placed in the sunlight, in order to examine them more carefully. His astonishment was great to notice that as soon as the rays of the sun touched them an ebullition commenced, which could be heard a few feet away. This ebullition continued for over an hour, subsiding as thawing progressed. In some of these masses a very distinct odor of sulphuretted hydrogen was observed, quite fugitive in some of the pieces, while persistent in others.

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THE New York Silk Exchange, at No. 27 Bond Street, has received from a Japanese firm a large number of silk-worm eggs. They are pasted upon cards, about fourteen by twelve inches in size, each card containing about 20,000. The eggs are very small, and of a greenish-gray color. Each card is completely covered with them, so that to cut the card would destroy some of the eggs. One of the clerks in the Exchange said that the worms always laid their eggs in circles, and that the eggs adhered to whatever substance they were laid upon. The clerk was puzzled to know how the Japanese had got so many on one card, and also how they were to be removed. There were about 20,000,000 in the consignment, and they will be distributed gratis among American silk culturists. The managers of the Exchange say that the growing of silk-worms in this country is increasing rapidly, about one hundred letters being received by them every day asking for information and ordering books on silk culture.

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THE observations made by A. E. Verrill, of the United States Fish Commission, fully demonstrate that the western edge of the Gulf Stream is nearer the coast than it has hitherto been located on the charts. In summer, as is well known, it is nearer the coast than in winter, but this doubtless applies strictly to the surface water. His researches show that the warm belt in sixty-five to one hundred and twenty-five fathoms is inhabited by a peculiar southern fauna, that could not exist there if the Gulf Stream did not flow along this area at the bottom, both in winter and summer. But it is evident that what many of these species require is not a very high, but a nearly uniform temperature. Such an equable temperature cannot exist in this region, except under the direct and constant influence of the Gulf Stream.

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REGARDING the mode of life of the Scotch lake-dwellers, a fair idea of the food used by them can be gathered from

the reports of learned professors on a selection of osseous remains taken from the lake-dwellings at Dowalton, Lochlee and Buston. The Celtic short-horn, the so-called goat-horned sheep and a domestic breed of pigs were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red deer and roe-buck showed that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds, only the goose has been identified, but this is no criterion of the extent of their encroachment on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones were collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare the occupiers of these lake-dwellings, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shell-fish. In all the lake-dwellings broken shells of hazel-nuts were found.

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In a recent paper to the Belgian Academy, the writer seeks to explain the calming influence of oil on rough water, in accordance with principles laid down, that whenever a liquid mass in motion acquires rapidly a free surface, more or less, there is developed a growing quantity of potential energy at the expense of the kinetic energy of the mass, and reciprocally to a rapid diminution of free surface corresponds always an increase of kinetic energy. Oil hinders the successive superposition of liquid layers, and so the increase of the kinetic energy of the liquid mass. Floating bodies of various kinds (branches, seaweed, ice-crystals, etc.) have a similar action. Immediately after the gliding of a very small number of liquid layers over them, they obey the thrust that brings them to the surface, and so render impossible the increase of kinetic energy corresponding to loss of potential energy of a large number of superposed layers.

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The common tamarisk is a heath-leaved shrub found on the southern coast of England and the coasts of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. It or an allied species is common in the Peninsula of Sinai. Its stems are punctured by a small insect of the cynips family, from which a juice exudes, which hardens, and is collected by the Bedouin Arabs and made into cakes, and called manna. It is sweet, and consists of a mucilaginous sugar, and forms a small article of commerce at the present day. It is by some supposed to be the manna of the Israelites, but it does not in all points agree with the descriptions of that substance.

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THE inoculation of dogs with the virus of hydrophobia as a protection for society against that horrible malady, is urged by M. Pasteur, who for the past ten years has been experimenting with mad dogs. Animals inoculated successfully did not have a return of the disease, and therefore he thinks that a general and compulsory inoculation of dogs would save the world ultimately from exposure to hydrophobia.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

January 31.—A case of insubordination occurred at the U. S. Naval Academy, and a number of cadets were placed under close arrest.—The U. S. Senate confirmed James H. Cogshall to be U. S. Marshal for Rhode Island; also the following consuls: Albert Rhodes, of New York, at Elberfeld, Germany; Charles P. Williams, at Calais; Orson V. Tausley, of Minnesota, at Leipzig; James E. Montgomery, of New York, at Trieste.—The Supreme Court rendered a decision declaring invalid the act of the New York Legislature of May 31, 1881, which imposes upon steamship companies a tax of one dollar for every alien passenger brought to New York from a foreign

port.—Earthquake shocks occurred in New Hampshire, Illinois, Spain and Hungary. . . Feb. 1.—A bill was passed in the French Chamber of Deputies prohibiting princes who profess to claim the throne from holding office, and permits the President to expel them from the country.—D. M. Sabin was elected U. S. Senator from Minnesota.—The pier of the Inman line of ocean steamers, in New York, was burned; loss, \$500,000.—Horatio N. Sherwood, U. S. postage stamp agent, died in New York. . . Feb. 2.—Professor George W. Greene, grandson of Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, and author of several biographical and historical works, died, aged seventy-two years. . . Feb. 3.—Eight prisoners were arraigned in Dublin, charged with the murder of Lord Cavendish.—The House of Representatives passed the Senate bill favoring a World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exhibition next year.—Fires in Jersey City; Troy, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio, caused an aggregate loss of near \$250,000. . . Feb. 5.—Widespread damage caused by floods in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. . . Feb. 6.—Both branches of Congress adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representatives Updegraff, of Ohio, and Hawk, of Illinois.—The Czar of Russia issued an announcement that his coronation would take place in Moscow on May 27. . . Feb. 7.—The Senate confirmed Milton A. Edgar to be collector of customs at Perth Amboy, N. J.; Commodore Charles H. Baldwin to be rear-admiral, and Wyman L. Lincoln, of Iowa, Indian agent at Fort Belknap, Montana.

THE DRAMA.

"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP," at the close of its third month at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, received additional impetus by the addition of Miss Ada Dyas' name to the cast. She played "Mrs. Dick Chetwynd"—in which part Mrs. Agnes Booth received great praise—very successfully, and Mrs. Booth essayed the title-role most effectively.

THE Board of Managers of the Forrest Home in Philadelphia announced for sale by auction, lately, the stage wardrobe, silverware and table-service, diamonds, etc., of the late Edwin Forrest. Should not all these interesting mementos of one of the leading names in American theatrical annals have been preserved intact?

MR. LOUIS H. HAYWARD, a son of one of the ablest lawyers of North Carolina, gives evidence of reaching as high a plane in the dramatic profession as his father has in the legal. For some three or four seasons past he has been filling important positions in traveling companies, and is about to begin a tour throughout his native state at the head of a company of ability. Mr. John Ellsler, the well-known Western manager and actor, says that Mr. Hayward's "Hamlet" is destined in time to rank among the great efforts of great names; which is high praise from such a source.

THE plot of the play which Mr. Oscar Wilde is said to have written for Miss Marie Prescott, shows more virility and intellectual power than anything with which the famous devotee of the lily has thus far seen fit to favor us. Vera, the heroine, is a Nihilist, and the story culminates in the last act by her being ordered by her circle to stab the Czar while he sleeps. As the Czarowitz, he had been a member of her circle and had loved her. He stays the hand as the dagger descends, renews his promises of reform of the government, as well as his protestations of love, and offers to share the throne with her. She hesitates—the crowd clamor outside for the proof of the murder, which is the dagger blood-stained. For her lover's sake she stabs herself, throws the dagger out to the crowd and falls dead.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT's latest Irish play, "The Amadan," was produced lately in Boston, with the author in the title-role, and proved successful. The drama, which is reminiscent of "The Colleen Bawn," describes the devotion of an imbecile boy to his mistress. The "sensational" scene is where the boy leads her to a cavern which is flooded at high tide, under the pretext that in this spot there exists proof that he is guilty of the murder which her lover stands accused. The author-actor was enthusiastically applauded, and received able support from the members of the Boston Museum stock company. "The Amadan" will be produced in New York, at the Manhattan (Wallack's old theatre), in a short time, where an extended run is anticipated for it.



TO A POLICEMAN.

I

OH, double-breasted claw,
Of the law,
With buttons down before,
Twenty-four,
And half as many more
On your skirts, which touch the floor,
And of bands of braiding *d'or*,
Most a score.

II

Over books you do not pore,
So your lore
Causes not (which some deplore)
A *furor*.
But your club is *polished*, nor
Do you show a fault or flaw,
When you grasp it in your paw,
And make war.

III

Unlike (thank God ! *c'est mort*)
Pinafore,
Your exertions never score
An encore.
If anathemas I pour,
'Tis because, like many more,
I object to being aw-
fully sore.

IV

Say with truth you immor-
tally soar,
And all falsehood you abhor
To your core.

If you seek the "family door"
Of yonder corner store,
Say ! oh, say, you thirst for gore—
Nothing more.

V

The serving ladies a'
Gaze with awe,
On your manly form galore
And adore,
Until begins to gnaw
The alleged green monster, for
Love of you, affliction sore
Long each bore.

VI

You're as brave as Cæsar or
Old Hector,
When the young malefactor
In you draw.
They beseech and they implore
You their freedom to restore ;
Still you do not, though they roar,
Care a straw.

VII

Though you cannot paddle o'er,
Like friend Noah,
With a stick of wood, an oar,
To Fame's shore ;
Yet, as I remarked before,
With your club, you brassy bore,
You stand surely at the fore
Of your corps.

H. C. F.

Mittens.

PURE frost-winds on the winter's eve,
You play among my lady's tresses,
And pink as apple-blooms you leave
The cheeks that take your light caresses ;
But from her little hands begone !
By you they'll not be kissed nor bitten,
For over each is snugly drawn—
A tiny pale-blue mitten.

The slender perfume-haunted glove
Erstwhile that hid her lily fingers
Is not the shield that most they love,
Whereon a pressure longest lingers.
More shy, confiding, tender, true,
And softer than two curled-up kittens,
Are those dear dainty twins of blue,
My lady's little mittens.

Once at the play, when lights were low,
And down had dropped the great green curtain,
I took her hand ; we turned to go ;
Her fingers clasped o'er mine, I'm certain.
That sudden thrill I feel again,
That never could be told or written,
Whene'er I see or touch, as then,
Her downy little mitten.

Some memories those mittens hold,
And secrets, might one coax confession.
Ah, dearer than a gage of gold
I'd count of one to gain possession.
Yet ask her I shall never dare,
Nor tell her how my heart is smitten,
For fear, in answer to my prayer,
She might give me the mitten.

HENRY TYRELL.

THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 57



THE BLUE JAY.

THE little scamp, I hear his shriek of warning
That tells his blue police the foe is nigh—
A goggle-eyed old owl caught out by morning,
So dazed by light he cannot fight nor fly.
From field and forest, haystack, fence and thicket,
Shrieking like fiends they swiftly gather in ;
There's no pursuit of gain, or grain, but quick it
Drops a bit for duty in the din.

The night assassin sees in grotesque wonder
Blue streaks about his horned noddle dart ;
From side to side they flash—now o'er, now under—
And every prick but makes him snap and start.
Ah, have a care ! most noble, daring Captain—
A clutch, a snap, a shriek of wild despair !
There's one brave jay beyond the need of chaplain—
A cloud of feathers flash upon the air.

Then comes the blessed
silence of a minute ;
For Death's grim presence even
chills a jay.

Brief space for grief, the shrieks again begin it ;
Anon the woods are ringing with the fray.
The downy, pinioned thief, night's dark marauder,
Feels all the anguish of a hopeless fight
With foes despised ; and so in grave disorder
He spreads his wings and fairly takes to flight.

How like a dream he floats o'er field and meadow, .
Fast followed by his foe's victorious cries,
To where the burr-oak glen, with trees bent head low,
Dims the fierce light for better use of eyes.
The little scamps accept the situation,
And leave their foe his fortress to command ;
They quick disperse, with shrill congratulation
To thief like Satan over all the land.

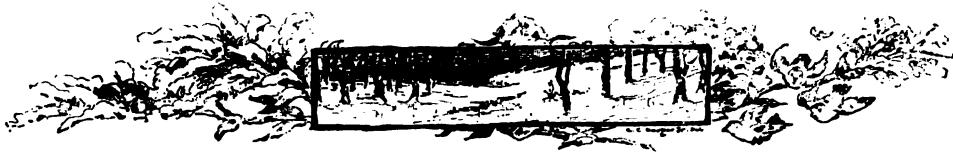
The feathered Frenchman of the fields and wild-wood,
The dashing, daring, handsome cavalier,
Dearest companion of my dreamy childhood,
Of all the birds the boldest buccaneer,
Nest-robber, orchard-thief, round stack and garden,
Busy as sin, with such a business air,
On scare-crow's very hat, with corn grain hard in
His little claw, he cracks without a care.

When storm clouds gather in the Fall's dark session,
And rain makes music on my maple trees,
While other birds are hushed in damp depression
The clear "e-lil-ick" floats upon the breeze.
Snow cannot cow, nor bitter winter boss 'em ;
No want nor hunger may their spirits tame ;
In Spring with blue they shade the apple blossom,
And Summer finds them shrieking all the same.

And, how I sing in lofty condescension,
Of this fair vagrant's wayward little life,
It seems so small, yet I forget the tension
That makes a misery of our larger strife.

Our larger strife? Ah! most vociferous neighbor,
I wish my grandeur something more, or less,
That I, like thee, might live content to labor
And so escape my sense of nothingness.

DON PIATT.



"OLD PERRY."

BY FREDERIC PHILLIPS.

AT seventy Perry Glasgow was called "old," rather as a tribute to his many sturdy qualities than because age sat heavily upon him. He was still a supple and wiry old negro. His withered cheek, fringed with a little frizzle of gray whisker, was of light coffee-color—not the creamy look of the ordinary mulatto. His hair, coarse and still dark, was straightened out by a far-away infusion of Indian blood, whose influence was also seen in his alert and springy step, and "take nuthin' frum no man" bearing. He held his head straight up, six feet and over, and looked you in the face with a sharp and snappish eye, that was to the turbid gaze of the average negro as a steel-trap to a figure-four. His shoulders, however, were beginning to stoop a little, and his voice, naturally harsh, sometimes soared beyond his reach.

For thirty years he had been the stand-by of the quarry—autocrat of a small minority of negro laborers. He held his own among an unclassifiable admixture of recent immigrants with the zeal of a true democrat. At "churning," "sledging," "loading lime," he was the object of the unbounded admiration of the youth of his own color, and the grudging emulation of the "greenho'ns." And the annual hog-killing—an occurrence dear alike to Irishman and negro, and of sufficiently vital importance to raze the distinctions of race—it was universally conceded would have lost its place among the fine arts and descended to mere butchery without Perry to stick the pig.

But it was in his family that the true force of his character shone forth to most advantage. There he was king. There he brooked no opposition. He ruled with a rod, not of iron, but of hickory. His black brood, eight in all, had been brought up on it. To them his glance, if they ever looked for a sign of parental tenderness, spoke of unknown cords of hickory wattles, ready cut and trimmed. His lightest word thrilled with the swish of unforgotten hickoryings or promises for the future. It is not upon record that he ever put old Sally, his jet-black model of a meek wife, under the influence of this magic wand; but it was only because she eluded his excessive severity by a superhuman meekness, and contented herself with treasuring for him a store of future trouble.

At the time that we take our more particular view of Perry, the children had, one by one, taken their striped backs out into the world. The old man's arm was get-

ting stiff for want of use. One only daughter was still held by an uncertain attachment to the parent nest—Dorcas Hannah, the child of their old age, whose wages at a near-by farmer's supplied the old man with those higher necessities of life, "whisky an' 'bacca," and whose beaux drew forth the accumulations of his wrath. She, too, appeared to be pruning her wings for a flight that would leave the old man's hearth entirely desolate. The fear of this catastrophe was the one thing that disturbed the serenity of Perry's household.

It was early one morning in August. Old Perry had finished his breakfast and stood in the doorway of his one-storied mansion, shaving a plug of tobacco into his pipe. Sally was "clarin' up" the remains of their frugal meal with a subdued energy which indicated that this was one of those rare occasions when she wanted to call his severity to the aid of her laxity, and then wring her hands in dread.

Perry had one thumb pressing the tobacco down into the bowl; the fingers of his other hand sought in his waistcoat pocket for a match, while his eyes tried to pierce through the drifted smoke from the lime-kilns for the morning sun, when Sally spoke.

"Pappy," said she, dubiously and diplomatically, "w'at am yore 'pinium 'cernin' dat ar Joe Nelson?"

"Now, w'at's de good ob yore axin' a fool question like dat?" said the old man irascibly. "Hain't I done stopped him frum shinin' 'round arter our gal? Yo' know well enuff he's as ornery a good-fur-nuthin' yaller nigger as ebba lived. Nebba hed no mo' bringin' up dan a mule. W'at kinder truck is dat fur ter be co'tin' Dorcas Hanner?"

The old wife only said, "Lor', Pappy!" in patient acquiescence, and tried to stir up sufficient courage to approach the subject again by an extra bustle with the dishes. But when Perry lit his pipe and started off, it "upsot" her completely, and she dropped one of her dishes with a tremendous clatter.

"Yo' hain't off ter wuck yet, is yo'?" she asked, tremulously.

"Whar de debble else 'ud I be goin'?" said Perry, giving her a sharp look.

"W'y, I dunno," said the old woman, helplessly. "I didn't 'low ez yo' wuz off jist yit a bit."

"Now, yo' look yere, Sally!" said old Perry, taking his pipe from his mouth and eyeing her with a look of

stern disdain: "ef yo' got ennything fur ter say ter me, spit it out, can't yo'! Dar hain't no sense in yore breakin' all de dishes in de house a-beatin' 'round de bush."

"Well, de fack am," said the patient spouse, relieved at being obliged to surrender her news unconditionally, "dat Dorcas Hanner an' dat ar Joe clared off ter camp-meetin' tergedder yisterd'y. De missis, she sont down yere ter know de rights ob hit; said de gal 'lowed she 'd git back de same night; but she hain't put in no 'peer-uncence sence. An' I thought—kinder 'peered like ef I 'd orter tell yo' 'bout hit." She ended with the nervous feeling of one who applies a match to a loaded cannon.

But the depths of old Perry's philosophy were not so easily disturbed, especially when his senses were lulled with tobacco.

"Now dat's jest w'at I allers said 'bout dis yere camp meetin' foolishness," he replied, with unction, puffing a huge cloud of smoke about his face as if to hide all feeling of personal interest in the matter. "Whar de brackest clouds is, dar's whar dis yere reg'lar streak lightenin' cums frum; an' wharebber yo' fine dis gran' upliffin' ob de sperrit, you 'se mighty ap' fer ter fine de sins ob de flesh close ter han'. Dese yere niggas is gone out inter de wildernesses fur ter frolic. Signs 'peers ter be pintin' ez ef dey wanted ter git out frum unda de ole man's eye. Sposum dey does? Bimeby, when dey hain't a-lookin' fur hit, 'ull come de lightenin' stroke ob 'pentance, an' de floods 'ull pour down, an' dem two fools 'ull make fur de ole folks' shanty like dey wuz skeert ob gittin' dere Sunday-go-ter-meetin's spiled. 'Tain't nuthin' nohow," he added, disparagingly. "Dorcas Hanner, she 'll git tired ob dat coon fas' enuff."

Old Sally had her face hid in the cupboard, and the sight of those piles of cracked and broken dishes—reminders of her own wedded woes and blisses—put "streak" in her to utter a remonstrance.

"Now, Perry," she said, "dat don't peer to me ter be quite right, somehow—not 'zackly right. Dorcas Hanner am yore own flesh an' blood, an' I sh'd think yo'd want ter tek some pains ter sabe de gal's kereceter—not let her go off dat way as ef she hedn't no kin ter back her. She hain't a bad gal, Dorcas Hanner hain't—not to say bad."

Perry scented opposition. His voice and his temper immediately began to rise.

"How? How 's dat?" he cried. "Am yo' goin' ter tell me de hows and de wharfo's ob dis matter? Don't yo' go fur ter gib me none ob dat kine ob talk, ole 'ooman! My bones is gittin' too ole fur ter go rackin' roun' arter de whimsies ob dat gal. I 'se got dat gal a place, an' she 's offen my mine. Now, ef she 's boun' fur ter go a-frolickin' wid dat lazy nigga, w'y de best 'vice I ken gib her is to keep away from ole Perry ef she knows what 's good fur her wholesome."

Old Sally felt a hot spot in the back of her head, where his glance pierced through the wool; but the meekest of wives and hens will ruffle up their feathers in defense of their broods, especially when reduced to one chicken. She felt as if she was "possessed."

"I don't keer!" she said. "Yo' might tek some pains ter go arter de gal an' fotch her home. A little breshin' wid a hick'ry ud take all de badness clean outen her. De missis, she 'll git clean outer pashunts ef Dorcas Hanner hain't back afore long." And then her inspiration suddenly left her. She flung her apron over her head and began to sob.

The old man was astounded. A thunder-cloud be-

gan to gather on his brow; but he suppressed it for fear of shaking down more rain.

"Yo' jist hush up dat ar', will yo', Sal!" he commanded. "Hain't yo' a purty lookin' objick, tryin' ter wring watta outen yore head, as ef yo' wuz w'ite folks! Yo' betta fine out how de land lays afore yo' put up yore flood-gates! D'yo' 's'pose," he added, rising above the clouds, and inflating his chest in supreme consciousness of moral grandeur, "d'yo' 's'pose I 'm goin' ter hab folks talkin' 'bout me, an' tellin' how I wuz skeer'd ob losin' dat leetle matta ob ten levies a week dat Dorcas Hanner fatches inter de family? No, sah! I hain't a-goin' ter hab de name ob Glasgow dragged through de puddles in no sich collusions!"

Old Sally wiped her eyes and nose with an exasperated air of defeat, and gave her stern lord a parting peck.

"Well, ennyhow," she said, "Dorcas Hanner she 's a mighty stubborn kinder gal. Like enuff she 'll tek her own co'se, whedder or no."

Perry was silent a moment. Then he broke off the conversation with an unwonted attempt at jocularity.

"Sun 's a pintin' my way," he said. "Ef I don't git inter de qua'ay afore long, de boss 'll be on de hunt ob ole Per. Wuck can't git along widout him, dat 's shore!" And he strode off, whistling a scrap of tune.

But he found that his family troubles had got to the quarry before him. He had to run a gauntlet of satire from a "passel ob low-lived greenho'ns." When he would light his pipe, it would draw forth the remark, "Ye 'll hev to cut down on the 'baccy afore long, old man." Taunts which old Perry only answered by a look of unutterable scorn. But when one said, "This here is what cooms of hick'ryin' so free. Toughen their backs while they 're young, and ye 'll toughen their harts agin ye in yer ould age," Perry rose up in wrath, as one whose household gods were desecrated, saying, "Dar 's chillun not fur frum dis yere bank w'at am sech a pack ob white-libbered, no 'count brats, dat it hain't wuth w'ile wearin' out a good hick'ry on um; but w'en it cums ter chillun as is chillun, de hick'ry am a need-cessity to dere salbashun."

And, for a time, his tormentors were quenched; but old Sally's hint at his possible loss of supremacy over his own offspring still rankled in his soul.

By noon of the second day he reached a conclusion, and came home with his black eyes sparkling, his wrinkled lips knit together with a firm resolve.

"Come, rouse aroun' an' git me up some dinnah, ole 'ooman!" he commanded. "I 'se 'bleeged fur ter go ter camp dis artemnoon—no time ter was'e."

He deigned to give no explanation for his change of purpose; nor did his spouse expect or require one. She got dinner with a fluttering heart and beaming face. She waited till he had gulped down his dinner with a few hasty mouthfuls, donned a clean shirt, a pair of white trousers with "galluses" on, a linen vest, and crowned himself with a decrepit stove-pipe hat, and then she burst forth with all her hopes.

"Oh, Pappy," she cried, "is yo' goin' fur ter fotch um home, ralely? Fotch um bofe, Pappy, do! Dere hain't no call fur to be ha'sh-wid Joe. He 's a nice, peaceable-disposed kinder boy as ebba was. 'Tain't like as ef you 'd gun him de liberties ob de house. He won't mek no bones 'bout merryin' Dorcas Hanner. Mebbe dey 's merried a'ready, an' dey kin lib heah wid us snugger 'n nuthin' 'tall. Hit do git mighty lone-some heah sometimes, fur to be shore, now dat all de chillun is gone."

Old Perry's thin nostrils expanded in wrath.

"Merry her!" he cried. "Who de debble wants him ter merry her? D'yo' 'low as I'm goin' ter bend my ole back to s'port one ob dat ign'ant Jim Nelson's brats? I'll foteh de gal home. I'll larn her de rights ob gittin' along through dis yere vale ob tears. Thought she'd git away frum de ole man, did she? She'll fine out dat de ole man kin see funder ahead nor a tuckkey-buzze'd; an' de deeper inter de mire ob sin w'at she's got, de mo' purchas' de ole man ull hab. Yo' mine me!"

And, with a vicious whirl of his staff that filled the old lady's heart with awe, he set forth for the camp, muttering to himself, and stopping occasionally to anathematize his undutiful daughter in the form of a stump or tree.

By the time the old man reached the camp his wrath had worn itself to a brittle edge. He was not much troubled with religion, and the tumult of stamping feet and shouting voices filling the air with the incense of barbaric worship, and consecrating itself by main force of lungs, was a little too "pussonal."

"Oh, Mistah Glasgow!" cried a buxom sister, her eyes aglow with spiritual fire, her face shining with the drops wrung out by the grand conflict between spirit and matter; "is yo' gwine ter jine de j'yful ban'? We'se gwine ter call down de glory frum de skies, fur shore."

"Huh!" growled the old man; "dem niggas' huffs 'ull rout de 'Old Boy' up outen de yarth a blame sight sooner. An' he'll mek yo' sweat ter sum pu'ppos'. H-h-w'at's cum ob my gal, dat's w'at I wanten know?" he cried, raising his voice. "Yo' put mo' debblement inter her wid yore foolin' dan I kin beat outen her in a yeah."

And, without waiting for an answer, he strode away, foilowed by a universal grin and snicker. Searching the outlying byways, where glimpses of white dresses, red and yellow ribbons and gayly-colored shawls showed the presence of amorous couples or social groups, he at length found the recreant pair.

They were alone, seated upon a log, within the very spray of the torrent of worship. The head of that "brat of Nelson's" clove to Dorcas Hannah's shoulder. But when the angry parent lifted his harsh voice, and rasped through the bonds of bliss that united them, he had the satisfaction of seeing the head rebound several feet, and a look of mortal terror take the place of the simper of affection.

"Yo' Dorcas Hanner," said the old man, simply, "I'se bin on de hunt ob yo'!"

Dorcas Hannah gave her head a little toss and stuck out her chin. She looked hard to drive.

"Come, rouse up out ob dat, an' git along home, now!" There was a strong upward tendency in the old man's voice, and he punctuated his order with a pure growl.

Dorcas Hannah rose up. The habit of obedience had been both born and beaten into her. Then she stopped, perplexed, and dropped a look upon her perturbed companion.

"W'at d'yo' say 'bout hit, Joe?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm agreeable," said Joe, rising with voluble alacrity. "Ef de ole gen'leman am 'sposed ter do de genteel thing, I hain't de man fur ter disap'int him."

Perry never looked at him.

"W'at de matta now?" he cried, no longer caring to restrain his ire. "I tole yo' ter git along home, didn't I? Well, den! Didn't I nebba larn yo' no better'n ter go stiddyin' 'bout w'at I tole yo' fur ter do?"

Dorcas Hannah faced him with a look of dismay,

backed by a curious glimmer of defiance in her wide, brown eyes.

"W'y, I dunno," she said. "I thought yo' 'd yeer'd —Joe an' me"—she cast down her eyes and stood twisting one of the buttons of her dress. "We'se bin gittin' merried." She raised her eyes again, and gave her head a little shake. "De Good Man's done jined us in de blissful bon's fur good an' all," she added more boldly, an' it's agin de law fur ter try ter shove us apart. We wuz goin' ter look out a house fur ourselves afore long." Here her voice faltered again. Her hesitancy set free the old man's stores of arrogance.

"Now, w'at kinder truck am dat ter give yore daddy?" he shouted. "Kin dis yere camp-meetin' foolin' lay ober de needcessities ob de flesh? Am de Good Man fit ter keep yo' in po'k an' 'taters? Who lay down de laws in dis yere family, ennyhow? W'y Perry, dat's who! He am 'squire an' constable, too! He am Good Man 'nuff fur yo'! An' I'll hab yo' fur ter know, me gal, dat yo' hain't merried right tell ole Perry's done 'pinted de ban's. Yo' mine me! Git along home, now, or I'll lay dis yere stick ober yore back!"

He grasped her arm and raised his cane. This was too much for the bridegroom. He raised his diminutive voice and cried:

"Betta han'le dem paws a leetle keerless, ole man! I don't 'low no man ter lay han's onter my gal. I'll knock yer inter de middle of nex' week, ef yo' don' mine out! Dod blame me ef I don't!" And he thrust back his sleeves, and began capering around like a terrier proclaiming war on a bulldog.

The old man turned upon his youthful opponent with a glare that said: "Yo' mis'ble jumpin' jimmy-jack, jest wait tell I wipe yo' offen de face ob de yarth!"

Joe stopped his dancing. His hand stole up to his waistcoat pocket, indicating an ugly means of making up for his lack of inches, while the prize of the combat held her breath and doubted which to aid.

An ominous silence formed a ring around them; but through the laughing leaves fell the distant tones of the preacher:

"Oh, my bredderin! cussed am sin! I don't talk 'bout de sins ob de flesh or de sins ob de sperrit; I cuss de sin ob de sinner. Oh, my fren's, hearken at de Genesis ob sin! Dar am folks what can't hold out agin de smell ob de wattamel'n in de da'k ob de moon. Dar am folks what de squawk ob de chicken in de midnight hours 'ull rouse clean outen de bed ob righteousness. But dese yere one-hoss kinder sinners can't hole a candle ter de 'Ole Boy!' He am de boss thief ob all; for he hab de skelington-keys and de jimmys, and he cum outen town an' bust open de bery cellar-doors ob yore hearts, where am stored de po'k-bar'ls ob love and de milk-pans ob human kineness, an' he'll tuk away all de good in life, an' lef' only de maggits an' bonny-clabba. Oh, sistahs, jine han's in de holy fight agin de enemy. Don' 'low no man ter hab de key ter yore h'arts but de Good Man! Keep dat debble out! Fur he am gripin' wid greedy han's fur de wages ob yore sufferin', which am salbas-hun!"

Dorcas Hannah's perturbed mind made a rapid application of the words. She read them in the light of having her life taxed to pay for its own engendering. She sprang upon the old man and wheeled him half round.

"Dar," she cried, "jest yo' lissen at dat! Dat's de kine ob talk fur yo', yo' blame 'Ole Boy!' Yo' don' git no mo' ob my wages, blame your stingy ole soul! We'se squar' now. I'se done paid yo' off. I can't

aff'd to pay fur no go-between twix' me an' de Good Man no longer. An' when yo' reaches out fur ter broke dis yere match you'se a-bitin' off more 'n yo' kin chaw, an' don' yo' forget hit! Hit me, now! Hit me! Jest yo' darst ter hit me! I've tuck my last beatin' from yo' I've got a *man* ter back me now!"

Old Perry raised his arm, and then—lowered it again. His own flesh and blood, beaten into a mould that was too hard for him, had stripped the mask from his callous old soul. His son-in-law, standing there with a razor—the blade folded back against the haft—gleaming in his clenched fist, was prepared to do as much for the physical organs. An unprecedented, unwonted quiver of emotion swept through the woody fibre of the old man's being to the very tip of his tall hat.

"Yo'—yo'—yo'—Dorcas Hanner!" he cried with a breaking voice. "Mus' I swaller dis yere kinder sass from yo'? Hain't yo' got no sorter feelin' for de ole man? Mus' ole Perry cut down on de needcessities ob life fer ter 'low yo' ter go off an' merry sech a mis'-able—" He looked at the razor and paused, drew his hand across his brow, made a vain attempt to swallow his Adam's-apple, and stiffened up. "All right, den! Ef cussin' am de word, Perry kin cuss f'um de word 'go.' He cuss yo' wid de cuss dat 'longs ter de h'art—onthanful h'art. He cuss yo' wid de cuss ob de disapp'inted daddy. Yo'll find out afore long dat clabba' am mo' fillin' dan spring-watta, an' measly po'k am pref'able ter de brine. Yo'll fine out—yo'll fine out. Go 'long an' clutter up de yarth wid little debbles. De old man hab too much on his mine to stan' jawin' yere!"

And he choked down his ire, shouldered his dignity and strode away, leaving the pair in giddy and uncertain triumph.

That night, when Sally ventured a cautious inquiry as to the offenders, Perry "brought her right up standing" with the remark:

"Dey is no mo' ter me dan de clods ob de yarth I tromple unda foot! I's done pestered my ole brains 'nuff tryin' ter haul dem two fools outen de mire. Dey's stuck up onter a tussick, an' dey takes it fur de fum groun'. Dorcas Hanner she mek's out she's married somehow—I dunno. But dey'll fine de ole man's cuss am a hefty load ter kerry! An' w'en dey gits ready fur ter hunt de ole man's shanty, he'll larn um de blessin's ob 'pentance! He will fur shore!"

Old Sally only said, "Lor', Pappy!"

But the obstinate couple again failed to fulfill the old man's expectations. In their place old age came to his cabin. His meek-spirited wife, too, spoiled the record of a patient life by disobeying her lord—she died. With her all-enduring spirit died something of Perry's arrogance; but his hardened frame lived on—lived beyond its use—until he was fain to seek shelter from the clods he had scorned. Seated on a bench, on the sunny side of Dorcas Hannah's cottage, old Perry, with bleared eyes and palsied arm, at length gave his benison to the thrifty young couple in this wise:

"I tell yo' hit's all 'count ob de way she wuz riz. Ef I hedn't wucked a little hick'ry inter dat gal's nater, she'd nebba a brung dat ar Joe up ter de scratch like she's done. Nebba in de wurd!"

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I

In the best chamber of the house,
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.
One morn a woman frail and gray
Stepp'd totteringly across the floor—
"Let in," said she, the light of day—
"Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer!"

II

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Knelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.
But when the summer sunshine fell
Upon the treasures hoarded there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

III

"Dear Grandmamma!" she softly sigh'd,
Lifting a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe;
A little frock of finest lawn;
A hat with tiny bows of blue,—

IV

A ball, made fifty years ago;
A little glove; a tassel'd cap;
A half-done long division sum;
Some school books fasten'd with a strap.
She touch'd them all with trembling lips—
"How much," she said, the heart can bear!
"Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die
The day that first I laid them there.

V

"But now it seems so good to know
That all throughout these weary years
Their hearts have been untouch'd by grief,
Their eyes have been unstained by tears.
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight,
When earthly love is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies,
For whom I lock'd that sacred drawer."

NEW BOSTON.



TWENTY-FIVE years ago Boston was a compact little city of about 170,000 inhabitants, extending from what is known as the North End, in one direction, to Chester Square at the South End, and including South and East Boston. The city was built on a peninsula, connected with the main land by a narrow strip of marsh called Boston Neck; the streets in the city proper were narrow and crooked; the buildings low and plainly constructed, while a really imposing structure was quite a rarity. To-day, Boston takes high rank among the cities of the United States. Her commerce, industries and territory have increased nearly two hundredfold, and she can boast of a population of 400,000 souls, and a valuation of over \$672,000,000. Modern Boston, as compared with the older town, presents many striking improvements and changes. Many of the broad avenues, impos-

acres of salt marsh and flats, and at high water was covered to a depth of seven to ten feet. It was separated from the river by a partition dam, constructed in the early part of the present century for the purpose of obtaining a vast hydraulic power from the ebb and flow of the tide. This mill-dam was completed in 1821, at a

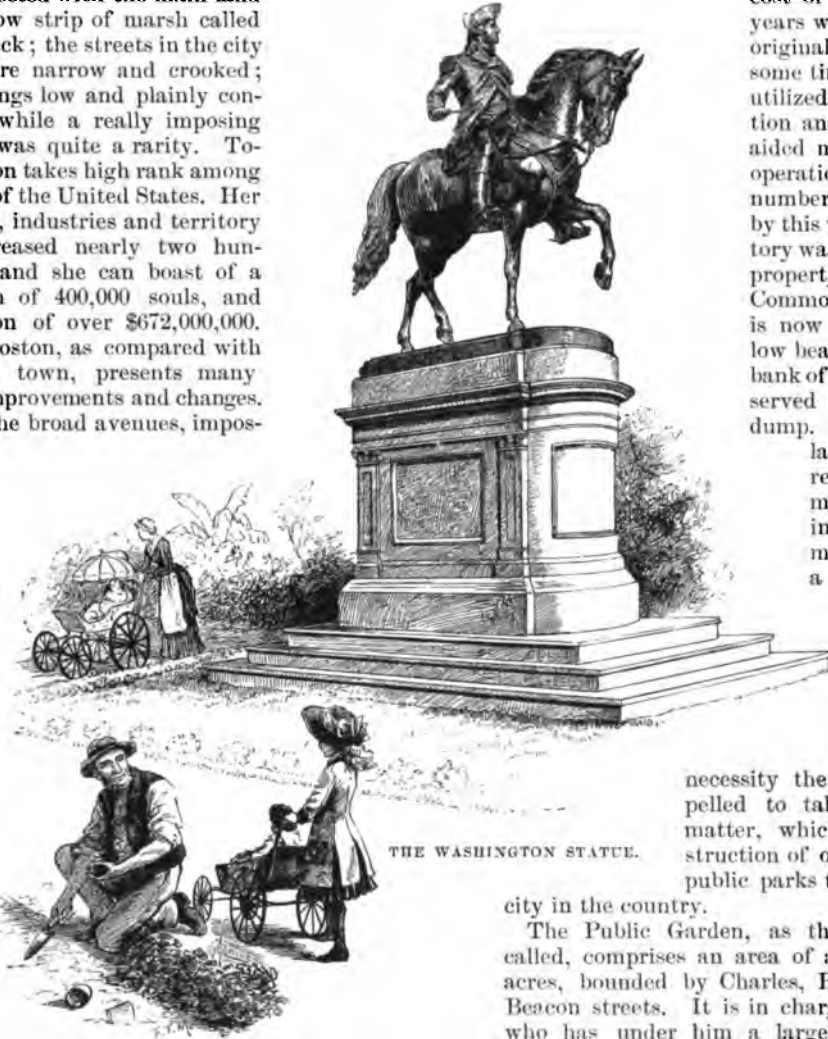
cost of \$700,000, and for many years was used for the purposes originally intended, though for some time past it has only been utilized as a causeway. Its location and construction, however, aided materially in the filling in operations which were begun a number of years ago, and whereby this vast tract of useless territory was converted into valuable property. At the foot of the Common, where Charles Street is now located, was formerly a low beach, forming the eastward bank of the Back Bay, and which served the purpose of the city dump. Here ashes, the accumu-

lated street filth and other refuse matter, were promiscuously thrown, forming a seething, offensive mass in wet weather, and a dusty, dirty heap in dry time, from which every puff of air scattered seeds of disease and death. The place became such a nuisance that from sheer

necessity the authorities were compelled to take some action in the matter, which resulted in the construction of one of the most beautiful public parks that can be found in any

city in the country.

The Public Garden, as the present enclosure is called, comprises an area of a little over twenty-one acres, bounded by Charles, Boylston, Arlington and Beacon streets. It is in charge of the City Forester, who has under him a large force of men to keep the garden in good condition. The grounds are laid out with as much taste and care as a private estate, there being curiously-shaped flower beds, grass plots, shrubbery, rare plants, shade trees and the like, the whole effect being heightened by long stretches of smoothly-shaven lawns. By an ingenious selection of the plants with which the garden is stocked, some varieties are constantly in bloom from early spring until the advent of cold weather. In the fall months the garden presents a beautiful appearance, with its large collection of autumnal plants, together with the variegated colors of the surrounding foliage. In the centre of the garden is a small sheet of water with winding banks, bordered by a handsome granite curbing. In summer the surface of this little lake is dotted with gayly-decked pleasure boats, presenting a very



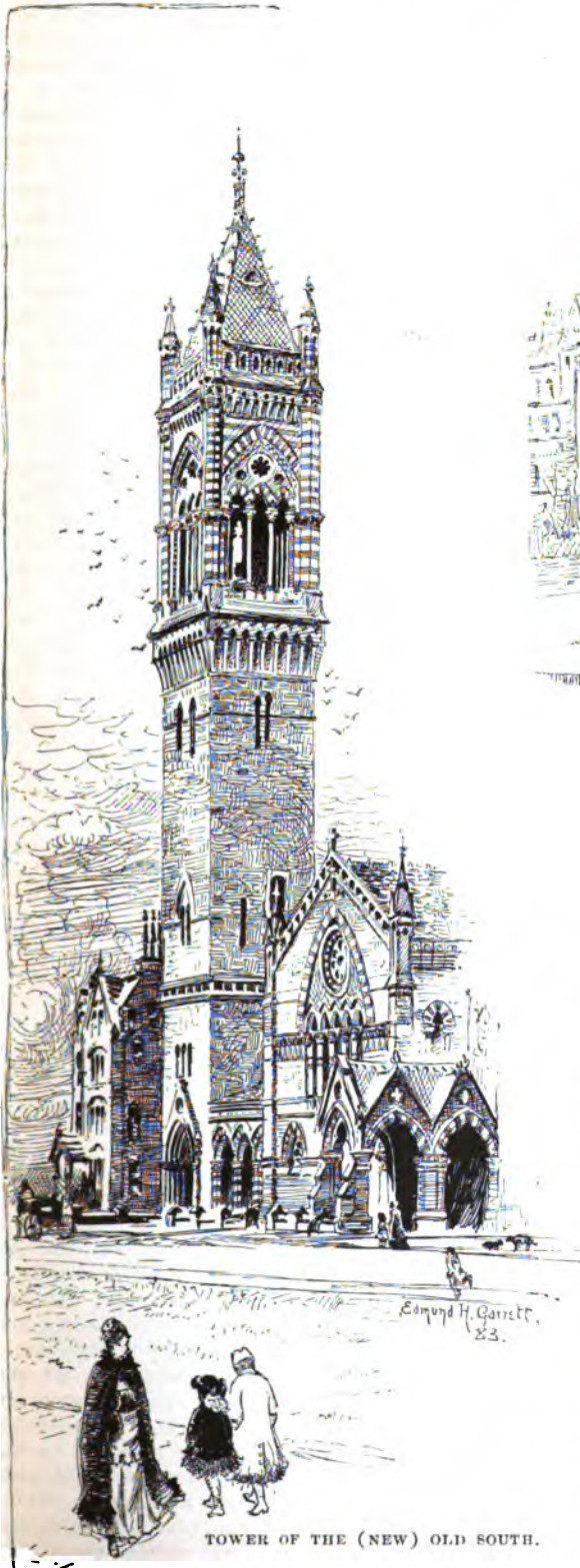
THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

ing public buildings and elegant private residences are not excelled by those found in any city in the country, while the new and attractive features that have been added are found on almost every hand. Bostonians point with pardonable pride to their present city, for it has been the aim of the municipal authorities, whenever a change or improvement was to be made, to blend as much as possible the artistic with the useful, and produce results that would be of lasting beauty and benefit.

In speaking of new Boston one instinctively turns toward the Back Bay, as it is termed, for here the growth of the city is most apparent. In the early history of Boston this section was a broad bay or arm of Charles River, which, at low tide, consisted of some six hundred

pretty sight. The pond is spanned by an iron bridge, resting on granite piers, the whole structure presenting an imposing appearance.

There are several handsome statues in the Public Garden, erected partly for ornament and partly as memorials of certain events. The "Ether monument," which

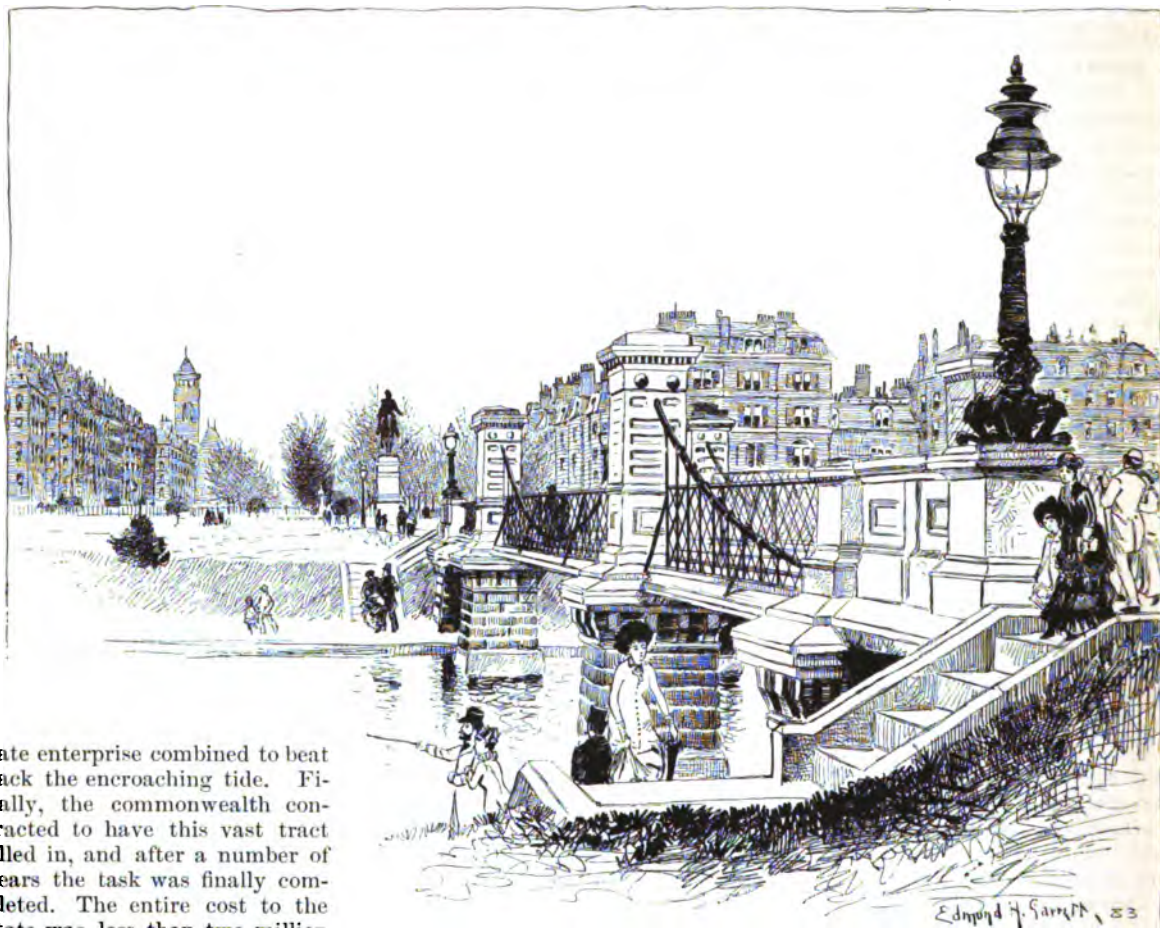


TOWER OF THE (NEW) OLD SOUTH.



THE CLUB HOUSE, NEWBERRY STREET.

was presented to the city in 1868 by Mr. Thomas Lee to commemorate the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic, occupies a prominent position in the park. It is a remarkably fine piece of work, composed of red marble and granite, and an appropriate inscription informs the visitor the object for which it was erected. On the Beacon Street side of the garden is a statue of Edward Everett, modeled by W. W. Story, and erected in November, 1867, and near the Boylston Street mall is a bronze statue of Charles Sumner, which was placed in position in 1879. But the most prominent statue that greets the eye is the bronze equestrian statue of George Washington, located near the Commonwealth Avenue entrance to the garden. It is from the chisel of Thomas Ball, and is said to be the largest piece of its kind in America. The height of the statue is twenty-two feet, and with the pedestal, which in itself is a fine piece of work, is thirty-eight feet high. The foundation of the whole is solid masonry, resting on piles eleven feet deep. The regulations of the garden are very strict, and, though always open to the public, yet visitors are subjected to considerable restraint; and, even under this condition of affairs, the flower-beds suffer from frequent depredations. The Public Garden is regarded as the beginning of the Back Bay, for after it had been reclaimed from the sea, both public and pri-



COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

vate enterprise combined to beat back the encroaching tide. Finally, the commonwealth contracted to have this vast tract filled in, and after a number of years the task was finally completed. The entire cost to the state was less than two million dollars, while more than double that sum has already been received by the public treasury from sales of land, at comparatively high figures. Beside the state a number of private operators entered the market, each of whom filled more or less territory with made land, until all but a very limited area of this once noisome swamp has been converted into solid, habitable earth.

Commonwealth Avenue is considered the finest street in Boston, and, indeed, it is doubtful if any city in the country can display a more elegant thoroughfare. It extends from the Public Garden on the east to Chester Park extension on the west, a distance of one and a half miles, and has a width of two hundred feet. A broad park lined with shade trees lies in the centre of the avenue throughout its entire length, and the neatly-kept gravel walk, with here and there a rustic seat, affords one of the most beautiful promenades imaginable. In this park is the granite statue of Alexander Hamilton, by Dr. Rimmer, which was presented to the city in 1865, by Thomas Lee. Also the bronze figure of John Glover, by Martin Millmore, presented to the city in 1875 by Benjamin Tyler Reed. Commonwealth Avenue is lined with elegant residences, some being almost palatial in their magnificence; and, though the designs of the structures differ widely, this very variety only enhances the general effect. Land in this section is very valuable, the prices ranging from two hundred dollars to one thousand dollars per foot; but notwithstanding this exorbitant figure, many of the dwellings are surrounded by extensive grounds, which are elaborately laid out and

filled with rare plants, statuary, fountains and similar lawn ornaments. Building operations in this vicinity have progressed very rapidly within the past few years, and at present comparatively few vacant lots remain, except at the extreme western section of the avenue. The new Brattle Square Church edifice, purchased by two of the leading Baptist societies, is a noticeable structure on the avenue. It is constructed of Roxbury stone, in the form of a Greek cross, and has a tall square tower, with a number of carved figures at the top. Hotel Vendome, an imposing marble building, is another prominent object, while on every hand are evidences of skilled and tasteful architecture in the handsome private residences.

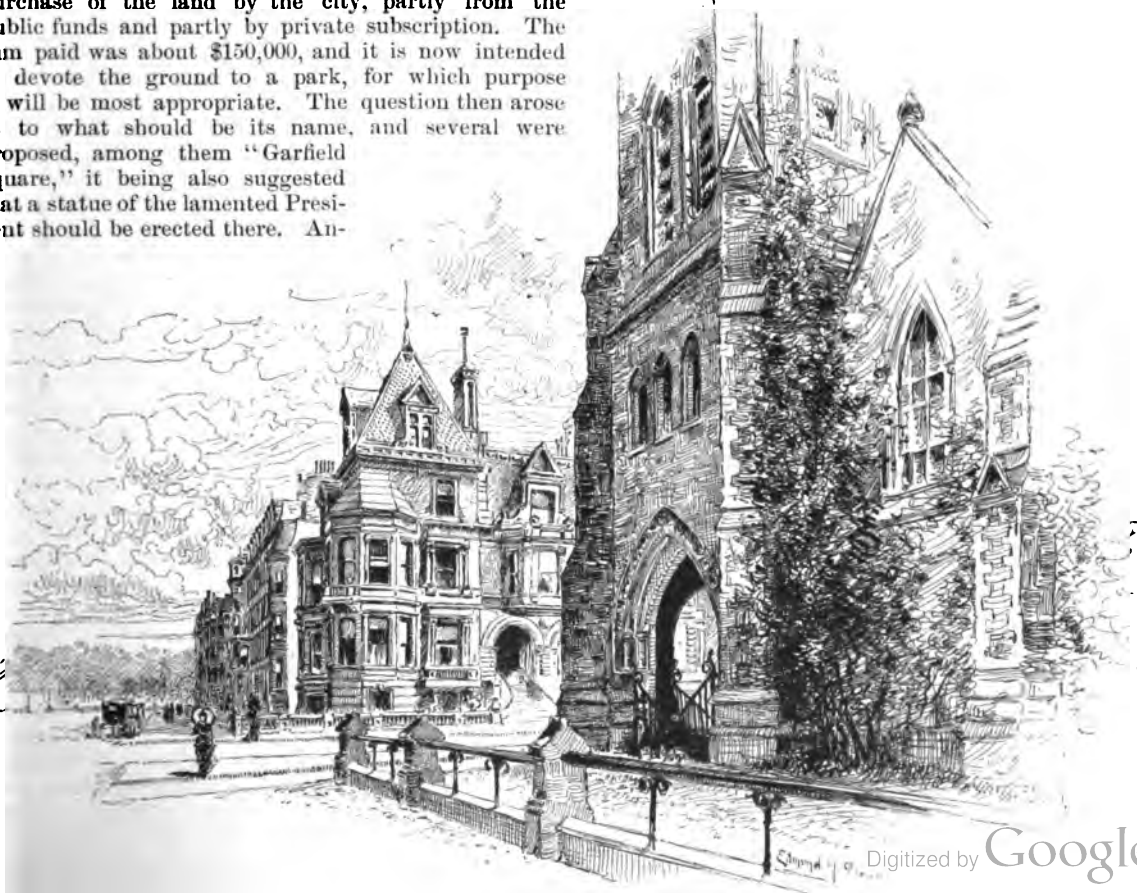
The streets lying parallel with and at right angles to Commonwealth Avenue, though perhaps not so beautiful, are scarcely less noticeable on account of the number of handsome dwellings. On Marlboro, Beacon, Newbury and Boylston Streets, all of which extend in the same direction as the avenue, reside the most wealthy and aristocratic families in the city. All the buildings, both public and private, were constructed with an eye to beauty as well as comfort. With almost unlimited means at their disposal, the architects were left to consult their own tastes, regardless of expense, and in consequence there is not in this section of the city a single inferior-looking or poorly-constructed building. The cross streets are so named that the initial letters of their titles are in alphabetical order, as, for

instance, Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, etc., and each has its quota of beautiful residences and public structures. On the corner of Berkeley and Boylston Streets are the buildings of the Natural History Society and the Institute of Technology, both fine edifices, standing in extensive grounds. On the opposite corner is the building of the Young Men's Christian Association. At the corner of Berkeley and Marlboro is the First Church, a beautiful structure, erected at a cost of \$325,000, and capable of seating about one thousand persons; while the handsome edifice of the Central Church Society is on the corner of Newberry and Boylston Streets. The "New Old South Church" is located on Dartmouth Street, and is one of the most prominent objects on the Back Bay. Its cost was \$500,000, and the building includes, besides the church, a fine chapel and parsonage. Its stained-glass windows were brought from England, and the interior presents a very beautiful appearance, with the rich carvings, the large chandeliers and handsome decorations. The new quarters of the Boston Art Club, on Dartmouth Street, also attract the attention of the visitor, being handsomely constructed of brownstone in a novel and artistic design.

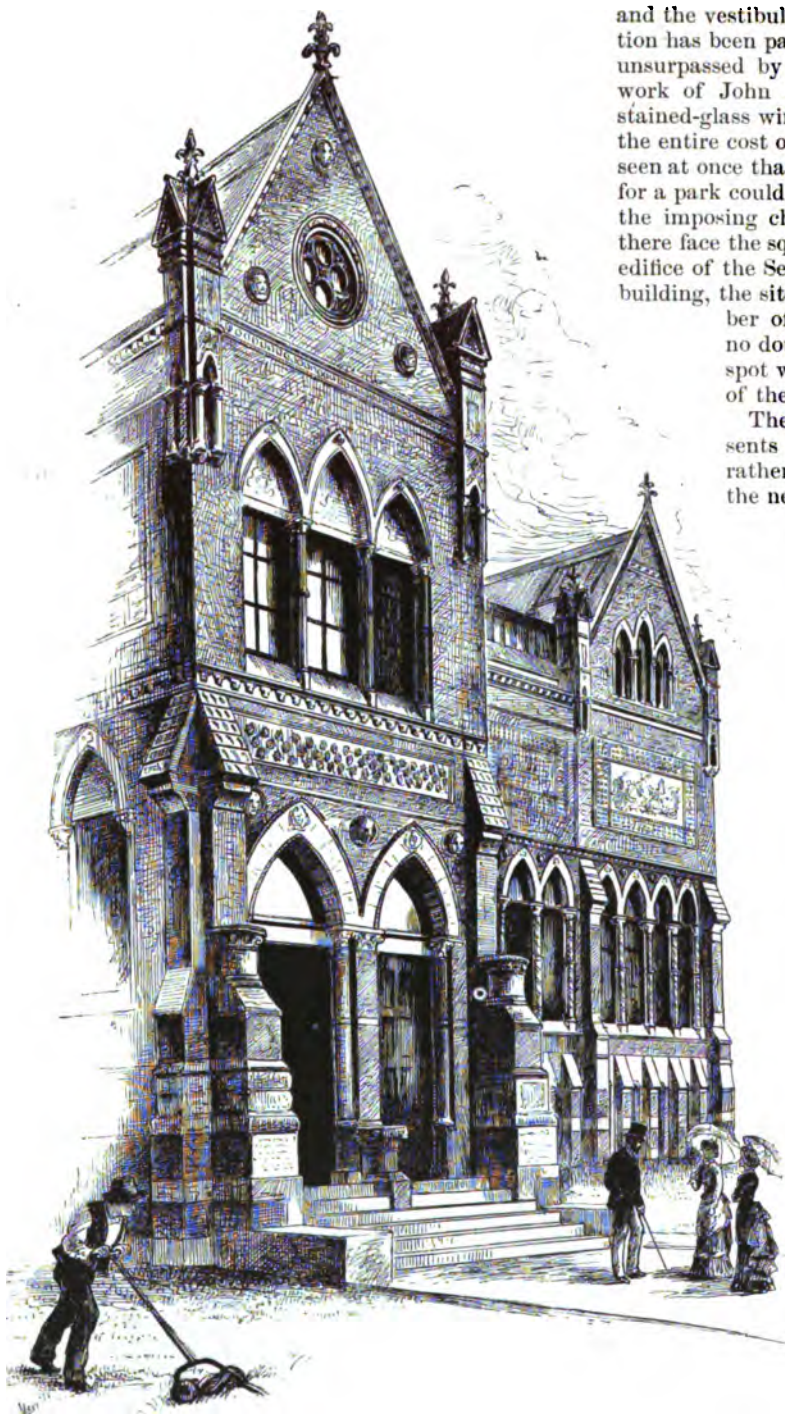
At the junction of Dartmouth Street, Boylston Street and Huntington Avenue is a triangular piece of unoccupied land, about which just now there is considerable discussion. It is located in the heart of the Back Bay, and in consequence is quite valuable for building purposes, notwithstanding its somewhat peculiar shape. For a long time the residents in the vicinity were in great anxiety as to what was to be the destiny of this triangle, when the question was finally settled by the purchase of the land by the city, partly from the public funds and partly by private subscription. The sum paid was about \$150,000, and it is now intended to devote the ground to a park, for which purpose it will be most appropriate. The question then arose as to what should be its name, and several were proposed, among them "Garfield Square," it being also suggested that a statue of the lamented President should be erected there. An-

other idea advanced was that it would be an excellent site for the proposed statue of Paul Revere, by which a number of liberal-minded citizens of the city wish to perpetuate the memory of the hero of Concord and Lexington, and the name would then be "Revere Square." Still another title, and the one by which the place is known at present, though there is no official authority for the name, is "Trinity Square," on account of the famous Trinity Church, which is located near by. Either of the above names would be highly appropriate, provided the statues were forthcoming; but, judging from the skill of the "street namers" of this city in past years, the park will be destined to bear down to future generations some title that will cause the coming residents of the city to marvel at the decision of the authorities.

In this square is located the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, one of the finest institutions in the city. The original plans call for a much larger structure than the present edifice, and, when completed, the building will be four times its present size. The principal material used in construction is red brick, and the mouldings, copings and all ornamental work are of red and buff terra cotta, and were imported from England. On the façade are two artistically executed bas-reliefs, representing "Genius of Art" and "Art and Industry," while in the roundels are the heads of the most distinguished artists and patrons of art. The institution is under the control of a corporation, which is administered by a board of trustees, to which are added annually persons chosen to represent Harvard University, the Institute of Technology, the Lowell Institute, the



THE "FIRST CHURCH," MARLBORO AND BERKELEY STREETS.



THE ART MUSEUM, MAIN ENTRANCE.

and the vestibules in ash and oak, while special attention has been paid to interior decorations. These are unsurpassed by anything in the country, and are the work of John La Farge, of New York City. The stained-glass windows were brought from Europe, and the entire cost of the structure was \$750,000. It will be seen at once that, with such surroundings, a better site for a park could scarcely be chosen, for, in addition to the imposing church and the handsome Art Museum, there face the square two large hotels, the brown-stone edifice of the Second Church, the Chauncy Hall School building, the site of the new Public Library and a number of elegant private residences. There is no doubt but that in a few years hence this spot will be pointed out to the visitor as one of the finest squares in the city.

The western section of the Back Bay presents just now a busy but at the same time rather a forlorn appearance. It is here that the new public park is to be located, and for several years operations have been going on, filling in the marsh lands, changing the course of the tide-water, and grading and leveling the ground. The territory lies to the south and west of the city, and when completed according to original plans the park will be nearly one hundred and sixty acres in extent, reaching to Brookline and Jamaica Plain, a distance of about five miles. This section of the Back Bay was the common estuary of Muddy River and Stony Brook, which, when the tide was in, was a broad pool, and at low water a narrow creek, between deep and fetid mudbanks, which emitted offensive and deleterious odors. Private and public operations have moved this noisome pestilence, transforming it into solid earth, and materially improving the healthfulness and the appearance of the city in this section. When the park is completed it is proposed to have in it a lake of some thirty acres in extent, with rocky banks, beaches and coves, while its surface will be dotted with low islands. On these latter the common vegetation of salt marshes, as well as perennial shrubs, are to be planted along the edges, with trees of loftier growth in the centre. To make the lake more attractive, numbers of water-fowl are to be introduced, such as swans, pelicans, cormorants, cranes and other waders and fishers.

Public Library and the Boston Athenæum; also the Mayor, the Superintendent of Public Schools and the Secretary of the State Board of Education *ex officio*. In the same building are schools of embroidery, wood-carving, modeling and decorative art.

Trinity Church, close at hand, is deserving of more than a passing mention, as being the finest church edifice in New England. The structure, which was completed in 1877, is in the French-Romanesque style, in the shape of a Latin cross, with a semi-circular apse added to the eastern part. The interior is finished in black walnut,

In the park is to be a promenade twenty-four to forty feet wide, a drive-way forty feet wide, and a "bridle-path" twenty-five feet wide, which are to be carried side by side for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. There are to be but few inclosures or buildings in the park, save for administrative purposes, and the landing and gate-houses, which are to be used for shelter in case of sudden showers. There will be ten or more entrances, while Boylston Street and Commonwealth Avenue are to be extended through the grounds, thus affording ample facilities for horse-car or omnibus lines to reach the spot. The plans

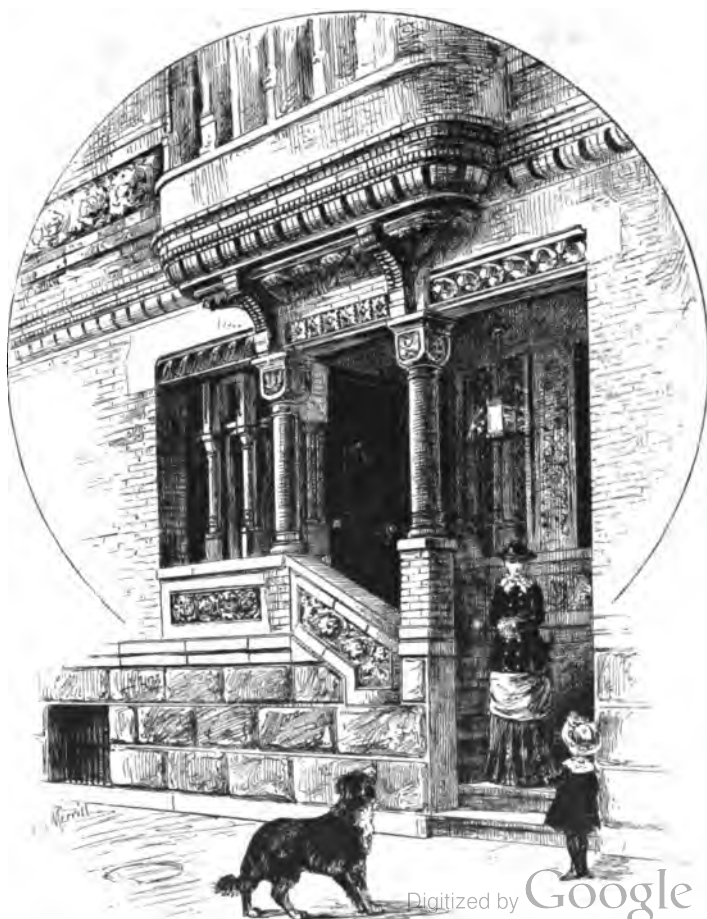
are alike simple and beautiful, and when completed the park, with its pleasing surroundings, will supply a want that has long been felt by the residents of the city, while the proximity of such an enclosure will induce still greater building activity in the vicinity.

The improvements at the South End, as the southern section of the city is termed, should not be passed unnoticed. This part of the city was formerly known as Boston Neck, and consisted of a narrow salt marsh, through which ran Washington Street, the principal thoroughfare to Roxbury, and Tremont Street, then a clam-shell road. Little by little the swamp-lands were filled in, until to-day there is not a vestige of the marsh remaining. The South End is devoted almost exclusively to residences, and although the dwellings are less pretentious than their aristocratic neighbors on the Back Bay, many of them are models of neatness and comfort. The new High and Latin School building, one of the finest public school edifices in the country, is located at the South End. It was dedicated in 1881, and cost over \$700,000. Not far away is the Girls' High School building, also a number of fine churches; and farther south, adjoining the Back Bay, are the exhibition buildings of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association and the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute. These last are two immense brick structures, in which exhibitions of the different arts and sciences are yearly given. The new Children's Hospital is situated between the above-named buildings, and is a handsome and commodious structure. The tide of population has been steadily moving westward for some years, and real estate at the South End, east of Washington Street, has been steadily depreciating, while property west of the same thoroughfare has correspondingly increased in value.

Boston has been justly famed for her suburbs, and probably few cities in the country are surrounded with more attractive country places. During the past twenty years many of the neighboring towns have been annexed to Boston, so that what are generally termed suburbs are in reality a part of the city itself. Roxbury was added to Boston in 1867, and is now known as Boston Highlands. West Roxbury, including Jamaica Plain, was added in 1874; Dorchester and Neponset in 1870; Charlestown and Brighton in 1874. South Boston and East Boston have long been a part of the city, though separated by water from its natural limits. After leaving the more populous sections of the city, one may find for miles in almost every direction, large estates standing in the midst of extensive and finely-laid out grounds, while handsome residences, long stretches of smoothly-shaven lawns, neatly-arranged gardens and thriving orchards are seen on every hand. In Mount Pleasant, Dorchester, and along Blue Hill Avenue, the number of these fine places is particularly noticeable, the beauty of the surroundings being enhanced by occasional glimpses of the distant harbor and bay or the high hills some miles inland. Near the Dedham line is Forest Hills Cemetery, a beautiful city of the dead, that rivals almost any similar place in the country. Within comparatively few years it has been greatly improved by the addition of plants,

flowers and handsome monumental work. Longwood, adjoining the city, though not a part of Boston, is inhabited by so many people from the city as to deserve mention. For some time past property has been steadily increasing in value in this section, and numbers of small but exceedingly pretty cottages have been erected. It seems to be the chosen abode of newly-married couples, and within two or more years very many young people have settled down in this quiet but charming town. Far-seeing people predict that it is but a question of time before the place will become a part of Boston, in which case fortunate property owners will realize handsomely on their original purchases. All through the outskirts of the city building operations are extensively carried on, and the present rapid growth of the city seems to warrant such enterprises. The finely-equipped and admirably-managed horse-car lines of which Boston may be justly proud, have done much to build up the suburbs, but according to the present rate of increase in the population, additional facilities of transportation in the way of elevated railroads and other means of rapid transit will soon be needed. Such features, though strenuously opposed at first, would ultimately become very popular, and would add wonderfully in building up the outlying districts of the city.

The great fire of 1872, though temporarily checking the business interests of Boston, resulted ultimately in greatly increasing the value of property throughout the burnt district. The low, cramped buildings that were swept away by the conflagration have been supplanted



DOORWAY ON EXETER STREET.

by towering and spacious warehouses, while much of the territory before unoccupied has been built upon. Then, too, the city took occasion to widen many of the thoroughfares and make other needed improvements, so that this section of Boston has been almost entirely made over. The business centres have also changed, the dry goods houses now congregating on Franklin and Summer Streets; the boot and shoe trade on Pearl, High and Summer Streets; the leather trade on South Street, which latter place has recently been improved and widened at great expense, while the other business centres are nearly as they were before the fire. One of the most important and extensive street improvements was the extension of Washington Street from Cornhill to Haymarket Square, in 1873 and 1874, entailing an expenditure of \$1,500,000; so that the thoroughfare now extends from the last-named place to the Dedham line. Another improvement was the laying out of Atlantic Avenue, at an expense of over \$2,400,000. This street is now one hundred feet wide, and extends from Eastern Avenue to Federal Street. The line of the avenue was originally below tidewater, but was filled in, and the reclaimed land, which is now of great value, is almost entirely covered with large warehouses or devoted to extensive dock property. The leveling of Fort Hill, which was once the fashionable part of Boston, was accomplished at an expense of nearly \$200,000, and what was formerly the centre of the hill is now Fort Hill Square. The streets in other sections of the city have been widened and extended until Boston has now over four hundred miles of public highways.

But the many recent improvements in Boston are by no means confined to the city itself. The harbor has had its share of attention, and extensive operations have been going on to accommodate the growing commerce of the port. The South Boston flats have been filled in by the state, so that this territory, which was formerly worse than useless, is now utilized for immense grain elevators, storehouses, docks and the like. The work is by no means yet completed, but when wholly finished there will be no finer railroad facilities or dock privileges in the country. New wharves to accommodate the ponderous ocean steamers which ply regularly between the port and Europe have been constructed in



RECTORY OF TRINITY CHURCH.

different parts of the harbor, and the evidences of progress and improvement are apparent all along the water front.

It is needless to speak of Boston's many educational and benevolent institutions. In this respect she is unexcelled by any city in the country, and the fame of some of these establishments is almost world-wide. Each year the various places of learning and the philanthropic societies increase their facilities for disseminating knowledge and doing good; while in other respects the city still deserves the title it has earned of being the "Modern Athens." Boston's sister cities are wont to speak in good-natured jest concerning her learning and "culture," and perhaps her sons and daughters of to-day are too prone to live upon the reputation of their fathers. But, after all, the same actuating spirit of kindness, the same patriotism and love of country, the same freedom of thought and speech, and the same eager searching after enlightenment and education fill the hearts and minds of dwellers in modern Boston just as in the elder day when the ancient city earned her honored title.

EDWARD S. CROSBY.



BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD II—CHAPTER III.

THE year declines toward its mirk close. Every day a little more is taken from the light and added to the dark. London is full and cheerful; with a pleasanter, friendlier, more leisurely social stir than the overpowering June one. Two or three good pieces are running at the theatres, and the shop-windows are warm with furs. Round the Churchills a crop of small dinners and dances has sprung up.

The time nears mid-December. Mrs. Churchill's wish as to the non-repetition of Professor Forth's visit has met with the usual fate of wishes. He has come again repeatedly; so repeatedly that the dogs have ceased barking at him, though they are not so hypocritical as to wag their tails on his approach; nor, indeed, does he ever, by kind pats or well-chosen civilities, give them any cause to do so. Even the obtuse Tommy has learned that he is to be shown, not into the drawing-room, but into the little back litter-room, which has been arbitrarily cleared of Sarah's paint pots, and the promiscuous rubbish in which her soul delights; has been furnished with pens, ink, and dictionaries, and raised and dignified by the name of study. For Belinda's fervor for learning rages with a feverish heat that might make a thoughtful looker-on inclined to question its solidity or its continuance.

She is learning Latin Syntax; she is being taught Greek; she has undertaken a course of Universal History; she devotes her spare moments to the Elements of Algebra. Very seldom now does she join her family in the evening. Mostly she remains down stairs, writing Latin Exercises, learning Irregular Greek Verbs; working, working on until late into the night. She would like never to stop, to leave no single chink or cranny by which memory may enter.

And is the charm working? Is the remedy beginning to make its healing virtue felt? This is the question that she never dares ask herself. Sometimes, indeed, it thrusts itself upon her in the sadness of the night. Sometimes the pen drops from her stiffened fingers, or her tired brain relaxes its hold upon the hard-conned page, and she groans out to herself—she alone awake, with her melancholy gas-jet burning above her in the silence of the sleeping house—"Of what use? what use?" Has it given back to life its sweet and wholesome taste? Has it helped her to dominate that terrible irritability which makes no person and no moment safe from some senseless outbreak of her temper? Has it conquered that gloom which renders her the kill-joy of her little circle? There is not one of these questions that she can honestly answer in the affirmative.

But perhaps there has not yet been time enough to test the efficacy of this cure. Its action will doubtless be slow, but all the more lasting and solid for that. She must persevere; it would be madness not to persevere. She passes her hand across her weary, throbbing temples, and catches up the pen again.

The clock strikes two, and she still writes. It is not night now; it is afternoon. Mrs. Churchill and Sarah, furred and feathered, with their bonnets nicely tied on, and their faces alight with placid good-humor, have set

off in the brougham on their daily career of calls and shops.

Belinda remains behind in the little dingy back room, with her copy-books. Not once to-day has she tasted the wholesome outside air—wholesome, black and fog-charged as it is. She has been alone here the whole day, except for a couple of ten minutes grudgingly snatched for breakfast and luncheon.

She has been alone, but she is so no longer. Professor Forth has just been ushered in to partake her solitude. She meets him with a complaint.

"I expected you yesterday."

"I was detained by a College meeting, and by other engagements," he answers. "I hope," ceremoniously, "that you were not inconvenienced by the deferring of my visits?"

"I was," she answers brusquely. "As it happened, I wanted you badly. I was completely puzzled by a passage here," laying her hand upon a school edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries." "I worried over it till I felt quite dazed and woolly."

As she speaks she draws the volume toward her, and they both stoop their heads over the page; his with its old, sparse, colorless hair, thriftily drawn across the baldening crown; hers with its unregarded riches of nut-brown. The difficulty dissipated, she leans back in her chair.

"It is hopeless to make any real progress," she says morosely, "as long as our lessons are so interrupted. How much better it would be if we lived in Oxbridge! How I wish we lived in Oxbridge!"

She is sitting alongside of him, and does not look at him as she expresses this wish. It seems to be addressed with a general vagueness to the air.

He glances at her, sidelong and suspiciously; at the beautiful blooming profile, the discontented mouth, the fine, petulant, small nose, the veiled, unglad eyes. He has almost given up suspecting her of late, but her last aspiration has rearoused his distrust. Was not Sarah once fervent and constant in her longings to inhabit a University town?

"It would make things so much easier," she continues plaintively, quite unconscious of his disquieting doubts. "If I were in difficulties I could go straight to you. I had much rather live in Oxbridge than here."

He is still observing her covertly, and makes no answer.

"It must be a good life!" she says, with the same restless longing as a sick person's for strange food; "so full of intelligent interests, so absorbing, and must take one so out of one's self!"

As she speaks she clasps both hands at the back of her neck, and stares dreamily up at the ceiling. He has moved his eyes away from her. Perhaps they are satisfied with the result of their investigation. They now look straight before him on Cæsar's open page. Upon his fingers he balances a paper-knife, and an unusual expression has crept about his narrow lips.

"If you are sincere in your desire for a—" he begins rather slowly; but she breaks in upon him hotly.

"Sincere!" she repeats, with an angry intonation;

"I cannot imagine why you preface all your remarks with a doubt of my sincerity! What could I possibly gain by being insincere?"

She looks at him full and irately as she speaks, and their eyes meet; the dull old cautious eyes, and the unhappy flashing young ones.

"If my phrase offends you, I will change it!" he answers formally. "Since you are sincere in your desire for a—"

But again he breaks off. There is a ring at the door-bell.

"You have visitors," he says, in an annoyed voice. "We shall be interrupted."

"No, we shall not," she replies, shaking her head. "Tommy knows that when you are here I am not at home to any one."

It is a sentence susceptible of a flattering interpretation—that, indeed, would seem to bear no other—but it is uttered as such indifferent matter-of-fact that he would be indeed a coxcomb who was elated by it.

"Please go on," smiling faintly. "Since I am sincere in my desire for—what?"

But apparently he has lost the thread of his twice-begun speech.

"Your servant must have mistaken your directions," he says, with a vexed look; "he is evidently admitting some one."

Both listen, and, as she listens, Belinda's color changes.

"If we were at Dresden," she says in a suppressed and troubled voice, "and if I did not hope that it were impossible, I should say that the voice was—"

The door flies open.

"Here I am!" cries Miss Watson, bursting into the room, in apparently the identical large black and white plaid gown and grizzled fringe, and in certainly the same burly red face—perhaps a shade worsened by the battle and breeze—as of yore.

She is not ushered in, but helplessly followed by the baffled Tommy, who is raising his puny infant voice in futile protestations, as his predecessor had so often done before him.

"I knew by Tommy's manner that you were at home!" cries she joyfully. "By-the-by, he is a new Tommy! What have you done with the old one? I would not give him my card. I said, 'No, I will surprise them!'"

She has succeeded. Both Mr. Forth and his disciple have risen to their feet, and now stand regarding their visitor with—for the first moments—an entirely silent dismay.

"Mr. Forth, too!" cries Miss Watson, snatching his reluctant hand. "Why, this is Dresden over again! If we had but Sarah and Rivers here, we might think ourselves back there."

Neither of Belinda's companions perceives it, but she shudders. Ever since Miss Watson's voice first fell on her shocked ears, she has known that she would have to endure the sound of Rivers' name. In reality not two minutes have elapsed since then, but it seems to her as if for hours she had been dreading it.

"How snug you are!" says the visitor, patronizingly looking round; "but why do you sit here? Why do not you sit in the drawing-room? Is not the fire lit there? Oh, I suppose Sarah sits there, and grand-mamma? I must go and pay them a little visit just now."

"They are out."

"Out!" repeats the other, laughing; "Sarah is always out. I wish they would come back! How soon

do you expect them? We should be just our Dresden party, then—all but Rivers!"

Again that shudder, but she sets her teeth. She *must* endure it—*must* steel herself to hear his name—to pronounce it if need be.

"Shocking thing about his father, was it not?" continues Miss Watson, cheerfully pursuing the course of thought suggested by the mention of Rivers. "Failed for over a million, and cut his throat. They say that he has left his large family—twelve? ten? nine?—how many used young Rivers to tell us there were of them?—upon the parish. But I do not believe it; one hears of people bankrupt one day, and rolling in their carriages the next."

Belinda's heart is beating sickeningly, and her hands are trembling so violently that she has to clench them fast together to hide their aguish shaking; but she is nerving herself up. Here is an opportunity for obtaining information about him such as may probably not recur for weeks, months, possibly years. Here, too, is an occasion for practicing that indifferent naming of him to which she is resolved to attain.

"Does Mr. Rivers roll in his carriage?" she asks, with a strained smile.

The effort to speak is so great that it seems to her as if, when it is overcome, she speaks unnaturally loud; but, as her companions show no surprise, she concludes that it cannot be so really.

"I do not know about rolling in his carriage," answers Miss Watson, with her loud, ever-ready laugh; "I know that he can treat himself to stalls at the theatre, which is more than I can; I always go to the dress circle; one's legs are a little cramped in the front row, but one can see as well as in the best place in the house."

Belinda has stooped over the table, and is nervously arranging, rearranging, disarranging the exercise books, grammars, pen-wipers upon it.

"Did you see him at the play?" she asks hurriedly.

"I saw him the other night at the St. James'," returns Miss Watson, inquisitively following with her eyes Belinda's unaccountable fidgetings. "What are you looking for? have you lost anything? No?—at the St. James'. 'The Squire'—have you seen it? it is so well put on the stage—Mrs. Kendal quite at her best!"

"I—I think not," answers Belinda incoherently. "I mean no; I—I have not seen it. You were saying—"

"What was I saying?" (her eyes still fastened curiously on the girl's purposeless movements)—"you *must* have lost something!—oh! that I had seen young Rivers at the play. He was in the stalls with a lady—his sister, we will presume—though she was not at all like him," with a knowing look; "if *she* was on the parish, it managed to dress her uncommonly well!"

Even Belinda's lips have turned white. She is conscious of it, and rubs them hard with her fingers. He is in London! He can go to the play, can take his pleasure with other women! She has long known in theory that he must have been frequently in London during the past eighteen months; but never before has it come home to her with such cruel, practical certitude. Lightning-quick the contrast between their evenings—his and hers—has sprung before her eyes: her melancholy vigils, devoted to distasteful studies in the vain hope of wrenching her thoughts away from him; and *his*, reclining in mirthful ease in a comfortable fauteuil in the lit theatre, beside a beautiful, *strange*, fond woman. The beauty and fondness her sick imagination has at once supplied. That she may possibly have

been his sister, her bitter soul refuses for one instant to admit.

"I tried to get to him as we were going out," pursues Miss Watson narratively. "I saw him on ahead with his lady; he is a most attentive *brother*!" with a laughing accent on the word; "he was wrapping her up like a mummy! but though I made a great push for it I could not come up with him; there was such a crowd. I never saw a fuller house; I called out to him, and once I thought he had heard, for he looked round and caught my eye; but it could not have been so, for he posted on faster than before!"

At this, in happier moments, Belinda would have smiled. She cannot smile now.

"Have you not seen anything of him?" asks the other, exploring the girl's wan face with the unflinching inquisitiveness of her eyes; "has he not been to call—not once? I must tell him that there is a hole in his manners; I shall be sure to fall in with him again before long, and I will send him here."

"You will not," says Belinda hoarsely, stretching out her hand and turning livid. "I mean," helped back to self-possession by the expression of astonished and eager curiosity painted all over her guest's broad face—"I mean that I think I had rather you did not. If he wishes to call, he—he—knows our address."

CHAPTER IV.

It is next day. Outside, snow is falling; but it is flabby, irresolute, large-flaked snow, that melts as it reaches the slushy street, and makes it slushier still. Mrs. Churchill is standing by the window, eyeing the weather with disgust, and Sarah and the dogs are seated higgledy-piggledy on the hearth-rug.

"This is what we are to expect for the next five months!" cries Mrs. Churchill, addressing this exasperated remark partly to the outside mud and mire and partly to her granddaughter.

Neither heeds it. Sarah's whole attention, indeed, is occupied in bribing Punch, by a sweet biscuit brought up from luncheon, to the performance of the most striking in his repertoire of tricks, an affecting representation of death; which, when contrasted with his usual superabundant life, is much admired by strangers, and, indeed, by his own family.

It is, however, the one of his accomplishments for which he himself has the least partiality. The command to die has to be reiterated many times before he at length rolls reluctantly over on his side; and even then, as he looks up every half second and jumps up every second, a good deal of the repose of death has to be supplied by the spectator's imagination.

"What a climate!" pursues Mrs. Churchill in angry ejaculation. "Good heavens, Sarah, why do you let Jane make such a dreadful noise?"

She may well ask. Jane, seated on her haunches, is volunteering, in a loud series of forward barks, to die, to beg, to trust, to dance—to do anything of which she is utterly incapable, in order to divert to herself the attention monopolized by Punch.

Pug, as the third member of the dog family is now called in consequence of Mrs. Churchill's indignant decree, has, with her usual poor-spiritedness, crawled away under a chair in sulky annoyance at her brother's social success.

"How any one that can help it spends the winter in England, is more than I can imagine!" pursues the old lady, shivering back to the fire. "If we were rid of Belinda, we would go abroad."

"Why should not Belinda go, too—No," holding up

a finger in severe prohibition of Punch's premature resurrection; "dead! dead! head down! dead!"

"I could not possibly afford it; and, besides," with a shrug, "she would spoil the whole thing; she is such a wet blanket."

"Everybody cannot be always on the grin like you and me," answers Sarah, with surly disrespect.

"We would go to the South," says Mrs. Churchill, perfectly unmoved by her granddaughter's want of reverence, to which, indeed, she is thoroughly accustomed, her bright old eye lightening at the notion of a holiday; "we would have a week in Paris, and go to the play every night. I must see Judic in this new piece. We would run over to Monaco and try our luck. If only," her exhilarated tone changing to one of impatient vexation, "if only Belinda were out of the way!"

Mrs. Churchill is far too much of an old gentlewoman to speak loud, but her utterance is distinct and pure; she does not swallow all the tails of her words, as we English are accused of doing. It would be impossible for any one entering the room not to hear her; more particularly as Jane has at length been persuaded to cease favoring the company with her remarks.

Sarah lifts her head. She has an impression as of the door softly closing. In a moment a sudden thought has made her hustle aside the dogs, spring up, and fly out on the landing. She was right. Sure enough, Belinda is slowly descending the stairs, with her back to her sister. Even before she turns her face, which, in obedience to her junior's call, she does, Sarah knows somehow by the look of her back that she has heard. She is in walking dress, and is evidently making for the hall-door.

"Are you going out?" asks Sarah, with a face and voice as guilty as if she herself, and not her grandmother, had been the author of the ill-natured remarks so unfortunately overheard.

"Yes."

"To-day?" shivering.

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Walking?"

"No."

"In a hansom?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?" cries Sarah, with uncomfortable curiosity following her sister, who has already resumed her downward progress.

"I am going to the National Gallery to meet Mr. Forth."

"To the National Gallery? why cannot he come here?"

"Because, unfortunately, there is hardly so fine a collection of pictures here as there," replies Belinda disagreeably; "he wishes to show me a particular picture of the early Italian school."

A cold apprehension steals over Sarah.

"Do not go!" she cries impulsively, catching her sister's hands; "I am sure his picture is as little worth seeing as himself. Let him wait. Come back to the fire."

But Belinda resolutely draws her hands away and opens the street-door.

"I am glad to be—for at all events a couple of hours—'out of the way,'" she says icily.

As Sarah, discomfited, climbs the stairs again, she winks away something very like a small tear from her jovial blue eye.

The light is dull. The short afternoon already shows signs of waning. In the National Gallery, strolling

about its handsome, all but empty rooms, is the usual sprinkling of odds and ends that represents the daily quota of art-lovers supplied by London from its four millions: two or three *mal-peigné* artisans; three or four ill-dressed women; a child or two. No better meeting-place could be found for any two people who wish to converse undisturbed, but have no reason to avoid their fellow-creatures' eyes. Under this head come the two persons who have so long been standing before a well-known Hobbema (the Giotto, which was the ostensible cause of their meeting, has been already inspected). A passer-by might presume that they were exhaustively criticising each individual beauty, but in point of fact one does not see the picture at all, and the other thinks that she does not. In after days, however, she finds that she must have done, so plainly comes out, printed on her mind, the impress of that long, long, long straight road, going away, away; of those great, tall, wayside poplars, with their perspective of lengthy stems, their high, scant heads raised loftily into the pale sky—such slight, gray-green heads, each one with a different character about it; of the man walking along the road to the distant red-roofed Dutch village. It has seemed to Belinda as if that man must reach the village before the Professor has finished his slow speech; but he is not yet there, and the Professor has ended. For he has spoken, and not Greek. And now Belinda is speaking. Her eyes are fixed still with a sort of glassiness on the cool and tranquil canvas of the long-dead master; and the poplars seem almost to sway to her breath. Her voice is steady and quiet, though hard.

"I am very glad of what you say as to personal affection having no part in your motives for asking me to marry you; you do not want—love," she makes a hardly perceptible pause before pronouncing the word, "and I have none to give; so at all events we start fair."

He makes a sort of gesture of assent.

"I distrust, and have cause for distrusting professions of affection," he answers dryly.

A certain flavor of rancor in his tone tells his hearer that he is thinking of her sister, and a trivial passing wonder crosses her mind as to how far Sarah had carried her nefarious simulation of an unlikely passion. Never has it seemed so unlikely as at this moment.

"All that I ask, all that I wish to obtain is an intelligent sympathetic companion."

"*Sympathetic!*" she repeats reflectively; "I am not sympathetic; I should be deceiving you if I were to let you suppose that I am: no! let us be sure that we understand each other; I have as little sympathy to give as I have—love!"

Again that slight hesitation.

"Possibly!" he answers, with a stiff impatience, looking rather annoyed at her opposition; "on my side I think it right to tell you of what you may perhaps be already aware, that the press of my occupations and the condition of my health forbid my indulging in many amusements enjoyed by other persons, but from which I shall be compelled to require you, as well as myself, to abstain."

"I do not want amusements!" replies Belinda gloomily; "amusements do not amuse me. I want occupation; can you give me plenty of that?"

His face unbends with a slight smile.

"I think I can promise you that in the life you will share with me, you will find no lack of that. My mother—"

"Your mother!" repeats Belinda, brusquely; "she is still alive then?"

"She is still spared to me," replies he piously; but a

tone in his voice, striking upon her fine ear, tells her that he would not have quarreled with the Will of Heaven, had he not been so successful in keeping awhile "one parent from the skies."

"She must be very old," says Belinda thoughtfully, not reflecting on the unflattering inference to be drawn from this remark.

He assents: "She is somewhat advanced in years."

Belinda is silent for a moment or two. Her eyes are still vacantly fastened on the Hobbema; and a vague, absent wish to be walking with that man along that quiet road to that red village is playing about the surface of her preoccupied mind.

"Is she—" she begins, and then breaks off.

Across her memory have darted various facts communicated by Sarah about her future mother-in-law; facts of a not altogether satisfactory complexion; something about her being out of her mind, and never ceasing asking questions.

"Is she—" It is so difficult to word it civilly; "doting," "imbecile," "off her head"—she tries them all, but none sounds polite enough. "Is she" (she has it at last) "in full possession of her faculties?"

He hesitates a moment.

"She is somewhat deaf."

"Is her sight good?"

"I regret to say that it is almost gone."

"But she keeps her faculties? her mind?" pursues Belinda persistently.

"Her intellect is not what it was!" he answers, so shortly that Belinda feels that it is impossible to pursue her catechism further.

And, indeed, why should she? Has not the tone of his answers sufficiently proved to her that, for once in her life, Sarah had spoken unvarnished truth?

"My mother's bodily health is excellent," he continues presently; "I only wish that my own constitution were half as vigorous as hers; but her infirmities are such as to need a great deal of loving care: more," with a sigh, "than I am able to spare from my own avocations!"

Belinda is silent, drawing the obvious but not particularly welcome inference that the loving care is henceforth to be given by her.

"I am not naturally fond of old people," she says slowly. "I have been very little thrown with them; the only old person whom I know intimately, granny, is a great deal younger in herself than I am. I will be as kind as I can to your mother, but that is not the sort of occupation I meant; I meant," turning her restless large look away from the restful picture to his face, at which she has hitherto hardly glanced—"I meant something that would fill the mind—some hard study!"

"There is nothing that I am aware of, to prevent your pursuing any line of study you may choose to select," he answers, rather pettishly.

"And you think that the taste—the zest for it will certainly come—*certainly?*" pursues she eagerly. "Did you ever know a case of its failing? I must not deceive you; it has not come to me yet; I take no pleasure in learning; I think that I have as little real aptitude for study as" (Sarah, she is going to say, but stops in time)—"as the veriest dunce. But you think that I shall succeed if I persevere, do you not?" (plying him both with her feverish questions, and with the plaintive importunity of her eyes); "that perseverance must bring success to any one, however moderately bright. I know, of course"—humbly—"that I am not more than very moderately bright."

"You have a good average intelligence," he answers

dryly; "it would be flattery to imply that you have more!"

"Of course, of course!" she rejoins, meekly acquiescing in this lover-like expression of partiality; and then there is silence again.

It is broken by Professor Forth. It would not have been broken by Belinda. She is dreamily walking again along Hobbema's straight Dutch road. Would the village be at all like Wesenstein when she reached it?

"I suppose," he says ceremoniously, "that there will be no objection to my calling to-morrow morning to announce to your grandmother the step that we propose taking; I am, of course, not aware whether or no she will be likely to oppose it."

"Not she!" answers Belinda, leaping back from dreamland, and breaking into a hard laugh; "she will be delighted to be rid of me."

"And—and your sister?" says he, with that same slight resentful difficulty which he always finds in mentioning Sarah; "will she, too, be delighted to be rid of you?"

"N—o, I think not!" answers Belinda slowly. "She would be perfectly justified if she were, for I have done my best of late to embitter her life; but no, I think not; by-the-by," looking up and speaking with a quick animation that contrasts with her late sarcastic indifference, "I must stipulate that you will allow her to visit me. You do not bear malice to her," she adds naively, "for—for what happened formerly?"

"I am not likely to bear malice," he answers with an arid smile, "for a course of action for which I at least, as it turns out, have so much reason to be thankful."

"That is right," she answers carelessly, passing by his stiff *politesse*; "then I think that is all. I think there is nothing more to say, is there?"

She speaks with the same unemotional business air as if she were concluding the purchase of a piece of land, or of some yards of cloth. The room is, at the moment, empty of any one but themselves. It is near closing-time, and the sparse visitors are trailing off. There is nothing to hinder a lover-like parting embrace between the two persons who have just engaged to pass their lives together. But the possibility of this never once crosses Belinda's mind, not even when her newly-betrothed steps a pace nearer to her, and says, in a voice through which rather more of human emotion than she has ever before heard in it pierces:

"You must allow me to repeat the expression of my gratification—of my thanks!"

"What for?" she asks, piercing him with the direct look of her icy eyes. "It is a mere matter of business that we have been transacting. You want a secretary, housekeeper, nurse for your mother; I want a home of my own, and a 'guide, philosopher and friend,' " laughing harshly. "I see no room for thanks on either side!"

To such a speech what rejoinder is there to make? He makes none.

"I may as well go home now," she says, in the same cool, matter-of-fact tone as before; "any further arrangements that there are to make may be made when you come to-morrow. You ask at what hour? At whatever hour best suits your convenience—early or late, it is indifferent to me which. I must ask you to call a hansom for me."

As they emerge from the building they find that rain is falling, a sleety rain to which the undecided snow has turned. It beats in her face as she walks down the steps; she does not take the trouble to run in order to escape it; she would as soon be wet as dry. It drives in upon her even in the hansom, when she has refused

to allow the glass to be lowered. One can get very fairly well soaked in a hansom if one goes the right way to work. And all along sleety Pall Mall, all the sleety way home, she is pestered with the sight, the smell, almost the *feel*, of the wood at Wesenstein!

"Granny," says Belinda, entering the drawing-room, walking straight up to Mrs. Churchill and standing before her, not allowing her attention to be distracted even by the wagging of three kind tails, distinctly addressed to her, "you and Sarah may begin to pack your boxes at once; you may be off to Monaco as soon as you please; I shall be 'out of the way!'"

Mrs. Churchill lifts her eyes, in which is none of their usual frisky light, and fixes them coldly on her tall young granddaughter, standing pale and severe before her. She has always thought Belinda too tall; it strikes her more forcibly than ever now, as she sees her towering majestically above her. Belinda is too everything, except amusing.

"Are you hinting of Waterloo Bridge, by way of improving our spirits?" she asks sarcastically.

Mrs. Churchill is not in her playfullest mood, by which, almost as much as by her large lawn caps, she is known to an admiring public. The weather; the fact that several tiresome persons and not a single pleasant one have been to call; the consciousness of guilt toward Belinda—a consciousness not quite stifled indeed, but diverted into the channel of anger by the smart and in fact unmeasured rebukes she has had to submit to from Sarah—all, all combine to rob her of her usual suavity. Sarah's rebukes, indeed, would have led to a quarrel could she afford to quarrel with Sarah, but she cannot. Upon her hangs too much of the ease and diversion of her life. But there is no such motive to prevent her quarreling with Belinda, and she feels that to do so would be a pleasant relief.

"Waterloo Bridge!" repeats Belinda, with a momentary want of comprehension; then, "Oh, I see! No; there are other modes of being out of the way beside death."

"Perhaps you mean to announce to us your approaching marriage," suggests the old lady ironically.

"You have saved me the trouble," answers the girl curtly, sitting down as she speaks and beginning to unfasten her cloak, whose warmth the hot and scented room begins to make oppressive.

"You are going to be married?" cries the old lady, jumping actively up, and running toward her; *ennui*, ill-humor and sarcasm together racing away out of her voice, and making place both in it and in her sparkling eyes for a delightful excitement. "You do not say so! My dear child, you *have* taken us by surprise! I do not know when I have been so pleased!"

"Do not be in too great a hurry!" interrupts Belinda coldly. "Before you express any more pleasure, you had better hear who it is whom I have promised to marry."

"I was just going to ask, of course. Who is it? My dear child, I cannot tell you how *intriguée* I am to know," running swiftly over in her mind the list of Belinda's somewhat shadowy admirers, all of them kept so rigorously at bay that it would have seemed impossible that any one of them could have approached within sight of love-making.

"It is Professor Forth!"

Mrs. Churchill's jaws drop; the dimpling smiles—she still has the remnants of an old dimple or two—vanish from her cheek. For several moments she is totally incapable of speech; and even at the end of them is only able to gasp out the incoherent words:

"Professor Forth! What are you talking about? Nonsense! Impossible!"

"If you disbelieve me," says Belinda quietly, "you had better ask him. He is coming to-morrow to inquire whether you can spare me. I told him that I thought you could."

"Professor Forth!" repeats Mrs. Churchill, gradually but slowly regaining the possession of her senses. "I cannot think what has happened to the girls; first Sarah and then you. You must be bewitched!"

"I do not think that he has used any magic," rejoins Belinda, still with that pallid composure of hers. "The matter lies in a nut-shell: he wants a wife, and I want a—" "husband" she is going to say, but something in the employ of the word in such a connection strikes her as shocking and impossible. She leaves her sentence forever unfinished.

"Well, '*tous les goûts sont respectables*,' I suppose," rejoins Mrs. Churchill with a cynical shrug.

"To what are you applying that lying pet maxim of yours, my old friend?" asks Sarah playfully, coming suddenly into the room, rubbing her little cold hands and approaching her grandmother with a conciliatory air.

She feels a vague relief in seeing that Belinda is at home again. Neither answers; Belinda, because she has no wish to rob her grandmother of the pleasure of communicating her piece of intelligence; Mrs. Churchill, because a remnant of hurt dignity ties the tongue which she is longing to unloose.

"To what or whom are you applying it?" repeats Sarah more sharply, glancing suspiciously from one to the other as she speaks.

"To Belinda," replies the older woman, unable any longer to refrain herself. "I do not know how you will like being supplanted, but she has just been informing me, as you once before did, that Professor Forth is to be my grandson."

"He is not!" cries Sarah loudly and angrily, turning scarlet. "Belinda," taking her sister by the shoulder

and rudely shaking her, "why do you not speak? why do you not contradict her? why do you allow her to say such things about you? It is not true! Say that it is not true; it is only a *canard*. You have been saying it only to tease her; say that it is not true!"

"Why should it not be true?" asks Belinda, turning her lovely cold face and her gloomy eyes up toward Sarah.

The latter's hand drops nerveless from her sister's shoulder, and she steps back a pace or two.

"Then it is true!" she says, horrified.

"One would hardly imagine from your manner that you yourself had once been engaged to him," returns Belinda dryly; "and yet I believe that it was so."

"More shame for me," cries the other violently; "but I will do myself the justice to say that I never had the most distant intention of marrying him."

"There we differ then," says Belinda, slowly rising, and walking with her cloak over her arm to the door, "for I have every intention of marrying him; and so, granny," turning as she reaches it and calmly facing them both, "as I began by saying, you may pack your trunks for Monaco as soon as you please."

"How tiresomely she harps upon that string!" cries Mrs. Churchill peevishly; the more peevishly for the pricks that her conscience, albeit a tough one, is giving her.

"It is all your doing," says Sarah morosely, viciously rattling the fire-irons and boxing the dogs' ears; "you have driven her to it; sooner or later I knew that you would!"

"Pooh!" replies the other crossly: "she is not so easily driven or led either. If it were for her happiness," with a little pious parental air, "I cannot say that I should much regret her marriage; and if it does really come off—it is a shocking thing, of course, such an *amant pour rire*, but she seems bent upon it; and if it does really come off," the natural frisky light reilluminating her eyes, "why then, my dear child, there is in point of fact nothing to keep us from the South!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OVER THE WAY.

THE skies are gray, and o'er my head
I hear the patt'ring raindrops fall,
And in the chimney ghostly tones
Of nuns remorseful seem to call.
And I am scribbling for my bread,
But often eyes unruly stray
To windows high above the street
Where lives my neighbor o'er the way.

A pretty winsome lass she is—
A tender heart hath she, I ween,
For every morning on her sill
The sparrow's breakfast have I seen.
And by that sill she's sitting now;
Satins and silks and tinsels gay
Surround her while the needle flies—
What fascination o'er the way!

But when the evening comes, I know,
No lamp will light my lady's room,
And I, neglectful of my book,
Will sadly watch the gath'ring gloom,
And long to see her where she is—
A player-queen in fine array.
Art restless 'neath her gilded crown,
My little neighbor o'er the way?

When clad in gingham, can she guess,
Playing her morning's homely part,
She has an audience whose applause
Splits not his gloves but rends his heart?
For who she is I cannot tell.
And what I am she cannot say—
My little saint, wilt thou e'er know
Thy John-a-dreams across the way?

SOME PRANDIAL OBSERVATIONS ON "CULTURE."

THE younger members of the company, including Mr. Green, the botanist, and Professor Hardshell, of the theological academy—both devoted specialists in their respective lines—were clearly of the opinion that special culture was all-important. But the Judge maintained a dignified silence until the substantial courses were disposed of, and the tenor of the observations began to indicate a dearth of further contributions to the subject. This was usually the point where the Judge liked to take up the thread of a flagging discourse and deliver judgment, as it were, *ore rotundo*.

"According to a certain school of philosophers," he began, "I suppose we might call them 'gastronomers,' 'man is what he eats;' and therein lies one phase of culture, and a principle of vital importance to whoever superintends the family dinners. Observation justifies the remark also that 'man is how he eats.' There is no truer gauge of a man's calibre than the capacity of his mouth and his manner of filling it.

"He who is hasty and indiscriminate is, ten to one, a one-sided man, pursuing his hobby of business or pleasure in a blind, unsatisfactory way, incapable of appreciation or sympathy with other efforts or relations than his own. He shovels in his fuel as an engine-stoker feeds his furnace, intent only on maintaining a certain amount and pressure of vitality for driving work. Pancks, the bustling collector of Bleeding Heart Yard, is a type of the class:

"No flowers bloom for him. The delicate fragrance of music, or poetry, or human sympathy, is utterly wasted on his barren soul. If another's misfortune makes any impression on him, it is only to feed his selfish vanity by the comparison. Such a soul, we may be sure, is devoid of all the delicate coloring that refinement imparts. Who would think of discussing the higher aspirations of the inner life with a man who habitually spills soup upon his shirt-front and eats with his knife? Or expect to find in him those subtle perceptions of moral obligation, which, in all right living, supplement the legal code? He looks at life through a smoked glass, which brings sun and flower and diamond-sparkle to the same dull hue.

"But such a nature is not without its compensations. If he cannot fully enjoy the sun's majestic splendor, he is, at least, not dazzled by its brilliancy. If he is not so keenly alive to the higher enjoyments of life, he is likewise spared much of its suffering and disappointment. Only those who are capable of being lifted to the heights of exaltation can reach the lowest depths of despair. The shafts of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness glance harmlessly off his armor of indifference. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that, next to genius, a thick skin is the best patrimony a man can have.

"A gentleman calling one day on the Confederate General, Joe Johnston, at Atlanta, Georgia, said to him, concluding some rather slighting remark concerning our beloved Thomas, 'the rock of Chickamauga,' 'Well, I must admit that he possessed one good quality—he never knew when he was whipped.' 'I think you hardly do him justice,' was the noble reply. 'The truth is, *Thomas always knew when he wasn't whipped.*' Now, the mistake which this gentleman made is one we are all apt to make at times. Imbecility and power

often wear the same aspect to the casual observer, and we not infrequently mistake indifference for self-poise, and vice versa. 'Tom' Corwin—I mean our own great statesman—used to say that 'wisdom is nothing; solemnity everything;' and Emerson somewhere says that the world will generally receive a man at his own estimate of himself, which is much the same thing, for a man who really looks wise generally believes himself to be so. And this is true of these times at least; for wisdom now-a-days, as Sancho Panza says of a woman's virtue, 'lies in the reputation of it,' and mere dullness often give a man the reputation of wisdom, by making him insensible to the shafts of criticism. And so, not to wander too far, mediocrity has its advantages in some points of view. It is like the interlacing grasses covering a meadow-pool, concealing the shallow depths beneath; or, like the feathery covering of an amphibious bird, shedding the world's wrath as a duck's back sheds water."

The Judge pausing at this point, Mr. Hardshell propounded the query, "Whether, since our enjoyment of life, according to the views propounded, depends upon our capacity for enjoyment, we might not, by limiting rather than expanding our faculties, ultimately reach a point where, on the whole, we should have more net enjoyment than could be attained by the opposite course?"

"You will find a logical difficulty," responded the Judge, "in pointing out the stopping-place, especially in view of the advanced theory that man's intellectual development is the result of gradual evolution from the lowest forms of animal instinct. It is clear that if we could cultivate backward, we might finally reach a point where we wouldn't know enough to go in when it rained; which would add materially to our discomfort unless we could also retrograde physically to an amphibious state, where we might prefer 'ours with a little water.'"

"But, returning to the original point, take another phase of culture, and behold its representative, who tucks his napkin under his chin and feasts as though it were the chief business of his life. See how carefully he selects his fare! With what dignity and importance he chooses the choicest viands, and bestows the utmost powers of his mind upon the salad dressing! Could society exist without such persons? Certainly not: who would look after the cooks and keep up the standard of the cuisine?"

"I remember once being suddenly transplanted from a rude campaigning life in Georgia to the dining parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. I was sunburned and swarthy, and had exchanged my dusty uniform for an ill-fitting civilian's dress of a style then out of vogue. It is perhaps needless to say that I was younger then than now, and more impressible.

"I was embarrassed. I felt that I was misunderstood, as I walked through the bewildering wilderness of silks and laces, rare exotics and flashing jewels, and intuitively perceived, without beholding, the curious looks cast at me by their owners. Even the stately waiters, in immaculate broadcloth and white kids, looked upon me, I felt, with pitying contempt. I was crushed. I felt like a man arraigned for another's crime, with no opportunity to explain. My honorable uniform I had put off, that I might not be confounded with those car-

pet knights who affected city warfare in those troublous times, and had stepped into the guise of a country bumpkin. I was a nobody—one of *hoi polloi* amid the seats of the patricians. In vain I strove to hide my confusion behind the bill of fare. The first dash at it betrayed me into greater difficulty. It was impossible, under the cold eyes of the implacable attendants, to make a judicious selection. They seemed to say to me, 'We know perfectly well that you want corned beef and cabbage, and greens and carrots and hash; but no doubt you will pretend to be above such things here.' I was in a state of indignant despair.

"Fortunately, at the moment, a friend caught sight of me and came to my table. Of all persons in the world he was the one to guide me safely through my present embarrassment. With what relief did I accept his aid, and how skillfully did he pilot me through the intricacies of that bill of fare, pointing out the Scylla of unseasonable viands on the one hand, and the Charybdis of hotel economies on the other! How adroitly did he elevate me into the position of a distinguished warrior by his questions about our intimate mutual friends, Grant, Sherman, and the rest—questions so loudly put that all in the vicinity could hear!

"Then, too, with what easy grace did he discuss the wine, the cooking, the seasoning, the pastry, until I had warmed into ease and self-confidence under his superior knowledge and tact; so that, at last, when he had gone through the elaborate preparation for the salad in a most impressive manner, I felt it due to my prospects in life to partake of it, notwithstanding my abhorrence of sweet oil. I did so, and felt like throwing up—my commission."

A warning glance from the Judge's wife at this point checked the rising humor which showed itself in a quiet twinkle in the corners of his eyes, and he "made a motion," as Uncle Remus says, to stop, but the rest of the company insisted upon a continuance.

"But seriously, now," continued the Judge, "would you expect to find breadth of intellect or true nobleness of character in a man who gives himself up to elegant feasting? There is no tyrant so exacting as one's body, if one weakly yields to its demands. It is astonishing how its necessities multiply, if encouraged by indulgence; and one who is occupied in thoughts of mere creature comfort has really no time to cultivate a nobler growth. Such things entail a mere vegetable existence, and it is safe to grade low a man who always remembers what he had for dinner or takes pleasure in gloating over the anticipation of what he is to have.

"Plato somewhere says, 'The greatest burden and calamity to the soul is the body, from which she cannot disengage herself but by such a wise use of reason as shall wean and separate her from all corporeal passions.'

"So Cato, the Censor, in refusing the proffered friendship of an epicure, said: 'I could not live with a man whose palate has quicker sensations than his heart.' And, while upon this classic ground, there comes to mind what Cicero says of Cæsar: 'I perceive an inclination for tyranny in all he projects and executes; but, on the other hand, when I see him adjusting his hair with so much exactness, and scratching his head with one finger, I can hardly think that such a man can conceive so vast and fatal a design as the destruction of the Roman Commonwealth.'

"True, this is in the nature of an exception to the general rule; and there are undoubtedly many others in the ranks, especially of military heroes, where pride of appearance and the art of personal adornment are cultivated as an important element of character, for obvious

reasons. Thus Alcibiades, as we all know, was celebrated not only for his great military achievements, but also for his effeminacy in dress, and the insolent luxury and profusion of his living. He it was who had the deck of his galley cut away in order that his couch, swung upon girths, might be the softer; and carried in battle a shield of gold, with a device representing Cupid bearing thunderbolts.

"We speak of one who possesses a perfectly balanced culture, as a 'well-rounded character;' and for purposes of illustration we may consider human individualities as spheres—large or small, with reference to their natural capacity, and more or less complete in their circumstances, as their general culture is more or less perfect and 'well rounded.' So we roll onward through life, evenly or not, as our peripheries are continuous or broken—and some of us 'wobble' badly.

"Now, in this view, the great art of living is to keep our rounded and perfect sides toward the world, and our defective sides in the shadow like the moon at the full. If one has the art to do that, he may be only half a circle and rank with the wisest and best among us—provided only that he must not turn around and bring his shadowy side into the light of the world's gaze. Many of us, unfortunately, do that when we assume virtues which we have not in us—and I doubt not the ill-natured critic of this assembly—all critics are ill-natured—will point to this random discourse as a flagrant example."

And here again the Judge began to fold up his napkin, as if to retire from the field, but his auditors protested, and yielding with a good-natured shrug and a smile of complacent acquiescence, he continued:

"Then to return again to the original point—we are gradually approaching it—the two classes we have tested by our table observations comprise by far the larger proportion of society. The advocates of special culture—our distinguished brother, Mr. Green, will bear me out in this—will point to the law of the 'survival of the fittest,' and show the necessity of devoting all our powers to the cultivation of those faculties pertaining to the objects we select as our ultimate goal. They tell us that one-sided culture is a necessary condition of success in the struggle for intellectual existence; and triumphantly quote Agassiz as regretting, at the close of his glorious life, that he hadn't devoted himself exclusively to turtle-eggs, or something of the sort.

"Now this is very well in some aspects; a man at the bottom of a well can perhaps see farther into the sky than those who haven't any well to get into; but what's the use of shutting one's self out of sight of the beauty and knowledge which the rest of the universe contains, in order to peer a trifle farther into the unknown than our neighbors?

"The great pyramid at Ghizeh, which Piazzi Smith—the astronomer-royal of Scotland—considers the type and grand original of all the others, monumentalizing the scientific attainments of antiquity, has two straight channels leading from opposite sides diagonally through its massive courses of stone to a mysterious inner chamber. With such wonderful accuracy are these apertures channeled, that the observer, standing in this 'king's chamber,' so called, looks out through them at the sky as through a telescope. By astronomical calculation he ascertains that the axes of these channels, produced, intersect a meridian at points occupied some thousands of years ago by a certain member of the Pleiades constellation, famed in the traditional astronomy of Egypt, and the then polar star Draconis; whence the inference is drawn that the builders thus recorded in the eternal

book of the universal firmament the exact date of construction, in a language only to be interpreted by the eye of Science.

"So, it seems to me, special culture tends oftentimes to wall one up within a mental structure where observations of life can be had only through fixed channels directed to one class of objects; and all the other grace and beauty, and knowledge and power, of intellectual research are invisible because outside that particular line of observation.

"I have in mind, as an example, a friend of high scholastic attainments in the dead languages. Sanscrit delights him; Greek roots are his constant joy. The more thoroughly defunct the language, the greater his living interest in it. The aim of his life is to produce a dictionary in some extremely dead tongue; and he will finish it probably when Mr. Dick completes his memorial with no allusion to Charles the First in it. The section of country where my friend lives (he teaches the young idea how to shoot in Greek and Hebrew in a college of a neighboring state) is a particularly interesting field for the naturalist, and, being something of a naturalist in an amateur way (my friend thinks me a 'natural,' no doubt), I sometimes visit him, and avail myself of the opportunity to gather specimens from the surrounding fields in my rambles. To him the gathering in of vile bugs and ugly rocks, flint implements of rude and savage races, and the mouldering bones of pristine herb-doctors, who never dreamed of such dry roots as delight my friend's mental palate, is a waste of time absolutely incomprehensible.

"Of course I don't tell my friend that he is one-sided in his culture. On the contrary, we often sit down over our pipes—my friend has that one redeeming vice—and discuss the force of Greek particles (albeit, I can't see a particle of force in them), and allow myself to be convinced, with a show of interest, that the study of Latin ought to precede that of the mother tongue in the infancy of the coming man; and that this ridiculous notion of Herbert Spencer's about substituting the facts of science for the intricacies of the classic languages as early disciplinary exercises for the juvenile mind, is nothing but history repeating itself in the advice of the fox who, having his own tail cut off, insisted that his brethren should also come to an untimely end, in order to be in the fashion.

"Then my friend, the learned professor, whose fondness for defunct things leads him to write several D's after his name—M. D., Ph. D., D. D.—(as the boy who

'missed' at the spelling-bee and blurted out his chagrin, 'If s-o-x don't spell "socks," what do it spell?' so I inquire, 'If D don't stand for "dead," what do it stand for?'), reads me the titles of his lectures. Here are specimen bricks: 'The end of all things the attainment of the classics;' 'Ancient languages the basis of all true culture;' 'No universal culture but what is based on the early Greek and Roman;' 'The true end of education is the discipline of the mind, not filling it with knowledge.'

"But why need I pursue the matter further? Of course it is well to be in earnest, to strive diligently, and to concentrate by at least an 'eight to seven' majority upon a fixed purpose in life; but to exclude all other culture is to bring us to the condition of monomaniacs. It is a pity we are not like those curious people visited by Gulliver, whose skulls had removable covers by which means the matter of brains could be regulated and equalized by scooping from one who has an excess into the head of another where a deficiency exists.

"Indeed, I am not sure after all but we would be really happier if some of these specialist monomaniacs (no offense, Brother Green,) had not advanced the standard of excellence quite 'so far. Time was when we used to enjoy a moderate performance on the piano, and when the 'Battle of Prague' was really something of a feat, if not a defeat; but nowadays, so cultivated has our own taste become through the advanced results of specialists gifted with dextrous digital muscles, that nothing short of Liszt's Rhapsodies or the late Richard Wagner's most abstruse compositions excites our interest, and we remember only with contempt the sweet melodies of the olden time.

"Why, only the other day I tried to get my wife to play for me a sweet old ballad, that in my early days was regarded as fine music, and she actually—" (here the Judge, evidently feeling the effect of the good wine and the comfortable dinner, began to grow confidential, and lowered his voice to escape the sharp ear of Mrs. Judge, who had retired with the ladies to an adjoining apartment)—"she actually turned up her nose to such a degree I am afraid it will never come—"

A sudden accident occurring at this moment, or as the Judge afterward put it, "being very much struck by a pretty woman who came into the room and carried him off *vi et armis*," he was unable to continue; and so what he would have said in conclusion must be left to the reader's imagination.

LEWIS M. HOSEA.

EYES VERSUS LIPS.

My lady's lips, so curved, so soft,
Have dealt to me a cruel "No";
Now shall I, thus denied and scoffed,
From out her beauteous presence go?
Not so—Proud lips, your lovely scorn
Within my breast shall plant no thorn,
Till deep I've gazed 'neath lashes black
Which hide her wondrous eyes from me,
And in response there flashes back
A glance, which shall my answer be.
Curved bows are lips whence arrows fly

To wound, to rend, mayhap to slay;
Deep wells are eyes where truth doth lie—
They will to me her heart betray.
Dark, tender eyes, your light denies
The proud lips' curve. Ah, rapture lies
Within those pure, clear depths for me.
Nor snowy lid, nor jetty lash
Can longer hide the flow and flash
Of Love's tide welling full and free.
Red lips, to haughty mocking lent,
Kisses shall be your punishment.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.

FLOWER TALK—NEXT SUMMER'S GARDEN.

"I MUST have some flowers next summer," you say, looking out on snow-covered fields, or, it may be, roofs, and thinking of the long, warm days to come, full of sunshine and sweet smells; and thinking of the fragrance of the flowers the summer is to bring, you see a gay procession halting by your garden paths, and already, in your imagination, the flowers have come.

You hunt up some florist's advertisement and write for a catalogue. In a few days it comes, and you open it with a thrill of delight. What charming things our floral catalogues are getting to be, with their hundreds of fine engravings, and their splendor of color and artistic work! They are worthy a place on the centre-table with the finest holiday book.

By-and-by, when you have an hour all to yourself, you take your catalogue, a piece of paper and a pencil, and sit down by the fire and think you will make out a list of the few flowers you want. The few? Was there ever anything so pleasant, yet so perplexing, as the consultation of a florist's catalogue, and making out therefrom a list of flowers? You read of this one, and say mentally, "I must have that!" and write its name down on your paper. Then a little farther down the page you find another that you "must have," and down goes the name of it. So, on every page you find something described in a way that makes you certain it is just a trifle more desirable than anything before it, and you write it down on your list. So you proceed until the end of the tantalizing, bewitching catalogue is reached, and, with a little sigh of regret and pleasure, you close it and give attention to your list. Alas! you know at once, when you come to look at it, that you cannot have half the beautiful things whose names you have written down. No, nor a quarter of them. If you were to attempt to grow them, and grow them *well*, the list you have made out includes enough to occupy your entire time during the summer. If you are a true lover of flowers you will not care to plant any that must be neglected. So, with another little sigh, you think you will go over the list and strike out the least desirable kinds. But you don't know which those kinds are—you want them all! At last you put your list away for future revision, or thrust it into the fire. To-morrow you will go over the catalogue again, and confine your selection to few of the best kinds. And very likely you do this on the morrow, and for many days to come. You cannot make up your mind as to which are best and which you want most, for this flower or that is described so charmingly that you are certain it must be of remarkable beauty, and you can't help feeling that if you don't have it you will lose the very gem of the whole collection. If there were only a dozen or two kinds to choose from! But there are so many! To every lover of flowers, a florist's catalogue is a case of embarrassment of riches.

Perhaps I can help you out of your perplexity. The case stands like this: You have only a little space for flowers. You have not much time to devote to them. You have not had much experience in taking care of them.

Then you want such flowers as will give you, from the small space allotted to them, as large an amount of bloom as possible. These flowers must be such as do not require constant attention, and they must not be of the kinds which need coaxing.

I am taking it for granted that you love flowers for their own sakes, and not because they have a certain kind of popularity attached to them. Fashion's freaks extend to flowers, as well as other things, and this year the sunflower may be the favorite, while next year it may be entirely neglected and the poppy have the place of honor. With you and me these honors, born of caprice and whim, count for nothing. We will choose our flowers for the good qualities we know them to possess. Merit shall take precedence of everything else.

To begin with, let me give you this advice, the result of personal experience: Do not try to grow very many kinds, especially at first. It is always better to have a few, and those good ones, than many poorly-grown plants. A thrifty plant always gives satisfaction, while a bed full of neglected ones rouses a feeling of pity. A few, therefore, given all the attention they need, will be a source of pleasure and benefit. So be wise, and plant no more than you can take good care of. Concentrate your attention, and if you find from one season's experience that you can properly attend to more, next year you can extend the list. It is usually the case that the amateur florist attempts too much.

You do not want such flowers as are quite likely to give you disappointment or too much trouble. There are many very beautiful ones, which must be started in hotbeds, and reared very tenderly through the early stages of their existence, and even when they have reached the period when blossoms are to be expected, they are likely to fail. Too much rain or too little, too much sun or not enough of it, and the poor things languish out the summer and die, and you have had perhaps a dozen and perhaps not any blossoms from them. Therefore it is wisdom to select the hardier, more self-reliant kinds, which can be depended on to do their best under the circumstances. Of course the more favorable the circumstances are the better satisfaction they will give you, so you will see that much of the favorable result of your attempt at floriculture depends upon yourself.

There is really no reason why you should not succeed if you are in earnest. The first step in spring will be to have your garden-beds spaded up. The soil should be made mellow to the depth of at least a foot. If the spade goes to the depth of eighteen inches all the better, for in mellow earth the roots can go deep in the time of drouth. If the soil is not rich, make it so. Your flowers must have plenty of nourishing food. They must eat and drink the same as we do, and we must have good food and plenty of it to do our best. It is so with them. Your beds should be spaded up and left to mellow in the sunshine. Before seed is sown, you must be careful to pulverize the soil. The best thing I have ever used to do this with is an iron-toothed rake. Many seeds are so fine that a little clod covering them prevents their germinating successfully. It is better when sowing seeds to sift earth over them, for thus all danger of burying the delicate things under too much soil is avoided.

No seed should be put into the ground before warm weather is an assured fact. Cold nights and chilly days will prevent the germination of many of them. We do not gain anything by being in too great a hurry in making our gardens. It is well to remember the old adage, and make haste—and the garden—slowly.

You must begin weeding as soon as you can distinguish between weeds and flowers. The great secret of success in growing flowers well—and, after all, it is no secret—is in keeping the beds clean and the soil open and mellow. We see persons starting out in a floricultural way every spring with great enthusiasm. They make their beds and sow their seeds. By the time the beds need weeding their enthusiasm is at a low ebb, and the weeds get the start of the flowers. Though here and there one may make such a brave stand for itself that the weeds yield it a corner out of compulsion, as we sometimes see delicate natures obliging stronger ones to give them

room by sheer force of character, the attempt at floriculture will be a failure.

If a person *loves* flowers, he will take good care of them, for his friendship will not allow him to neglect them.

But we were to select some flowers for next summer's garden, and, instead, I have been giving you a lesson in making that garden. Well, the advice will not come amiss, and in our next talk about flowers we will make up our list of such kinds as I am confident you will do well with.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE HOUSEHOLD—DOMESTIC SERVICE AGAIN.

It is evident, from growing difficulties in this branch of the household, that, sooner or later, in self-defense, if not in wisdom, domestic service must be organized anew. It is a strange and sorrowful fact that those principles of fraternity which eighteen Christian centuries have seen stamped upon the creeds of the proudest nations have generally failed to become living truths. No practical solution of the problems under consideration, consequently, has yet been reached by those who are considered to stand upon the highest plane of religious civilization.

A few women, full of gentleness and tact, and having a delightful faculty for letting things glide along without close observation, manage to oil their domestic machinery so that others seldom suspect the improvidence or shiftlessness which must obtain therein. A few more keep the bearings taut with iron hands, but their awed domestics take ample revenge when these dominant minds are away from the work. On the whole, we must sadly acquiesce in the truth that there are grievous mistakes and wrongs in social life, which require religious consecration to the good of our fellows, as well as justice and common sense, to meet and overcome.

We will face the situation dispassionately, without yielding to prejudice or custom, if possible. It is needless to rant at the wrongs perpetrated on the employer on the one hand or the employed on the other. No governments are yet organized on strictly Christian principles, nor can they be till woman's nature finds authoritative expression for its finest spiritual inspiration toward the weak and lowly, the ignorant and debased. Hers is the insight, the tenderness, the power of penetrating to the very marrow of life, without which man's most brilliant schemes are hollow and superficial. And no great governmental improvements can be made unless based upon household improvements, and these again upon the unit of society, the individual.

We are often reminded of the natural law that crude races bend before more highly developed intelligences. But it is pure selfishness which is willing to make use of that stalwart, untrained strength and not win it to a higher conception of righteousness; to make the contact a means of helpfulness and good; to become a wise providence to those whom the exigencies of life have placed in the neighborhood or under the same roof. In our changeable social order of the new state of things we have no precedent to look back upon, but we are sure that in conscientiously applying to conduct those universal truths which are the common property of all ages and peoples, we cannot go far wrong. Whether it runs parallel with, or counter to, our cherished views, it is useless to battle with a current which the flood of years only accelerates. And we must reverently feel that its impetus is owing to

an inherent Divine energy implanted in the soul of man, which, in the procedure of generations, must bring to constantly finer and nobler issues the social order in which each bears his allotted part. We must move with the stream of those ever-flowing currents which tend steadily, though slowly, toward order, harmony and goodness. To swim against them is to exhaust force in efforts worse than vain. Our main concern is to find that point on the moral horizon toward which they flow, and then bend our wills and energies thitherward.

Meantime, it certainly takes all our patience and gentleness in order to deal with the servants of the present day. If she be native born her mother or grandmother landed at Castle Garden, which, even to this hour, is full of just such bewildered beldames, fresh exiled from squalid homes. Picturesque enough at a little distance to furnish fine effects for the artist, the glamour vanishes outside of canvas. The trials they bring are great, and are felt by themselves as well as their employers. From the mud-walled huts of Erin, where the lass grew barefoot and unkempt, dirty and happy, on potatoes and buttermilk; from the low, thatched cottages of Scotland, where life is nourished on oatmeal porridge; from the fiord-bounded shores of Scandinavia, where peasants stolidly munch their black bread all the year round; from Germany and France, with their diet of cabbage and *soup maigre*; from the distant shores of China, where hordes of almond-eyed natives subsist each on a handful of rice per day; from the languor and indolence of the cotton-fields, we are flooded with a mixed variety of servitors, having every variety of habit and adaptability.

It speaks well, indeed, for its vitality that America has been able to absorb, healthily, such a compound into her veins, and yet welcome more. It is a matter of wonder that no greater ferment follows. When she shall have settled down in maturity, when her elements have become homogeneous, what courage and generosity, what fervor and sweetness may be mingled in her brimming cup of life!

With the antecedents of our domestic servants, we can only wonder that so many of them become intelligent, faithful and generally useful. For we cannot forget that the poor girl, through her progenitors and in her own life, has wrestled with the principalities and powers of darkness, in the shape of poverty, oppression, poor food, ignorance and superstition. She is unused to those refinements which, necessary to her employers, are meaningless to herself. As her senses are untrained to distinguish fitness and harmony, so is her moral nature unused to nice perceptions of justice and obligation. The natural consequence of Old World life tends toward servility and treachery, the reaction of which is impertinence and bru-

tality. And yet how many times has she risen far above those depressing causes of which she is the innocent subject, and exhibited qualities so sublime and precious that they would adorn the diadem of a queen!

We introduce this crude, unawakened nature into our kitchen. The cooking-range is as little understood as a steam engine by a child. Taken from the lawless freedom of her native bogs, she is penned between kitchen floor and ceiling, with a quantity of what seems unnecessary implements and materials, out of which to compound dishes whose very names are mysteries. She has left behind the indolent days, with their simple unthrift, to learn the alphabet of a new existence. Even her mathematical faculties are sorely taxed in trying to set a table straight. Who ever saw a daughter of Erin place mats and dishes in exact order? They generally take the angles of wind-strewn wrecks or drifts after a high tide.

It is a curious fact, too, that while labor-saving machinery increases, work in no wise decreases. A branch lopped off in one direction sprouts vigorously in another.

In fact, a certain amount of drudgery must be done in every department of labor. It is a necessary concomitant of housekeeping, especially. It is a daily grind, and often the creaking is a hideous din. Every day the fire must be tended, the food prepared and cooked, the table must be set, and afterward the dishes washed and restored to their shelves, and the pots, pans and kettles cleansed. Every day dust and litter accumulates, and that household sceptre, the broom, is flourished from attic to cellar. Often there is paint to scrub, silver to polish, windows to rub, blinds to clean and piazzas and flagging to sweep. There are numerous closets and store-rooms to explore and cleanse, carpets and rugs to beat, clothing to brush, moths to exterminate, and also a variety of other unclassified labors. Every seven days there is washing to be done—not of Bridget's few coarse duds, but fine napery and bedding, unlimited towels, and frequently underclothing dainty enough to have figured in the trousseau of a princess—for our American-born sister dearly loves to see her raiment of the finest of linen.

All this drudgery is repugnant to a volatile and versatile people like the Americans. Especially is this the case where there is mental acumen and ambition and the spirit remains unbroken.

This repugnance is to drudgery, we observe, and not to labor itself. Activity and energy are triumphant when they can find vent in creative skill. The child toils happily in building his block-house or mud fortifications, and the man equally enjoys his constructive skill upon more enduring materials. But the drudgery of the kitchen is neither creative, permanent or inspiring. It takes something of a philosopher to discern the subtle ties binding these petty labors to their end, the well-being of all the inmates of the household.

In consideration, then, of all the circumstances of the housekeeper in relation to domestic service, two questions force themselves upon our attention, both on the score of self-protection and ethics:

How shall we reduce household drudgery to its minimum?

How lessen the friction of that which remains?

HESTER M. POOLE.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"WILL you please tell me what is proper for a lady to do when she is serenaded?" L. D."

Ans.—In romances it is usually written, "The curtains were seen to flutter and a white hand emerged and tossed down a rose." In real life the heroine generally sleeps through it, and, if she wakes, had usually better do nothing.

"Is the odor of cedar permanent?"—T. L. S."

Ans.—The pleasant odor of cedar, according to Mr. E. Lewis, appears to be as persistent as the wood itself. Slivers taken from

white cedar stumps, found twelve feet under water at low tide near the Narrows in New York harbor, had the odor of the newly-grown wood, and a piece not more than twice the size of one's finger perceptibly scented a drawer for more than a year. "It is certain," says Mr. Lewis, "that the coast where the trees of which these are the stumps grew has since undergone a depression of eighteen to twenty feet, an event which may have occupied as many centuries."

"WHICH of the large cities of the world is the most healthful?"—C. M. R."

Ans.—It is not easy to say in general terms which of them is the most or the least healthful, but here are the latest figures: The largest mortality by any report received at the time of going to press is for Madrid, Spain: for the week ending January 7, an annual ratio of 47.9 per 1000. The smallest mortality by any report of a city of over 100,000 inhabitants is for Rochester, N. Y.: for the week ending February 3, an annual ratio of 10.3 per 1000.

MRS. GOODALE'S DINNER.

Tomato Cream Soup.

Boiled Ham.

Roast Chicken.

Potatoes fried whole. Cauliflower. Succotash.

Stewed Sweetbreads.

Broiled Mushrooms.

Salads. { *Lettuce, Nasturtium,*

{ *Cucumber, Olives.*

Raspberry and Lemon Meringues.

Batter Pudding, Almond Sauce.

Harvest Apples. Banana Ice.

Wafers. Cheese.

Coffee.

TOMATO CREAM SOUP.—One large can of tomatoes, or one quart of fresh stewed ones; one pint of stock or of water, boiled with it one minute and rubbed through a sieve; one quart of milk, or half milk, half cream, heated separately; one tablespoonful of salt, one of sugar, half a tablespoonful of cayenne; thicken with half a cupful, otherwise three tablespoonfuls, of corn starch or flour with one of butter, rubbed to a cream together, with enough boiling soup added slowly to make it pour easily. Add the hot milk and serve at once.

BOILED HAM.—Soak over night in plenty of cold water; in the morning scrape and trim off all the hard black parts, scrubbing it well with a brush; put on to boil in cold water; let it heat gradually and allow half an hour to the pound; then take from the water, skin and sprinkle brown sugar over it; brown in the oven, basting it several times with a teaspoonful of sherry, and use cold or hot.

ROAST CHICKEN.—As in No. 37 of THE CONTINENT.

POTATOES FRIED WHOLE.—Boil potatoes as in No. 1 of THE CONTINENT, and when nearly done pour off the water and let them dry thoroughly; then drop them into boiling lard or olive butter and brown. Serve at once.

CAULIFLOWER.—As in No. 9 of THE CONTINENT.

SUCCOTASH.—Score the rows in half a dozen ears of sweet corn; scrape off the corn, add a pint of lima or any nice green bean, and boil one hour in one quart of boiling water, with one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and half a teaspoonful of pepper; let the water boil away to about a cupful; add a large spoonful of butter, and serve in a hot dish. Cream may be used instead of butter. Canned corn and dried lima beans soaked over night are nearly as good.

STEWED SWEETBREADS.—As in No. 28 of THE CONTINENT.

BROILED MUSHROOMS.—Peel off the upper skin of large fresh ones; sprinkle on salt and pepper and little dots of butter, and broil over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

RASPBERRY MERINGUE.—Make as in rule for Strawberry Meringue in No. 26 of THE CONTINENT.

BATTER PUDDING.—As in No. 24 of THE CONTINENT.

BANANA ICE.—Boil three pints of water and one quart of loaf sugar till reduced to little over a quart. Beat the whites of three eggs very stiff, and add the boiling syrup very slowly, beating smooth. Any fruit syrup may be added as flavor. Chop four bananas quickly, as they darken on exposure to air, and add to the mixture just before freezing, with a wineglass of rum if desired.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



THE Union League Club of New York lately commemorated the twentieth anniversary of its founding. The period covered by its existence is a most memorable one—1863 to 1883. Even the history of our land of miracles has no two decades to compare with those it spans. The continent doubly girdled with steel, the greatest rebellion known to history quelled, the conquered territory restored to automatic control, a subject-race relieved from bondage and admitted to an equal share in directing the common destiny, the principle of international arbitration practically established, a national debt of immense magnitude largely reduced and put in train for speedy payment, are some of the marvels of our history during this time. In all these movements, and in many more scarcely less important, the club has been an active and efficient worker. It has trained the best forces of the metropolitan life upon the thought of the nation, and been an active element in achieving magnificent results. All these things were dwelt upon at length by poet and orator, and the part of the club in these great events portrayed by each with deserved warmth and the eloquence for which their fame is ample guaranty. Perhaps the most noticeable and gratifying feature of the occasion was a representative New York merchant (the worthy son of one of her merchant princes who was even then, though all unknown to himself and others, at the gates of death) standing before the members of this honorable body, and in the midst of their exultation over the past record of the club, warning them that they would work irreparable shame to its history, and to the motives and memories of its founders, if they permitted its standard to be lowered to the level of mere social amenities and ordinary club frivolities. This warning in the mouth of any man on such an occasion would have been significant and noteworthy, but coming from the lips of William E. Dodge—now, alas! no longer to be written “junior”—it has a thousandfold more significance, showing, as it does, that neither wealth nor position nor business cares nor the temptation to indulgence can blot from the mind of the true American that care for the republic which was the animating impulse to the institution of the club, and has been the chief glory of its history. Well, indeed, will it be both for the club and the country if the younger members of the Union League shall heed this timely warning, and keep its future worthy of the past they were then met to celebrate. The work before the lover of his country to-day is as much greater than that which waited for the men of yesterday to perform as to-day is fuller and richer and greater than all the yesterdays.

IN the existing state of affairs in the South—that is, in the lately slave-holding states of the Union—there are no more hopeful indications than the establishment and seemingly assured prosperity of trade journals, which represent growing commercial interests, and the announcement of great industrial exhibitions. The Cotton Fair, near Atlanta, Georgia, in 1881, gave an impetus to the exposition idea which now bears fruit in congressional action favoring a World's Industrial Exhibition next year, which shall have cotton as its central motive. There is announced,

moreover, a Southern Exposition, to be held at Louisville, Ky., beginning August 1st, proximo, and lasting one hundred days. Such exhibitions as these were never thought of in the old days, and if they had been thought of could not have been successfully carried out. Neither was there in those days any constituency for the support of such journals as *Southern Industries*, published at Nashville, Tennessee.

A Chat with our Readers.

THE CONTINENT started, under its present management, with the determination to present to its readers in a weekly form the peculiar features and attractions of the best monthly magazines. Its conductor set before him as exemplars the great monthlies of our neighboring city, because there were none elsewhere to compare with them in excellence. He has spared neither labor nor expense to achieve this result. Of course he could not expect, after one year of experience only, to rival in all things these great wonders of the world of periodical literature. In its line, THE CONTINENT was a pioneer. The attempt to embody the literary and artistic attractions of the modern monthly in weekly form had never before been made. It has labored hitherto under the difficulty of having its weekly parts compared with monthly issues. So, in a sort of self-defense, we have been compelled to put its weekly issues together in the form of a monthly part, that our brethren of the press might see what sort of a monthly THE CONTINENT would make, and the comparison at least be fairly made. The universal surprise with which the first of these (composed of the numbers for January) was received by the press of the country confirmed our belief that we had hardly received credit for what we had done. This monthly part contains one hundred and sixty pages—a number fully equal to any first-class monthly—while our larger page makes it equivalent in matter to something better than two hundred ordinary magazine pages. Its illustrations number just a hundred—considerably more than either of the great monthlies. We do not claim in one year to have outstripped, under the most disadvantageous circumstances possible to be conceived, those great New York monthlies, which have the advantage of many years of experiment, established organization, inherited patronage and unlimited capital; but we do claim that we have made a creditable showing for a “Philadelphia yearling,” as a New York friend jocosely denominates our effort, and have demonstrated beyond a peradventure that the weekly magazine is not only a possibility, but, as a Boston contemporary says, “nearer the trend and pulse of the age than any other.”

WE have had vexatious delays with our Year-Book and a great surprise with our little Memorandum-Book. Of the latter, our stock of nearly fifty thousand copies was exhausted almost before we had time to breathe, and we have thousands of orders waiting the new edition, which will probably be in hand about the time this reaches our readers. We shall distribute them, and if any call afterwards shall have to tell them they are too late. The Year-Book

will be sent to all our subscribers, and we hope to receive from each one a ready response to the request it contains. It is one of those things which are troublesome to manufacture, as delay in seeming trifles blocks the whole work. They will be sent to subscribers only, and to them without application or request. If any bachelor should get one, we hope he will take it as another hint of the "one thing thou lackest."

THE time has come to THE CONTINENT that must come to all periodical publications—sooner or later—the time to apologize for matter contained in its pages. The editor does not hold himself responsible for all that contributors may state over their own signatures as facts. In like manner our Art editor cannot pretend to vouch for the verisimilitude of every sketch that comes into our hands. Its artistic merits alone are passed upon. We intend to use the work only of accurate and painstaking observers as well as competent artists. Fortunately for him, the editor has long ago established an indefeasible right to own up to a mistake. He was never in Schoharie but once, and that was when he was younger and even farther removed from the infallibility that should adorn the tripod than at the present. He remembers that it was a very romantic region. A sunrise over the hills with the tinge of laurel among the dewy leaves has lived in his memory ever since. There was a sort of quaintness about it too, that made it seem ever so far away from the busy work-day world beyond the barriers. That is all he remembers. He was on no fool's errand when he went there, for he found what he was after—something new and restful. Boy-like he took in only the outside, and was as anxious to see something else as he had been to go there. What a furious rage for newness fills those roseate days that make up the sweetest pages of memory! With this somewhat dim recollection he said, without a moment's hesitation, when asked by one who had been commended to him as reliable and capable, if he wanted an illustrated sketch of that region: "Yes." The "Reader"—that blessed right-hand of the overworked editor—understood this as an approval of the manuscript offered. The managing editor, who saw it first in proof and in the absence of the editor, very naturally did not feel at liberty to clip as closely as he might otherwise have done, what he understood that his chief had endorsed. He has been a soldier, and won his rank by obeying orders. Now, it is claimed, with no little show of heat, that the historical and scientific statements of the article are not altogether accurate. It also contains some needlessly unpleasant references to the people who inhabit this pretty little nook among the hills. As to the facts, the writer of the article alone is responsible for them. We had reason to place confidence in her, and should never have dreamed of attempting to verify every explicit declaration made by her. The editor does not know everything, and is glad that he does not. The writers of THE CONTINENT use their own names, and must stand the brunt of their own errors. As to the offensive matter in the article, however, the editor pleads guilty. He would like to shift it off upon the "Reader;" but he dare not. He would be glad to lay it at the door of the managing editor, but he knows it would eventually come home to roost, either directly or by force of the legal maxim, *Quod per alium facit, facit per se*. So he makes a virtue of necessity and confesses himself at fault. He does this all the more readily because he cannot, at this moment, recall a corner of the universe that he has ever beheld which can better afford to suffer a little detraction from its charms than the "Old Dutch (or German if it be) Settlement," Schoharie. Like a fair woman, its people should ever rejoice in having its charms malign'd, that all men may be tempted to inspect them the more narrowly. The illustrations of the article were re-drawn, by competent artists, from sketches made by the author. As to the facts of settlement, the

trend of the mountains, the direction of the stage road, its geology and geography, and all similar questions, we leave them all to be settled between the writer and the irate denizens of the valley, commending to both the injunction, "Lay on, Macduff!" and remaining utterly indifferent as to which shall first cry, "Hold! enough!" If "Jacko," the ancient African, is really a myth, we cannot help it; but if he should turn out to be existent in the flesh, and be, as he well might, wrathful at being cheated of the glory of having lived a decade or two more than was allowed him, we will gladly give him credit for all he claims. And so, having confessed our fault without extenuation, we "humbly bow us to the gracious will and pardon" of our friends in Schoharie, and if this be not enough, we promise to come in our own proper editorial corporiety when occasion serves and the dog-star rages, and receive such flagellation as they may see fit to decree in penalty for our neglect, hereby submissively professing ourself to be therewith content.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "One of the Craft," writes:

"Do, please, instruct the poets of THE CONTINENT in the use of 'thou' and 'thee.' It is quite as barbarous to mix up the singular and plural of the pronoun 'thou,' as to improperly use the objective case of the same, as some of our friends do. See Trowbridge's poem on page 224, No. 53."

We don't know what kind of a craftsman the writer may be, and perhaps it does not matter; but whatever he may be, he should not set us such a sum as that to do. We hired three poets and five grammarians, armed with microscopes and steel pens, to crawl over that poem a whole day apiece, and stab to the heart every error of rhyme and every accident of mood and tense, number and person that might lurk therein. We instructed this committee of investigation that, according to the very latest canons of criticism, sense was nothing, form everything. Since that we swear by that poem. We don't know much about "thee" and "thou," but we stand ready to back a guaranty that the author of that poem and our committee can give "One of the Craft" odds on the subject and win every time. By the way, why does "One of the Craft" want our poets instructed? Has he a grievance? Is it possible that he is "One of the Craft" who write poems, and that one of his immortal sparks has been quenched by rejection? It is sad to believe that such may be the case, but we would not be afraid to adventure somewhat on the guess that envy had sharpened his optics.

THE CONTINENT has discovered the champion mean man. He sent three cents for one specimen copy and received two. Then he sent us a four-page letter abusing us for not filling up all the space around the cuts with printed matter; declared we were not giving our readers the worth of their money, being entirely ignorant apparently that the whole press of the country has been wondering for a year how we could give so much; intimated that the publishers were sharpers and THE CONTINENT a fraud, and then wound up by asking us to send it to him *gratis* during the continuance of "Belinda." A pair of half-soles made of that man's cheek would be a better symbol of indestructibility than has yet been invented.

A GREAT many have written to ask how it is that THE CONTINENT can afford to give a subscription for one year and eight dollars' worth of books for seven dollars, or ten volumes, worth seventeen dollars, and a subscription for one year, for ten dollars. It is no secret. The conductor of THE CONTINENT holds the copyright of his own works and we manufacture the others. We give these to our readers at cost. We do not lose anything by the operation. If we did we would not make the offer. Our subscribers, how-

ever, have thereby an opportunity to obtain much for little that has never occurred before and probably never will again. The ten-dollar offer is equivalent to nearly *fifteen thousand* ordinary octavo pages of standard literature. These offers will be continued only while we are able to supply these works at the present cost. Each one ordering these premiums will be supplied in turn as their orders are received. In some cases we may not have part of the premium on hand at receipt of order. In such event it will be forwarded as soon as we can manufacture it. If you have received our card of acknowledgment do not be impatient. Some delay is unavoidable in supplying so many orders.

PARAGRAPHS and essays on manners, national and international, seem to increase in frequency as time goes on, and, upon the whole, they are coming down to a basis of common sense. The paper on American manners, by Anna B. McMahan, in the last number of *THE CONTINENT*, is a case in point. Customs vary in different countries and in different states, and varying customs necessitate, in greater or less degree, different codes of manners; but, so long as consideration for others is the fundamental motive, the resultant manners cannot be wholly bad, provided their owner be gifted with common sense. A kindred topic, which seems to receive a growing share of attention, is the tendency on the part of certain Americans to adopt English customs and dress, not because they are good of themselves, but because they are English. One of the New York comic papers (*Life*) has started a series entitled "Our Anglomaniac." This is a fair game. There are few creatures funnier or more contemptible than the American who deliberately tries to ape English manners, accent and dress on general principles. On the other hand if, as is often asserted, London tailors make better clothes than can be procured here, there is no earthly reason why they—the clothes, not the tailors—should not be imported and worn. If one prefers Skeat's and Stormunth's dictionaries to Webster's, there is no reason why he should not use them in so far as they are superior; but this does not justify him in saying "different to" instead of "different from," or "immediately" and "directly" instead of "as soon as." Americans who visit England become rather painfully conscious of a tendency to use the national "guess" when another word might be employed just as well, and the amused glance that passes between Englishmen when that "shibboleth" inadvertently slips out is a wholesome reminder. And do not we of the western world wink gleefully at one another when our visiting cousin from the mother country carelessly drops an H or "haspirates" an I? A residence of a few weeks in London is very apt, temporarily at least, to cure a Yankee of "guessing," and a Westerner of "reckoning," though when he comes home he almost inevitably resumes the vernacular of his boyhood. He learns also, it may be, to prefer "trousers" to the objectionable "pants" of his native land, and it may be that even his nasal accent is in a measure modified. Will it be doubted that Englishmen resident in America find themselves less likely to interchange aspirates than when they left home? Well—yes, upon the whole it may be doubted, and with good reason, for John abandons the customs of his life less readily than Jonathan does; indeed he is apt to think that his habits of speech are incapable of much improvement. It is certain, however, that the customs of these two great countries do modify one another, and their mutual influence must increase with advancing facility of intercourse. There is an English snobbishness which will never find American imitators outside of a contemptible and shallow-pated minority, and there is an American "bumpiousness" that is fast disappearing, and may well be a memory of the past before another generation comes upon the stage.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S "Atlantis," published a year ago, was a sufficiently new departure in book-making to pique the palate of the most jaded critic, its speculation being so ingenious and its style so attractive that it found a wide audience. The present volume¹ is even more worthy of attention, as it is certainly more startling, for it seeks to explain a problem still unsettled by geologists, and a source of puzzle and vexation to all scientists—the origin of "drift." This is, it is hardly necessary to state, the deposit of clay, gravel and stones covering Europe, Africa and South America entirely, the eastern half of North America, a small portion of Western Asia and none of Australia, the layer varying in depth from eight hundred feet to an almost indistinguishable coating. Mr. Donnelly, after a statement of its nature, at once takes the ground that it was produced by collision with a comet, these erratic and unaccountable creatures roaming through space and pervading it as thickly as fish do the sea. "It is generally understood," he writes, "that comets are intangible bodies, and that if one struck the earth its inhabitants would not know of it; but the revelations of the spectroscope during the last few years show that a comet consists of a head, self-luminous from the combustion of gases—that is, of matter on fire—and a tail made up of ponderable matter which shines by the reflection of sunlight, and this ponderable matter is probably stones and clay-dust, such as the drift is composed of. Schiaparelli shows that certain showers of meteoric stones are fragments of comets' tails; and this would go to prove that the ponderable matter of the comet's tail which reflects the sunlight is more or less composed of stones." Of the 500,000,000 now careering at will through the universe, it is not surprising that one, at least, has come in direct contact with the earth, which, before such collision, knew neither ice nor snow, but rejoiced in the equable temperature for which we sigh, and the loss of which is the chief reason for the American nervousness bewailed by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and which may possibly be restored by another whisk from another tail less destructive in its action. "The drift," writes Mr. Donnelly, "fell upon a fair and lovely world, a world far better adapted to give happiness to its inhabitants than this storm-tossed planet on which we now live, with its endless battle between heat and cold, between sun and ice. The pre-glacial world was a garden, a paradise; not excessively warm at the equator, and yet with so mild and equable a climate that the plants we now call tropical flourished within the present Arctic circle. If some future daring navigator reaches the North Pole, and finds solid land there, he will probably discover in the rocks at his feet the fossil remains of the oranges and bananas of the pre-glacial age." Merely speculative as this all appears, the author has read carefully, and backs each startling proposition with a formidable list of authorities. His quotations are singularly apposite, and by the time the second part is reached the reader is prepared to suspend judgment, and simply yield to the power of the earnest and determined thinker. In this part is given a full analysis of the present knowledge concerning comets, followed in the third by a careful summary of the many legends, mythological and otherwise, to be found among all primitive people. The burning comet, he claims, falling into the earth at once evaporated the ocean in clouds of steam, and a flood followed, which congealed into sheets of ice and glaciers. The Scandinavian account he considers a literal one, never understood, and he attaches much importance also to the Central American legend, which "not only describes the fire falling from heaven, and the conflagrations and the fall of gravel from heaven, but even describes the cracks in the earth, the fiords, and the bursting up of the trap-rocks, which geologists assume us

(1) RAGNAROK: THE AGE OF FIRE AND GRAVEL. By Ignatius Donnelly. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 452, \$2. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

were associated with the Drift Age. Even the Bible is full of descriptions and references to the Drift Age and the comet, and the statements of the Bible are confirmed by my theory in the most marvelous manner, but in a way never dreamed of before. Man existed before the drift; his crushed bones have been found with the drift piled upon them where he fell and perished; and in caves in Europe they have been found associated with the remains of animals, which we know certainly ceased to exist with the coming of the drift." The final chapter, a summary of conclusions, and an appeal and warning to all who deify matter, will be regarded by some as the raving of a "crank," by others as the culmination of a huge and rather ghastly joke; but neither will be right. Whatever may be the author's private mind toward his book it is one of the most powerful and suggestive ones of the day, and deserves respectful attention, not only from the general reader, but from the scientist.

THAT the story will be told easily and gracefully, that there will no taint of the realistic school and, where description is concerned, every proof of a careful and delicate observation and appreciation of nature, hardly needs to be said where the novels of Christian Reid are in question. She is, like all Southern authors, a prolific writer, and for a good many years we have had one, and sometimes two, novels per annum. In "The Land of the Sky" she showed her highest descriptive power, and the book is well nigh as charming a guide to the North Carolina mountains as "A Princess of Thule" to the islands of the Hebrides. With each year the author has gained in fluency and facility, both shown in the bulky novel recently issued.¹ Had power gained in like proportion, the book would have been an event. As it is, it is more or less of a disappointment, though it contains strong situations and much picturesque description. The plot, or plan—for plot is too complicated a word—is very simple. A beautiful Virginian has married in her early youth a German count, whose strongest passion is ambition, and who divorces her to make a marriage of interest. The wife resumes her maiden name, refuses all aid from him, and utilizes a wonderful voice by going upon the operatic stage, from which she retires as soon as sufficient money has been made to insure independence. She educates the daughter of this marriage, a girl with the beauty of the mother and the intense pride of the father, in Italy, where her voice is also cultivated. In the opening of the story we are introduced to various Americans, all resident in Paris, and who have had long acquaintance with Madame Lescar, the mother, who is slowly dying of hopeless disease. The life is well described, yet the people seem less real than their surroundings, and all are painfully wealthy and high-bred, and more or less stilted and unnatural. There are many complications, the chief one being the falling in love with Irene by her own cousin, Count Waldegrave, who has been brought up as a son by Irene's father, and who has no knowledge of the relation between them. The father finally seeks a reconciliation and is rebuffed with the "proud anger" that is often specified as one of the heroine's strongest emotions. Eventually, after his death, there is a reconciliation of the cousins, and probably marriage, though on this point we are left slightly in doubt. The curtain falls on various marriages and general disentanglements, and if the book had been compressed into half the space now occupied we should have had one of the most finished pieces of work the author has yet given. Certainly she has many qualities necessary to the successful novel writer, and there is time and hope still for achievements beyond anything yet accomplished.

(1) HEART OF STEEL: A Novel. By Christian Reid. 16mo, pp. 543, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



THE expected biography of George Eliot by Miss Mathilde Blind is nearly ready, and the author has spent some months at George Eliot's native place in Warwickshire collecting material for the volume.

"BOOKS, AND HOW TO USE THEM," is the title of a carefully-prepared little book by Mr. J. C. Van Dyke, soon to be brought out by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, which is to serve as a guide to all who draw from public libraries.

"CAPE COD FOLKS" has been revised by the author, and new names given to all the characters, this being made essential by the difficulties accompanying the first edition, the excitement over which has even now barely died away in the region where the scene is laid.

INDIA is hardly looked upon as a literary centre, yet it supplies Central Asia with all its books, and there is a steadily increasing demand. Those treating of religion and poetry are most in favor, and modern history comes next.

"THE CRITIC," which has lost no particle of its crispness and vigor by its change to a weekly form, is publishing a list of books for the use of students, the first one, which began in the issue for January 20th, covering the department of theology. Dr. Schaff and the Rev. Francis Brown are the compilers.

A LENDING-LIBRARY has been for some time one of the features of the New York "Society of Decorative Art," designed for contributors and those who, living outside the city, have no access to city libraries. The books are sent by mail, the terms of borrowing being, in most cases, one cent a day and postage on the returning book.

THE second volume of the remarkable "History of the Negro Race in America," by Colonel George W. Williams, the first colored member of the Ohio Legislature, is now out, the whole work having value beyond anything ever before accomplished, including as it does not only the anti-slavery conflict, but much that has hitherto been neglected. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers, and the work as a whole will soon be reviewed in these columns.

A CAREFULLY prepared and most useful little volume is "The Religions of the Ancient World," by George Rawlinson, M. A., whose "Oriental Monarchies" has become an essential in every library. The present volume is made up of a series of papers written for popular reading, but based upon lectures on the same topics given at the University of Oxford. Nine kingdoms are included, and the whole so simply written that the book could be used with advantage in schools. (16mo, pp. 249, \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.

THAT Tennyson requires any special expounding or critical analysis would at first sight seem impossible, but whoever takes up Mr. S. E. Dawson's little book, "A Study, with Critical and Explanatory Notes of Alfred Tennyson's Poem, The Princess," will be surprised to discover what valuable aid these carefully-prepared notes afford. Mr. Dawson gives the full history of the various changes in the poem made by the poet, and an analysis of its plan and drift, which will be of value to every reader. (16mo, pp. 120, \$1.00; Dawson Brothers, publishers, Montreal).

A PLEASANT half-hour's entertainment for "a little company" or a home evening may be found in "Sybilline

Leaves; Extracts from the Drawing-Room, by A. E. M. K." The book contains "over a thousand quotations from the best authors, classified, and in some cases adapted to the various heads, such as character, tastes," etc.; and, with its red-lined pages and dainty make-up, will form an excellent birthday gift, being a comfortable change from the rather monotonous birthday-books of the past year or so. (16mo, pp. 280, \$1.75; Henry Holt & Co., New York).

THE author of "Portia," a novel lately noticed in these columns, is known as the "Duchess," and she has written "Molly Bawn," "Airy Fairy Lillian," and several more with equally senseless titles. She is a very intelligent and bright Irishwoman, whose own history has been somewhat out of the common. She is a Mrs. Maggie Argel. Her husband, several years ago, committed a forgery and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment at Cork. Left almost entirely destitute, she followed him, and to make a living, began the perilous profession of a novelist, and produced her first and best story, "Phyllis."

IN "Room at the Top," compiled by A. Craig, we have a book made up of the sayings of "self-made men," who have passed from poverty and obscurity to high positions. General Garfield, Dwight Moody, Hiram Powers and Cornelius Vanderbilt are some of the curiously ill-assorted names, the latter being hardly of a character for general imitation. Several very cheap portraits disfigure the book, which, though well intentioned and of the order which seems to give a good deal for a dollar, hardly comes under the head of literature. (12mo, pp. 304, \$1.00; Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago).

THE valuable series of "Young Folks' History" is increased by Mr. Frederick A. Ober's "Young Folks' History of Mexico." The ground is a familiar one, but while the minute detail of Prescott is, of course, impossible in such small space, the facts are clearly arranged, and the style of their presentation is simple and attractive. The larger part of the book is given to the early history, but there is a sufficiently clear summary of the later, with all its bloody and distracted attempts at self-government, and the tragedy of the unhappy Maximilian and "poor Carlotta," the whole being brought down to 1882. (16mo, pp. 534, illustrated, \$1.50; Estes & Lauriat, Boston).

EVERY author will join in the feeling expressed by the late Professor George W. Greene, of Rhode Island, on the completion of his life of his grandfather, Major-General Nathaniel Greene. In his twelve years' work on this he was constantly stimulated and aided by his venerable mother, now nearly one hundred years old. At the conclusion he wrote to a friend: "If you ask how I feel at the close of a work on which I have bestowed so much time, thought and labor, I shall answer, as most everybody else feels on parting with a daily and nightly companion of many years—sad, very sad. And not merely because a daily habit is broken, but because the control of my work has passed from me. What was solely mine has become another's—nay, everybody's. I have erred—it is too late to correct the error. If I have failed to make a correct use of my materials, and thereby failed to make my portrait true, the name of a great man will suffer by my fault. I have done my best. Whether I ever do anything more is uncertain."

MR. HENRY STEVENS' famous collection of the Franklin manuscripts is at last in the hands of the government. Mr. Smalley writes: "Mr. Stevens showed his bibliomania to the last. After he had sold his collection to the government at a fixed price, he spent several hundred pounds in binding volumes in the best style of the art, and in having many of the precious sheets and leaves carefully inlaid for better preservation. This is, of course, a clear loss to him; but the collection comes to the government in perfect order and handsome dress; and the bibliomaniac cares nothing about money. A book might easily be written about the

eccentric guardian of this treasure, who, it is said, was very slow to part with it even after the money was waiting for him. 'Henry Stevens, G. M. B.' he often signs and prints himself, the last letters standing for 'Green Mountain Boy.' The 'boy' is very large, rather big around, has a long beard, and is over sixty years old. As a bibliographer he is famous, and has written, compiled and edited books innumerable. He is as learned as he is eccentric. On the title-page of one of his books he posts himself as follows: 'Henry Stevens, G. M. B., F. S. A., etc., blk. bld. Athum. Clb., LNDN.,' which means, 'black-balled by the Athenæum Club.' One of the pleasantest things about Henry Stevens is his intense Americanism, which leads him always to sign himself either as just described or as 'of Vermont.'"

THE formidable bulk of "Poole's Index" is only a suggestion of the labor involved, and no ordinary observer is likely to properly appreciate what is implied in this increase in size. The first edition of 1848 held 154 pages; that of 1853 amounted to 521; and thirty years of continuous labor, not only by Mr. Poole himself, but by associate workers in all the chief libraries, are represented in the beautifully-printed pages. Fifty libraries co-operated and brought the work of indexing the 6205 volumes referred to to a minimum; but skill, untiring patience and positive enthusiasm have all been needed to bring the undertaking to a successful close. As it stands, it is a monumental work of incalculable value to every student or literary man and every careful writer for the press. The index is alphabetical and of *subjects*, not writers, unless the writers are treated as subjects; "critical articles on poetry, the drama, and prose fiction, given under the name of the writer whose work or works are criticised; the name of the writer of the article, when known, added in parentheses; poems, plays, stories, given under their titles, etc. All the serials indexed are in the English language. Purely professional and scientific serials have been generally omitted, but several indexed so far as their articles of general interest are concerned. The preliminary matter consists of an interesting preface, giving a full account of the history and the plan of the work; a list of co-operating libraries, with the names of the librarians or cataloguers and the number of volumes indexed by each; a table of abbreviations, titles and imprints, and an ingenious 'chronological conspectus,' showing at a glance when a periodical began; if discontinued, when it ended; and the date when any volume was published." The work does not end with the present edition. Supplementary volumes are to be printed every year, which, once in five years, will be bound together and issued in that form. (Cloth, \$15.00; sheep, \$17.00; half morocco, \$18.00. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

BARINGTON'S FATE. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 414, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

IDLE HOURS. A Collection of Poems. By Al. M. Hendee and Charles C. Richmond. Paper, pp. 41, 25 cents. Hendee & Richmond, South Bend, Ind.

MEMOIR OF ANNIE KEARY. By her Sister. 12mo, pp. 250, \$1.50. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

OUR SAINTS: A Family Story. By Rose Porter. 16mo, pp. 264, \$1.00. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

HERBERT SPENCER ON AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS. A Scientific Coincidence. By George M. Beard, M. D. Pamphlet, pp. 17, 50 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA. From 1619 to 1880. Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens. By George W. Williams. Volume II. 1800 to 1880. 8vo, pp. 611, \$3.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

POEMS. By Henry Peterson. Including "The Modern Job." Second Series. 16mo, pp. 227, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By George Rawlinson. 16mo, pp. 249, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.



PEPPERMINT is grown for its essence chiefly in Western New York. Two-thirds of the supply comes from Wayne County, which produces sixty thousand pounds of oil yearly from three thousand acres. The harvest begins in August, and the first year's crop is the best. The mint is cut with a sickle, scythe or mowing-machine, according to the fancy of the cultivator. After cutting, it is allowed to wither in the sun for five or six hours, and is then raked into "cocks," where it remains a short time before being distilled. It is not every cultivator that is provided with a still, but stills are found distributed about the peppermint region at convenient distances. The apparatus and method differ from those employed in Europe, where the fire is applied to the still. In America the still consists of a wooden tub or vat of heavy staves hooped with iron. The withered mint is packed into the vat by treading with the feet until the vat is full, when a cover, made steam-tight with rubber packing, is fastened down with screw clamps. A steam pipe connects the lower part of the vat with a steam boiler, and another pipe from the centre of the cover connects the vat with the condensing worm. The latter varies in size according to the capacity of the still, but becomes progressively smaller toward the outlet. The worm is so placed as to have a constant stream of cold water surrounding it. The steam from the boiler being admitted to the vat at a pressure of thirty to forty pounds, the oil of the mint is volatilized and mixed with the steam condensed in the worm. The mixed oil and water are collected in the receiver, where the difference in their specific gravity causes them to separate. No attempt is made to re-distill the water which separates, and a considerable loss of oil which is held in solution doubtless results from this lack of economy. The oil is packed in tin cans, or glass demijohns, holding about twenty pounds each. The glass demijohns are much the best when the oil is to be kept for any length of time, as its good qualities are more fully retained and it is less liable to discoloration. Oil of peppermint is sometimes adulterated with turpentine and also with oil of hemlock. Pure oil of peppermint, as exported from Wayne County, is colorless, and resembles the English oil, except that its odor and taste are somewhat less pungent and penetrating. The oil deteriorates with age, and the aroma becomes more faint. After a certain number of years it thickens, and the color becomes of a yellowish tinge; exposed for a long time to air, it becomes resinous.

THE town of Paisley, Scotland, has been for nearly two centuries a principal centre of one or another of the numerous leading forms of textile manufacture. Fashions have changed, fabrics of numberless kinds have come into use and died, but Paisley has always been found equal to the occasion; at one time, by the very excellence and beauty of her fabrics, compelling fashion to accept the products of her looms, and again, when fashion must have a change, the Paisley weavers adapted their looms to the varying requirements of different periods. Beginning with coarse linen checks, which were the first fabrics produced by the Paisley looms, they passed to the manufacture of others of a lighter kind, such as lawns, both figured and plain. Silk gauze then took the lead, about the year 1760,

and such was the celebrity of Paisley gauze that warehouses were engaged for its sale in London, Dublin and Paris. In 1784 no less than twenty-six thousand persons were employed in Paris in the fabrication of this article, together with sewing thread, lawn and linen. But the demand for the popular gauze soon decreased. The weaving of imitation cashmere shawls was first attempted at Paisley in 1802. From that time onward shawl-making gradually superseded the manufacture of muslin. Muslin, cambric and cotton thread were the next production of Paisley skill and industry; to these succeeded silk and cotton shawls, scarfs and plaids, composed of silk and merino wool. In Paisley and its neighborhood are numerous thread and cotton-spinning mills, bleaching and printing works, dye-houses, power-loom factories, iron and brass foundries, engineers' and wheelwrights' shops, timber-yards, a brewery, distilleries, soap, starch and corn-flour manufactories, and a very extensive tannery.

THE terminations of the nerves of the liver have long been sought by histologists, but without clear and definite results. Nesterowsky came, perhaps, nearer to a correct view than any other person, but his conclusions stopped short of the whole truth. Dr. M. L. Holbrook, in a paper read before the American Society of Microscopists, says: "On the borders of the liver lobules the nerves run often in bundles of three to five; they enter the lobule between the rows of liver cells and connect with the latter by means of delicate threads of living matter, which pass from one liver cell to another, and are a part of the reticular structure of the cell itself. It is probable that every liver cell is connected with a nerve fibre in this way. No nerves penetrate the cell, as has been claimed by some. Delicate fibres also spread over the capillaries and larger bloodvessels of the liver. Nearly all of the nerves of these are non-medullary. They are found in greatest numbers near the *porta*. Fresh livers of various animals and of man were examined. They are first cut very thin by freezing them so as to make the tissue hard enough to resist the razor, then treated with chloride of gold for twenty to forty minutes, afterward with dilute fermic acid. This latter brings the nerves to view by turning them black better than any other agent."

THE enormous multiplication of rabbits in New Zealand has caused such destruction to the crops that the colonial government has asked the government of India to send out for acclimatization a number of mongooses, animals a little larger than cats, natives of India, and chiefly distinguished for their disposition and ability to destroy serpents, as well as the particular pests from which New Zealand is suffering. So urgent is the necessity for a war of extermination that it has not been thought worth while to consider whether an exchange of rabbits for mongooses will not be jumping from the flying-pan into the fire. The mongooses, meanwhile, are being selected from various parts of Bengal and carefully kept in the Zoological Gardens of Calcutta, whence, as soon as a hundred couples have been gathered, they will be sent to their new home, and it remains to be seen whether the mongoose will fail or succeed in its instinctive vocation.

THE telephone has proved a great convenience to the imperial family of Russia, Nihilist-besieged at Gatschina. It enables them to hear at will their favorite prima donna without exposing themselves to the deadly bomb, or forcing the singers to come to the bomb-proof palace. A wire has been run from Gatschina to the Mariinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, forty miles away, and over it are conveyed to the listening ears of imprisoned royalty all the music, vocal and instrumental, and the dialogue, and the popular applause also, of every opera performed there.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

February 8.—The Royal Opera House in Toronto, Canada, was burned.—The pottery works of Dixon & Young, in St. Louis, were burned; loss, \$55,000. . . **Feb. 9.**—William E. Dodge, the well-known merchant and philanthropist of New York, died.—Prince Napoleon was released from the arrest in which he has been held by the French Government since the publication of his placard. . . **Feb. 10.**—The Ohio river unprecedentedly high; much damage done in Cincinnati and other river towns.—Navigation totally suspended on Lake Michigan.—Marshall Jewell, who has served as Governor of Connecticut, Postmaster-General, Minister to Russia, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, died, aged fifty-eight years.—Charles R. Thorne, the well-known actor, died, aged forty-three years. . . **Feb. 12.**—The U. S. Senate confirmed Cyrus Harris to be Collector of Customs at Providence, Rhode Island; Green C. Chandler, U. S. District Attorney for Northern Mississippi; Eugene H. Schumacker, Consul at Maracaibo.—The celebration of the sesqui-centennial anniversary of the settlement of Georgia was opened at Savannah.—Major-General George Webb Morrell died. . . **Feb. 13.**—At Cincinnati the Ohio River was sixty-five feet one inch above low-water mark. It is estimated that eight square miles of land within the city limits are submerged.—In Louisville thirty-five blocks of dwellings were flooded.—Richard Wagner, the famous musical composer, died at Venice, aged seventy years. . . **Feb. 14.**—Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, died, aged seventy-two years. He was the "war governor" of the Empire State, and under his administration about two hundred and twenty thousand volunteers were sent to join the army in the field.

THE DRAMA.

MARY, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has lately adopted the theatrical profession. She made her *début* at the Haymarket, London, playing a subordinate part in "The Overland Route," and is now a member of the stock company of the Princess Theatre, in that city. During January she played the principal part in Taylor's "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," in Kilburn, a small town near London, her father, brother and sister being also in the cast.

THE sale by auction of the wardrobe and other effects of the late Edwin Forrest in Philadelphia was a dismal and disheartening occurrence. But very few theatrical people were present, and the prices had been beggarly; for instance, \$1.75 for a Roman toga, \$9.50 for "Macbeth's" armor, \$14 for the "Lear" robe, etc. The principal purchaser was the agent of Mr. Thomas Keene, who will now bear the literal mantle, as he is striving to bear the metaphorical one, of his famous predecessor.

IN the death of Charles R. Thorne, Jr., the metropolitan stage loses a highly-valued member, one whose place it is next to impossible successfully to fill. It is the rarest exception in America to find an actor of the marked ability and popularity of the late Mr. Thorne content to remain in a stock company, when many of far less artistic worth were winning national reputation and large sums of money by "starring," so-called. The honor of being the leading member of a company that for several years surpassed, perhaps, in combined excellence, that of any other English-speaking theatrical organization, was, indeed, an enviable position to hold. Mr. Thorne was born in New York city, March 10, 1840. He was apprenticed to a silversmith, but disliking the occupation, determined to go upon the stage, and became attached to his father's company, who was then a manager of note. He made his *début* in San Francisco, in "The Avenger," at the age of twenty. Later he went to Calcutta, opened a theatre and made money; returning, he became the leading man at the Boston Theatre; then to Philadelphia, and played with the late Mr. E. L. Davenport. In 1873 he joined the Union Square Theatre, New York, and was connected therewith until within a short time of his death. "Rudolph Chaudoce," in "Led Astray;" "Armand," in "Camille;" "John Strebelow," in "The Banker's Daughter," and "Daniel Rochat," in the play of that name, may be mentioned among Mr. Thorne's best rôles. In the heroes of modern dramas, requiring rugged, manly strength and pathos, Mr. Thorne was seen at his best.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Mr. Jerry Buster in Court.

THE following report of a trial in a North Carolina court is condensed from a somewhat lengthy account published in local papers:

In the mountain region of the state a man named John Foster was recently tried for assault and battery upon the person of William Truitt. The first witness was a one-eyed, rough-bearded man. He was lame. He lost his missing eye in a fight. This was his first appearance in a court-house, although he looked to be some sixty years of age. There seems to have been an irreverent admixture of the sacred and profane in the make-up of his name, which was Jeremiah Buster. As he stood amid the crowd a close observer might soon have discovered that the whole scene was new to him. When the prosecuting attorney called him to the witness-stand he limped around the railing of the bar and took his seat on the stand. He gazed around him with a bewildered air, yet there was that in his demeanor which showed that he had not parted altogether with the self-assertion and independence characteristic of the dwellers in the mountains. He took in as much of the situation, perhaps, as a one-eyed man could be reasonably expected to do on his first appearance on the scene.

Prosecuting Attorney—"What is your name?"

Witness (ejecting a stream of tobacco-juice on the floor)—"Jeremiah Buster, 'squire. They generally call me Jerry, for short."

Prosecuting Attorney—"Well, Mr. Buster—"

Witness—"Now, 'squire, don't call me Mr. Buster, ef you please. I'm d—d sildom called that, and—"

The Court—"Mr. Witness—"

Witness—"Now jedge, jes' call me Jerry, ef you please. I ain't used to bein' called mister, and it sorter sounds strange like. Jes' call—"

The district attorney here arose and said that he felt satisfied the witness did not mean to commit a contempt of court, but spoke thoughtlessly and from force of habit. He hoped the court would not send witness to jail, at least at that time, as he was the only person by whom the state could prove the offense charged against the defendant in the indictment, and the trial would, therefore, be suspended. The court replied: "If the witness knew no better, it was time he was learning, and he could not be broken too soon of a bad habit, if it had obtained such control over him as to cause him to violate all propriety."

District Attorney—"That is all true, your Honor, but if the witness is sent to jail now I shall be compelled to enter a nolle prosequi in the case and the trial must be suspended, as this is my only witness."

After some further difficulty in bringing the witness to the point, the examination proceeded.

District Attorney—"Jerry, were you present in August last at Johnson's tan-yard when a difficulty occurred between the prisoner at the bar, John Foster, and William Truitt? If so, tell all about it in your own way."

Witness—"Well, 'squire, one night thar was a turrible storm passed thro' our nake of the woods and blowed down a big poplar in the corner of the horse lot and killed my speckled caf—"

District Attorney—"Never mind about the calf."

Witness—"Well, 'squire, I'll tell you. Ef that storm hadn't er blowed down the tree on the caf and killed it, I wouldn't er skinned the caf, and ef I hadn't er skinned the caf I wouldn't er tuck its hide to the tan-yard, and ef I hadn't er tuck the hide to the tan-yard I wouldn't er bin thar—now would I?"

District Attorney—"Well, I suppose not. Go on."

Witness—"And ef I hadn't er bin thar I couldn't er seed nothin' to tell—now could I? You see, 'squire, you didn't know what I was a-coming at—now did yer?"

District Attorney—"Well, go on."

Witness—"Well, arter I skinned the caf I kotch my old mare and carried the hide over to the tan-yard. When I got there I seed Jack Foster a-sittin' down by the rut of a tree and Bill Truitt were a-talkin' to him."

District Attorney—"Well, what did Truitt say to defendant Foster?"

Witness—"Well, 'squire, you see when I rid up on my old mare, I seed Bill a-talkin', but I couldn't hear a word he said, fur I war a hundred yards off when I fus' see 'em."

District Attorney—"Well, didn't you get near enough to hear anything that was said?"

Witness—"Oh, yes, 'squire."

District Attorney—"Well, after you got near enough to hear, what was said?"

Witness—"Well, Bill sed to Jack thar (pointing to the defendant) 'I want you to pay me the dollar you owe me.'"

District Attorney—"Well, was that all that was said?"

Witness—"Oh, no, 'squire, that warn't all."

District Attorney (impatiently)—"Well, please go on; tell all that was said."

Witness—"Well, 'squire, it 'peared like Jack didn't pay the money, and Bill sed that Jack was not a honest man, and Jack ris up from the rut uv the tree and breshed the dust offen the seat uv his britches."

District Attorney—"What did Jack, as you call him, say?"

Witness—"Never said a der— never said nuthin' at all."

District Attorney—"Well, tell us about the fight between them."

Witness—"Thar warn't no fite atween 'em that I seed."

District Attorney—"Do you mean to say that there was no fight between Truitt and Foster at the tan-yard that day in your presence?"

Witness—"I do for a fac, 'squire; nary fite that I seed."

District Attorney—"And have you told all you saw and heard on that occasion?"

Witness—"I think near about all, 'squire."

District Attorney (disgustedly)—"Stand aside, sir."



Tableau Vivant.—1. The Second 'Story Window.

Counsel for Defense—"Wait a moment, Jerry. I would like to ask you a question or two. You say defendant Foster here didn't say a word when Truitt told him he was not an honest man?"

Witness—"Never whimpered, 'squire, leastways not that I hearn."

Counsel for Defense—"And never struck or offered to strike Truitt?"

Witness—"No, 'squire, I didn't say that adzactly. I sed thar warn't no fight atween 'em that I seed."

Counsel for Defense—"Well, Foster didn't strike him, did he?"

Witness—"Well, you may bet your bottom dollar, 'squire, he did. After he breshed the dust offen the seat uv his britches, he hauled back with his fist and knocked Bill Truitt as cold as a wedge, and nearly mauled the life outen him. I believe in my soul he would have killed him ef it hadn't er been fur me pullin' uv him offen him. Jack's as true grit as ever cracked corn, and his daddy was afore him."

District Attorney (his face beaming with smiles)—"Well, what happened after you pulled the defendant off Truitt?"

Witness—"Well, Jack told him ef he didn't cl'ar outen them diggins and ef ever he sot eyes on him again he'd brake every bone in his dog-skin, and Bill struck a dog trot, and I reckon he's runnin' till yit, fur I've never sot eyes on him sence."

A New Version.

"Now, Tom," said the priest, "when you come to confess,
Be sure that you bear it in mind,
That willfully hiding your one hundredth sin,
'Tis in vain that you tell ninety-nine."

"Dat's true," said the darkey, "ez sure ez you're born;
I read in de Bible jes' so,
Whar de angels for one you keeps back rejoice more'n
For ninety an' nine you lets go."

JOHN B. TABB.



Tableau Vivant.—2. The Back Yard.

THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 21, 1883.

Whole No. 58



"ON THY FAIR BOSOM, SILVER LAKE,
THE WILD SWAN SPREADS HIS SNOWY SAIL."—J. FRANCIS MURPHY.

THREE STAGES IN AMERICAN LITERARY DEVELOPMENT.

THE three little ships that, on a misty afternoon in December, 1606, dropped down the Thames with sails set for an unknown country, carried any freight but that of books. Book-makers were there in less proportion than on board the solitary vessel that, in 1620, took a more northerly course, and cast anchor at last off the bleak and sullen shore of Massachusetts; but for both alike the stress of those early years left small energy or time for any composition beyond the reports that, at stated intervals, went back to the mother country. The work of the pioneer is for muscles first, brain having small opportunity, save as director; and it required more than one generation before authorship could become the business of any, not even the clergy being excepted from the stress of hard manual labor.

Yet, for the first departure, an enthusiasm of hope and faith filled many hearts. The England of that day had not been too kindly toward her men of letters, who were then, as now, also men of dreams, looking for something better than the best she had to offer, and who, in the early years of the seventeenth century, gathered in London as the centre least touched by the bigotry and narrowness of one party, the wild laxity and folly of the other. "The very air of London must

have been electric with the daily words of those immortals whose casual talk upon the pavement by the street-side was a coinage of speech richer, more virile, more expressive than has been known on this planet since the great days of Athenian poetry, eloquence and mirth." There were "wits, dramatists, scholars, orators, singers, philosophers." For every one of them was the faith of something undefined, yet infinitely precious, to be born of all the mysterious influences in that new land to which all eyes turned, and old Michael Drayton's ringing ode on their departure held also a prophecy:

"In kenning of the shore,
Thanks to God first given,
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then;
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

"And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

"And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere—
Apollo's sacred tree—
You, it may see,
A poet's brows to crown
That may sing there."

The men who in passing over to America could not cease to be Englishmen, were the friends and associates—the intellectual equals in many points of this extraordinary assemblage of brilliant and audacious intellects, and chief among them was the man at whose name we are all inclined to smile—Captain John Smith. So many myths have hid the real man from view—some of them, it must be admitted, of his own making—that we forget how vivid and resolute a personality he owned, and the pride we may well have in him as the writer of the first distinctively American book. His work was not only for Virginia, but for New England as well. His life was given to the interests of both. Defeated plans, baffled hopes, had no power to quench the absorbing love that filled him to the end, and, at the very last, he wrote of the American colonies: "By that acquaintance I have with them, I call them my children; for they have been my wife, my hawks, hounds, my cards, my dice, and, in total, my best content, as indifferent to my heart as my left hand to my right."

Certain qualities, most prominent then, have, after a long disappearance, become once more, in degree at least, characteristic of the time. The book man of to-day is quite as likely to be also the man of affairs, and the pale and cloistered student of the past is rather a memory than a present fact. History thus repeats itself as usual, and the story of the literary men of the nineteenth century has many points in common with that of the seventeenth.

In those early days of which we write, when Puritan and Cavalier sought our shores, both eager for truer liberty, the first comers were in large part of an order described by one of the most brilliant as well as most accurate writers of our time, who characterizes Smith "as belonging to that noble type of manhood of which the Elizabethan age produced so many examples—the man of action who was also the man of letters; the man of letters who was also a man of action; the wholesomest type of manhood anywhere to be found; body and brain both active, both cultivated; the mind not made fastidious and morbid by too much bookishness, nor coarse and dull by too little; not a doer who is dumb, not a speech-maker who cannot do; the knowledge that comes of books, widened and freshened by the knowledge that comes of experience; the literary sense fortified by common sense; the bashfulness and delicacy of the scholar hovering as a finer presence above the forceful audacity of the man of the world; at once bookman, penman, swordsman, diplomat, sailor, courtier, orator. Of this type of manhood, spacious, strong, refined and sane, were the best men of the Elizabethan time, George Gascoigne, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and, in a modified sense, Hakluyt, Bacon, Sackville, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson and nearly all the rest."

They demanded a "spherical excellence," easier then



WATCHING THE WEATHERCOCK—FREDERICK DIELMAN.

than now, and attained by many a student of that day, and to this Captain John aspired, one at least of his contemporaries giving proof of faith that he had attained it in lines written on him and his book on the history of Virginia and New England:

"Like Caesar, now thou writ'st what thou hast done.
These acts, this book, will live while there's a sun."

The history is picturesque, and often amusing. As a writer he was always "racy, terse, fearless;" but, save to the special student, there is little value to the present student, unless he be a searcher after the spirit that moved not only the man, but, through him, the time he moulded. For such reader will still be felt "the impression of a certain personal largeness . . . magnanimity, affluence, sense and executive force. Over all his personal associates in American adventure he seems to tower, by the natural loftiness and reach of the perception with which he grasped the significance of their vast enterprise and the means to its success. . . . He had the faults of an impulsive, irascible, egotistic and imaginative nature; he sometimes bought human praise at too high a price, but he had great abilities in word and deed; his nature was, upon the whole, generous and noble; and during the first two decades of the seventeenth century, he did more than any

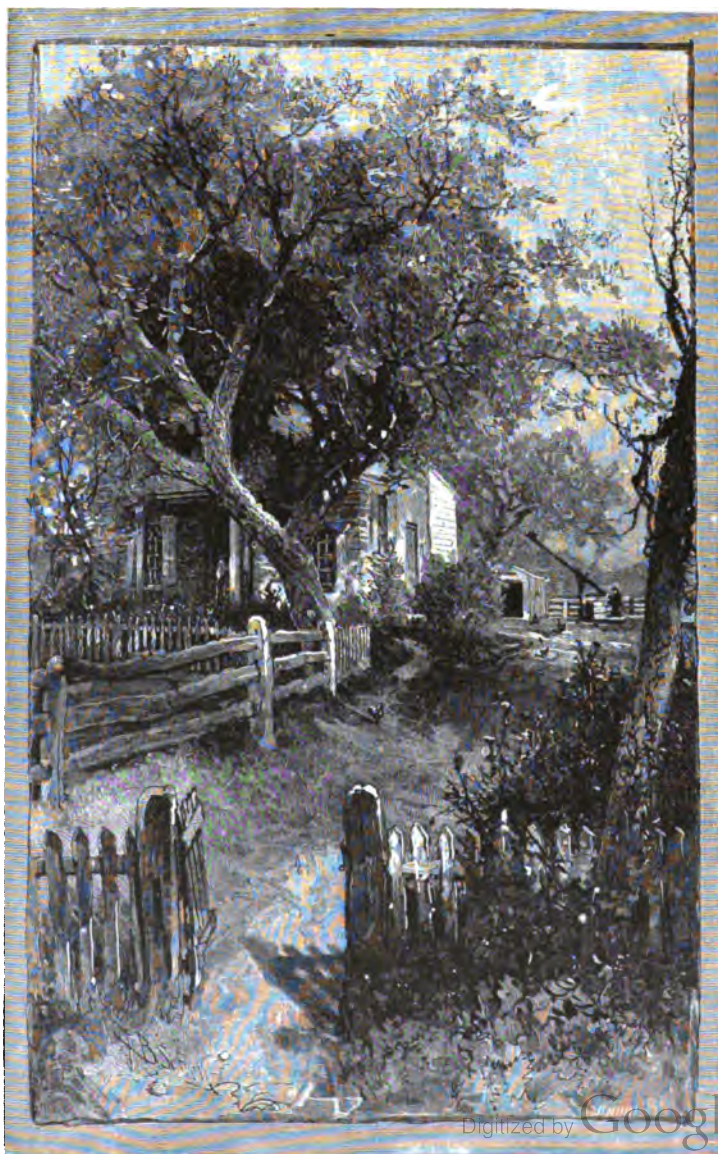
other Englishman to make an American nation and an American literature possible."

Behind the stockade at Jamestown, only the most persistent bent toward letters had chance of surviving. Joyful as the landing had been, the colony had no sturdy backbone of practical workers. Their first summer was unutterably forlorn, the beauty and fertility that had seemed to promise to the sea-sad eyes a life of instant ease, bringing with it only a "horrible trail of homesickness, discord, starvation, pestilence and Indian hostility." No common purpose united them, as in the Northern colony. Save for the leaders, individual profit had been the only ambition or intention. Work had no place in the scheme of life, and even when ship after ship discharged its load of immigrants matters were hardly mended. Perpetual discord became the law. Smith fled from the tumults which he had no power to quiet, and a long succession of soon-discouraged officers waged a species of hand-to-hand conflict with the wild elements that made up the colony. One poet, George Sandys, whose name and work are still of meaning and value to the student, found leisure, borrowed from the night, for a translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," commended by both Dryden and Pope, and which passed at once through eight editions, but there were no others.

Twenty years of colonial life had ended when he returned to England, and the spirit of the early founders had well nigh disappeared. Literary work had died with it. A few had small libraries, chiefly Latin classics, but a curious torpor had settled down, the reasons for which are now evident. There was no constant intercourse, as in New England. The "policy of dispersion" was the law, for every man aspired to be a large land-owner, and, in the midst of his tract of half-cleared land, had small communication with any but his inferiors. Within fifty years any intellectual standard had practically ceased to exist. The Governor, Sir William Berkeley, whose long rule meant death to progress, thundered against the printing-press, and believed absolutely in the "fine old conservative policy of keeping subjects ignorant in order to keep them submissive." For thirty-six years his energies were bent in this direction. Protest of any sort simply intensified his purpose, and when 1670 dawned he had the happiness of making to the English Commissioners a reply that has become immortal, though hardly in the sense anticipated, when he wrote: "I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

A dark prayer, and answered as fully as men's own acts can fulfill

their prayers. The brilliant men who had passed from the scene had no successors. The few malcontents were silenced by a law which made "even the first thrust of the pressman's lever a crime," and until 1729 there was neither printing nor desire for printing in any general sense. The point where our literature began had become apparently its burial-place; the historians and poets and students of an earlier generation were not only unheeded but forgotten, and a hundred years of intellectual barrenness, with another hundred, before even partial recovery could be apparent, were the portion of Virginia and all the states she influenced or controlled. No power could have made it otherwise. "Had much literature been produced there would it not have been a miracle? The units of the community isolated; little chance for mind to kindle mind; no schools; no literary institutions, high or low; no public libraries; no printing-press; no intellectual freedom; no religious freedom; the forces of society tending to create two great classes—a class of vast land-owners, haughty, hospitable, indolent, passionate, given



OUR HOMESTEAD—F. B. SCHELL.

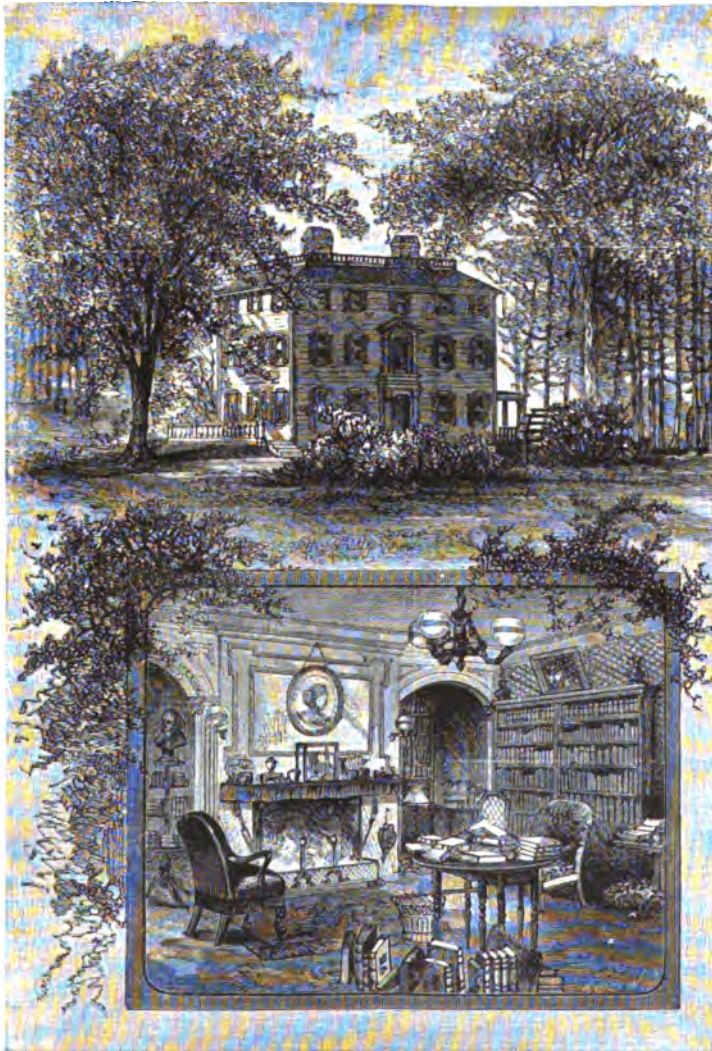
to field sports and politics; and a class of impoverished white plebeians and black serfs; these constitute a situation out of which may be evolved country gentlemen, loud-lunged and jolly fox-hunters, militia heroes, men of boundless domestic heartiness and social grace, astute and imperious politicians, fiery orators, and, by-and-by, here and there, perhaps after awhile, a few amateur literary men—but no literary class, and almost no literature.”

The northern colony had known strange chances also, but every circumstance and accident of its life fostered the literary spirit and made the student the most honored member of the community. The *Mayflower* brought a larger proportion of men with literary antecedents and tendencies than had landed on the Virginia coast; and though every detail of life was fuller of hard work, privation and danger—climate being even more against them than Indians or any other misery of the early years—the proportion remained much the same. It is often claimed that this early environment was utterly opposed to any possibility of literary development. On the contrary, “those environments were, for a certain class of mind, extremely wholesome and stimulating.” Hawthorne has written somewhere: “New

England was then in a state incomparably more picturesque than at present, or than it has been within the memory of man.” And Tyler, in his brilliant analysis of early colonial forces, takes much the same ground: “There were about them many of the tokens and forces of a picturesque, romantic and impressive life; the infinite solitudes of the wilderness, its mystery, its peace; the near presence of nature, vast, potent, unassailed; the strange problems presented to them by savage character and savage life; their own escape from great cities, from crowds, from mean competition; the luxury of having room enough; the delight of being free; the urgent interest of all the Protestant world in their undertaking; the hopes of humanity already looking thither; the coming to them of scholars, saints, statesmen, philosophers.”

Yet even for these men there were restraints that today seem shameful and degrading. Harvard College had been made responsible for the good behavior of the printing-press set up in 1639, and for twenty-three years this seemed sufficient. Finally two official licensers were appointed, whose business was to read and pronounce a verdict either for or against everything proposed for publication. One might fancy these hindrances sufficient, but intolerance gained with every year of restriction, and when finally the officers were induced, by arguments which must have been singularly powerful, to allow the printing of an edition of “The Invitation of Christ,” a howl arose from every council and general assembly, whether of laws or divinity, and the unlucky book was characterized as one written “by a popish minister, wherein is contained some things that are less safe to be infused amongst the people of this place;” and the authorities ordered not only a thorough revisal of its contents, but a cessation of all work on the printing-press. Common sense at last came to the rescue, but legal restraints on printing were not abolished in Massachusetts until twenty-one years before the Declaration of Independence.

As with Virginia the early years were most fertile in work of any interest to the present time, and naturally so. Fresh from the life not only of books but of knowledge of “the central currents of the world’s best thinking,” these influences could not die out in the generation nearest them. For any writer some history of the colony was the first instinct, and William Bradford holds the same relation to New England as Captain John Smith to Virginia—the racy, incisive, picturesque diction of the latter being a key-note to their colonial life, as symbolic as the measured, restrained and solemn periods of the Puritan writer. Argument had become a necessity of life. It had been forced upon them in England in the endeavor to define their position not only to the Cavalier element but to themselves, and became finally so rooted a mental habit that “even on the brink of any momentous enterprise they would stop and argue



LOWELL'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.



A VIEW IN THE CATSKILLS—J. D. WOODWARD.

the case if a suspicion occurred to them that things were not right."

They were never meek and dreamy saints, but, on the contrary, "rather pragmatical and disputatious persons, with all the edges and corners of their characters left sharp, with all their opinions very definitely formed, and with their habits of frank utterance quite thoroughly matured." But for Bradford, and Morton, and Johnson, and other equally worthy and honored names, this disputatious tendency was a surface matter, and

the deeper traits were of an order that make petty peculiarities forgotten. For Bradford, especially, was "an untroubled command of strong and manly speech. . . . The daily food of his spirit was noble. He uttered himself without effort, like a free man, a sage and a Christian," and his voice was that of many who followed him. Loving the mother country with passion, the sense of exile long remained with them—a double exile, since they had first taken firm hold in Leyden, and parted from its ease and prosperity with words which

hold the pathos and quiet endurance still the undertone of much New England life. "So they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on these things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

John Winthrop, who, a few years later, became gov-

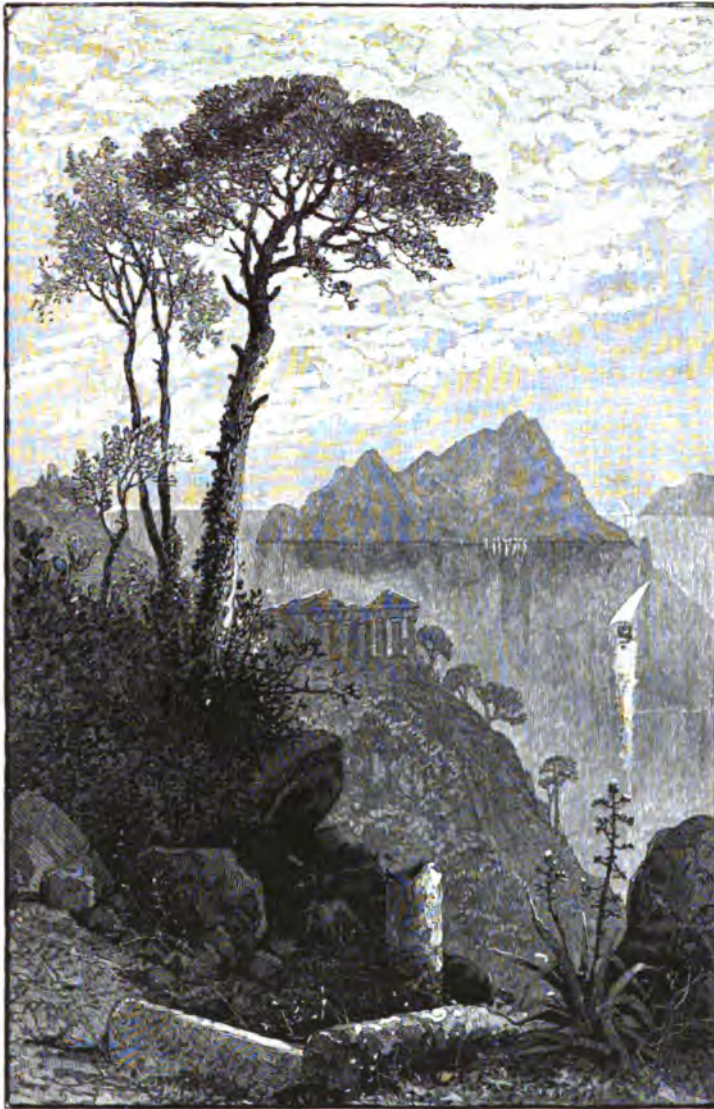
the hands of the clergy, who came to be the only class with much leisure for study. The range of subjects treated dwindled more and more from year to year. The breadth and vigor of the early days were lost, the pragmatism and disputatious element gaining more and more ground. Unfortunately "they stood aloof with a sort of horror from the richest and most exhilarating types of classic writing in their own tongue." The He-

brew Scriptures and many classics of Roman and Greek literature were still allowed; but no genuine literary development could take place where the sinewy and vital thought of their own nation was set aside as unworthy of consideration. The esthetic sense dwindled and pined. Standards of judgment altered. The capacity for discrimination lessened. Theological quibbling made much of the literature of the day, though there was much more than quibbling. But the keenest minds, no matter how vivid and beautiful their intelligence, were certain that neither man as a body, nor the world as a home, were anything but lack evils, ruined by the fall of Adam, and to be ignored and despised with every power and faculty. Faith in God came to be faith in "a microscopic and picayune Providence," governing the meanest detail of the elects' existence, and faith in man had no place in any scheme of life or thought. If a poem were written it came to be merely some transcription from the Bible, or an epitaph or elegy on some departed saint.

In spite of themselves, however, humor, the Saxon birthright, refused to be suppressed, and asserted itself in unexpected ways, as in Nathanael Ward's "Simple Cobbler of Agawam." What the cobbler saw was chiefly the theological difficulties of the time. Discord and confusion seemed to have settled upon the earth, and "looking out over English Christendom, he saw nothing but a chaos of jangling opinions, upstart novelties, lawless manners, illimitable changes in codes, institutions and creeds." He declaims ferociously against freedom of opinion, and "the fathers of the inquisition might have reveled over the first twenty-five pages of this Protestant book, that actually blaze with the eloquent savagery and rapture of religious intolerance." He laughed in

the midst of this declamation, but it was rather a sardonic laugh, and soon checked by fresh consideration of man's vileness.

Liberty had received many a blow from the hands of these men, who had fled from home and country to secure it, but it could not die while their own principles were remembered, and constantly at one point or another, irrepressible men and women rose up, bent upon free thought and free speech, and shaming even the most determined and intolerant spirit. One of these men, outspoken by nature, recorded his mind in some two thousand printed pages, and Roger Williams even to-day



THE ISLES OF GREECE—J. D. WOODWARD.

ernor of the colony, left records rather in the nature of journals than history, but of greatest value in forming any correct conception or estimate of the time, and one portion of them included his speech, in 1645, before the general court after his acquittal of the charge of having exceeded his authority as deputy governor. A certain passage, containing his statement of the nature of liberty, has been pronounced by both English and American thinkers far beyond the definition of Blackstone, and fully on a par with the noblest utterances of John Locke or Algernon Sidney.

As time went on authorship passed naturally into

looms up with all the more power because we have become "rather fatigued by the monotony of so vast a throng of sages and saints, all quite immaculate, all equally prim and stiff in their Puritan starch and uniform, all equally automatic and freezing." It is most comfortable to find any one defying the rigid and formal law of the time, whether spoken or implied, and we have positive "relief in the easy swing of this man's gait, the limberness of his personal movement, his escape from the pasteboard proprieties, his spontaneity, his impetuosity, his indiscretions, his frank acknowledgements that he really had a few things yet to learn." He demanded spiritual liberty, and though, as time went on, he learned to use gentler phrases, he was always a century or two ahead of his age. The mirthfulness of his early days passed, as well it might, but a better possession—cheerfulness—remained to the end. Exile never embittered him, and the writings that are his legacy "show an habitual upwardness of mental movement; they grow rich in all gentle, gracious, and magnanimous qualities as the years increase upon him."

His influence upon New England was a profound one, and the seed sown bore fruit long after his mortal body had crumbled into dust; but it was chiefly in theological lines, to which all thought now tended. Poetry, so far as drama or lyric verse was concerned, had been forsworn by the soul of every true Puritan, but "of course poetry was planted there too deep even for his theological grub-hooks to root out. If, however, his theology drove poetry out of many forms in which it had been used to reside, poetry itself practiced a noble revenge by taking up its abode in his theology." Stedman gives a masterly analysis of this time in the opening essay of his "Victorian Poets," showing the shackles all minds wore, and comparing the time when "even nature's laws were compelled to bow to church fanaticism," to the happier day in which "science, freedom of thought, refinement and material progress have moved along together."

We have seen how the power of keen and delicate literary judgment or discrimination died insensibly. The first era of literary development passed with the first founders of the Republic, and original thought and expression lay dormant, save in theological directions. As with all new forms of life, the second stage was an imitative one, and the few outside the clergy who essayed writing at all copied the worst models of the Johnsonian period. Verse was still welcome, and the verse-makers of the colonial time were many. Even venerable clergymen like Peter Bulkley gave way to its influence. Ostensible poems were written by more than one governor; John Cotton yielded to the spell, though he hid the fact discreetly by writing his English verses in Greek characters, and confining them to the blank leaves of his almanac. Debarred from all ordinary amusements or occupations, the irrepressible need of expression effervesced in rhymes as rugged and unlovely as the writers, and ream upon ream of verse accumulated. Had it found permanent form, our libraries would have been even more encumbered

than at present, but fortunately most of it has perished. Elegies and epitaphs were its favorite method, and the "most elaborate and painful jests," every conceivable and some inconceivable quirks and solemn puns made up their substance. The obituary poet of the present is sufficiently conspicuous in the daily papers which are available for his flights, but the leading poets of time do not feel that it is incumbent upon them to evolve stanzas in a casual way on every mournful occasion. In that elder day allegories, anagrams, acrostics—all intended to have a consolatory effect on mourning friends—flowed from every clerical pen, adding a new terror to death and a new burden to life, but received with a species of solemn glee by the readers. Of one given to this habit Cotton Mather writes that he "had so nimble a faculty of putting his devout thoughts into verse that he signalized himself by . . . sending poems to all persons, in all places, on all occasions, . . . wherein if the curious relished the piety sometimes rather than the poetry, the capacity of the most therein to be accommodated must be considered." Another poet had presently the opportunity to "embalm his memory in some congenial verses," and wrote an epitaph, and ended with a full description of

"His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs,

By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms and anagrams."



THE PINES—R. SWAIN GIFFORD.



BISHOP HATTO AND THE RATS—JOHN LA FARGE.

To this period belongs a poetic phenomenon—a metrical horror known as “The Bay Psalm Book,” being the first English book ever issued from an American printing-press. Tyler has given with his accustomed happy facility of phrase the most truthful description yet made of a production that formed for years the chief poetical reading of the average New Englander, and undoubtedly did more to lower taste and make inferior verse seem praiseworthy than any and all other causes. He writes: “In turning over these venerable pages, one suffers by sympathy something of the obvious toil

of the undaunted men who, in the very teeth of nature, did all this; and whose appalling sincerity must, in our eyes, cover a multitude of such sins as sentences wrenched about end for end, clauses heaved up and abandoned in chaos, words disemboweled or split quite in two in the middle, and dissonant combinations of sound that are the despair of such poor vocal organs as are granted to human beings. The verses, indeed, seem to have been hammered out on an anvil, by blows from a blacksmith’s sledge. Everywhere in the book is manifest the agony it cost the writers to find two words that

would rhyme—more or less; and so often as this arduous feat is achieved, the poetic athlete appears to pause awhile from sheer exhaustion, panting heavily for breath. Let us now read, for our improvement, a part of the Fifty-eighth Psalm:

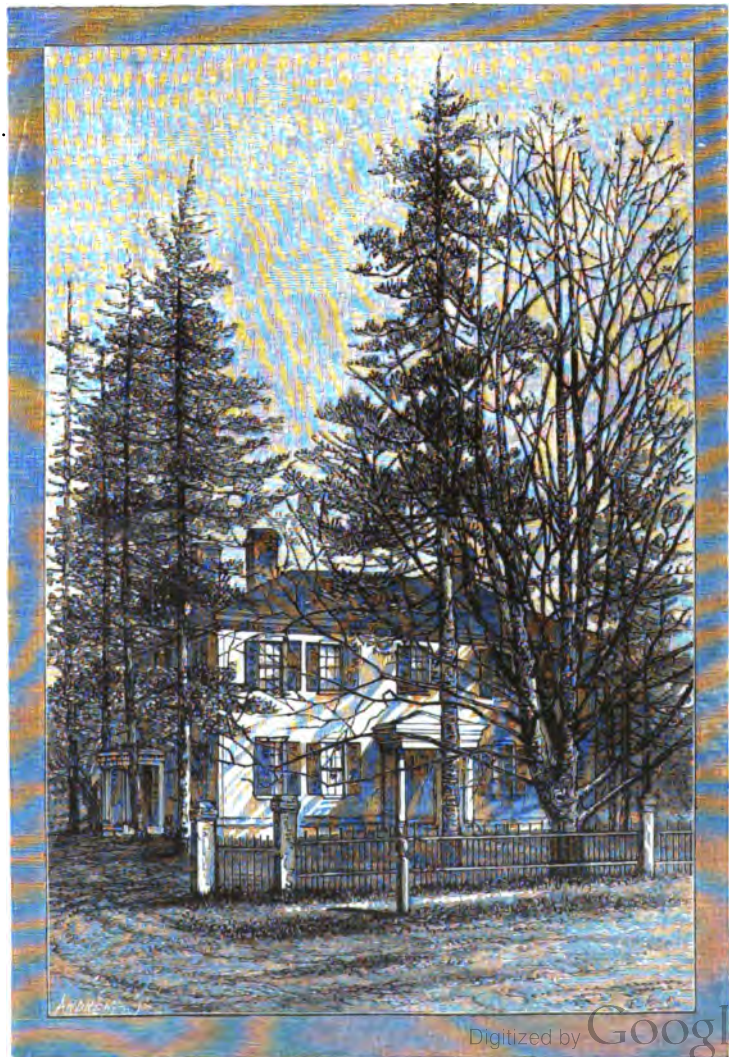
"The wicked are estranged from
the womb, they goe astray
as soone as ever they are borne,
uttering lyes are they.
Their poyson's like serpents poyson,
they like deafe Aspe her eare
that stops. Though Charmer wisely charm,
his voice she will not heare.
Within their mouth, doe thou their teeth,
break out, o God most strong,
doe thou Jehovah, the great teeth
break of the lions young."

It is easy to see that the poetry of the time was simply "metrical theology and chronology and politics and physics." Anne Bradstreet lighted up the dreary mass with some gleams of genuine poetic power and beauty, but even she staggered under the weight of a period that forbade natural and simple utterance, and forced every mind into a straight jacket not only of thought but expression. Her work awakened keen enthusiasm among the bright young scholars of New England, who had insight enough to recognize her as the one shining example of poetic power in that generation, and who wrote innumerable elegies and threnodies on her life and work. Pope was now in full tide of success, and with Thomson, Watts and Young found hosts of sympathetic and admiring readers who would have turned in horror from the pages of Shakspeare or the early dramatists. The measure adopted by Pope charmed the popular mind, and while it helped to smooth the asperities of Puritan verse, became also the easy vehicle of the commonplace. There were hints here and there of something better to come, and in the many examples of verse remaining it is easy to discern a coming era of free thought and more musical expression. Peter Folger had sent out from the fogs of Nantucket a defiant and rollicking voice; John Rogers and Urian Oakes, both poets and both Harvard presidents, had done something better than mere rhyme, but it remained for another pastor, teacher and physician to sound a note that roused all New England. Michael Wigglesworth might have been immortal, could the genius born in him have been fed and trained by any of the "sane and mighty masters of English song;" but, born to the inheritance of a narrow and ferocious creed, with no power left to even admit the existence of the beautiful, he was "forever incapable of giving utterance to his genius—except in a dialect unworthy of it," and became simply "the explicit and unshrinking rhymers of the five points of Calvinism."

Cotton Mather describes him as "a feeble little shadow of a man." He was "the embodiment of what was great, earnest and sad in colonial New

England." He was tenderly sympathetic, and his own life, made up mostly of sorrow and pain, filled him with longing to help others. "A sensitive, firm, wide-ranging, unresting spirit, he looks out mournfully over the throngs of men that fill the world, all of them totally depraved, all of them caught, from farthest eternity, in the adamant meshes of God's decrees; the most of them also being doomed in advance by those decrees to an endless existence of ineffable torment; and upon this situation of affairs the excellent Michael Wigglesworth proposes to make poetry." His "Day of Doom," a horribly realistic description of every terror of the expected judgment, was written in a swinging ballad measure that took instant hold of the popular mind. No book ever printed in America has met with a proportionate commercial success. "The eighteen hundred copies of the first edition were sold within a single year; which implies the purchase of a copy of 'The Day of Doom' by at least every thirty-fifth person in New England. . . . Since that time the book has been repeatedly published, at least once in England and at least eight times in America, the last time being 1867."

It penetrated finally all parts of the country where Puritan faith or manners prevailed. It was an intellectual influence beyond anything we can now imagine.



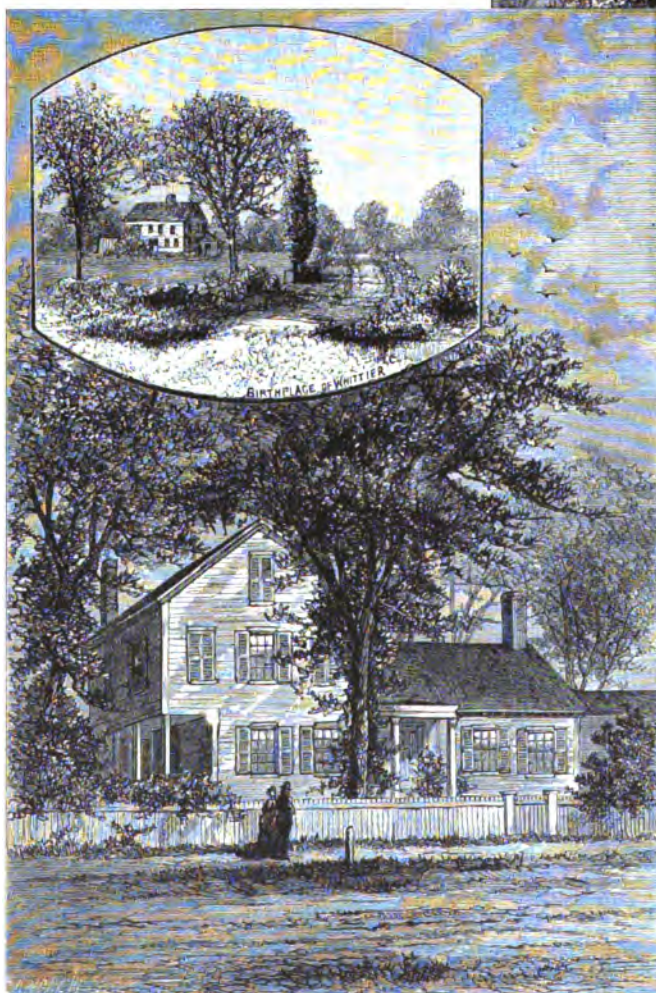
EMERSON'S HOME AT CONCORD.

It was learned by heart along with the catechism, and for a hundred years was found on every book-shelf, no matter how sparsely furnished otherwise. Even after the Revolution, which produced the usual effect of all war in bringing in unrestrained thought, it was still a source of terror, and thrilled and prepared all readers for the equally fearful pictures drawn by Edwards and his successors.

With the ending of both wars literary interests flagged, not only in New England, but at all points, and a long season of dearth followed the work of men like Franklin and the brilliant group of the Revolutionary period. With increasing prosperity came commonplace lives that are the usual result of comfortable surroundings and circumstances. Books were made in abundance, but of a quality that justly enough provoked the British question at which we rose in wrath, "Who reads an American book?" Under all the apparent stagnation many forces were at work, but American as well as English students had no faith that such stage was the necessity of development, and that a generation of truer



LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.



WHITTIER'S HOME AND BIRTHPLACE.

thinkers, poets and philosophers than any yet known were soon to say their first word to an American public. In the meantime intellectual starvation was the portion of all who were at a distance from the great centres. Communication was still hampered—railroads and telegraphs hardly more than a dream. The farmer depended on his Bible and almanac, and perhaps a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress," for such intellectual food as he took time to indulge in. The middle class fared not much better, until annuals took the popular fancy, and every table held its "Gem," or "Treasury," or "Token."

Smile as one may at the quality of these productions, they are of far more value and did a better work than any casual on-looker will admit. If sentimentality was their staple, at least it was an advance upon "The Day of Doom." The smooth and decorous steel engravings and mezzotints were the first step in an art education that is bringing us, in spite of inexperience and crudeness, side by side with those who have had fifty years to our one of knowledge; and the first work of

our masters, whether in poetry or prose found a welcome in these pages.

Hawthorne's name was found in successive years of "The Token," a Boston annual published by S. G. Goodrich, better known as "Peter Parley;" and Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Emerson have all used the same channels. Popular annuals were the entering wedge, and the people received them gladly. To look forward to the coming of a literary guest once a year paved the way for a welcome to a monthly one. "Graham's Magazine," "Sartain's," and a list of forgotten ventures were all heralds of a day nearing and brightening, and made more possible with every fresh attempt to speak as Americans and not as imitators. More and more were books becoming an essential for every household; for many simply because "it looked well to have them about," but for many more because genuine love for them had been born.

The American is always a pioneer. As yet he has found no time to take root in any one spot. His books may be dear to him, but he leans strongly to any form that holds much in little, simply because they too must be travelers and occupy as little space as possible. Encyclopedias, compilations of one sort and another, anything that compresses information or instruction is hailed by the American nomad, who to-day is in Vermont and to-morrow en route for Mexico. He reads as he goes, and thus devours periodicals, rejoicing in the paper covers and throwing them aside when finished. Cheap libraries and series of every description meet the same need, and no people on earth have such ill digested smatterings of information as the Americans, who, even fifty years ago, had next to nothing.

But decry the tendency as one may, it has done infinitely valuable work in elevating popular taste, and in such work nothing has had larger part than the numerous encyclopedias of poetry, beginning years ago with Dr. Griswold's now antiquated collections. Then came Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," which became a model for succeeding collections, and through its excellence of design and the critical skill that marks its frequent revision retains a wide popularity. The fashion immediately secured public recognition and took on many forms, till now every large firm has its own collection, and the buyer who takes up first one and then another would like to possess them all, each one having some special value and merit. As a result of the almost universal ownership of such collections, verse-making is again as marked a characteristic of Americans as in the ante-Revolutionary days, but of a far different order. The editor, whose chief business is rejection, finds a large proportion of what must go to the wastebasket smooth, easy and often excellent rhyme. Its poverty of thought is commonly the fatal weakness. The volumes of verse that nobody has time to read hold the same qualities and more. The gift of expression is a popular one, and when one takes up a collection like that made by Epes Sargent, and known as "Harper's Cyclopaedia of British and American Poetry,"⁽¹⁾ the amount of me-

ludious and often beautiful verse by authors unknown save for their embalment there, is a perpetual surprise, though the discrimination that placed it there is no surprise to those who knew this modest but brilliant critic.

Naturally the deepest interest attaches to those collections made by poets themselves, and thus "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song"⁽²⁾ takes the precedence with many because of its editor's acknowledged literary taste and discriminating judgment. Its illustrations also are of a high order. The demand was so great that Mr. Bryant thoroughly revised a new edition in 1876, in many cases copying out poems with his own hand; and the book, as a whole, represents the utmost that his literary taste and knowledge had to give. That of the Harpers has its peculiar value also, in that it gave larger space to American verse, and enrolled many otherwise unknown names on its list. "Parnassus," which represented Emerson's personal tastes alone, was eagerly welcomed as a glimpse into the mind of the beloved philosopher, and Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries," still more limited in plan and bulk, found equal welcome. "The Cambridge Book of Poetry and

(2) "THE FAMILY LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG." Edited by William Cullen Bryant. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. By permission of the publishers we select the following engravings from this volume: "Bishop Hatto," "A View in the Catskills," "Homes of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and Lowell."



(1) "HARPER'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY." Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: Harper Brothers.

Song,"¹ prepared on a new plan, which gives authors alphabetically, instead of chronologically, or by classification, according to motive or theme, has been edited by Charlotte F. Bates, the author of much delicate and tender verse, and has been made a volume as sumptuous and satisfactory as its numerous predecessors. It is hard to choose between them, and the distracted buyer will repeat involuntarily:

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The chief point to be made here is not the relative or individual value of these many candidates for public favor, but the fact that the masters in English song are and have for years been the daily companions of a large proportion of our people, and one of the silent but

(1) "THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF POETRY AND SONG." Selected from English and American Authors by Charlotte Fiske Bates. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. From this volume we are permitted to select the following engravings: "The Isles of Greece," "Our Homestead," "Watching the Weathercock," "Seneca Lake," "The Pines," and "The Old Oaken Bucket."

strong and wide-reaching forces that have laid the foundation for much of the American capacity for appreciation that puzzles foreign critics.

Our third stage of literary development may be summed up in the "annual" period—a stage of negation and inadequacy and hopelessness; or we may ignore that fallow-time, and count our third period as beginning with Emerson and Longfellow and Bryant and the master still with us. In either case, our work has but begun. The era of criticism, now upon us, seemingly as disastrous as the "annual" stage, is also fallow-time. America has better words to come, and, noble as have been the voices of our near past, American literature must, if true to its birthright, mean a power second to none—a strength and beauty as inspiring as that the old Greeks knew as daily food, but with something the Greek never knew—the spirit of humanity speaking in every word of work to come, and making all effort for the inspiration, as well as for the healing of the nations.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

BEYOND YELLOW LILIES.

BY NANNIE HUSTON BANKS.

MADAME sighs; puts out two brown little hands before her, and wags her head.

"I car-not stay *een* theze place! I do hate eet, from ze bottom of *my* heart! So dead-lie dull! so *triste*! so lone-lie! Yes-tar-day—"

This word is accomplished with great care and deliberation.

"—eet *did* fall on me!"

I stare in silent wonder. Madame's English, Madame's inflections, are bewildering at all times; and to-day I may be duller than usual, because of the heat. Gradually, however, Madame's meaning dawns upon me. The loneliness overcame her yesterday, is what she means to say.

Madame is a *Parisienne*; a tiny, withered atom of Frenchy humanity, which some wind of chance has blown across the Atlantic. We—Madame and I—are fellow-teachers in a Tennessee school, and excellent friends—anomalous as friendships may seem between a French widow and a Yankee spinster.

I am the Yankee spinster.

Madame is a kindly little soul, and it is rather spiteful of me to remember the soubriquet, "Gibber-jabber," bestowed upon her by a disrespectful pupil. But Madame is voluble with the inimitable click-clacky volubility of her nation.

How hot it is!

It might be a trifle cooler, perhaps, if Madame could be induced to leave off knitting that perennial red woolen stocking, which she knits in the exasperating German fashion—with the wool over the left hand. Madame learned our language—so she proudly informs me—before coming to America; and taught it in *ein Fraülein Brettchen schule*. Madame learned to knit of the Fraüleins; as to the English which the Fraüleins learned of Madame —!

Here my imagination fails; and I fall to speculating

how old she is, this tiny brown woman, with the light figure and the springy walk of a girl of sixteen.

I am *rive*, an acute person, and I soon cease speculating upon the unfathomable.

How hot it is!

In apathetic wretchedness I gaze through the window at the bare, blackened, treeless wall of rock towering before it—at the heated, mote-flecked atmosphere shimmering against the surface of the cliff, like the air about the mouth of a furnace.

This, then, is Crystal Springs! whither Madame and I, together with some half hundred other unfortunates, have been inveigled by glowing advertisements. In these advertisements we—Madame and I—thought we had found the solution of a problem which had occasioned us some uneasiness. This problem was where to spend the vacation. Strange, is it not, and rather piteous, that one should be so utterly alone in the world—so desolate? Yet Madame and I are just so utterly alone—just so desolate.

Crystal Springs! Green fields, mossy dells, and cool, rippling waters—a vision of Arcadia rose before our tired eyes.

Only fifty miles from the school, and eight dollars a week! Anxiously I listened while Madame made the calculation. Yes, we could afford it. So we came.

And this is Crystal Springs!

The hotel, a mere shell of boards, stands, unsheltered, shutterless, in the blazing, broiling sun. Crystal Springs, a single languid stream, oozing from an ancient "gum" under a crazy shed, is a mile away, down a dreary stretch of sun-baked, cinder-strewn railroad track. Twice a day we tramp patiently over this intervening mile, with the heroic endurance peculiar to Americans in pursuit of recreation.

I have observed this peculiarity in no other nation; and certainly Madame does not share it. She has a

cheery nature, but Crystal Springs would depress the spirits of a lark. And to-day Madame's discontent breaks out in a rage; albeit, an effervescent French rage, which is now fast subsiding into plaintiveness. A wet handkerchief is spread over her head.

"*Hélas! I shall haf ze a-pop-lexy!*"

Then a tap on the door. Madame forgets her sufferings, chiefest of which is *ennui*, and trips blithely to the door. A grinning negro hands her a letter. Negroes are "proned," as they express it, to grin at Madame; and very oddly does she look, with the corner of the handkerchief dangling about her brown face.

"Zat which I haf ees ze *lettre of Mademoiselle!*"

A letter is an event to Madame and me. We have few correspondents—the world is not eager for the autographs of impecunious mediocrity.

I turn it over and over in the idiotic way common to those who receive few letters. At last I open it, and the signature is David Easten—my Cousin David—whose name I have not heard, whose handsome face I have not seen, for so many years. How long since I heard his name I cannot remember. But a sunny June day, twenty years ago, comes back, and I see a youth's slender form, clad in blue, marching to martial music down the village street; a child-maiden prone upon the earth among the lilacs in the old garden, weeping her heart out, and feeling that the end of all things has come.

Long quiet memories stir. I scarce comprehend the words I read aloud, though 'tis a commonplace letter enough:

"MY DEAR RUTH: I shall not reproach you for your uncousinly conduct in concealing your whereabouts until I can do so orally. By the merest chance, we learn you, with a friend, are stopping at Crystal Springs, and write immediately to beg you and your friend to come to us at once. My wife joins in a most cordial invitation to you both. I should have delivered the invitation in person, but for the approaching marriage of my daughter Marguerite, which renders it impossible for me to leave home just now. We shall expect you at your earliest convenience. It is only a few hours' run to Clayville.

"Most affectionately, your cousin,
"DAVID EASTEN."

David's wife! David's daughter! How strange it seems!

Mechanically my eyes go back to the parched cliffs; but my thoughts are far away, in our old New England home—David's home and mine. And very dearly we loved each other with all our childish hearts. The breeze comes over the beloved hills; I feel the salt air on my face.

Madame prances like an electrified goblin.

"*Eh bien! Eh bien! een ze nac o' temps!*"

So Madame says "in the nick of time." Then a shadow falls upon the radiant little brown face.

"*Mais, ve ville go, ville ve not, chère mademoiselle?*" pleadingly. "*Ce matin, I do say to ze—what ees eet you do say en Anglais?—L'Aubergiste I do mean—cette vilaine femme* down stair, who poi-zan us wiz sal-a-rautous. *Ce matin, I do say to heer—avec bienséance, I assure you, mademoiselle—ze bread ees vile!*"

Madame's pose is worthy *La Française*.

"What ees eet she do say to me? Eet is theze—'if you do not like ze ac-com-mo-da-tion, you can lief.'" *Hé bien! Ve go! I turn my nose at heer!*"

The half-intelligible tirade jars upon the memories the letter has stirred. And as it ends I turn fretfully upon Madame.

"I know nothing of these people," I say. "I have

not seen my cousin for twenty years—his family never at all. How can I tell, then," I demand sharply, "whether or not it would be pleasant to visit them?"

The little *Parisienne's* answer disarms me.

"Eef zay are like *Mademoiselle* zay are charm-ing!"

I know I am not in the least charming; an ordinary and rather bad-tempered old maid instead. But no one save Madame ever says things like that to me. What can I do, except consent? And consent I do, smiling in a shamefaced way. There is small inducement to tarry at Crystal Springs, and I leave the time of departure to Madame.

Madame remembers the morning's unsuccessful encounter with the landlady, and says, "*Now, at once!*" so we set about packing our scanty belongings. The last garment is folded and our trunks locked as the dinner-bell rings. We are in no haste. We are acquainted with the *menu* of Crystal Springs—its invariable mutton and potatoes.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*, for ze las temps," says Madame, with her funny little French cluck of the tongue.

It is late in the afternoon of the same day that we are seated in the train. Madame gives a whisk of her skirts, and a stamp of both little feet, literally shaking off the dust of Crystal Springs.

At twilight we reach the Ohio River. Swollen by the June flood, it is a vast, yellow sea, flooding the lowlands on either side, far as the eye can reach.

We are "transferred," in railroad parlance, to the Cairo packet. The stuffy, hot cabin is intolerable. We drag our chairs out upon the guards, and watch the mighty drift-strewn river. Waves from the bow rush by, white with foam, reddened now and then by the engine fires. Lights glimmer in the shadowy houses on the Kentucky shore, and set me dreaming, with foolish self-torture, of the "might have been." If David had never left our New England hills; if he had never come among the people who live in those shadowy houses; if he had never met the Kentucky girl he had married; if our childish love had grown into something stronger—

"*Gare!*" Madame's warning breaks shrilly in upon an old maid's silly dreams.

"Ve vill tak *our* death; ze rivere air eez so damp."

Late in the night I am aroused from sleep by a lull in the whir of the boat's machinery. Rising upon my elbow, I look through the transom over the outer stateroom door. The high embankment against which the boat is lying swarms with people, visible by the light of the burning pitch upon the bow. A clear, loud voice says:

"Here 's another break in the levee! Shawnee will be under ten foot water in twenty-four hours!"

Just after breakfast we reached our destination. Clayville is the typical southwestern Kentucky village, straggling along under towering bluffs. It cannot be a pretty town seen under most favorable circumstances; now, partially submerged, it is inexpressibly dreary.

With much puffing and wheezing the little steamer effects a landing against a house on the river front. There are no other passengers for Clayville, so Madame and I disembark, by walking from the upper deck of the packet to the flat roof of the piazza. The watery deep between is bridged by the stage plank.

Stranded amid a watery waste, standing upon the roof, we gaze after the swiftly-receding packet in blank dismay. But rescue is coming. A kindly, bucolic countenance at a second-story window beams upon u—

"This way, ladies; step this way!" the man calls. "The wharf-boat lit out las' night. Most anything's liable to light out when the Wabash gets on a high. Can't no ropes hold agin' her. She's the Ole Boy, she is!"

By the assistance of this communicative, free-and-easy young man, we scramble through the window and follow him down stairs, or rather half-way down. The hall is, of course, flooded; a queer little flat-bottom boat is tied to the newel-post, and rocks still in the waves made by the packet.

"Wazer effery vare; ville eet tak ze house away?" ruefully and apprehensively.

The young man stares hard at Madame; never before, apparently, has he met the elderly *Parisienn*e; but he understands readily enough.

"Lord, no! you needn't be skeered. 'Tain't nuthin' to be skeered at. The river always comes over Clayville—ef it goes anywheres—and 'tain't never tuk no houses away yit!"

This colloquy takes place upon the stair; and we further explain that we wish to reach Mr. David Easten's. Our guide—so he informs us—is the porter of the village hotel; but will take us to Mr. Easten's in his boat, if we like.

We don't like in the least, but there seems no other way. We take our places in the boat; the man, by means of a long pole, pilots us safely through the doorway; our novel barque is on the highway, and we start.

Madame makes the best of things; she may possibly remember the trip is not of my planning. She calmly surveys the landscape; then says, with an air of deceitful admiration:

"Eet eez like Venice!"

Our gondolier stares harder than ever.

The houses on either side of the street have a forlorn, deserted look, owing to the fact that the inhabitants have either vacated them or retired to the second floors.

As we pass I muse upon the political economy which puts a town where it must go into the river once, sometimes twice, per annum. Another more careful and discriminating glance at the *débris* floating in adjacent back yards demonstrates the superior judgment of the city fathers, who builded better than I knew.

"Here we air!" cries the gondolier. And there, in the water, we very nearly are, indeed! The boat strikes dry land with a thump, which almost tumbles us overboard.

The munificent sum of a quarter is paid our gondolier, and we start up the steep path leading to the gate. Ascent of a steep hill convinces, as no argument can do, that one is no longer so young as one was. Madame, in her jaunty way, trips smiling on before; but I notice with grim satisfaction that she too is panting when we reach the gate.

Just inside is a dense thicket of yellow lilies, tall and rank. The great golden flowers and long ribbon-like leaves lie trodden across the path. Through the dank tangle of flowers and weeds we struggle, and almost stumble into the open doorway before we see it.

The house is an ambitious structure of wood, with many fantastic turrets and gable ends. It is over-run by honeysuckle and gay June roses. The air is heavy with their perfume. The hall is wide and long, with a door at each end. A Brussels carpet covers floor and stairs; bright Japanese panels hang on the wall. This much is seen at a glance, while vainly groping for a bell. Finding none, I knock. A swarm of children pour out of an adjoining room.

"Does Mr. David Easten live here?" I ask.

There is no answer from the children, who huddle up against the wall, like a covey of partridges, regarding us with shy curiosity. Then a voice says:

"What is the matter? what are you children doing out there?" And a beautiful young woman comes into the hall. She hesitates a moment upon seeing us, then comes forward—a gracious young queen. "Will you not come in?" she says.

I introduce myself and Madame. Her manner grows at once more cordial.

"I am most happy to see you," she says. "Father hasn't ceased talking of you since he learned where you were. He would have been bitterly disappointed if you had not come, and he would have gone to meet you this morning. He spoke of it, but we convinced him he was unreasonable; you could scarcely reach here before to-morrow"—leading the way into the sitting-room. Upon the threshold she pauses and says: "I believe I have forgotten to tell you my name; I am Marguerite Easten."

We cross the large, luxuriously furnished room and are introduced to her mother, a limp, prostrate figure, lying, book in hand, upon a satin couch.

And this is my Cousin David's wife! But when she speaks—that such voice and manner can belong to such a person is incredible. The composure, the graceful ease of *une grande dame*, the voice—it is impossible to describe it. It has the round, melodious sweetness of the harp, as Italians play it. Nothing spoken by such a voice can seem dull or common.

"And at last I have the happiness of seeing the cousin Ruth, of whose praises I have many a time been so fiercely jealous. And this is your friend?"—with a winning smile and extended hand to Madame.

"We have been expecting your visit with so much pleasure, all of us, but most especially my husband, who has been as impatient as a child for your coming ever since he learned where you were. He is down in town now—we had persuaded him you could not possibly reach here this morning—but will be in presently. Have seats."

Comfortable chairs are hospitably drawn forward, and a genial, grateful glow—which happier, more fortunate women can scarcely understand—comes about my desolate heart at this cordial welcome. There are Bohemians from choice and Bohemians from necessity—fate. I am of the latter, and have never been able to overcome longings for the domestic life, which can never be mine.

"Children," says Mrs. Easten's lovely voice, "come, speak to the ladies."

They skirmish a little among themselves in the corner and do not come. The mother doesn't notice. She talks to Madame. She has been abroad, the charming voice is saying, and has lived in Madame's beloved Paris.

Marguerite is my *vis-à-vis*. The girl is marvelously beautiful. A statuesque-white, sensuous beauty—pale, flaxen hair, without a tinge of gold; great velvety-black eyes, long-lashed and heavy-lidded; ivory-white face, utterly colorless, save the vivid red of the perfect lips. The slender hands folded upon her lap have none of the usual restlessness of youth—they are motionless. She has a drooping way with these heavy lids. Her eyes rest upon the motionless hands.

I make a little dry talk. I am by no means a talkative person, and not in the least interested in the swarm, for whom, in fact, I have conceived a strong aversion; but no other topic suggests itself to my limited imagination, and one *must* talk. So I inquire blandly:

"Are there no children between you and these little ones?"

"None living," Marguerite responds.

Succumbed early to the maternal régime, I think, eyeing the unkempt survivors. But one doesn't say such things, and I politely remark:

"There is considerable difference in age between you and—"

"Annette," supplies Marguerite.

Then we both glance at the children. It is quite impossible to identify Annette by a bird's-eye view of her back.

Through the doorway now comes a large, purple-faced man. He bows, looks at Madame, then longer at me, but there is no recognition in his eyes, and there can only be pain in mine as the fear seizes me that this is my cousin David. It is, indeed, he.

"My husband. Why! don't you know each other after all?" Mrs. Easten says. "It's your cousin Ruth!"

"Dear Ruth! dear Ruth!" He takes my hands in his, and his voice trembles. "How could it be possible for me to forget *you*—the only sister I ever knew? Of course I knew you. I was blinded coming so suddenly from the sunshine into the darkened room."

I control myself as well as I can, press my quivering lips together, steady my voice, and say:

"I knew *you* at once," which is true in the letter—not in the spirit.

He salutes Madame with old-time courtliness, then draw his chair beside mine. We of the civilized world can't shriek, and groan, and beat our breasts, and tear our hair out over disillusionment. Fancy the stout, middle-aged father of a family and a precise, gray-haired spinster making such clamor!

The conventional smile is the badge of civilization. I don mine as quickly as may be. Is the meeting as painful to Cousin David as to me? I never know. Shocked, dazed by the changes time has wrought—which I should have expected, but have not—I sit looking at him, wondering if he thinks *me* as greatly changed, and am not in the least reassured by his next words.

"What have you been doing all these years, Ruth? You are blooming—blooming as a rose. Look at me! I'm gray as a badger!"

Mrs. Easten listens to our talk with flattering attention; and presently, when there comes a pause in the conversation, she fills it with the smooth readiness which I so much admire—all the more for having rather a halting tongue of my own.

"Your visit, which would have been most welcome at any time, is singularly opportune, regarding it from *our* point of view—human nature is a very selfish thing, *mes amis*. And Marguerite is to be married Thursday; so we shall not only have your society after the marriage, to prevent our being lonely, but we shall have the benefit of your invaluable taste and advice before the grand event," with a sweet, musical laugh.

The remark includes Madame, who gives a twitter of delight. People like Madame and me are not used to have their taste and advice considered invaluable. At another time I would no doubt feel as flattered and charmed as Madame plainly does; but I am still stunned by the heart-sickening effort to identify the man beside me with the stripling of twenty years ago.

"Mademoiselle *ees* ferry young," is Madame's reply.

Cousin David has risen, and is leaving the room, but he stops at this, lays his hand upon Marguerite's head.

"True," he says; "Marguerite is young—not yet eighteen—but there are unusual circumstances in the case. This young woman," patting her head gently

with his great hand, "has been engaged to Judge Granger since she wore long clothes—at least it would seem so—nobody remembers how it began or how it all came about."

While he speaks the girl's dark eyes meet his gravely, coolly. She does not smile or speak—there is not a trace of girlish shyness; not the faintest rose tint comes into the ivory white cheeks.

Madame and I unconsciously exchange glances, and are greatly abashed thereat.

Nothing more is said, and our bad manners escape observation. The swarm who have scampered out, come back in a noisy gallop to say dinner is ready.

We are quite an imposing procession as we go to the dining-room, the swarm bringing up the rear.

The room is large, and its appointments handsome, even elegant. In everything pertaining to this household there is evidence of profuse expenditure and unobjectionable taste, rendered futile by carelessness and neglect. On the table, splendid with silver, there is an abundant dinner, faultlessly prepared. Yet the cover of the grand silver coffee-urn is missing, and the smiling mistress of the house is but dimly visible through the mist.

The somewhat disorderly meal is over at last, and during the afternoon, when we repose in our airy, matting-covered chamber, with wreaths of climbing roses about the windows, filling the room with their spicy sweetness, Madame grows confidential and confides to me her amazement, that "*Kan-tuc-i-ans*" should eat bread hot enough to burn one's fingers.

"*Is sont sal-aman-ders!*" she says.

"Ruth," says Cousin David at tea, "how would Madame and yourself like to drive over to the mines tonight? Not to the mines, exactly, but to the miners' church. There is a revival going on over there, which makes the welkin ring; so I've been told. I have not attended. The drive will be pleasant, and you may be amused by the new types of humanity which you will see there. I fancy you have never seen people like them. What say you?"

"Pardonne! I *ville* not go; I *ville* stay wiz ze little ones," hastily from Madame.

She has not the remotest intention of expressing obstinacy or rudeness. Madame comes of a nation which calls its mother-in-law "beautiful mother," and is the politest of her polite nation. Madame's inflections are singularly unfortunate, that is all.

But it is not because of these inflections that I fix my eyes upon Madame's face, sternly, suspiciously, and see it grow red under its brownness.

Madame's nation is polite, but not Protestant; and her persistent avoidance of Protestant churches arouses suspicions of the Scarlet Woman's lurking influence. Madame and I have discussed this point fluently, not to say hotly; hence the flush upon Madame's quaint little countenance. I declare "I shall be delighted to go," with such aggressive firmness that Cousin David is puzzled.

Then I cast a glance "stern and high," upon poor little Madame, who meets it with an imploring, deprecating one; and of a sudden I realize what a narrow-minded, bigoted dragon I am.

"Wait for me at the door, cousin," Mrs. Easten says, as we leave the tea-table. "It's cooler at the front door. I will be out as soon as I can make preparations for the drive."

I find Marguerite sitting at the front door. She raises her beautiful eyes, with a faint smile, as I sit down upon the step above her, but does not speak.

How ineffably beautiful the girl is! And men say women never see a woman's beauty. We see it often; almost always, it must be admitted, with such sharp pangs of envy, such bitter jealousy and heart-burning as forbid a look of admiration. But, not see! We note, with discerning appraisement of its value, its power, each individual one of the silken lashes round beauty's eyes!

How beautiful Marguerite's lashes are—dark, long, and curling! The girl's dark eyes have gone across the Ohio—into "Egypt"—where the sun is just sinking out of sight, beyond the ghostly cottonwoods which line the Illinois shore. Gorgeous banners of orange and scarlet hang in the western sky, and the vivid hues, roseate and golden, fall upon the girl's face, fleckless, flawless in its young beauty—its ivory pallor, its scarlet lips, its glorious eyes, "lint-white locks," curling fluffily round this marvelous face, under the brim of a broad white hat; a white muslin gown, a lace fichu simply crossed; motionless, folded hands.

A rattle of wheels, and Cousin David's voice calls out from beyond the yellow lilies:

"All aboard for the mines!"

Mrs. Easten comes out at last, and by dint of much pushing, reaches a front seat in the open carriage. Cousin David sits beside her, and Marguerite and I occupy the back seat. We wave adieu to Madame and her youthful charges, and rattle away—literally rattle away. The wheels of this handsome carriage are like four huge castanets. Now, to the well-regulated Yankee mind rattling wheels are little short of a disgrace. But my companions do not refer to the trifling circumstance; and presently, when we go more slowly, the noise slackens.

It is a hot, still night, so still not a leaf rustles upon the trees along the wayside; a flutter and whisk from roosting birds now and then. There is no moon, but the stars shine glorious in the deep purple sky. The muffled, measured beat of the horses' feet in the deep dust is the only sound that breaks the stillness of the sweet summer night.

Cousin David draws up the team as we reach the top of a steep hill.

"There," he says, "is Curlew Chapel!"

The country meeting-house lies below us—a long, black shadow, sharply outlined against the star-lit sky. The windows glow with light.

"And there, just beyond—you can see the grave-stones gleaming—is Curlew burial-ground.

Then the strangest thing happens! Just as our eyes rest upon the burial-ground there arises upon the motionless air of the breathless summer night, a long, quivering, agonized shriek.

With fast-beating hearts we listen! And the unearthly wail scarcely dies away before there is another, and another! There are many voices now, and the very tree-tops seem stirred by the terrifying volume of sound. I am first to find voice, and gasp out:

"For Heaven's sake, what can it be!"

"I do not know," says Cousin David. "We will drive on and see."

We clatter down the hill and up to the church door. The horses are quickly made fast, and in a moment more we stand within the church. It is brilliantly lighted; doors and windows wide open; the air pulsating with groans and shrieks and cries—and not a human being in sight! The church is vacant!

Aghast we stand, staring blankly into each other's faces.

Mrs. Easten comes up the steps. She has been forgotten in our speedy descent from the carriage, and has only just now accomplished it.

"The sounds come from behind the church," she pants.

Round the church we go. I am not a courageous person. I am the last of the Indian file. Suddenly we find ourselves in the graveyard, and have discovered the source of the mysterious sounds—the source, not the cause.

A more weird, ghastly, uncanny scene than this, which meets our wondering gaze, cannot be conceived.

By the dim, uncertain light of the stars we behold a vast multitude of phantom-like forms—a leaping, struggling, shrieking mass of beings—whether ghost or human I cannot tell. A dark figure sitting upon a tombstone of the old-fashioned "box" kind seems human, since he holds a pipe in his mouth.

Sick and faint from the nervous shock, with trembling limbs, I can scarcely stand, and, perforce, because I can no longer do so, sink upon the gruesome resting-place, beside the dark figure, who is apparently merely a spectator. The composure of this silhouette partially reassures me; and, as my superstitious terrors pass away, anger rises.

"What are these people doing?" I ask my silent partner of the tombstone, with much asperity.

The long, dark form edges away as far as the length of the slab will allow.

"Gittin' 'ligion!" he tersely responds.

Oh, that's it, is it!" with great scorn. "And, pray, what are they getting it out here in the dark like bedlamites for?"

For some unknown reason, my undisguised disapproval is apparently agreeable to my taciturn companion. He grows more communicative.

"Well, yer see, 'bout time meetin' oughter bergun ter night, sum uv them mourners they cum out here ter ther buryin'-groun' fur secut pra'r. Well, they got so happy they got ter shoutin'. Sum more cum, en *they* got ter hollerin'; en they kep' a-cumin', en they kep' a-hollerin' 'til hit's jist like yer see."

The dark figure returns to silence and his pipe. Before me the strange tide ebbs and flows, surging swiftly from the church wall to the graveyard fence and back again, tumbling over graves and over each other.

As my nerves grow steadier, and my scattered wits return, the chaos begins to assume shape and meaning. One maneuver is repeated many times. Two shadows rush into each other's arms and cling together, swaying rhythmically from side to side to a sort of wild, shrieking chant, inexpressibly thrilling. Others come and cling to these two, and still others. The swaying and the chanting grow faster and faster, until they fall, a voiceless, gasping heap.

My partner of the tombstone and other spectators go forward and assist the fallen to rise. A tall female figure flits wildly about, but what she does I cannot determine by the starlight.

There is an unexpected movement toward the church, and we are borne along with the tide. Non-participants fill the doors, windows, line the walls, and stand upon benches. The mad crowd of devotees pour into the aisles, and are spurred to fresh endeavor.

The pulpit is piled high with hats and bonnets. There is no other use for it to-night; no service is attempted. On the pulpit-steps sits a grim-faced man, with a sleeping babe upon his lap, and bolt upright beside him sits Tasso, Cousin David's dog, with pricked ears, giving excited little yelps as the the din waxes harder.

A small man in the aisle close to the pulpit gradually works loose his arms, which are pinioned by the crush, and brings his hands together high above his head with a sounding concussion and the shrill cry, "Hoo-pee!"

Tasso bolts through the nearest window, and flees into outer darkness. Cousin David laughs loud and long.

"Tasso thought the little man was 'sic-in' him," he says.

I cannot join in the laugh. Grotesque, absurd as the scene is, the tensi in the drawn faces of these poor enthusiasts is too real and piteous.

The female figure which I had noticed in the graveyard whirls past, with streaming hair and uplifted arms. I have barely time to see she is young and well-favored, when she falls, almost at my feet.

A gaunt miner, with blackened face and lamp in his cap, leisurely descends from his perch in the window, stoops over the woman, and raises her head. Cousin David's kind heart prompts him to interfere, and he says:

"Take her out—she will be smothered in here."

"'Tain't no use. Soon ez she cums to, she'll be at it agin," is the miner's surly response; and, as he speaks, I recognize my partner of the tombstone. Finally, however, he does carry the woman out, assisted by Cousin David.

The spectacle has grown intolerable; I can bear it no longer. Surely, I think, Marguerite must also be eager to get away from it all. I lean forward and lay my hand upon her arm. She does not turn at my touch, and my gaze instinctively follows hers, which is fixed with a strange intentness upon a singular looking man across the aisle.

He stands on a bench near a lamp; the light falls full upon him, and I see him distinctly. A young man of medium height, remarkably slender, with peculiarly high, square shoulders. Long dark hair, curling a little at the ends, nearly touches these high shoulders. His features clear-cut, delicate and pale bronze. One hand rests in the breast of his closely buttoned coat. His eyes are lowered upon the frantic crowd, and something like a sneer hovers about his sensitive, beardless lips.

While my gaze rests upon his face his eyes are suddenly turned on me. In my already overstrained nervousness, I am so startled I tighten my grasp on Marguerite's arm, and almost cry out. The man's eyes are the largest, the most luminous I have ever seen, and look absolutely white! So light are they in color—so strange in this smooth, dark face.

"Who is it, Marguerite?"—the words break unconsciously from my lips. "Who is that young man across the aisle?"

She does not turn or reply, only shivers, this hot June night.

Just then Cousin David beckons us from the door. Slowly, and with difficulty, we make our way out and start homeward. We are rather a silent party. There is a faint breeze now, and flying clouds obscure the stars in the purple sky.

At a bend in the road a horseman passes us. Horse and rider flit by, like spectres in the black shade of the trees; but, swiftly as they go, I catch a glimpse of a peculiar, high-shouldered form, and my smouldering curiosity breaks out:

"Who is that man?"

No one replies. Mrs. Easten is asleep, I conclude, from the dangerous manner in which she wobbles over the wheels.

Marguerite is silent.

Her father turns his head toward her, and with some surprise repeats the question. Then she answers: "Millard Reeve."

Next morning we are down stairs before the household is awake. We wander through the large old-fashioned garden. The morning is close and warm, and the odor of the flowers is almost overpowering—not alone the spicy, aromatic sweetness of the myriad June roses and penetrating, far-reaching perfume of the honeysuckle, but the rich, heavy fragrance of a long row of stately lilies. In the years that follow, whenever this time comes back to me, I smell those lilies again.

I have never seen so many together. There is a long row almost across the lower side of the garden, close against the hedge which surrounds it.

Through the close greenness of the hedge can be seen the yellow water of the river creeping hourly higher.

Sweet-voiced and smiling, Mrs. Easten comes to give us a gay good morning, and lead the way to breakfast.

I proffer my assistance toward preparation for the wedding, and am eagerly seconded by Madame: "Is there nothing we can do? Is the trousseau quite complete?"

"I don't know—I think so. A woman down in town—the dressmaker—went to Cairo for my things. Mother hadn't time to go. I suppose they are done."

This is said with languid indifference, while Marguerite still gazes listlessly through the honeysuckle.

Of course I ask what the wedding dress is to be.

"A white brocade. Mother chose that from the samples sent us, because it reminded her of a gown in a great picture she had seen abroad."

I glance sharply at the girl's pale face, but she is quite earnest; and I begin to think this wondrously beautiful creature rather a dull person—with small sense of humor, certainly.

The rest of the morning is passed in our own cool, rose-scented chamber; and in the afternoon Cousin David drives his wife, Madame and me into town. Our route is circuitous, and we are able in this way to avoid the deepest water; yet the wheels dip and lurch alarmingly at times.

Cousin David draws up the horses, that we may view at our leisure what to us is a novel scene. A cross street just in front is much lower than that upon which the carriage stands, and the water much deeper. It is covered with craft of various and novel kinds. Among the latter is what Cousin David informs us is called a "gunnel"—a long flat log, propelled by a pole. Here and there is a skiff; one comes suddenly round a corner; is rowed up to the steps of a building near, and a tall man springs from the boat to the steps.

"Hello, Granger!" Cousin David calls; "back a little sooner than you expected!"

We are presented to the bridegroom elect, who stands bowing, hat in hand, upon the steps.

How red his hair looks, with the June sunshine upon it! And a long red beard! Why shouldn't he have red hair and a long red beard? Why, indeed! Yet here am I distinctly conscious of—disapproval.

"Yes," he is saying in the dry, carefully-modulated voice of the middle-aged lawyer, "by leaving Vance judge *pro tem*. I was enabled to get away a few hours earlier. I will be up to-night."

He passes into his office as the horses are turned. As they turn, and the wheels go into deeper water, I glance apprehensively in that direction, and become aware that "Faust" is passing. He stands on a gunnel; he is re-

garding us closely, and when my eyes meet his, his hand goes up at once to his hat.

"How d'ye?" is cousin David's careless greeting to Millard Reeve, the schoolmaster.

Then we drive far into the country, and it is night-fall when we return. Marguerite stands, white-robed, among the yellow lilies in the dusk.

Do my eyes deceive me? or do I see a peculiar, high-shouldered figure vanishing among the swiftly falling shades of night? When we are in the brilliantly lighted supper room this chimera fades. I give myself an arousing shake. Am I bewitched, that I see this man everywhere?

After a little, Judge Granger comes; sits, with crossed knees and folded arms, squarely in his chair, talking sensibly of matter-of-fact things. All the family are in the room except Marguerite. "She will be down stairs presently," her mother has said. But an hour goes by and she does not come. No one seems to think her absence strange. I am strangely nervous and restless; I catch myself straining my ears for sounds from Marguerite's room overhead. But all is still. Crops *versus* high water, politics and the docket, fall like a foreign language upon my listening ear; then I slip unobserved from my seat near the door and go to the front steps.

It is quite dark now. Gusts of hot air, damp from the river, lift the hair from my heated face. Storm-clouds, inky black, are piling up mountain high in Egypt. Distant floating lights are on the river, whose awful roar is so distinctly heard in the silence of night.

A flutter of white garments at the gate; a form glides by me into the house, wraith-like, noiseless. With a start I push the hair from my forehead, rub my eyes and gaze down the hall after the retreating form. It is Marguerite! Then a sudden terror falls upon me—horror of some intangible, terrible thing.

Pooh! it's nervousness, the electricity. "Will it rain to-night?" I ask of Cousin David, as the others come out, leaving the affianced alone. He looks at the sky in grave scrutiny.

"I fear so," he says. "The farmers have given up the crops, and a heavy rain now would endanger their homes. There has been already a clean sweep of the fences and corn-pens in the river bottoms."

Ascending the stair I involuntarily glance through the open door of the sitting-room. Judge Granger leans forward, talking in a low tone to Marguerite, whose face I cannot see.

"Ze rain, eet has not come," says Madame, throwing the blinds of our chamber open next morning.

"But the flood has. It is at the hedge!" Cousin David's strong, hearty tones come up from the garden. "Tell Cousin Ruth! Come down and see!"

On every side is water—too deep for wading, too shallow for boating, in the front of the house. At the side of the garden along the hedge it is very deep, and here the boats ply between the house and town.

A troop of colored servants, under direction of the "caterer," come after breakfast and begin preparation for the wedding feast.

At the window in my lady's chamber sits my lady, white and beauteous as the ivory lilies I hold in my hand. All the long, breathless summer day she sits there; and if her mother goes near or speaks to her, I do not see or hear.

The caterer having completed the preparations for the supper to his provincial satisfaction, departs.

It is growing late, and Madame and I, too, rest from our labors. In the hall, as usual, it seems scarcely possible to breathe; elsewhere the faint, unsteady breeze which precedes a storm comes and goes, leaving us to gasp and fan. Cousin David, who sits in the door fanning with his big straw hat, takes a parcel from a messenger and calls Marguerite twice before she appears at the head of the stairs.

"Here is the wedding dress," he says; "try it on and let's see what a magnificent young woman you mean to be to-night!"

She stands looking at him, without making a movement to descend, when an unprecedented fit of energy seizes her mother.

"I will be tire-woman to the bride," she says grandiloquently, starting up stairs. But she is arrested by a cry from Madame.

"*Le malheur!* eet vill ze bad luck!"

Mrs. Easten is above vulgar superstition, and, after some gay bandinage, goes her way up stairs.

Madame expresses further trepidation over the threatened storm. The clouds, which have been lowering for two days, are settling down in lurid, appalling masses on the Illinois shore. Rain upon a wedding—that, too, will bring ill luck!

"Get thee gone, bird of evil!" I misquote softly under my breath. Cousin David laughs, and Madame gives a quick glance about.

"Where eez ze bird at?"

This Kentucky idiom is a recent acquisition to Madame's vocabulary.

A soft rustle of silk, the sound of trailing garments—Marguerite is coming!

The exquisite silvery brocade has been ruined, and is as hideous a failure as rustic incapacity can compass. But it is beyond the power of an illy-made gown to conceal the lithe perfection of the beautiful young body, or dim the ineffable loveliness of the pallid face.

Mrs. Easten, with partially-closed, critical eyes, regards her with a sort of disinterested approbation. Cousin David looks at her with a sudden, proud light in his eyes; then hurriedly turns his face toward the river.

"*La dame blanche*," inspired by the occasion, Madame quavers out a few words of the old song in an antiquated treble. Not even in beloved Paris has she ever seen a more beautiful bride.

I say nothing. I can only gaze at the girl in wonder; not more at her beauty than her strange insensibility. No statue could be colder or more indifferent to the admiration which would make another girl's cheeks glow and heart beat with natural, girlish pleasure.

Without a word or a glance she turns and leaves us. I am chilled and vaguely uneasy. But the idle talk ripples easily along. Things are never awkward when Mrs. Easten is by.

The storm has set in in real earnest now, yet the guests come, and are much splashed and spattered, with rain above and water beneath. Dampest, most spattered of all, is the minister. The sight of him seems to remind Mrs. Easten of Marguerite. She beckons me to her, and as I draw near I notice, inadvertently, that the unwonted application of soap to her countenance has given it a gloss, as if freshly varnished for the occasion.

She peers into my face with her short-sighted eyes, and says in a bland undertone:

"My dear cousin, will you be so kind, so obliging as to step up stairs and see if Marguerite is ready? A thousand thanks," as I turn to go.

Not having seven-league boots, and, being very tired, I toil again up to my lady's chamber. Marguerite has refused all offers of assistance at the bridal toilet, not relishing probably her mother's afternoon attempt as tire-woman. The sound of swift, hurrying footsteps inside ceases as I knock, but there is no answer. I knock again, and, when still no answer comes, I push the door open and enter. The wind swings it to behind me with a crash. The flickering lamp lights the room but dimly. The window is wide open, and the storm beats in.

"My dear child," I commence, in alarmed remonstrance; but the words die upon my lips as I look at her.

She still wears the muslin she has worn all day. The silver brocade lies in a heap upon the floor, just as it must have fallen that afternoon. She stands close to the open window, heedless of the rain, a dark shawl about her and over her head. She turns and faces me with deathly white, rigid face.

"Marguerite," I begin again, "what can you be thinking of? The guests and the bridegroom already come, and you not dressed! Let me help you," gently attempting to draw away the shawl.

"Get away! I will kill you if you touch me!" breaks out this silent white creature, with such passionate violence I recoil aghast, trembling.

The girl, with a shudder, gathers the shawl more closely about her, and turns again to the window. It is all so incomprehensible. I am at first almost stunned: then the thought flashes through me that the girl is insane, and I spring toward the door. I am not quick enough; she glides before me, and stands against it.

"You needn't try to stop me! It's too late! I thought I could get away before any of you came. None of you should have come in if there had been a lock on the door!"

This is said in a vehement, rapid voice, which I scarcely recognize as hers.

"Marguerite! Marguerite!" I cry, "are you out of your mind? Where are you going?"

"Where?" with a wild laugh, which makes me shrink away from her, "where? I don't know—I don't care. . . . What does it matter? . . . What does anything matter any more? . . . I am going away with Millard Reeve. . . . What does it matter about his whining wife? He don't love her—he loves me!—me! And I love him . . . with all my heart and my soul . . . and my mind and . . . my strength!"

The passionate fervor of the girl's voice thrills me through all the paralyzing terror of the moment. I do not speak—I have scarcely power to think. Presently she speaks again—more gently now:

"I know what you are thinking, and you can say nothing I have not said to myself . . . over and over again . . . even last night, I wouldn't go. . . . But it is ended now, and I would go just the same . . . if I knew we should both be lying at the bottom of the river . . . roaring out there, when the sun rose in the morning . . .!"

Her dark eyes, which have so unflinchingly met my blurred ones, at a slight sound, turn eagerly toward the window. My own gaze instinctively follows. Nothing there, only the wind, the rain and the distant thunder.

Motionless she stands with strained, agonized eyes upon the dark casement. I seize one of the quivering hands at her side. The dumb horror which has numbed tongue and senses passes away. I doubt if she hears. I do not know what I say, but I plead with all the power which lies within me.

At Judge Granger's name she hears. She tears her

hand from my grasp, and flies to the window with a shuddering cry.

"That is it—what is driving me. . . . I hate him! . . . I loathe him! . . . No one noticed . . . no one cared!"

She sinks down upon her knees beside the window, lays her head upon the sill, moaning and sighing. Afraid to leave her alone, I make no further effort, but lean, nerveless and helpless, against the casement beside her, weeping bitterly now. There are no tears in the beautiful eyes lifted suddenly to mine.

"Why does he not come?" piteously. "He is to throw a pebble to me! I wish I had gone last night! . . . I wish I had gone!" And the fair head drops down again, and the rain beats unheeded upon it.

A heavy step comes along the hall. I make a despairing dash for the door and fling it open. Cousin David stands upon the threshold, gazing in with silent surprise. There is no time for preparation, and I pour out the terrible truth with a cruel bluntness that makes this big, careless man totter and put out a hand blindly to steady himself. He comes in, closing the door. The white face, lifted from the sill, meets his gaze with steady, mute defiance. Then a perfect silence falls save for the storm and the roaring river.

"Tell my wife to come," he says, after a time, almost in a whisper.

Only too gladly I go; but with swollen eyes and disordered dress cannot enter the parlor. Annette is loitering on the stairs, and I send her. I wait to see her deliver her father's message, and see Mrs. Easten come leisurely toward the stairs; then I pass swiftly through the outer door and run toward the hedge, floundering and plunging through the storm and darkness.

I have no distinct purpose in mind. The one thought which fills my brain is the tragedy hanging over this strange household—a sickening realization of what will surely happen if Millard Reeves' signal strike Marguerite's window now. I reach the hedge. The wet thorny branches strike my face. I push them aside and listen. For a moment the wild throbbing of my own heart fills my ears; then the splash of oars. A wave runs across my feet. By a continuous flash of lightning I see a man spring from a skiff, and recognize him—then utter darkness.

"Who is there?" My voice is loud and harsh. There is no answer except the roar of the elements and the rattle of the chain as the skiff is made fast.

"Who is there?" I call again. "Is it Millard Reeve?"

It seems a long time before a man's voice replies from the impenetrable blackness beyond the hedge.

"Yes!" it says.

"I am Miss Lawrence," I begin, making an effort for calmness, "Miss Easten's cousin. Her father is with her, and knows of your plan."

This much is said with tolerable composure; then I fly into a hysterical, womanish rage with this invisible presence which terrifies me so, and say many foolish, threatening things. The man does not stir, while I rage like a feeble old fiend. I am sure he does not stir, for my senses are so abnormally sharpened I must hear the lightest leaf floating downward from the hedge to the water. When I stop, for sheer lack of words and breath, he is still silent and motionless, as if undecided. Then the chain rattles—a splash of oars—he is gone!

Slowly I creep back to the house. A few idlers in the hall look wonderingly at the wet, forlorn figure which passes them so shrinkingly on the stairs. I lie down upon my bed. Spent, exhausted, I doze a little,

perhaps, when I am startled by the opening of Marguerite's door. My own door is open, and the room in darkness. It is Mrs. Easten who comes from Marguerite's room. I can hear her clump! clump! all down the stairs, and clump! clump! up again, with a firm, manly step beside hers.

Starting up, expecting I know not what, I see Judge Granger go with her into Marguerite's room. What passes therein only those four ever know!

After a long time they come out, but a rush of blinding tears hides from me the face under the bridal veil. I hear the soft, silken rustle of Marguerite's gown on the stair, and can tell by the hush which follows that they have entered the parlor . . . then the measured cadence of the marriage service . . . too distant to distinguish the words, which memory mechanically supplies . . . "love, honor, and obey . . . keep to him only so long as you both shall live." . . . I turn my tear-wet face to the wall, and laugh!

A clock somewhere strikes nine. Nine! It seems an eternity since all unsuspecting I went into the opposite room!

The gay murmur of voices begins again, and I hear Madame coming. I know her pattering little feet. She peeps into the darkened room, but I lie quite still, and she patters away.

At last the guests depart. The storm is over, the rain has ceased, and the wind comes only in sobbing gusts.

"Good night, Marguerite, my pearl!" Mrs. Easten's smooth, sweet tones float up to me, and I suddenly re-

collect that it has been decided that Marguerite shall go at once to her husband's home. I do not hear the reply. I never see Marguerite again!

Presently Madame comes, lamp in hand.

"I am glad to find you. I *haf* been most unhappy about you! What eez eet, *mal à la tête?*" compassionately.

"No!" I say sullenly, face to the wall.

The quick-witted little *Parisienn*e's eyes run over my wet garments, and the muddy, ruined, black silk; but she says nothing, and sets about disrobing in discreet silence.

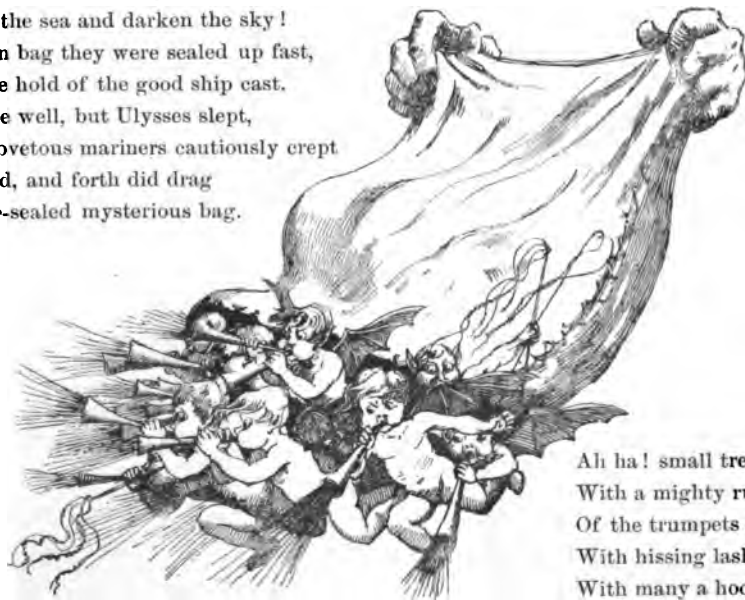
There is an amazed, dismayed pause in the disrobing when I suddenly ask if she will be willing to return to Tennessee to-morrow morning. But she consents. Madame is never difficult.

The feverish, sleepless night passes, and the dreaded morning has come which is to bring me face to face with Cousin David. When I have delayed as long as possible, I go down stairs, and find, with infinite relief, that he is not there. Mrs. Easten explains, with graceful ease, that he has been called away upon business. There is no more uneasy consciousness or embarrassment in her prominent eyes than in a couple of poached eggs. But beyond a few polite generalities she makes no objection to our immediate departure, and when the skiff comes to take us to the packet, she accompanies us to the hedge.

I look back. She stands bowing, smiling, waving adieu, and about her are lilies yellow and white.

A FANCY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

ÆOLUS' jail-birds—out they fly,
To chop up the sea and darken the sky!
In a leathern bag they were sealed up fast,
And into the hold of the good ship cast.
All had gone well, but Ulysses slept,
When the covetous mariners cautiously crept
Into the hold, and forth did drag
That double-sealed mysterious bag.



Ah ha! small treasure they find within;
With a mighty rush and a soundful din
Of the trumpets and fifes and reeds they blow,
With hissing lashes of hail and snow,
With many a hoot and taunting cry,
Æolus' jail-birds—out they fly!



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FREEMASONRY OF THE OPPRESSED.

MISS HUNNIWELL was for a moment half-bewildered at the sight which she beheld on entering Hilda's room. She had pictured to herself when she heard the shriek, and as she flew along the hall and up the stairway, a crowd of curious, chattering girls, whose witless tongues had brought to Hilda's ears the knowledge of calamity. She expected to find them standing about their fainting companion, themselves pale and tearful over the result of their own thoughtlessness. But they were not there. The room was still and empty save for Hilda, lying insensible upon the floor, still clad in her riding-habit. The little jaunty cap she wore with it, which had become familiar to every wayfarer on the mountain roads for miles around, had fallen off, and her wealth of dark hair, released from its coil, was trailing on the carpet by her side. In falling she had caught the coverlet, and had dragged it half off the bed. It was the last unconscious effort at self-protection. Her arm now lay relaxed and motionless. Her white face was upturned, and the fitful, stertorous sobbing which shook her frame was the only sign of life about her. Kindly nature had given way, and the over-strained heart was for a time unconscious of its agony. But she was entirely alone. Could it be that her tormentors had fled? The teacher did not deem it possible. She had come at once on hearing her cry. There was no time for any one to have escaped from the room. After a moment she became aware of something unusual in the appearance of the room. She could not at first determine what it was. She glanced quickly about to make sure of the change she felt rather than saw. The wardrobe, bureau, bed—all were in their accustomed places. The table in front of the fireplace and the little desk of bird's-eye maple, with trimmings of wild cherry, at which Hilda always wrote her letters, was in its accustomed place beside the window that looked out upon the mountain. Yet there was something strange and unexpected—something that disquieted and surprised her. What could it be? It was not the pale face and relaxed form upon the floor. She had anticipated that. All at once she noted with surprise that the door that opened into Amy's room was closed. She had not seen it shut for years—not since the two girls had become intimates. She had not looked for this, but in an instant she comprehended what had occurred. She had not been for a score of years teacher and confidant of all the girls that thronged the halls of Beechwood without knowing the innermost nature of every one of them. The clew to the situation was in

her hand. She divined instinctively the scene that had taken place. She saw, as it were, the cowering, hateful presence beyond the close-shut door, as well as the white-faced form upon the floor. A smile of sorrowful contempt parted her thin, soft lips as she thought what hand had struck the blow, and realized how doubly harsh her arrogance and pride must have made it.

"Poor child," she murmured, "she has had a bitter foretaste of what is in store for her."

Then she tucked the gray curls behind her ears, a quick, instinctive gesture of preparation, and addressed herself to the task of restoring the prostrate figure to consciousness. A fainting girl was no new thing to her. She had seen scores of them, and knew exactly what was to be done. In an amazingly short time Hilda was sitting upright by the bedside, her teeth chattering, the dripping locks thrust back from her brow, her riding-cap hanging upon one side, and the long coil hanging down her back, and slowly untwisting itself, while her great wondering eyes sought those of the teacher, full of fear and full of questioning. But no questions were permitted. The nurse who had her in charge was both skillful and tender. Silence was imposed before she could open her lips to frame an inquiry. Very soon her habit was removed, a light wrapper substituted, and Hilda was lying on the bed watching the teacher as, with housewifely instinct, she shook out and hung up the clothing that had been cast aside. Then Miss Hunniwell went out into the hall. She knew the advantage of leaving the dazed brain to work its way out of the mists of unconsciousness alone. She closed the door behind her, and stood upon the landing at the head of the stairway, gazing down into the sunlit hall below. Several of the pupils took occasion to leave their rooms, cross the hall, or descend the stairs as she waited. All of them stole quick, curious glances as they passed. Miss Hunniwell did not heed them, though with the teacher's instinct she saw them all. Then she pulled a cord that rang a bell in some distant part of the house, and, after a moment's waiting, gave an order to the servant who answered her summons. When she returned Miss Hunniwell took from her hands the tray she brought and re-entered Hilda's room. She saw at once that reason had resumed her sway. She judged that memory had, in part at least, come back to her. The teacher wondered how much she remembered—how much she knew. She feared the effect upon her reason if all the sad truth were told at once. She knew that it was a case demanding all her care and pity. Love and duty were all enlisted in behalf of the fair victim of un-

toward fate. Hilda looked at her with surprise as she locked the door and came toward the bed with the tray in her hand. She seemed struggling to recall the events of the day. When she was bidden to partake of the simple fare set before her, she looked up and said:

"Oh, Miss Hunniwell, please tell me what has happened!"

"Hush, my dear, hush!" said the teacher, as she lifted a warning finger. "You must keep still now. By-and-by I will answer all your questions."

The calm voice and composed look soothed the excited girl at once. So she ate and drank obedient to the teacher's behest, somewhat languidly, it is true, but not without relish; for, despite the rebellion of her overstrained nerves, Hilda was young and healthy, and such natures not only quickly recuperate, but feel the demands of appetite all the more keenly for the burden they have borne. So she ate the toast and drank the tea, and wondered what had happened that she should be thus attended as an invalid. The teacher said nothing, but her manner was so tender and caressing that Hilda even found herself wondering at it, and the tears that filled her eyes were tears of gratitude. She knew that some evil impended over her. She remembered dimly the curious glances she had encountered in the village. She half recalled some terrible words that Amy had spoken. She had scarcely comprehended them at the time. She had only vaguely felt that she had become—she knew not what—a something terrible—so terrible that even her best friend regarded her with aversion. She was conscious that she was not as she had been the day before. The world was now her enemy. Henceforth she was to be an outcast. She could not state the reason, but she felt the fact. All the world would stare at her hereafter as the men in the village had done that morning.

The pity in the teacher's eyes confirmed all this. She knew that her unwonted tenderness meant that she had no other friends. She thought dimly of Martin as lost—separated from her forever. She did not blame him. Why, she knew not, but she felt that she had become a leper, and that even her teacher waited on her thus at the risk of mortal contagion. She was very grateful to her. She wished that she might die then and there, and not live to know the agony she felt was in store for her. It would be so sweet to die with the knowledge that some one still loved her. She remembered that when the darkness came on she had felt herself all alone in the universe. The world had seemed to be slipping away from her, and she herself falling away down into darkness—unfathomable, boundless. She had come back—back into the world. No, not into the world—into the light—into life—her world—her narrow life, into which no one else might ever come. Even this gentle-hearted teacher might only approach its dim, intangible border. No loving presence could share with the desolation in which she must hereafter dwell. The best could but give her sympathy and pity, where everybody had given love and honor hitherto. She did not understand it, but she accepted it as a doom of which she had somehow become conscious. It seemed like a terrible dream, but she knew it was a more terrible reality. She could not define it. The words that Amy had used had slipped away from her; but they were terrible words, and her look of hate and disgust had been still more terrible. She wondered if the teacher loved her. That good lady had taken away the tray, and now stood by the window gazing out upon the mountain. She was trying to decide what she would say to Hilda—what she would tell her of all that she had learned. Hilda raised

herself on her elbow and looked at her. Would she—would anybody love her hereafter? Would Martin?—Ah! how her brain reeled. She remembered now. That was the question she had asked herself when the darkness fell upon her. It was of him she had thought in that moment ere she fell into the abyss of silence. She must give him up. Love could only be to her a name. It had been a matter of course hitherto. She had not known how bright the sunshine was until the eclipse had come. Could it have been only a terrible dream?

She glanced at the door that led into Amy's room. It was shut close. Her eyes swept about the room. All that had been Amy's was removed. Ah! how terrible must be the contagion with which she was smitten so suddenly. Her eye fell upon the heap of trinkets Amy had cast in reckless disorder upon the bed. Everything confirmed her fear. It was—it must be—all too true. Only her father was left her now. Her father! What was this horrible fear? What had she heard? What had Amy said about her father?

Hilda uttered a moan, and the teacher sprang to her side. She saw that memory had now fully returned, and her cheek blanched at the thought of all that this fair child must face. She threw her arms about her and kissed her again and again—not without a thrill of terror at what she did. Could it be? Was this fair thing—a groan came from her lips. Even the guard which years of discipline had set upon them could not repress her anguish. Hilda heard—saw—felt the truth. Her very lips grew white. Her nostrils quivered and her eyes glared with terror, but not for herself. She had forgotten her own woe. Her father alone filled her consciousness. He was in peril—perhaps suffering, dying.

She caught the teacher by the shoulders; held her fast at arm's length, and gazing into her frightened face cried in tones of fierce, threatening agony:

"My father! My father! What about my father?"

There was a moment's silence. The teacher could not answer. She could only wonder dimly, how much the girl knew—how much she guessed. Hilda's fingers buried themselves in the soft white shoulders of the slender, gray-haired lady. She even shook her like a child as she said in hoarse, terrible tones:

"Speak quick—my father!"

The teacher recovered her self-control with an effort. She looked calmly into her questioner's eyes and answered:

"He is dead!"

The glaring eyeballs grew glassy in their fixed stare. The strained muscles relaxed—

"Dead! Dead!"

A dazed, incredulous expression succeeded to the strained glare in her eyes. "Dead! Dead!" she repeated dully and vacantly, as if she could not comprehend the meaning of the words.

Then the teacher with gentle force bore her back upon the pillow and kindly and tenderly told her all that she knew of her father's death—carefully avoiding all allusion to what she had learned in regard to Hilda herself. Tears came to her relief very soon. Sorrow succeeded to terror. She turned her face to the pillow and wept in an agony of grief. After a time the teacher left her, hoping that her overwrought system might find relief in sleep. She was not mistaken; after an hour of silent weeping Hilda slept. The teacher had locked the door as she passed out, to secure her from interruption. Once the door of Amy's room opened, and she peered in with a sinister look upon her thin, pinched face. Close beside the bed she saw a letter.

With stealthy steps she crept forward, seized it, and retreated to her own room. A half-hour afterward she came again. There was a glow of malignant triumph on her face as she crept forward and deposited the letter where she had found it. Then she closed and locked the door, and threw the key as far as she could out of the window. The letter was that which Mr. Gilman had written to the mistress of Beechwood.

Two hours had passed when Hilda awoke. The terror of the morning had all departed. Sorrow for her father's death had swallowed up all other thought. She had forgotten Amy's words. She remembered dimly that something had separated them, but she cared little for it. The world was nothing to her if her father was not to be in it. She thought of Martin, and wondered dimly why he had not come to her. She did not care very much. It would hardly have been a consolation, yet she wished he had come. Then her thoughts wandered away to the scene of her father's death. She felt an unconquerable desire to see the place where he had fought and died in defense of his honor. She knew that he had not engaged in the removal of the slaves from any especial regard for their well being. Indeed, she knew his almost savage aversion to the victims of slavery, as well as the institution itself. He had done this simply to redeem his pledge to his dead brother. She could not help exulting, even in her sorrow, over his steadfast devotion to the pledge he had given. She must see the scene of his sacrifice. She must go and weep upon his grave. She had given him up. She knew he was dead. Of that she had not a doubt. Yet his presence seemed still to fill the world. She rose to bring his portrait from a frame on which it rested on the little bureau. As she did so her foot crushed a paper lying at the bedside. She stooped and picked it up. Without looking at it she went to the bureau, and resting her arms upon it, gazed long and lovingly at her father's face. Then she pressed the picture to her heart—kissed it again and again—dimmed it with her tears—wiped the cold, bright surface of the daguerreotype with her handkerchief, and watched the beloved features as they emerged again from the misty film that overspread the plate.

By-and-by she noted the letter which she still held. She saw her father's name. She did not stop to ask to whom it belonged, but read on, line after line, until her cheek blanched with terror. The old horror of the morning had come back—no longer vague and indistinct, but clear and tangible. The terrible truth was here revealed without the shadow of concealment. She was not only bereaved, but debased. The father she had adored was not her father. Could it be? She would not believe it. And yet it seemed as if there could be no mistake. It had been learned from documents found on his person. Had his own lips bidden her to disbelieve his life? She could not. She would not. And then, what was that about herself? It mattered very little now that she was doubly fatherless. Yet it was terrible to contemplate. Could it be? She pushed back her hair, and gazed long and anxiously at her reflection in the mirror. She noted the clear white of the eye—pearly to the very edge of the dark iris. Then she thrust back her sleeve and noted the texture of the soft white skin—traced the course of the blue veins through its transparent whiteness—the nails pink and pearly to the very base—caught the mass of hair that trailed down her back, and held it betwixt her eye and the light, noting its soft, silken texture and the rich brown tinge that it gave forth. Was it possible? Had her father deceived her when he told of her mother—of the

orchards of Italy and the russet-coated pears of Piedmont, for which she moaned so piteously when the touch of death was on her wasted frame? Was the ivory miniature that hung in her bosom a lie? She drew it forth and gazed upon it—held it up beside her face and scanned the reflection in the glass—placed it beside the little frame, and asked herself, could he have dealt falsely with any one—least of all with the memory of the fair wife whose love never lost its potency? "Never! never!" she said to herself, and her dark eye flashed with pride. Falsehood could not inhabit that citadel of honor. Then she was his daughter—the daughter of that fair woman whom he loved—and this foul taint—it was all a lie—a terrible nightmare—a horrible mistake! Yet it was he that said it. It was his cold, dead lips that had sent to her the message of dishonor. It was he who had left as his sole heritage, perhaps, the knowledge of illegitimacy—the curse of servile parentage—the horror of a tainted blood! How she loathed herself as she thought of it! She tore open her robe and gazed upon her palpitating bosom. She wished that she might tear out the heart that throbbed beneath it. She would willingly pour out her very life if the one drop that corrupted its red tide—the one drop of darker, baser blood—might only flow forth and leave her dead body undefiled. Oh, it was terrible! At once bereaved and debased forever? Even the fair white breast seemed foul and loathsome as the tettered leper's skin. But if there should be a mistake—a doubt? Ah, that were more terrible still! A doubt! With the suggestion came the thought of Martin. A doubt—only a doubt, perhaps, but a doubt so terrible that it stabs love to death! She walked back and forth across the room. Her stocking feet gave forth no sound. The moan of her unsyllabled agony dies upon her lips. She must give him up, too! Father, mother, lover—even her own identity—gone at one fell swoop of fate! Ah, she can never come to his arms now! All the bright visions of love-crowned life are swept away. Doubt is as bad as certainty. Even if she could hide it fate might reveal the hideous fact. The brand she had escaped a child might bear! No! no! no! Love was not for her! Midnight had fallen on her morning.

A knock at the door startled her. She stood and listened in silence. A strange terror seized upon her. Then the knock was repeated, and a note was thrust under the door. She gazed at the white missive in affright. After a time, half smiling at her fears, she picked it up and read:

"DEAR MISS HARGROVE: You are in great peril, but you have friends who will help you. The bloodhounds are on your track. Meet me at the back gate of the seminary at the time of evening prayers. Do not leave your room on any account during the day. You are surrounded by enemies. Trust no one. Prepare for a long journey, but take as little as possible. Dress warmly, plainly. Remember, you promised to trust me. God bless and strengthen you. Yours hastily,

"G. AMORY."

The letter was scrawled hastily in pencil. It was from the minister in the village. Thank God, she had one friend—yes, two. Yet, stop; they were friends only from pity. It were better she had none. What did it mean? In danger? What peril could threaten her? At once it flashed upon her. She caught up the lawyer's letter and read its woful sentences again. Ah, it was plain now! The administrator had arrived. He had come for her. She was a slave. The law would give her to him. What mattered her past life—her present surroundings! They only served as a back-

ground to make the future more terrible. The law knew her only as a slave—a chattel—a thing. The law was her enemy henceforth.

And now a new, overmastering terror got hold upon her—the terror of the hunted fugitive. Bereavement, debasement, the loss of love, friends, everything was forgotten in one idea—how the terrible doom of the future might be avoided. Strange enough, she did not once think of death as a refuge. Flight, escape, was all that filled her mind. She ran to the window and gazed out upon the mountain. The dark evergreens seemed to offer shelter. If she could only get among them she would be safe. “Surrounded by enemies.” Whom did he mean? Who could be her enemy? Not Miss Hunniwell, certainly. A slight noise in the next room caused her to start. Ah, he was right! She had enemies—one at least, and if that one, why not many? She threw up the window and leaned far out to see if she could not discover anything that betokened peril. Was the house guarded? How would the law lay its hand on her. Would all her pretty little keepsakes be torn from her. Would they put shackles on her wrists? Would she be sold in the market-place? Would her charms be bartered for gold? Of course. She was a slave, and a slave can have no right. All that she had—aye, all that she *was*—the law would give to a master! She felt as if she could not wait until the night. She must leap out and fly at once. She remembered how she had climbed down from the roof that lay just below her window. She clambered unconsciously upon the window-sill. A quick, shrill whistle startled

her. It was from the copse upon the hill-side, hardly a bow-shot away, but above the level of the casement. She glanced hurriedly along the dark belt of evergreen. Nothing. Another whistle—soft, quick, furtive. It fastens her glance upon one spot—the darkest covert on the hill-side. Out of the thick verdure flashes a gleam of white—a token, a signal—quickly withdrawn. She gazes where it was in sickening terror. There is a motion of the branches. Fear keeps her still. She watches the opening, paralyzed with horror. While she looks a face appears, framed in the green foliage. It looks into her eyes, but she is not afraid. The freemasonry of slavery has already taught her its signals of distress and succor. The hailing-sign of universal brotherhood catches her eye. She knows that the face is that of a friend. It beckons to her. She shakes her head. It importunes with eager eyes. She still refuses. It gesticulates wildly, it pleads, it begs. She slips off the window seat, writes a hasty note, ties it about a bit of stone she has brought in from one of her rambles, and throws it as far out upon the mountain-side as she can. She sees the Face run toward it cautiously; pick it up; read it; nod assent, and then suddenly steal away. She wonders at its strange caution, but she trusts the Face implicitly. Degradation had begun its work. To her the Face meant fellowship, fraternity. Between them was a tie the sword could not cut asunder. The fire could not burn nor many waters quench her trust. *The face was black!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of “Good-by, Sweetheart!” “Red as a Rose is She,” etc., etc.

PERIOD II—CHAPTER V.

THE morrow has come. Mrs. Churchill has risen, refreshed and healthful, from pleasing dreams of sunshine and lansquenets. Sarah has tossed between vexed visions and unwonted wakefulness. And Belinda? Belinda makes no complaint of her night. She looks older than when she went to bed, but the cold is pinching, and for the last year and a half she has been perceptibly ageing. The morrow has come, and the Professor. To-day he is not ushered into the little dark back-room, but is led by a full-buttoned, pompous Tommy into the drawing-room, where his grandmother-elect sits ready and alone to receive him.

Perhaps they have not a great deal to say to each other. At all events the interval is short before the bell is rung and a message given to request Miss Churchill to come down. She is sitting in her little chilly bed-room, her cheek pressed against the window-pane, and her eyes idly following the dirty sparrows on the leads.

Without a moment's lingering, she obeys. As she enters the room her betrothed advances to meet her.

“I am happy to be able to inform you,” he says, in his stiff Donnish voice, “that your grandmother is good enough to say that she has no obstacle to oppose to our union.”

“I told you that she would not,” replies Belinda calmly; “I knew that she could spare me.”

The words are simple and simply spoken, with no special stress or significant accent laid upon them; and yet under them the old lady winces.

“It is no case of ‘sparing,’” she says sharply. “Of course it is a break-up to our little circle; but I have no right to allow personal feeling to influence me. You are old enough to decide for yourself; you are of age; you came of age six months ago. In a case of this kind, a third person has no business to interfere; and of course if you are sincerely fond of each other—”

Belinda shivers.

“Fond! it is no question of *fondness*!” she says, breathing quick and short, and in a concentrated low voice; “you entirely misapprehend. I thought that Mr. Forth had explained to you; it is a *mariage de raison*; we marry one another because we can be useful to each other. Is it not so?” appealing to him with abrupt and uncompromising directness.

“Mrs. Churchill must be as well aware as yourself,” he replies pettishly, “that I have no reason to wish for exaggerated profession of affection.”

“Well, I will leave you to settle it between yourselves,” cries Mrs. Churchill rather hastily, gathering up her work and making for the door; eluding, as she

has made a golden rule of doing through life, any scene that threatened to be disagreeable. "You will stay to luncheon, of course, Mr. Forth?"

Nodding and smiling, she withdraws; and the dogs, with their usual fine tact, follow her—all but Jane. As soon as she is gone:

"I hope," says Belinda, fixing her joyless, unbashful eyes full upon him—eyes with enough coldness in them to freeze a volcano—"that there is no misapprehension, that you understand our relative positions as I do."

"I believe that there is no necessity to go over the same ground again!" he answers snappishly.

His snappishness does not infect her.

"It is better to go over it now while it is yet time, than afterwards, when it would be too late," she answers earnestly.

He has drawn near his usual magnet, the fire, and is chafing his bloodless hands over it. Perhaps this is the reason why he expresses neither assent nor dissent.

"I want to make it quite clear to you," she says, still in that same deeply earnest voice, "so that you may not have cause to reproach me afterward, or think that I have dealt unjustly with you: I have not one grain of love to give you, nor ever shall have!" letting fall each slow word with a weight of heavy emphasis. "Many men—most men—would refuse a woman upon such terms. It is open to you still to refuse me."

The person she is addressing moves uneasily in his chair.

"I imagined," he says fretfully, "that we had treated this subject exhaustively yesterday."

"We cannot treat it too exhaustively," she answers persistently; "though I cannot love you—happily for you, you have no wish that I should—I will do my best by you; I will be as useful to you as I can. From what I gather of your circumstances I imagine that I can be very useful to you. You are not young; you have not good health; you are lonely."

A certain sound of fidgeting from the chair so chillily drawn close to the hearth betrays that there is something in this catalogue of his infirmities not altogether agreeable to its occupant.

"I am lonely too, in my way," continues Belinda, with an unconscious accent of self-pity; "we can help each other; you will teach me," appealing to him with that hopeless, cold gentleness of hers. "I shall be a dull scholar, and never do you credit; but you will teach me; we will do our best by each other."

As she finishes speaking she draws nearer to him, and holds out her young soft hand, as if to seal with it this frosty bargain. He takes it formally, but does not press it any more than he had pressed her grandmother's. Perhaps he has no inclination. Perhaps he dares not.

Belinda sits down opposite to him; the light from the window, such as it is, falling full on her face; her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes looking straight before her. There is something so odd and strained in her attitude that Jane, well-meaning but injudicious, goes up to her and rubs her long nose and her pink-rimmed eyes against her knees to cheer her.

"Had your grandmother been able to spare me a few more minutes," says Mr. Forth, in a key in which a slight tinge of umbrage is perceptible, "I could have wished to enter with her into some details, upon which, as things now are, I have been unable to touch; with regard to the date, for instance, I should be unwilling to hurry you unduly, but—"

During the whole of his last sentence she has felt him watching her narrowly. Is this the touchstone that he is applying to her sincerity? Does he expect her to turn as dishonestly restive as Sarah had obviously done

whenever any suggestion of a like nature had been made to her? The idea crosses her mind with a sort of thin fugitive amusement.

"You need not consult granny," she answers coldly; "you had better arrange it so as best to suit your own convenience."

There is such an evident good faith, such an entire absence of all desire of evasion in her look and tone, that his scrutiny relaxes.

"It is all one to me," she says; "there is nothing to wait for."

In her tone is such a flat, tame hopelessness that Jane redoubles her rubbing against her knees, and accompanies it with an acute, short bark. If that will not put her in spirits, nothing will.

"I should, of course," pursues Mr. Forth, "be anxious to leave you sufficient time for such preparations as you may wish to make."

"What preparations?" she asks brusquely; "I need none. You are past the age, I suppose, when marriage festivities would give you much pleasure; and they would be entirely out of place here."

"It is however usual, I believe," he answers, in an annoyed tone, "to make some slight sacrifices to conventionality on an occasion of this kind; it is usual—"

"It is usual to love one another!" breaks in she with a bitter laugh. "What is usual with others does not apply to us; you need not take my preparations into your calculations."

He is silent, but his face expresses vexation.

"It had better be soon," continues Belinda coolly; "I shall be in the way here if it is not. They want to be rid of me; they want to go to the south of France; it had better be soon."

But even now Professor Forth does not immediately answer. Perhaps this mode of treating the question of an approaching marriage seems to him even more baffling than Sarah's. At last:

"It is extremely fortunate for me," he says slowly, and without any perceptible exhilaration of tone, "to find you so ready to meet my views."

"There is nothing to wait for," repeats she flatly. It seems as if in this phrase there were a dismal charm for her.

Again there is a pause, during which Belinda's eyes rest upon her betrothed's face with a look of cold expectancy.

"Were I not reassured," he begins at length, "by the indifference you express as to the date, I should hesitate to name one so early as the tenth of next month."

"Could it not be sooner?" asks Belinda curtly.

He looks at her in unfeigned astonishment. In this family is he to experience no medium between disingenuous procrastination and unmaidenly haste?

Belinda sees and interprets his look, but her eyes do not fall; her cheeks do not color beneath it.

"When a thing has to be done," she says, with a sort of restlessness for a moment ruffling her hitherto deathly calm, "it is well that it should be done at once; I hate dawdling!"

"I fear," he says, in a perplexed and not particularly pleased voice, "that my engagements will not allow of my suggesting an earlier date. I had thought that the tenth would have left a clear fortnight, before the commencement of term, for whatever journey—"

"Journey!" she interrupts almost rudely, breathing quick. "What journey? do you mean a wedding tour?" with an accent of indescribable shrinking. "Why should we make one at all? why should we not go straight to Oxbridge?"

"I am sorry," he answers stiffly, "to disoblige you; but, quite independently of present arrangements, I have been advised by my medical man to try the effect of a more bracing air, as a corrective to the extreme relaxingness of Oxbridge!"

She is silent for a moment; then:

"Of course," she says grudgingly, "if it is a matter of health, I can say nothing; but, as far as I am concerned, I would far rather go straight to Oxbridge."

"He is not going to stay to luncheon, then?" cries Sarah, in an exhilarated voice, running into the drawing-room; after having been hanging perilously far over the upper banisters unseen, to speed the parting guest. "Thank God for that! There are sweetbreads for luncheon, and I should have been sorry to miss them, as I certainly should, for nothing would have induced me to sit down with him!"

"I think you will have to get over that little difficulty in time!" replies Belinda dryly.

She had risen to bid her betrothed good-by, and yet stands. She is holding her cold right hand, which still seems to feel the chill impress of his frosty hand-shake, to the fire.

"He is gone for good, is he not?" continues Sarah, hurrying up; "you have thought better of it? it was only a joke? As a joke, it was not a bad one. I am not sure," with a glance of indignant admiration at her sister, "that, in that point of view, it was not an improvement even upon mine in the same line; but one may have too much of it. *It was a joke, was it not?*"

"On the contrary," replies Belinda, with as icy a composure as if her lover's bloodless eld were infectious, and she had caught it; "the day is fixed!"

In her hasty entrance Sarah had left the door ajar, and through it her grandmother now enters; having apparently overheard the last words.

"The day fixed!" repeats she, with her eyes dancing; "my dear Belinda, you take us by storm! we are in a whirl! But fixed for when?"

"For the tenth of next month," replies Belinda curtly, turning away her dull face from her beaming questioner, and speaking in a key, if possible, yet more frozen than before.

"The tenth!" repeats Mrs. Churchill, in a tone into which she honestly, if not very successfully, tries to infuse a tinge of regret; "that is soon! You are in a hurry to leave us!"

"There is nothing to wait for," replies Belinda, mechanically repeating her dreary formula.

"I cannot think how we shall manage about your clothes!" continues Mrs. Churchill, growing pink with pleasure, and her old dimple reappearing. "We shall be shockingly hurried! we must go about your underclothes and *lingerie* this afternoon. Mary Smith in Sloane Street is excellent, is she not, Sarah? but she has already half a dozen wedding orders."

"She may be spared a seventh," replies Belinda, with a bitter small smile. "I will have no new clothes!"

"That means, of course, that you are not in earnest," says Mrs. Churchill, with a disappointed refrigeration of tone; "that the whole thing is a fiction; you might as well have said so at first!"

A flash of hope has come into Sarah's sunny eyes as she looks eagerly at her sister; but at the expression of that sister's face, it at once dies down again.

"Do not be afraid," says Belinda quietly, "it is no fiction; but I will have no new clothes: you will have the more money to spend at Monaco."

"Monaco! Monaco!" repeats Mrs. Churchill, hiding a look of conscious guilt under a fretful air; "you have Monaco on the brain; it is your *idée fixe*! but as to your clothes—"

"As to my clothes—simply I will not have any," replies Belinda, with a look of imperative decision.

"I should have thought them the one Goschen in your desert," says Sarah, with an annoyed laugh; "them and the presents."

"Presents!" echoes Belinda impatiently; "I will have no presents!"

"In short," says Mrs. Churchill sarcastically, "you and the Professor will crawl in a four-wheeled cab to a registry-office at eight o'clock in the morning."

"If you substitute a church for a registry-office, you have exactly expressed my intention."

There is an aghast silence. Sarah and Mrs. Churchill look at one another. Something in their interchange of glances grates upon Belinda.

"You will never understand," she says, exchanging her icy calm voice for one of excessive irritability; such irritability as of late her family had been too well acquainted with, "and it is no use explaining to you. I am tired of explaining to you that this is not an ordinary marriage; what is there to make a gala of, and buy new clothes for, in a mere matter of business? I tell you it is a mere matter of business; I keep dinning it into your ears, but you *will not* understand! it is a mere matter of business!"

She repeats it over and over again, as if to reassure herself by the strength and number of her own repetitions, and looks round at her two auditors, as if daring them to oppose any contradiction to her assertion. Neither of them does. It is, indeed, some moments before either of them finds anything to say. Then—

"Have you made this quite clear to Professor Forth?" asks Mrs. Churchill dryly.

"Quite!" replies Belinda excitedly; "quite! I made it as clear as the sun in heaven; he quite understands; he fully agrees with me; he is quite of my way of thinking."

"He must be a very odd bridegroom," says Mrs. Churchill sarcastically.

"It is a marriage of the mind!" replies Belinda, still more excitedly, looking round with angry suspicion in search of the ridicule which she dimly feels may attach to her last utterance. "I do not suppose that there is anything very odd in two people hoping to draw a certain amount of rational happiness from such."

Mrs. Churchill turns away to conceal an ungovernable smile.

"A marriage of the mind!" repeats Sarah, with a disgusted accent; "well, I have heard of them before, but this is the first time that I ever had the pleasure of meeting one; and I humbly hope it may be the last."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE sweetest songs are never sung;
The fairest pictures never hung;
The fondest hopes are never told;—
They are the heart's most cherished gold.

For in the country of the heart,
There is a realm from this apart,
Whose pictures are too pure for earth;
Whose language is of heavenly birth.

HENRY A. LAVELY.



SOMETHING was recently said in these columns in relation to an alleged plan for a great Roman Catholic University, and it was suggested that opposition to such a scheme came with but poor grace from Protestants, whose claim has always been that the spread of intelligence must strengthen the cause of Christianity. It is curious that close upon this proposition there follows a striking instance of intellectual independence on the part of a Roman Catholic scholar. This is nothing less than a declaration which would have meant the rack and thumb-screw for its author not so very many years ago. Francis Lenormant, author of "Beginnings of History," is Professor of Archæology in the National Library of France, and his learning and research have placed him among the leaders in that line of investigation. His studies, it appears, have convinced him that the Mosaic Narrative, as it is called, is the result of investigation and compilation rather than of direct inspiration or revelation. This conclusion was reached after a careful comparison of the biblical account with records which long antedate the books of Moses. The account of the creation he finds to be a somewhat emended version of "a tradition whose origin is lost in the night of the remotest ages," and which all the great tribal divisions of Western Asia possessed in common. He finds these narratives, however, inspired under Moses' hand with an entirely new spirit. One God is enthroned in the place of the many worshipped by the Chaldees and the Babylonians; moral truths take the place of gross realisms, and, while the form of the tradition is preserved, the difference between the biblical and Chaldaic narratives is so striking as to constitute, in Professor Lenormant's opinion, one of the most extraordinary of religious revolutions. "I do not hesitate," he says, "to find in it the effect of a supernatural intervention of divine Providence; and I bow before the God who inspired the law and the prophets." These be bold words coming from an avowed Catholic, and the theological situation is further complicated by the fact that the American edition of his book is brought out under the sanction of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, perhaps the most prominent of the orthodox Protestant schools. Does this mean that the doctrine of direct divine revelation is no longer held in its old-time plenary force? Such has been the tendency outside of the ecclesiastical schools for a long time, and if a Romanist can write and Presbyterians publish such a work as Professor Lenormant's, we may be sure that Herbert Spencer and Professor Tyndall will not be so severely dealt with at the hands of the orthodox as they have been heretofore. Both these authors have repeatedly asserted their belief in a Supreme Being, manifest to consciousness though hidden from science, and they, as well as their pupils, have protested against being classified as atheists because of their qualified unbelief in revealed religion.

THE two volumes of poetry from which we are permitted to select illustrations for the opening article in this week's *CONTINENT*, are respectively among the oldest and the youngest of those fascinating collections of English verse which are now found in every household where

a taste for literature is cultivated. "Bryant's Family Library of Poetry and Song" made its appearance when its venerable editor was in the full maturity of his literary powers, and successive editions, each better than its predecessors, were prepared under his personal supervision, and the superb memorial edition, embodying his latest and most thorough revision, was issued shortly after his death. "The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song" is the latest aspirant for popular favor. Edited by Charlotte Fiske Bates, it combines in a manner peculiar to itself the most attractive features of its class.

WHAT the inward reasons may be, for the book-covers of the season of 1882-83 only the publishers are competent to tell us. The favorite tint appears to be a livid gray, unpleasant to the eye, showing every spot or trace of wear, and giving the utmost melancholy to every foot of space occupied on book-shelves. The other extreme occurs in unexpected places, and a book deserving substantial and elegant binding comes in a showy and over-decorated form, prejudicing the prudent buyer at the first glance.

Unfortunately this must be said in the present case; but, passing beyond the cover, a very beautiful specimen of book-making is before us, and even slight examination shows the unusual value of the work done. Mr. Woodberry, while somewhat lacking in practical experience, is a trained writer, a careful searcher after facts, and the master of a clear and pleasing style. His special advantage lies in having had the advice and direction of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and access to his valuable collection; and while his work is less full of detail than some may wish, it is one of the utmost practical use to the general reader. The opening chapter discusses the origin of wood engraving, and differs in some of its conclusions from Otley and other authorities, ignoring some rather traditional early work, and fixing the period in the first quarter of the fifteenth century, giving an interesting reproduction of one of the prints of the *Formachneider*—a "St. Christopher carrying the Infant Jesus over the Sea." He glances at phases of progress, and sums up the chief points of this first period, and of its passage to wider influence, in a few telling words. "At first," he says, "the art served mediæval religion; afterward it took a wider range, and by both its serious and satirical works afforded valuable aid in the progress of the Reformation, while it rendered the earliest printed books more attractive. . . . Finally, in the hands of the great engravers—of Dürer, who, still mastered by the mediæval spirit, employed it to embody the German Renaissance; of Maximilian's artists, who recorded in it the dying picturesqueness and chivalric spirit of the Middle Ages; of Holbein, who first heralded by means of it the intelligence and sentiment of modern times—it produced its chief monuments, which, for the most part, will here be dealt with in order to illustrate its value as a fine art practiced for its own sake, as a trustworthy record of popular customs, ideas and taste."

The chapter on "The Block Books," with its profuse illustrations; the succeeding one on "Early Printed Books

in the North," which contains some very vivid examples of the uncouth yet powerful Northern imagination, both hold a presentation of facts that will fix the attention of even the casual reader. The chapter on "Early Italian Wood Engraving" is also of singular interest, the writer having evidently written with an enthusiasm his public will share. With Albert Dürer and his successors he is on more familiar ground; but his summary of the causes through which the art declined is of real value. The modern school in England, France and America is condensed into one chapter, and his conclusions as to American art will undoubtedly stir up discussion among the partisans of the various schools. He takes ground decidedly that "white-line work is the peculiar province of the wood engraver," and deprecates the fancy for misty and uncertain effects, giving well-chosen illustrations of every point made. It is difficult to see how his conclusions can be escaped, and those who regret the abandonment of line will rejoice in this telling argument for a return to it, ending in a page or two which we quote in part:

"The capacity of any new school should be judged by the best it has produced; but, even in the best work, it is not difficult to discern at times the same tendencies that have been the main cause of failure in the less good work. The obscuration of leading outlines, the disregard of substance, shape and material in leaf, cloud and stuffs; the neglect of relief and perspective; the crowding of the ground with meaningless lines, either undirected or misdirected, or uselessly refined; the aim at an effect by an arrangement of color almost independent of form; the attempt to make a momentary impression on the eye, instead of to give lasting pleasure to the mind through the artistic sense; and, especially in the best work, the lack of perfect and masterly finish in all portions of the design, however insignificant by comparison with the leading parts—these must be counted as defects. How much of such failure is due to the designer it is impossible to determine without sight of the original drawings; a considerable portion of the fault may rest with him; in wood engravings as art works the union of designer and craftsman is inseparable—the two stand or fall together. But when all deductions have been made the best engravers may rightly be very proud of their work, confident of their future and hopeful of great things. With such perfect technical skill as they possess, with such form and texture as they have represented with care, truth and beauty; with such softness of tone and power of both delicate and strong line as some of their number have earned the mastery of, the value of future work depends only on the wisdom of their aims."

A carefully-prepared index gives the greater value to a book which deserves all the appreciation it will undoubtedly secure.

No better illustration and corroboration of certain points made in Mr. Woodberry's final pages can be found than in the superb volume made up from the selections from Herrick's poems,¹ with drawings by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, whose work in this direction has hardly an equal on either side of the Atlantic. The readers of *Harpers' Magazine* had the first opportunity of studying these drawings, most of which appeared month by month in the pages of this favorite periodical, which, in its good-humored rivalry with the *Century*, has developed the resources of American art as no other method could have done. They have clung to old methods more tenaciously than their neighbor, and the end has justified their action. The quality of work has gained every year, and while delicacy of finish has characterized it all, enough of the boldness and broad effects of the new school have been added to give them a leading rank in this field. The dainty and exquisite songs of Herrick, full of a charm as potent to-day as at their first writing, find an interpretation in lines the power and grace of which are as subtle as the verse, the whole being one of the most distinctive and beautiful pieces of work ever given to an American public.

(1) SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK. With Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. 4to, pp. 188, \$5.00. Harper & Bros.



THE little musical and esthetic novel, "The Benefit of the Doubt," written by Mrs. Mary Clare Spenser, and published recently by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has passed into a second edition and is still selling rapidly.

HERBERT SPENCER is indignant at the charge brought against him by the *Edinburg Review*, of sympathy with Communism, and repudiates also any interest in Henry George's remarkable book entitled "Progress and Poverty."

MR. E. C. STEDMAN, one of our most fascinating as well as trustworthy critics, is to write a preface or commentary for the beautiful edition of Poe's "Raven," illustrated by Gustave Doré, and soon to be brought out by the Harpers.

THE Scribners, who have published so much valuable historical material in their series, "Campaigns of the Civil War," have now turned their attention to the Navy, and announce three volumes, the first, now ready, being "The Blockade and the Cruisers," by Professor Soley.

THE internal economy in the office of the London *Times* is said to be at present in the worst possible state—parsimony here and wastefulness there; and its editorial arrangements are equally chaotic, the editor of the "Thunderer" being now Mr. Buckle, a brilliant but untrained Oxford Radical, who has just succeeded Mr. Clifford.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE for February has an especially interesting article on "Dr. John Brown of Edinburg," by Professor David Masson, who knew him well, and gives many details of his gentle life, some familiar, and others that have never before found their way into print. With the May number Mr. John Morley becomes the editor of this old favorite among magazines, which is to be slightly enlarged as to pages, but with no increase in price.

FOR several years the little poems of the Rev. Minot J. Savage have floated about in periodicals, often, from their real beauty and charm, finding place in scrap-books; and the many who have watched his progress will welcome the pretty volume lately issued by George H. Ellis & Co., Boston. The portrait which prefaces the book is of a strong New England type, clear-cut and confident; and though this latter quality may be a little in excess, and perhaps account for the presence of some inferior work, on the whole there is good reason for its existence. The verses are often didactic, but they are manly and hearty, often tender, and always full of religious feeling, with no tinge of morbidness or unnecessary analysis. Typographically it is all that need be desired. (18mo, pp. 247, \$1.50).

IF Mr. Vernon S. Morwood, "Lecturer to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," infuses into spoken words half the dreariness he has added to written ones, he is an unfortunate addition to the corps of laborers in that field. Why an Englishman must "talk down" to an audience, whether old or young, is one of the things yet to be found out. So far as children are concerned, "Mr. Barlow" began it, and it is Mr. Barlow who speaks again in "Facts and Phases of Animal Life, Interspersed with Amusing and Original Anecdotes." The plan of the book is good, all the facts well arranged and accurate, and the "Amusing Anecdotes" as interesting as could be expected; but the priggish tone prevails, and

to shut the book seems its most desirable use. Possibly children may not feel this as strongly as their elders, and the illustrations and make-up are in any case attractive and satisfactory. (12mo, pp. 286, seventy-five illustrations, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.).

A REVIEWER in the *Athenæum* declares that style is merely an expression of temper. "If the temper is small," he adds, "the style is small. If the temper of America, since, at least, she has come to the very first rank of great nations, is more peevish than it was in the days of Washington Irving or in the days of the colonial writers, it is but natural, perhaps, yet it renders her literature more provincial. The noble urbanity of Washington Irving allies him to the classic writers of Europe. But much rarer and much finer as is the genius of Hawthorne (and it is doubtful whether any prose writer of our century was more richly endowed) it is this petty fretfulness and 'consciousness of province' which keeps him down. And inasmuch as Emerson was entirely free from this he takes a place among the great writers of our time, though in the mere material part of style he, like every one else, must give place to Hawthorne."

"UNCLE REMUS" has given every reader of his drolleries an appetite for other Southern provision in this direction, and thus "Oddities in Southern Life and Character," edited by Mr. Henry Watterson, has an especial interest. It is of a by-gone day, even more than "Uncle Remus," and it is all broad farce rather than humor; but, after making all allowance for the flavor of whisky and tobacco that pervades the pages, there is enough distinctive material to afford matter not only for amusement but for some serious reflection on the development of Southern character. The types are as extreme as anything in the remote West, and there is the strong brutal element of all frontier life or imperfect civilization. But the West has outgrown this phase far more thoroughly than the South, and while nominally a humorous book, there is much between the lines that the student of life sees repeating itself to-day. (12mo, pp. 485, \$1.50, illustrated; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

It is somewhat questionable if it be worth while to introduce Ariosto to the acquaintance of children particularly if it be Ariosto shorn of his chief characteristics, and made sufficiently inoffensive for such unaccustomed society. That the work has been very charmingly done by H. C. Holloway-Calthrop in "Paladin and Saracen," and that Mrs. Arthur Lemon's illustrations are an added attraction does not convince one that it is altogether advisable; but, having entered this protest, one finds that the old tales of Roland and Hipogrif and Bradamante have lost none of their power, and that, at their worst, they hold infinitely less harm than a single number of many of the periodicals placed in the children's way. The book is beautifully made up, and quite as attractive to older as to younger readers. (12mo, pp. 353, \$2.00; Macmillan & Co., London and New York).

MR. W. C. BARTLETT has chosen a title wisely for his little book, "A Breeze from the Woods," giving exactly the quality to be found in its pages. He has certain characteristics in common with John Burroughs, and while lacking his power of minute observation, has all of his love of nature and much of his poetic insight, "Under a Madrano," for instance, running over with humor as well as tenderness. Many of the chapters first appeared in the *Oterland Monthly*, whose resurrection has been welcomed by many old friends, and their appearance in this form is fully warranted by the genuine value of the papers. (16mo, pp. 255, \$1.25; The California Publishing Company, San Francisco). From the same publishers comes a pretty volume, "College Verses," compiled by the Berkeleyan Stock Company, the contents of which have appeared in various periodicals. Most of the poems were

written before the graduation of the authors, and cover a period of some nine years. They are all graceful, and many of them have real poetic beauty, the power of making pleasant verses seeming to be more and more an American possession. (18mo, pp. 112, \$1.00).

THE forthcoming biography of Lord Lawrence will be one of the most fascinating of the year. Among many anecdotes there is one eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will. He was one evening sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family; all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's up stairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

THERE is an atmosphere of well-bred leisure, a sense of repose and ease about the little novel, "Mrs. Lorimer, a Sketch in Black and White," by Lucas Molet, ostensibly a masculine, but most undoubtedly a feminine pseudonym. Only a woman could have given the innumerable details of the village and rectory life, the setting and background against which the figure of Elizabeth Lorimer is sharply outlined. It is as a young widow whose husband has just died abroad, that she returns to Claybrooke Rectory and the protection of the rector and his wife, the uncle and aunt who have brought her up, in the quiet repression that makes the life of the well-bred English country girl. A broader experience with a brilliant young husband has shown Elizabeth its limitations, and before her first year of crape and widow's caps is over, she revolts and returns to the little house in London which had been fitted up for her as a bride. Here her brother-in-law and his family and friends make a cultivated and delightful circle, and under such influences Elizabeth expands like a flower and is living a life so eminently what it really ought to be that every reader will protest at the fate that overtakes her. She learns to love with a depth of feeling the first tie had never awakened, and though the man is selfish and vacillating he is also fine enough to have changed under her influence. But a morbid and wretched self-analysis begins. Elizabeth at last takes the ground that happiness is immoral, and self-sacrifice the only thing pleasing to God. She returns to the rectory, solaces herself with visiting the poor, who do not particularly need her; nearly ruins the man who does, and dies of typhus fever contracted in one of the cottages, a martyr to a false principle. The book is too delicate and sweet in tone—the whole feeling too high, to be marred by what is most certainly an utterly false and immoral putting of what real life demands, the pain and indignation one feels at the last being a tribute to the writer's skill, which we trust will be used in healthier ways hereafter. (16mo, pp. 342, \$1.25; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

NEW BOOKS.

SYBILLINE LEAVES. Extracts from the Drawing-Room. By A. E. M. K. 16mo, pp. 280, \$1.75. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

ON VIOL AND FLUTE. Selected. Poems by Edmund William Gosse. 12mo, pp. 250, \$2.00. Henry Holt & Co.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF POETRY AND SONG. Selected from English and American Authors. By Charlotte Fiske Bates. Illustrated by Fredericks, Church, Dielman, and others. With Indexes of Authors, Titles and First Lines. 8vo, pp. 882, \$5.00. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

JOHN BREMM: His Prison Bars. A Temperance Story. By A. A. Hopkins. 12mo, pp. 256, \$1.25. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

SINNER AND SAINT: A Story of the Woman's Crusade. A Novel. By Alphonso A. Hopkins. 12mo, pp. 336, \$1.25. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.



MR. A. J. HADCOCK recently related the following: A kettle filled with boiling water was hung with the lid on in the hottest room of a Turkish bath. The temperature of the surrounding air was 262° F. After about an hour the temperature of the water was taken, and indicated, as was expected, 212° . The kettle was then re-hung with the lid off. The temperature of the room was now 252° . In twenty minutes the temperature of the water had fallen to 185° ; in thirty minutes to 178° ; in forty-five minutes to 170° , and was evidently still falling. The manager stated that it generally fell finally to about 140° , when a point of equilibrium seemed to be established, and the water neither got hotter nor colder. Mr. Hadcock supposes the loss of heat was due to rapid vaporization and conversion of the sensible heat of the water into the latent heat of steam, and as dry air is a very bad conductor of heat, the heat required to convert a portion of the water into steam had to be abstracted from the remainder of the water, thus lowering its temperature. In substantiation of this explanation it is well known that if water is placed in a vessel over a large bulk of strong sulphuric acid in the receiver of an air-pump, and the air is exhausted, the rapid evaporation of one portion of the water will actually cause the rest to freeze.

THE famous spectre of the Brocken, which frequently appears in the Hartz Mountains, seldom visits this country, but it was seen not long ago from the Toujabe range in Nevada by Mr. R. A. Marr, of the coast and geodetic survey, who gives this account of the atmospheric phenomenon: "Suddenly, as I stood looking over the vast expanse beneath me, I saw myself confronted by a monster figure of a man, standing in mid-air before me, upon the top of a clearly-defined mountain-peak, which had but the thin air of the valley below for a resting-place. The figure was only a short distance from me. Around it were two circles of rainbow light and color, the outer one faintly defined as compared with the inner one, which was bright and clear and distinctly iridescent. Around the head of the figure was a beautiful halo of light, and from the figure itself shot rays of colors normal to the body. The sight startled me more than I can now tell. I threw up my hands in astonishment and, perhaps, some little fear, and at this moment the spectre seemed to move toward me. In a few moments I got over my fright, and then, after the figure had faded away, I recognized the fact that I had enjoyed one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature. Since then we have seen it once or twice from Jeff Davis' Peak, but it has never created such an impression upon me as it did that evening when I was doing service as a heliotrope all alone on the Arc Dome."

THE practice of heating railway coaches by stoves is but seldom employed on the continent of Europe. Danger from fire in case of derailment is one of the objections commonly urged against this mode of heating, and it must be confessed that the fearful loss of life in this country resulting from the use of stoves has given much force to the objection. On many continental railways metallic cases of convenient shape and size, filled with hot water, have long been employed. The inconvenience of this

plan consists in the fact that these vessels rapidly lose their heat, and every two or three hours the coach must be invaded by a gang of employés, who remove the cold vessels and bring in hot ones. On long journeys, especially at night, this disturbance becomes very annoying to passengers. Again, the temperature constantly fluctuates, now too high and again too low for comfort. As water is known to possess a greater capacity for heat than any other substance, it seemed vain to hope for anything better. It had happened to a French chemist, M. Camille Vincent, to observe that, in the process of manufacturing acetate of soda, this salt when once fused, required a surprisingly long time in cooling down to the ordinary temperature. This observation suggested the new substitute for water in the railway heater. A very large quantity of heat is required not only to warm the acetate of soda, but in addition, to convert the crystalline solid into a liquid, a case quite different from the heating of water. This large quantity of heat is slowly given off, the liquefied salt gradually crystallizing, and the whole mass cooling down to the common temperature. Critical tests made with vessels of the same capacity, show that those charged with the soda salt furnish about four times as much heat as those filled with water. One of the latter heated to 81° C. cooled to 40° in five hours, while a similar heater charged with acetate of soda and heated to 64° C. cooled to 40° in sixteen hours. The principal objection to this method is the cost of the soda salt. But this expenditure is of the nature of a permanent investment, as there is no consumption or waste of the material. The chief advantages arise from the less frequent changes of heaters required. Fewer heating stations and fewer employés are required, and passengers are much less frequently disturbed. Last year the trains between Paris and Havre were warmed by this system. The London and Northwestern Railway is using this winter about six thousand of these new heaters. In most of the countries of Southern Europe this plan is rapidly extending. These heaters are simply cases made of sheet metal in the form of a box or cylinder, or any other convenient shape, and of any desired capacity. This is filled with fused acetate of soda and then hermetically sealed, like a can of fruit. It is only necessary then to place this vessel in boiling water from five to fifty minutes, according to its size, when the contents are liquefied and charged with heat, which it is ready to yield up gradually during a space of many hours. The case is analogous to that of supplying to the mainspring of a watch in a few moments, by winding, enough motor force to occupy twenty-four hours in returning to its relaxed condition. A multitude of uses will be found for this simple contrivance where a gentle but continuous heat is required. In the dining-room, in the kitchen, in the carriage, in the bed-room, it will find its place.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

February 15.—The British Parliament convened, and the Queen's speech alleged an improvement in the state of affairs in Ireland.—Collender's billiard factory burned at Stamford, Conn.: loss, \$225,000.—The Governor of New Jersey signed the bill legalizing labor strikes.—In Burlington, Vermont, the Central House Block burned; loss, \$30,000.—The Ohio at Cincinnati reached its highest stage, sixty-six feet four inches above low water. . . . **Feb. 16.**—The Legislature of Arkansas passed a bill prohibiting for two years the sale of liquor within three miles of any church or school-house in the state on petition of a majority of the adult local population.—Seventy men lost their lives by the caving in of a mine near Braidwood, Illinois. . . . **Feb. 17.**—One of the alleged conspirators in the Dublin murder cases turned state's evidence.—John V. Ayer's Sons, of Chicago, failed, with liabilities amounting to \$2,000,000.—The Rev. Dr. Lyman H. Attwood, of Princeton College, died, aged

seventy years.—George Dawson, editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, died, aged seventy years.—Ann Gerry, third daughter of Elbridge Gerry, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died in New Haven, aged ninety-one years. . . . Feb. 19.—The Senate confirmed William White to be U. S. District Judge for Southern Ohio; George W. Wurts, Secretary of Legation to Russia; George W. Pritchard, U. S. Attorney for New Mexico; W. H. H. Clayton, U. S. Attorney for Western Arkansas; Joshua B. Hill, U. S. Marshal for Eastern North Carolina, and Clark B. Montgomery, Internal Revenue Collector for the First District of Ohio.—At Bennington, Vermont, Valentine's Knitting Mill was burned; loss, \$100,000.—At Bradford, Vermont, stores and offices were burned to the value of \$75,000.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania rendered a decision which confirmed S. Davis Page as City Controller of Philadelphia. . . . Feb. 20.—The prisoners charged with the murder of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke were committed for trial in Dublin, and further arrests were made.—A mutiny occurred in the State Prison at Sing Sing, New York.—A panic took place in a Catholic parish school in New York, resulting in the death of sixteen children. . . . Feb. 21.—In the Senate a bill was passed appropriating \$25,000 for a monument at Washington's headquarters, Newburgh, N. Y., and the Army Appropriation bill was passed.—The Senate confirmed Lot Wright to be U. S. Marshal for Southern Ohio; James H. Teller, of Ohio, to be Secretary for Dakota, and Arthur L. Thomas, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of Utah.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. W. J. FLORENCE did not deem the honor of a political appointment abroad sufficient inducement to give up his profession, so he is making people laugh this season as of old. He and Mrs. Florence enter upon a week's engagement March 12 at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MISS CARRIE SWAIN, who played the rollicking soubrette in the "Tourists in a Pullman Car" very successfully some seasons since, started out last fall in a play called "Cad, the Tomboy," made to order for her by Mr. Leonard Grover, but misunderstandings and legal troubles ensued, and the play reverted to the author. "Mab, the Miner's Daughter," is the title of the medium in which the lady is now afforded an opportunity of displaying her abilities—abilities resembling those of Lotta, somewhat exaggerated, perhaps. During the week ending March 17 she may be seen at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

SINCE Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan showed us the delights of comic opera several theatres devoted exclusively to its use have been established in the principal cities. In New York the Standard Theatre, the Bijou Opera House, and the new Casino present it as their only bill of fare; the Bijou is its home in Boston, and in Philadelphia the managers of the Lyceum have demonstrated that tuneful music, bright libretti and beautiful stage settings have an army of appreciators. The "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" had a profitable run of five weeks; "Iolanthe" about a month, and "Donna Juanita," with Miss Jeannie Winston in the title rôle, ran a number of weeks.

ON September 14 last Mr. Lawrence Barrett produced the Hon. George H. Boker's blank-verse tragedy of "Francesca di Rimini" at Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia. Elaborate and important alterations had been made since the play was originally presented, some twenty years ago, by the late E. L. Davenport, so that its production last autumn was practically a premiere. The warm words of approval accorded to the tragedy and its interpreters on this occasion have since been echoed in the leading cities, and the return visit at the Chestnut Street Opera House on March 12 is looked forward to with great interest in literary and theatre-going circles. Entirely new scenery has been prepared for the play by the resident managers of the Opera House, Messrs. Zimmerman and Nixon, and as great scenic opportunities are offered, a most elaborate staging of the play may be looked for. We are informed that the cost of the scenery alone exceeds fifteen hundred dollars. The conditions of success are present: A classic and highly-dramatic theme; treated poetically and ably; interpreted by scholarly and eminently efficient artists; with perfect stage accessories. The leading characters will be in the same hands as heretofore. Mr. Barrett as the hunchback prince, Miss Marie Wainwright as "Francesca," and Mr. Louis James as the revengeful jester.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A. S. Camp in Luck.

THE CONTINENT published on Valentine's Day
The following lines in a casual way:—

THE undersigned—a bachelor of fifty—
Rich, handsome, reasonably thrifty,
Has read the above by Mr. Oscar Max,
And fain would test the logic by the facts.
"Wanted a wife!" Address, enclosing stamp
And full particulars, to—

A. S. CAMP.

Here are two answers which would seem to show
That e'en A. S.-camp need not a begging go:

I

Mr. A. S. Camp.

Enclosed you'll find your answer
—and a canceled stamp.



A nice old-maid—yet not so *very* old,
Not thirty yet (and surely not a scold),
Would like to answer the advertisement
On page 256 of a late "CONTINENT."
The bachelor who wrote it knew his mind;
The next thing is the proper maid to find.
He asks for "full particulars;" he'd know much better
By seeing her—not trusting to a letter.
However, she will do the best she can
In giving her description to the gentleman—
She's fair;—dark eyes and hair;—able to read and write.
(Her school diploma shows she's reasonably bright.)
Can get a dinner—cooks the meats
And desserts by "THE CONTINENT'S" receipts.
What more is wanted by the gentle "swell?"
Of course he only has to write and tell.
The *only* drawback is his name,
She's had her own so long, she'd like to keep the same.
(You know, an old friend is the best);
Still, she MIGHT change it, at the right request.
(St. Louis.)

MISS OURI.

II

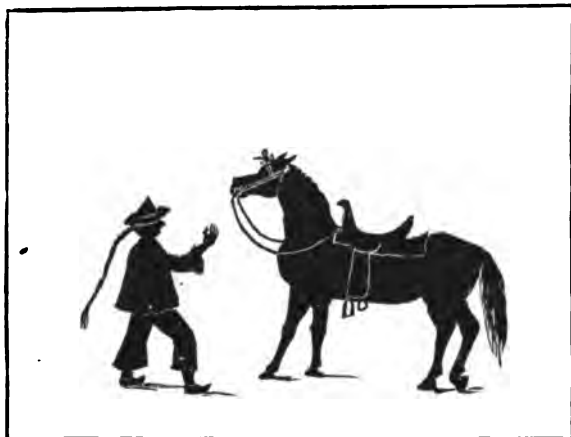
"The Continent"—

Sir:

Would you please undertake
The office of Postman just once, for my sake?
Then deliver this letter to one in your camp
Who unblushingly owns the cognomen, A. S.-camp.
He resides at an inn called "In Lighter Vein,"
But he talked some of moving to Maiden Lane.
You'll find him, I think, without any trouble,
For he's publicly blowing a beautiful bubble.

STRANGER FRIEND—

It seems rude to call you A. S.-camp,
Though for aught I know you may merit the stamp.
I don't mean the postage-stamp named in your letter,
But the brand that distinguishes bad goods from better.
And so, after years of single-hand strife,
You challenge the Fates by asking a wife?



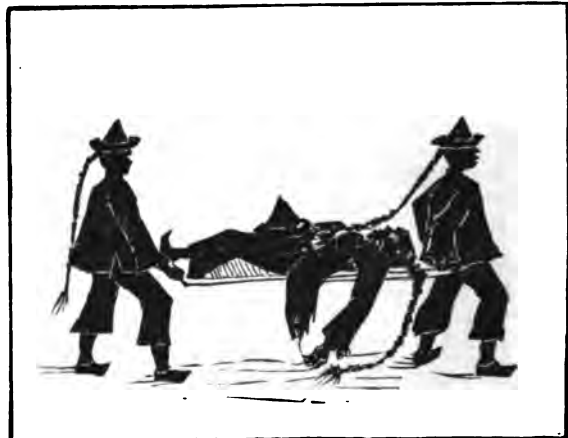
1—Hi-Ski, the Chinese washerman, thinks he can ride a Bronco "alle same Melican man."



3—And more elevated.



2—He mounts the animal and is somewhat astonished,



4—L'Envoi.

You wave all the possible danger to peace,
Unfurl as your banner the famed Golden Fleece—
The gaining of which might be fraught with more pain
Than the mystical treasure so hard to obtain.
And you recklessly venture rare, personal charms
In this conflict 'twixt reason and womanly arms.

Ah, my friend, have you carefully counted the cost?—
The freedom that thus may be fatally lost?
Are you willing to yield, if the right one appears,
The self-love you've cherished through *fifty long years*?
You see I'm inclined to play very fair,
And your heart I would scorn to allure with a snare;
You have had ample time to make up your mind,
To weigh all the pleasures you're leaving behind;
So, I take it, you've settled the question for aye,
And will earnestly welcome the true marriage day.

Won't it seem stranger than fancy or fiction,
To find your free self under wholesome restriction?
You will marvel, no doubt, how it happened that Fate
Should reserve this great boon till life's day grew so late;
But remember, my friend, that the blessing delayed,
Is often prized more than if earlier paid.
Had Isaac been born when his parents were young,
In their hearts common gratitude only had sprung:
But the long-deferred hope, the final despair,
Wakened holiest love toward this God-given heir.
And, mayhap, a kind Providence, merciful, true,
Has been teaching a lesson in patience to you.

From this moral digression I'll now hasten back,
And endeavor to keep the legitimate track.

If, indeed, you're resolved on the blind, fatal leap—
To follow your fellows, as sheep follow sheep—
And of all the five hundred who answer your plea,
Your well-seasoned heart should incline unto me—
It is well. For never, I venture, you'll find
A maiden more perfectly formed to your mind.

It would not be modest, and so I'll refrain
From vaunting my charms, until I obtain
A catalogue full of what you desire.
Then I'll straightway report myself all you admire.
Transformation of tastes—adaptation's the term—
Diplomatic discretion—which means, timely squirm
Out of unpleasant places and unsavory facts,
Into magical coverts where nothing reacts.—
Transformation of tastes, I was going to say,
Is the gift of the gods on man's wedding day;
For Cupid and Midas can soften the moods
Of the veriest vixen or primmest of prudes.

'Tis no difficult task for a versatile heart
To attain the joy-summit in love's pleasing art;
For to bound and flutter, and bend and sway,
To charm and be newly charmed each day,
Is all a man needs for his acme of bliss:
And I'm certain, my friend, I could do all of this.
(Yes, and on provocation could throw in a kiss—
A sweet little favor I never should miss.)

Now, surely, I've dealt with a frank, open hand,
And I'll leave future issues for you to command.
With truest of wishes that life may bring joy,
I sign myself, Faithfully, "HELEN OF TROY."

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 13.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28, 1883.

Whole No. 59



Easter Flowers.

BY J. ZITELLA COOKE.

GLAD bells rang in the Easter morn, and I
Was sad and weary of the things of time;
Nor would I list the Angel choir that sang,
In softest harmony, to their sweet chime;
And still their tuneful notes pealed on, until
The forests and the fields, and all the air,
Were filled with music of the Easter bells,
And Easter flowers were blooming everywhere.

And midst the joyous ringing of the bells
I caught the low, sweet voices of the flowers—
For God doth grant to them a tongue to soothe
The heart that aches in this sad world of ours—
And still they murmured, till mine ear did
lose

The swelling psalm of the happy bells,
And I stooped low, that I might hear once
more
The story that a simple flow'ret tells.

"I know that ye are bright and beautiful,"
I cried; "and your sweet breath doth
wake again

The memories of yore, and bind anew
The golden links of thought's electric
chain;

Ye mind me of the loved and lost,
and joys

And hopes of days that were too bright
to last;

But can ye give them back to me again?
One word from out the dead and silent Past?

"Alas, your whispers are but mockeries!
From earth's cold graves ye have returned,
but where

The precious ones who went to sleep with you?
Do ye of them no sign, no tidings bear?"

And still with such a loving tenderness

They plead, that I could not refuse to hear:

And lo! close to my side a Passion Flower
Proclaimed, in accents wondrous
sweet and clear—

"I bear a sign and message from that Blessed One
 Who suffered eighteen hundred years ago;
 And through the rolling centuries of time
 I tell the story of His cross and woe!"
 And then a Lily fair, whose snowy cup
 Hung o'er the crystal stream, spoke, in a voice
 Of calm, assuring love, and bade my heart
 Forget its grief, and looking up, rejoice.

"I bear sweet tidings from Our Father's house;
 Look on my face; behold, I am His care!
 Upon His hand I live, from day to day,
 And spotless robes of radiant beauty wear."
 Half-hidden Violets then took the theme,
 And spoke the graces of humility;
 And Jasmines, from their leafy coronal,
 Told of a life from mortal sorrows free.

The shadows lengthened, and the day was spent,
 And ling'ring still, I listened to the flowers:
 "Fair teachers, ye have brought me peace," I cried,
 "And giv'n me strength for suffering's bitter hours."
 The night came on, and daylight sank to rest.
 The earth was still—the happy birds—the air;
 The Easter bells had hushed their joyous song,
 But Easter flowers were blooming everywhere!

EASTER BELLS.

RING, ye joyous Easter bells!
 Stir the heart! awake the nation!
 Thrill the world with glad pulsation!
 Christ, who brought us free salvation;
 Christ, the Saviour for us born—
 From the grave 'rose Easter morn.

Ring triumphant, Easter bells!
 Joy for sad hearts reunited!
 Joy for wrongs that have been righted!

Joy for noble lives indited
 On Time's page by History's pen,
 Lives of nations and of men.

Ring, O happy Easter bells—
 Ring the birth of spring-time vernal!
 Ring the birth of souls eternal!
 Ring the endless love supernal!
 Ring the dawn of better days,
 Hearts of truth and songs of praise!

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

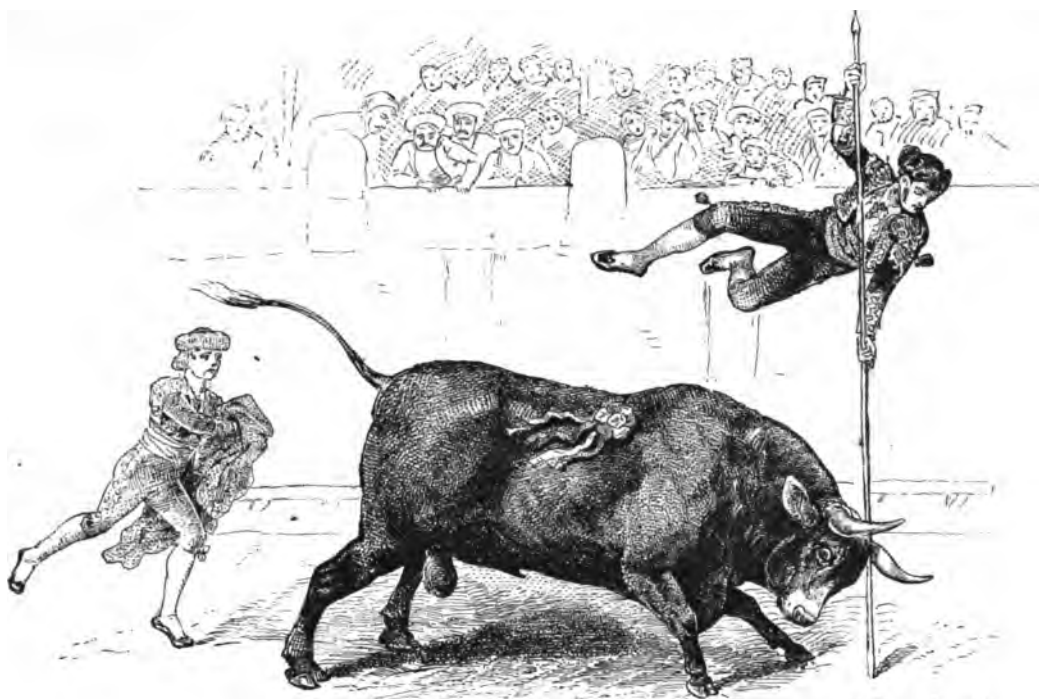
EASTER SONG.

IF Easter rise
 With glad surprise,
 Charming the tear-drops from your eyes;
 'Tis God, All-wise,
 In Christ supplies
 That joyous life which never dies.
 If human ties
 Break oft, with sighs
 That desolate the heart! Despair

Not from the skies
 The one chief prize—
 Jesus—the Christ who never dies.
 From grief arise;
 Lift up thine eyes!
 'Tis Jesus calls; to thee He cries
 My sacrifice
 To faith describes
 The Life, the Hope that never dies.

E. T. FAIRCHILD.





THE FLYING LEAP.

A NATIONAL PASTIME.

El ancho circo se llena
De multitud clamorosa,
Que atiende á ver en su arena
La sangrienta lid dudosa,
Y todo en torno resuena.

Moratin—*Fiesta de Toros en Madrid.*

IN all ages and in all countries the disposition and genius of a people, as well as their state of civilization, have been almost infallibly indicated by the character of their amusements. The cold and sluggish nations of the North have devoted their leisure to exhibitions wherein were displayed mimic battles and feats of enormous strength; but among the fiery and impetuous races of Southern Europe, and particularly those of the Spanish peninsula, which have inherited, along with the untamed ferocity of Goth and Vandal, not a little of the refined cruelty of the Arab, diversions whose attractiveness is largely due to the risk of life and the shedding of blood have ever held the first place in the estimation of the multitude. This sanguinary taste for deeds of brutality, the atrocities of the Inquisition which with the sanction and authority of royalty burned and mutilated its victims in public, have carefully fostered and perpetuated. The universal and incredible popularity of the bull-fight with the masses, which at times degenerates into absolute frenzy, illustrates, far better than any commentary can do, the bent of the Spanish mind and the degradation of the Spanish character.

The bull-fight, suggested doubtless by the gladiatorial combats that once constituted an important feature of the amusements of every Roman city and colony, is a reminiscence of the Moors. In the prosperous days of

the kingdom of Granada it was customary for the Moorish chivalry, skilled in all the manly exercises of the time, to fight bulls in the Plaza de la Bibarrambla, the scene of many a tilt of reeds, and of more than one friendly contest with their Christian rivals. The knights—for none of inferior rank were allowed to participate—were dressed in gala costume, and mounted upon swift Barbary horses trained in the tournament and the foray. The only weapon carried by the rider was a short spear about five feet long, and having a butt like that of a lance. With this he was expected to dispatch the bull with a blow delivered between the shoulder and the spine, the very place where the Spanish *espada* plants his death-dealing sword. It was accounted disgraceful to wound the bull in any other part of the body; and if the knight were so unfortunate as to lose his weapon, he was driven from the arena by the jeers and shouts of the spectators. Affording, as it did, a display of graceful and daring horsemanship, as well as of dexterity in the use of the *jerrid*, or spear, the original bull-fight was a very different affair from the cruel exhibition of to-day. There was none of the revolting butchery that disgraces the latter, for rarely, indeed, did it happen that a horse was sacrificed, and still more rarely that a man fell a victim to the rage of the infuriated beast, that, bewildered by the rapid movements of his enemies—whose sagacious horses, guided solely by the pressure of the rider's knees, advanced in turn to the attack, or retired to give place to others—was soon exhausted and killed.

We may imagine, if not describe, the splendors that, under the cloudless sky of Andalusia, invested these games in the quaint old Plaza de la Bibarrambla during

the rule of the sultans of Granada. The endless arcades and galleries thronged with the bright-eyed ladies of the harem, whom enlightened custom, in defiance of the injunction of the Prophet, permitted to appear with unveiled faces; the many-colored robes sparkling with jewels; the brilliant court, and the grim monarch surrounded by his vigilant African guards; the sea of white turbans that, massed near the barrier, swayed to and fro with every motion of the excited crowd as they applauded some bold thrust or adroit maneuver of their favorite champion, all conspired to make the Moorish bull-fight wonderfully attractive to a people famed for their luxury, their love of pomp, and their magnificent games and festivals.

It was in the reign of Alfonso VI of Toledo that this sport, borrowed from their infidel neighbors, with whom they were often upon intimate terms, was adopted by the Castilian chivalry. The Cid, "*El soberbio Castellano*," and the idol of his romantic countrymen, who made him their model in all that related to knightly courtesy and warfare, was the first Spaniard to enter the arena, where he greatly distinguished himself, eliciting the hearty applause and admiration of the Moors, an event which has been celebrated by the graceful muse of Moratin. Once established, the bull-fight, well calculated to please the venturesome spirit of an age delighting in deeds of heroism and reckless daring, obtained too firm a foothold to be shaken even by the edicts of Queen Isabella, whose sense of humanity had been outraged by the death of two performers in the

first and only *fiesta* she ever attended. That wise and gentle princess, having ever the interest of her subjects at heart, did not fail to see, and frequently deplore, in their increasing and passionate devotion to sports involving the loss of life and limb, a disposition that augured no good to their future advancement and happiness as a nation.

During the reign of Charles V, who was himself a skillful *toreador*, and his successors, the bull-fight became more and more popular, until it numbered in the ranks of its champions the most renowned soldiers of the kingdom, among whom not the least in reputation was Francisco Pizarro. The accession of the house of Bourbon, however, which introduced the effeminate manners and absurd etiquette of the Court of Versailles, put an end to this, as well as to other national amusements, by making them unfashionable. Exhibitions modeled after the original ones, wherein the superb horsemanship of the Spanish nobles is shown to great advantage, are now occasionally given at the celebration of a coronation, a royal marriage, or a christening. They are styled "*Fiestas Reales de Toros*," or "Royal Bull Feasts;" but, as the lance has fallen into disuse, and the mounted cavaliers are unable to kill the bull without assistance, a professional *matador* is always on hand to finish him after he has been tortured sufficiently to satisfy the audience. The last of these *fiestas*, a noteworthy part of the wedding festivities of Alfonso XII and Queen Mercedes, took place at Madrid on the twenty-third day of January, 1878, in the presence of eighteen thousand spectators.

The usual mode of fighting bulls on foot, known as "*La Corrida de Toros*," or "Bull Race," dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the sport, hitherto the exclusive privilege of the nobility, became the business of professionals, who have always been recruited from the lowest classes of society.

The education of a bull-fighter lasts through many years. His first essays are made with the cape, with which he learns all the tricks of the *chulo*, to provoke and avoid the charge, and it is only after considerable experience with animals with padded horns—from which is expected nothing more serious than an abundance of bruises and an occasional toss in the air—that he ventures into the ring to play the part of *capeador*. If he is sufficiently dexterous, and aspires to *banderillear*, or handle the darts, he serves a tedious apprenticeship, which entails far more danger than the preceding one. And here he usually stops, for the *espada*, like the poet, "is born, not made," and no amount of experience or familiarity with the mere details of bull-fighting will produce a *matador* if the candidate is not naturally adapted to it. The intended *espada* must have taken, and be thoroughly skilled in, the various preliminary degrees of his art before he attempts the final and most difficult one, which, if attained, will bring him to the summit of his ambition. To accomplish this he betakes himself to the shambles and practices daily upon cattle the blows with which in time he expects to win the applause of the mighty concourse in the amphitheatre. Next, like the *chulo*, he



THE PICADOR'S FAREWELL.



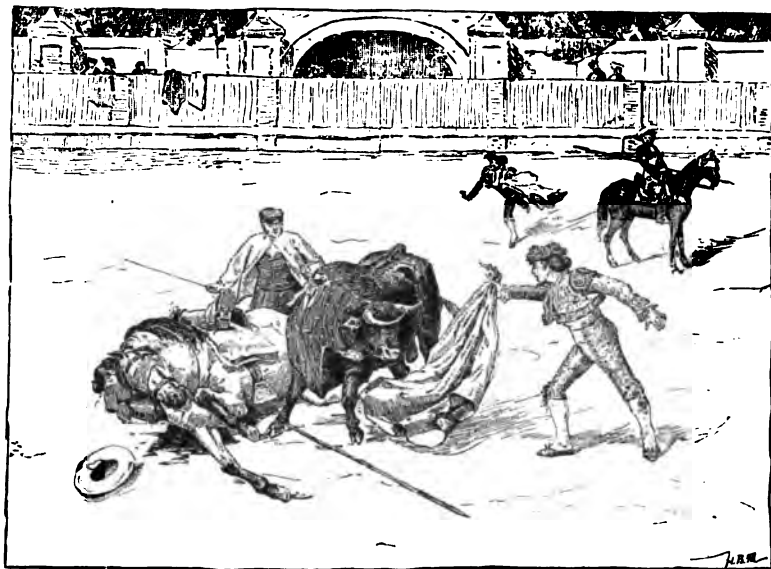
THE CHULO.

tries his hand upon bulls with blunted horns, until he is declared ready for the real contest, the "*lucha de muerte*."

As for the *picador*, or spearman, his part requires little more than brute strength; for, besides the armor in which his legs are encased, his horse protects him, and receives the brunt of the attack. Any one with powerful arms and shoulders, who is a good rider—and there are few Spaniards who are not—can become a *picador*. His rôle is much less esteemed than that of his comrades, because he does not run as great a risk of a *cojida*, or "catch," as the misfortune of getting too near the horns of the bull is termed in the technical jargon of the profession.

A bull-fight is a very expensive affair from beginning to end. The animals destined for the arena are bred expressly for that purpose, and when a year old are collected from the pastures and charged, one by one, by the herdsman armed with his goad. Those only that endure this test—and the proportion is small—are deemed suitable for the ring, and are valued at from seven hundred to a thousand dollars apiece. The salaries allowed the performers are enormous, and the best

of them receives more than a captain-general. An ordinary *espada* demands six hundred dollars, while the "stars" never think of entering the *plaza* for less than eight hundred dollars in gold. Out of this the *espada* pays his *cuadrilla*, or "squad;" the *picadores*, *banderilleros* and *chulos* that compose his following. The municipal authorities exact from him a license of twenty-five dollars for each entertainment, and should a bull be crippled in any way so that he is unfitted for the final bloody scene, custom requires the *espada* to provide another at his own expense. Notwithstanding these heavy drains upon his purse, the income of the successful *espada* is immense. From the middle of May to the first of November a *corrida* is held on Sunday afternoon in every large city in Spain, and all of the prominent saints' days and holidays—which, though not so faithfully observed now as formerly, are still surprisingly numerous—are celebrated in this manner. A bull-fight on the Christian festival of Easter sounds strangely to Anglo-Saxon ears, but to a Spaniard it does not by any means seem utterly out of place. The bull-fighter lives in great luxury, drives magnificent horses, dresses in the showy *Majo* costume, maintains the



RESCUE OF A PICADOR.

finest establishment his abundant means will allow, and indulges to the utmost his passion for gaming. The fact that his social status is below that of a pugilist with us does not prevent him from having numerous admirers even among the haughty Castilian nobility; and numerous are the tender glances bestowed from the aristocratic region of the balconies upon the young and daring *matador*. A few years ago a famous *espada*, whose exploits in the *plaza* had long been the envy of his comrades, received his *coup de grace* from an Andalusian bull, and was carried out dead. When his trunks came to be examined they were found filled with locks of hair, ribbons, piles of faded bouquets, and a great quantity of *billets-doux*, many of them sealed with coronets and bearing the signatures of some of the proudest beauties of Old Castile. Discretion is not one of the cardinal virtues of the Spaniard, who is as fond of scandal as the veriest village gossip; and there was soon considerable excitement in the higher circles of the Court, which resulted in the sudden and permanent disappearance of certain ladies of the bluest blood, and the enforced retirement of others to the penitential seclusion of the convent. This severe example seems, however, to have been productive of little effect upon the conduct of some of the survivors, judging from the astonishing tales of their escapades whispered in every club and restaurant of the Spanish capital.

With his own class the *torero* is a kind of divinity, who receives the respectful homage of his male associates and the adoration of his female acquaintances. He is liberal to prodigality, and a veritable epicurean, knowing well that a false step or the miscalculation of an inch will probably some day exact the extreme penalty attached to

the slightest neglect of the rules of his perilous calling. With that possible end in view he is as regular in his attendance at the confessional as can be expected in the case of so gay a *cabalero*; and if the reverend *padres* succeed in extorting full confessions from these penitents, they must be the repository of tales which would make their fortunes in any Spanish circle of society gossips. There is something fascinating to the sterner as well as to the weaker sex in a man who deliberately takes his life in his hand, even in an ignoble cause, and trusts to his own steady nerves and strong arm for the victory. In his costumes, which cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars each, he takes especial pride, and his wardrobe frequently contains a dozen or more of different colors. They are made of the finest silk, heavily embroidered with gold and silver, the jacket—which does not reach the waist by several inches,

and is open under the arms to secure the greatest possible freedom of movement—being usually so covered with glittering cords and tassels that the color of the material cannot be distinguished. Tightly-fitting knee-breeches, a silken sash, whose ends fall negligently over the left hip, white stockings, low shoes, and a triangular *montera* or cap of black plush complete this elaborate dress, unsurpassed in richness by any ever displayed upon the stage. The *espada*, like the *Majo*, wears his hair in a tiny cue, eked out with a false braid, and coiled in a net at the back of the head. His sword is a ponderous rapier of Toledo steel, its hilt wrapped in buckskin, dyed crimson, and affording for the hand the firmest possible grip.

The outfit of the picador is not nearly as gaudy as those of his professional brethren. His jacket is less profusely ornamented, his hat is of gray felt, and his



OVER THE HORNS.



THE ALGAZIL.

trousers of leather, concealing the iron armor that protects his legs, but impedes his movements when on foot, so that he has a slender chance of escape if, when dismounted, he should attract the attention of the infuriated bull. This armor serves also to save the limbs in case the horse falls upon his rider, an accident of almost daily occurrence. The spear of the *picador* is sixteen feet in length, but the blade is wrapped with tow till only an inch of the point is visible. The weapons of the *banderillero* are a pair of barbed darts adorned with paper streamer. When the bull shows a want of spirit, *banderillas de fuego*, or fire arrows, furnished with some detonating substance, are employed, instead of the ordinary ones, to madden him, and which, exploding in

the flesh as soon as they are planted, drive the creature wild with rage and pain.

The lowest in rank of the *cuadrilla* is the *cachetero*, whose duty it is to kill the bull after he has fallen from exhaustion and the ill-aimed thrusts of the *espada*. This he does by driving his dagger into the cervical vertebrae of the animal, causing instantaneous death.

The *dramatis personæ* having now been duly introduced, let us proceed to the ceremonies of the *corrida*. It is a lovely Sunday afternoon in May, the opening day of the great fair of Seville. Surrounded by a sky of spotless blue, the sun beams brightly down upon the whitewashed houses, and the fragrance of an atmosphere freighted with the mingled scents of honeysuckle, rose, jasmine and the hundreds of odoriferous shrubs lining the public walks, finds its way into every street and byway of the quaint old city. The people, in holiday attire, and but lately released from the sombre vaults of the cathedral, are, with one accord, slowly wending their way toward the bank of the Guadalquivir, where, in the vicinity of a vast stone building, with tiers upon tiers of arches and balconies without end, a gay and noisy multitude is already assembled. As we saunter around the *plaza*, glancing in through a passage at the rear there rise upon the air the notes of a monotonous and solemn chant. Drawing near and peeping into a half-open door, the eye is attracted by the glitter of spangles, and amid the gloom which a pair of tapers, faintly visible through a cloud of incense, seem rather to heighten than dispel, can be perceived a score of men in gorgeous dresses kneeling devoutly before a little altar. These are the bull-fighters, hearing mass before engaging in a conflict that may cost more than one of them his life. A bell tinkles, the worshippers rise, and, bowing before the host, pass out and mingle with the giddy throng that is impatiently waiting for the gates to open.

Just opposite the chapel is another room of the same dimensions, but better lighted, and without furniture, excepting a long table standing in the middle of the tile-paved floor. Fastened to the wall within easy reach is a shelf containing a row of bottles, strips of linen and a case of surgical instruments. Upon the table, reclining at full length, his head supported by his hand, lies a man of forty years of age, fat, bearded and swarthy, with a cigarette stuck behind each ear and a lighted one in his mouth, who is entertaining a couple of friends with some amusing story, related in the animated and demonstrative manner of his countrymen. His surroundings have already disclosed his calling. He is the surgeon appointed by the City Council to attend to the wounded, and who, with commendable promptitude, has completed his arrangements with all the *sang-froid* of his profession. And now the strains of martial music are heard outside, as a battalion of soldiers, headed by a band, file into the *plaza* by the rear entrance, for the presence of the military is considered indispensable at a bull-fight, to preserve order and check any revolutionary demonstration that might be prompted by the occasion. At length the doors are opened, and the boisterous but good-humored crowds pour in and take their seats.

The impression that a stranger receives when he gazes for the first time upon that tremendous audience of fifteen thousand people, packing the grand amphitheatre from the barrier to the balconies, is one that he will never forget while he lives. The spectacle is unique, and of a magnificence the like of which no other country can display, vying as it does with the gladiatorial exhibitions of Imperial Rome. No other possesses a tithe of the



THE AUDIENCE.

thrilling interest investing every act of this drama—a drama always a tragedy—and not infrequently closing with the loss of human life, in the fierce struggle between brute force and consummate skill. As the performance usually begins at four o'clock, to avoid the heat, the plaza at that hour is half in sun and half in shadow. Upon the sunny side, where the prices are the lowest, the poorer classes are congregated, happy in having saved, begged, borrowed or stolen the few reals required for admission.

To obtain these, many have for months denied themselves the necessities of life; others have pawned their clothes and diminished their scanty stock of household utensils, all forgetful of the past and careless for the morrow, provided the present dominating passion is gratified. There is no age or sex for which the national pastime has not an irresistible fascination. Women make up at least half the audience; some of these bring children in their arms, perhaps because there is no one to care for them at home, but with the effect, certainly, of familiarizing them with these horrible scenes of blood and butchery. The soldiers are distributed in companies among the peasantry, and scattered here and there where the garlands and gay parasols are thickest one sees a civil guard, or jaunty officer, or a group of hussars in showy uniforms. In the lowest row lounges the *oficionado*, or devotee of the cruel sport, in dandy costume, his purple jacket and scarlet sash contrasting with the shovel hat and flowing robes of the priest who

sits beside him. Above, in the *pacos*, or private boxes, the ladies muster in force and in their best attire, "*Maja*" toilettes and white mantillas, rustling silks and embroidered shawls; and the arcades are bright with the sheen of jewels, the sparkle of black eyes and the flutter of innumerable fans. Under the gallery, and facing the principal entrance, is the balcony of the president of the day, who is generally an officer of the city government, except when the King consents to attend, and then he assumes the office. Sometimes, upon state occasions, a number of titled ladies are chosen to preside over the arena, and magnificently dressed in the style of the seventeenth century, grace the box of the president with their charming presence, and direct the ceremonies, an honor much coveted, especially in Andalusia. In the neighborhood of the plaza every roof from which a glimpse, however limited, can be obtained of its interior is fairly black with people, and one enterprising individual has built a tower overtopping the walls of the amphitheatre, whence, for the moderate sum of three reals (fifteen cents), about one-fourth the admittance fee, an excellent view can be had of all that takes place inside.

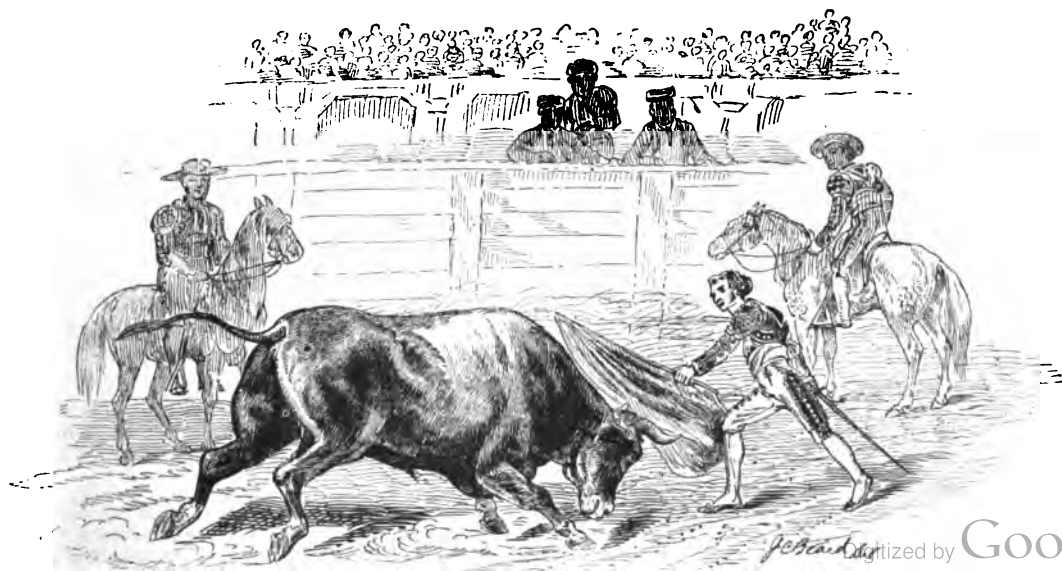
Opposite the president's balcony is the *toril*, or bull-pen, closed by a ponderous gate. The six bulls destined for the afternoon's sport are shut up here, having been decoyed by trained oxen and driven by mounted spearmen the night before to this their final destination. The

lateness of the hour does not deter thousands of spectators from witnessing this furious race, and to prevent accidents the streets are barricaded with poles lashed together, and soldiers and policemen are detailed to keep back the crowd; but even these precautions are sometimes insufficient, so uncontrollable is the excitement of the mob. The bulls are forced out of the *toril* one by one as they are wanted, by means of goads. To the shoulder of each, attached by a tiny barb, hangs a silken rosette, whose colors, familiar to every frequenter of the ring, indicate the pedigree of the animal, as well as the district from whence he comes.

The arena is an oval of about a hundred and eighty feet in its largest diameter, and packed with sand as smooth and hard as a floor. It is inclosed by three concentric fences; one higher than the others bounds the lowest range of seats; the second and third, only two feet apart, overlap and are contrived to shelter the hard-pressed *torero* when compelled to retreat. A number of men with buckets of water, which they distribute with their hands, are deliberately sprinkling the ground, interfering with the fruit peddlers, of whom more than a dozen with baskets of oranges are in the ring. "*Naranjas! Naranjas! buenas y maduras!*" cries one of these itinerant merchants, holding up his hands filled with the golden globes. His quick eye catches a signal, perhaps, from the highest balcony, and in a moment he pitches into the lap of the purchaser, with unerring aim, the amount of the order; then, bowing his thanks for the coin tossed him in return, he moves on in search of another customer. In the meantime the water-sellers, with their porous jugs and tinkling glasses, are climbing about, stumbling over feet and rumpling ladies' dresses, but always apologizing with a polite "*Perden de V caballero!*" that at once disarms all hostility. Before the sprinklers have finished their task the band strikes up a lively air, announcing the arrival of the president, who raises his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the audience. The notes of the band have scarcely died away when a trumpet sounds, the gate at the opposite side of the *plaza* opens, and the bull-fighters, in splendid array, appear, marshaled in the order of their rank. In front come the *espadas*, then the *chulos*, next the *picadores*, and lastly the mule teams, harnessed three abreast, and

covered with scarlet trappings and jingling bells, followed by the various supernumeraries of the ring. Approaching the balcony of the president they salute that official, then the mules are driven out, the *picadores* range themselves in line near the fence, and the other performers, laying aside their gold-embroidered cloaks, take from the hands of their attendants plainer ones of red and yellow silk, whose stains and rents give evidence of many a bloody fray. Another trumpet sounds, the gate again swings open, and a solitary horseman rides in. His black doublet and short velvet cloak, the badge of his profession, as well as his sinister expression and suspicious carriage, betray him, and even the foreigner familiar with the inimitable pages of Gil Blas and Don Quixote can hardly fail to recognize at a glance the *alguazil*, or magistrate's officer, whose rapacious and unprincipled character has been the object of the sarcastic wit of writers on Spanish manners from the earliest times. He halts under the royal box, bows to the president, and catches in his hat a gilded key decorated with ribbons which the latter tosses to him. This key unlocks the stable of the bulls, and with it the *alguazil* canters slowly across the ring. A few seconds afterward a huge bull, with horns as sharp as daggers, bounds into the arena. There is a breathless silence as, pausing, he glares upon the assembled multitude, and then, selecting the nearest horse, charges headlong. The *picador*, by a vigorous use of the spur, manages to turn his steed to meet his adversary, and tries, by planting the point of the spear in his shoulder, to ward off his attack; but his strength is powerless before the onslaught of the furious beast, who, burying his horns in the body of the defenseless horse, and literally disemboweling him, hurls him and his rider to the ground.

To the Anglo-Saxon, whose sympathies are stirred by the sight of anguish, whether suffered by the higher or lower orders of the animal kingdom, the utter indifference evinced by the audience at a Spanish bull-fight is well nigh incomprehensible. That sentiment of pity which often causes the foreigner to turn away from the arena with a sickening shudder, seems totally wanting in the Spaniard: and as one leans against a barrier to recover his equanimity, he may often catch the amused and sneering glances of his less sensitive neighbors.



THE CHULOS AT WORK.

The active *chulos* instantly rush forward and lure the bull away with their scarlet cloaks, until their comrade is rescued. And now comes in the most horrible and disgusting feature of the *corrida de toros*. The *picador* having been raised up and attended to, the condition of the horse is ascertained. In the eyes of a Spaniard, who only looks at the present utility of anything, and is never in the least influenced by considerations of humanity, a horse is not disabled so long as he can stand. Those used in the bull-fight are the oldest and cheapest that can be procured—true Rosinantes, whose lease of life can be, at best, but short, and so destitute of spirit that they have to be wholly or partially blinded with bandages to prevent them from running away. If the wound does not show signs of being immediately fatal, the *picador* remounts and sustains another charge, but if the condition of the poor animal is such that he cannot move without difficulty, he is led out and the gaping hole in the side is sewed up and *plastered with clay*, when he is again introduced and spurred on to further torture!

Once in a great while the *picador* succeeds in turning the bull, and escapes without injury, the brute then devoting his attention to the next horseman in line. It is astonishing how much pounding these fellows can stand. Owing to the depth of their saddles they are rarely unseated, yet I have seen more than one projected a distance of ten feet, striking the barrier with a thud that could be heard across the ring, and immediately afterward pick himself up and walk away apparently unhurt. Sometimes the bull lifts horse and rider bodily, and throws them back upon his haunches, showing his immense strength. The *picador* is not a favorite with the audience, as, wearing armor, and being able to use his horse as a shield, he is less exposed to danger. When the bull becomes enraged, and charges right and left, as the savage ones often do, the *picadores* grow wary, and, manifesting a disinclination to advance, are greeted with a storm of hisses and opprobrious epithets and pelted with pieces of orange peel, canes, cushions, and whatever in the way of a projectile can be laid hands on at the moment. "*Fuera! Fuera!*" "Put him out!" "Forward, coward!" "Good bull!" "Well gored!" "*Cofio*, see how angry the rascal is!" "Fuego! Bring the fire arrows!" "*Bravo, toro! bravissimo!*" shout the *oficionados*, seconded by the spectators, who, rising to their feet *en masse* and yelling, hissing and gesticulating with all their might, transform the amphitheatre into a perfect bedlam. In the midst of the hubbub the shrill notes of the trumpet are again heard, and the *chulos*, fluttering their cloaks, spin around the bull, who chases them, now and then pressing one so closely that he is forced to drop all and run for his life. The tricks of the *chulo* to baffle the designs of his terrible antagonist, and at the same time display his own agility and skill, are numerous and thrilling. One borrows a

lance from a *picador*, and brandishes it in sight of the brute, who accepts the challenge, and, lowering his horns, rushes forward. As he approaches, the *chulo* rests the butt of the lance on the ground, and springs over the back of the animal, dropping the weapon as the head of the latter touches it. Another places his foot upon the bull's forehead, and just as he is about to be impaled is raised high in the air; others maneuver backward and forward with the cape, so rapidly that

the sharp horns, following its gaudy folds, seem to graze their bodies. For the third time the signal for the trumpet is given by the president, the *chulos* retire, and the *banderilleros*, each armed with a pair of darts adorned with paper streamers, step forward and confront the bull. While the brute is moving to the attack the *banderillero* meets him half way and sticks the arrows in his neck, one on either side. After eight *banderillos* have been used and the bull begins to exhibit signs of weariness, the trumpet announces the final scene of the drama. At the signal a young man of swarthy, almost black complexion, dressed in green and gold, carrying in one hand a cane and a square of scarlet cloth, and in the other a



FRASCUELO.

long rapier, leaves the barrier and presents himself to the view of the audience. A shout, increasing to a deafening roar of applause, welcomes him, as in the lithe and graceful figure is recognized the most famous of *espadas*.* "*Frascuelo! Viva Frascuelo!*" they cry, as hats and handkerchiefs are waved on every side in honor of the champion, who stands without a rival in dexterity and daring. Bowing low in acknowledgment of the compliment, the *espada*, uncovering his head and addressing the president, craves permission to kill the bull, promising to discharge his duty in compliance with the requirements of the ring; then, with a sudden jerk of his arm sending his hat far up among the spectators, and holding out the cloth like a banner, he proceeds to tempt and irritate the bull, springing nimbly right and left as the brute charges. After a few repetitions of this exercise he prepares for the thrust which is to end the struggle. Poising the sword aloft and waving the "*muleta*" with his left hand as the bull again encounters him, he buries the keen blade in his body between the left shoulder and the spine. When it is remembered the animal is moving at the top of his speed, and that the *espada* is compelled to reach far over his horns, preserve his own footing, and retreat, it is evident that extraordinary presence of mind, steadiness of hand and nerve are necessary for the successful performance of this perilous

* Salvador Sanchez, of Granada. Though only twenty-seven years old, he has gained, through his hardihood and contempt of danger, a greater reputation in his bloody calling than any living *torero*. He has been wounded more than a dozen times—one gash, that extended from hip to breast-bone, having kept him in bed six months. He is better known by the nickname of "*Frascuelo*," which the ladies have softened into the more endearing "*Frascuelito*."

feat. When the bull, instead of being attracted by the cloth, obstinately charges the *espada*, the result is "*otra cosa*"—quite another thing—as the Spaniards say, for there are not many quick enough to avoid a "catch" under these circumstances. It is also essential that the bull should be more or less exhausted by his previous exertions, otherwise the attempt of the *espada* to finish would be almost certain death. The stab should pierce the heart and kill the beast instantly, but this rarely occurs. Notwithstanding the sword is ordinarily driven to the hilt, the bull has much vitality remaining, and is then more dangerous than ever. I have seen as many as four swords used upon one animal without reaching a vital part, and of thirty bulls which I saw dispatched in the *plazas* of Madrid and Seville, only one fell dead from a single stroke at the feet of the *matador*.

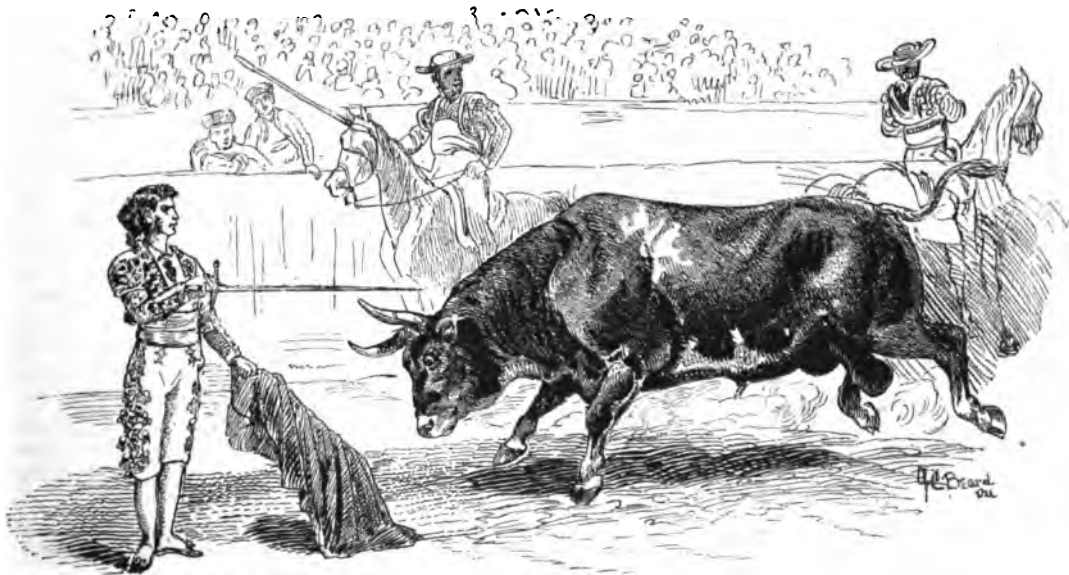
Finally the bull, weak with loss of blood, lies down, and the *cachetero*, slipping up from behind, pierces the spinal cord with his dagger. The teams of mules are now led in, and the horses and the bull—the former long since stripped of saddle and bridle—are dragged out as rapidly as possible. As soon as the blood stains in the ring have been covered with sand, and all traces of the former combat obliterated, another bull is admitted, and the same scenes, with little or no variation, are re-enacted.

The charm of the bull-fight in the eyes of the natives depends entirely upon the amount of blood that is shed.

sympathetic tear or two, but the more experienced dames look complacently on; and in five minutes the unfortunate, painfully gasping his last in the little hospital outside, is forgotten. The character of the Spanish woman is a curious anomaly. In her home or among her friends, there is no one more affectionate, more devoted, more kind than she, or any one more anxious to relieve the necessities of the poor, or alleviate by generous self-denial the misery of the suffering. Gifted with much natural refinement, she shrinks from inflicting pain even upon an insect, and the unexpected presence of a mouse is sure to cause her to retreat to the top of the nearest chair or table; but she will sit quietly for hours and witness the torture of horses and bulls with a coolness and apparent delight quite incomprehensible to a foreigner.

Some bulls, when confronted with the *picador*, refuse to fight, or even to run at the cloaks of the *chulos*. As soon as this cowardly disposition is discovered, they are baited with mastiffs, and afterward hamstrung by means of a knife fastened to the end of a pole. The heartless butchery of the horses hardly equals in cold-blooded brutality this revolting feature of the *corrida*.

The return from the *plaza*, especially at Madrid, where the streets are wide and well adapted to display, is well worth seeing. For a distance of nearly two miles the sidewalks are crowded with people, while a line of military police in the centre of the street sees that order is

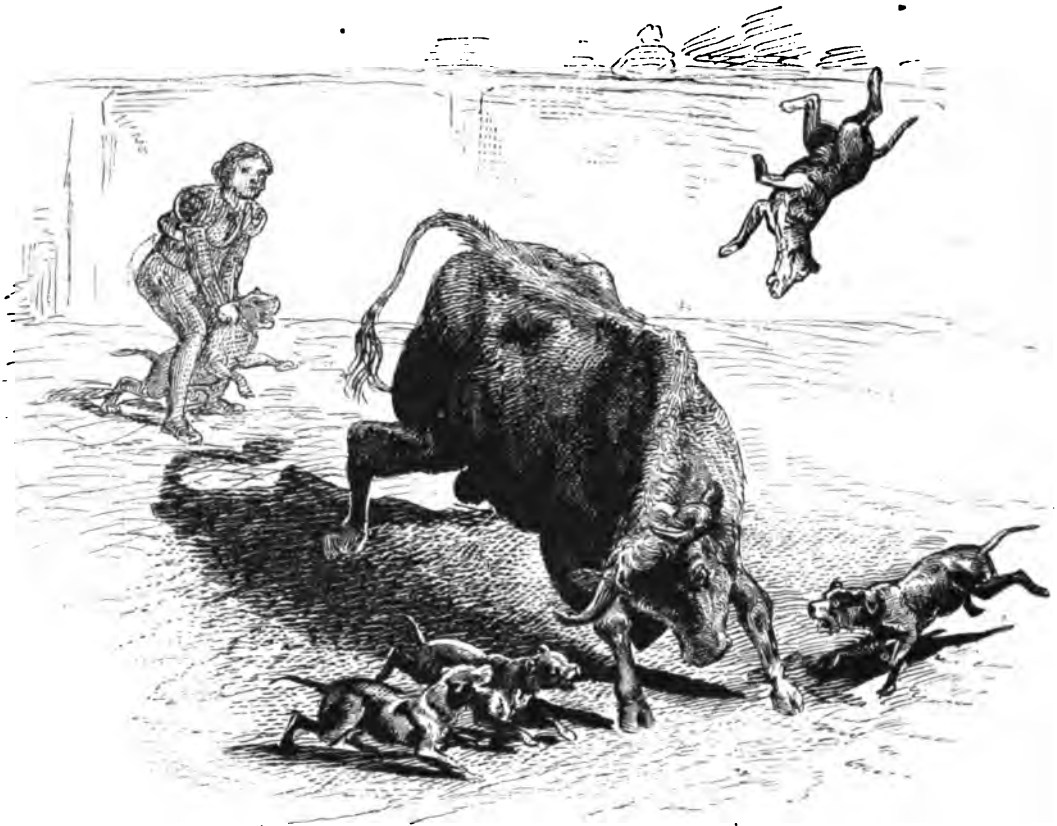


THE ESPADA.

The more horses mangled and killed the better the sport is relished, and the enjoyment never reaches its climax until at least one human life has been sacrificed. One would suppose that the death of a *torero* would evoke some expression of pity among his fellow-creatures, or would, at least, be allowed to pass in respectful silence; but this is far from being the case. Even while the unhappy man is being gored and trampled into a shapeless and bloody mass, and his companions are trying in vain to rescue him, his cries are drowned in the tumultuous applause with which the furious efforts of the bull are received. A few of the younger ladies may put up their fans and rid themselves of a

preserved among the flying vehicles and horsemen. Huge omnibuses, carrying forty passengers, and drawn by gayly-decked mules, are rushing by at a gallop; along with the splendid carriages of the nobility with footmen and outriders, and beautiful women reclining upon the cushions; gorgeous four-in-hands, Valencian *tartanas*, gigs, coaches, and all kinds of obsolete conveyances that have been resurrected for the occasion, with donkeys and Rosinantes innumerable.

There are several other methods of baiting and torturing bulls in Spain than the one above described. During the winter months occasional performances are given to train the *toreros* who are taking their prelimi-



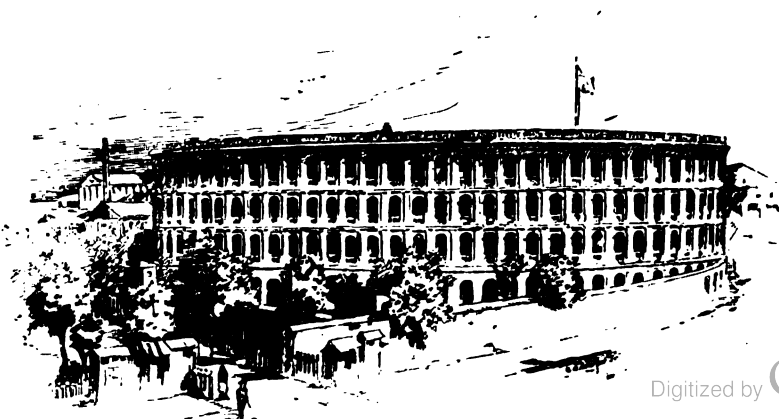
BAITING WITH DOGS.

nary lessons in the art. They are called *Corridas de Novillos*, and, though the bulls' horns are padded, these encounters are very dangerous. Women take part in them, dressed in the style of their masculine models. They wear, in addition, an osier shield like a headless barrel, protecting the body from the bosom to the knees, and covered with canvas decorated with scenes from the ring. More curious still than these female exhibitions are the games that form the taste and foster the talent of the rising generation, wherein mere boys are the actors and a half-grown but pugnacious calf is substituted for the more formidable animal. The juveniles often acquit themselves with credit, to the unbounded delight of their parents, who see in each spirited attack or

agile movement a certain indication of future distinction in their profession.

The profits of the bull-fight, like those of the cocking-main, lotteries and similar moral diversions of the Spaniards, are set apart for the benefit of charitable institutions. It is one way "Don Diego" has of compromising with his conscience, and of excusing his predilection for what would otherwise be wholly indefensible. As the receipts of a single *corrida* often amount to thousands of dollars, the annual income from this source would be important did the funds not have to pass through the fingers of several sets of greedy officials, so that they are considerably diminished by the time they are ready to be distributed.

S. P. SCOTT.



BULL RING.

A LOOKER-ON IN PARIS.

PARIS has two sides. It is a gay, charming, joyous city for its own sons and daughters—so gay and so charming that to be compelled to live elsewhere seems to them like being exiled from Paradise. I think, too, that it is a sincere city enough—to its own children. Brother does not eat brother, even there. The true Parisian can live delightfully at small cost—can buy silks or roses at reasonable prices, is not preyed upon by dressmakers or deceived by jewelers; but it is another place for the foreigner, and its delights are dear. Commercial Paris subsists largely off the stranger; while it plays that it lives, moves and has its being for his welfare.

"You my flowers buy?" said to me the dirtiest little gamin on the Rue de Rivoli, stretching up a grimy little hand holding some violets and a bunch of mignonette. He had learned his two or three words of English painfully, and he had a touching faith in them; for when I shook my head at him, he said: "You me give a penny—poor leetle Eenglish boy!" He amused me, and I confess with shame that I rewarded his barefaced attempt to pass himself off as a compatriot with two pennies. The shops beguile you with promises in their windows of English spoken and of Spanish spoken; but, as regards the smaller shops, the English-speaking person has an unfortunate habit of being gone to breakfast, or if he be, by some happy accident *en evidence*, his English is usually that of the phrase-book, and equal only to inquiring if you have the glove of your brother. It is odd how little English is known in Paris. Well-educated Russians speak English as a rule; Germans, Swedes and Norwegians speak English; but Frenchmen seem to cultivate a profound indifference to the language of the dear little island across the Channel. When I passed a winter in Paris, I was offered by a London poet—who was himself half a Frenchman in his knowledge of and love for French life and language and literature—letters to a large group of the French poets and novelists of the day.

"But," said my friend, "only one of them speaks English; somehow they never seem to think it worth their while to learn. Monsieur M., you will find, speaks very good English. In fact, he is professor of English in a French college."

Monsieur M. was a great comfort and pleasure to me that winter, and his English was such, at least, as I could readily understand; but he always made three syllables of themselves—"themsel-vés," he called it—and he used to say "lov-éd" and "wish-éd." He always talked of things as unuseful, instead of useless, and he usually put his objects before his verbs, instead of after them. And he spoke better English than I have heard from any other Frenchman above the rank of a valet or a courier.

In going to Paris this year I betook myself to a very grand hotel, the resort of millionaires and of princes. The German Baroness Rothschild was living there; the Princess Dolgorouki had dwelt there for some months with her dogs and her children. Lord This and Lady That made it their headquarters; and I saw their stately carriages, with strong, sleek horses, and coachmen in sumptuous liveries, rolling in and out of the solemn old courtyard. This sounds as if I were very extravagant, but I really was not. My pleasantly-furnished bed-room—to which I mounted by what the French call an "*ascenseur*," the English a "lift," and we

an "elevator"—was in the sixth story, and for it I paid six francs (\$1.20) a day. My early breakfast of *café au lait* and rolls and butter was brought to me there, and cost me forty cents a day; service was thirty cents more, so that for a dollar and ninety cents a day I abode and breakfasted over the heads of the princes.

My other meals I procured outside, at one restaurant and another. Usually I was accompanied by a friend—so charming a woman that a dinner of herbs graced by her presence would have seemed a banquet. We tried all sorts of experiments in dining, and when two people dine together in Paris it can really be managed, very economically, even at a grand restaurant. You call for one portion of each of the dishes you desire, and one portion is always quite enough for two. Then there are cozy little places where they give you *dejeuners* and *diners* at a fixed price, fifty cents for the breakfast and sixty for 'the dinner being the ordinary charge. Your breakfast, for fifty cents, consists of sardines, or radishes and bread and butter, to begin with; then you have nicely-cooked fish; then steak or chop or cutlet, with a little dessert of fruit and a half bottle of simple red wine for drink. Your dinner, for sixty cents, will begin with soup; then you will have fish, some kind of meat, roast chicken and salad, concluding with fruit, and accompanied by the little bottle of red wine. These dinners are perfectly well cooked, and suited to the requirements of a slender purse, and from them you can go on and up to any extent of luxury. At the *table d'hôte* of the Grand Hotel you dine sumptuously for one dollar and sixty cents, including *vin ordinaire*; while at some of the best restaurants you can easily spend from ten to twenty dollars for your dinner.

One night I had to go out for my six-o'clock dinner without my friend, and it occurred to me to seek out a new place, and try a little experiment of my own. I walked up the Rue St Honoré till I came to a quiet looking *café*. It seemed a very simple place, so homely as to commend itself to my investigations. I went in. The *carte du jour* was handed to me, with no prices affixed to the viands. I gave my orders with unsuspicious and tranquil mind, and while I waited for my soup I chanced to open a book in which the price list was given, and I found that the *soupe à la bisque* I had ordered in this modest place was sixty cents, and other things in proportion. I went away a poorer and a wiser woman.

The very streets of Paris are full of interest, the interest of a life as unlike as possible to that of either England or America. You meet a French funeral, and you see a modest hearse, and perhaps a carriage or two, with a band of mourners following on foot and bareheaded, however cold may be the weather. As the procession passes every man lifts his hat and waits, uncovered and reverently, until it passes. In England you meet a funeral *cortège*, and the external trappings of its woe are overwhelming. From the corners of the great, cumbrous hearse nod lofty sable plumes. The horses look as if they had come out of some strange world of night and darkness. They are great creatures "of the blackest black our eyes endure," without a white hair anywhere; and they move with preternatural gravity, as horses should whose daily work it is to make

"Funeral marches to the grave."

The drivers and the men sitting beside them are clad in

the deepest mourning. Their hats are swathed round with bombazine, which falls down their backs like a woman's mourning veil. But here their solemnity ends; They wear a cheerful air, as if rejoicing that business is prosperous; and I have seen them joke and laugh with each other, as if they might have been telling good stories of the dead they were carrying to his long home. As to the English crowd through which this gloomy-looking procession passes, not a hat is lifted, no notice is taken of it whatever.

There is another imposing vehicle which dominates the French streets besides the hearse. I refer to the omnibus, which attracts the attention of fear and dismay, rather than of sympathy. French omnibuses are drawn by three strong horses, harnessed abreast, and they tear on through the streets at an incredible pace, like an army bent on destruction and charging at double quick. I do not think a French omnibus ever yet halted on its fatal course for man, woman or child. All you can do is to get out of its way, and that you must do very hurriedly. I never see one without fancying that it is the European revival of the Car of Juggernaut.

But the French people seem, in spite of the omnibuses, to live and prosper and grow fat—oh, how fat they *do* grow when they pass middle life, especially the women! They are a light-hearted people, as a

whole, though in the faces of some of the men there is a solemn gloom, as if they were longing for the red days of the revolution to return. But this very sullenness is unlike the brutal, hopeless sullenness of the English lowest class—those hideous, bleared, sodden wretches who stand leaning up against the walls of the big-windowed "Publics." These English have no hope—save for more gin—no intention to struggle, no longing to rise, no vestige of self-respect. The sullenest French bore respects himself, even unduly, and believes that he is good enough to adorn a palace. These men in blouses crowd before the windows of picture shops when any good thing is on exhibition with as eager an interest as you feel yourself. They appreciate art, these French *roturiers*, as the Germans do music. They have one supreme love, however, and that is Paris.

And after awhile you begin to understand this passion. You walk through the Garden of the Tuileries, populous with Coustons's statues; you hear the gay out-of-door music; you see the sunset on the Seine; the evening lights flash out in arches and in clusters on the *Champs Élysées*, and the little bird begins to sing in your brain that sings forever and forever, "How beautiful is Paris!" and, however far away you go, his song will lure you back, and each time your pretty, perilous Paris will hold you in her toils more firmly than before.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD II—CHAPTER VI.

THE winter advances; Christmas comes; comes, as it not infrequently now comes to the world's greatest city, in an almost total darkness; a choking yellow darkness. The gas has to be lit at ten o'clock in the morning. Drearly it flares, from the imperceptible dawn until the indiscriminated night. Under its and the fog's pestilent breaths the flowers in the stands wither; the carefully-cherished puny ferns shrink away into death. Through the suffocating obscurity the church-bells ring muffled; the cabs crawl cautiously at a foot's pace, and the omnibuses cease to run. None of the Churchill family have been able to get to church; and either by that fact or by the fog, their spirits and tempers are sensibly worsened.

Mrs. Churchill likes to go to church on Christmas Day; it is a sort of fetish, the loss of which may entail disadvantage upon her, either in this world or in the next.

"How anything short of absolute necessity can keep any one in England during the winter months, passes my comprehension!" cries she, taking up her old cry, and pettishly clicking together the clasps of the prayer-book, in which she has been reading the lessons for the day.

Sarah, her only companion, makes no reply; not that she is absorbed in any occupation, but because the remark appears to her to be both old and worthless.

"And I am far from feeling sure that we shall ever get away after all," continues the elder woman, seeing that she may wait in vain for a sympathetic response.

"I feel no sort of confidence in Belinda," in an exasperated voice; "she is quite capable of throwing him over at the last moment. What do you think? do you not hear that I am speaking to you? do you not think that she is quite capable of throwing him over at the last moment?"

"It shall not be for want of asking if she does not," replies Sarah surlily.

"I really do not see that you have any right to put pressure upon her," rejoins Mrs. Churchill crossly; "I cannot see that it is any business of yours; because *you* behaved extremely ill to him, is no reason why you should incite your sister to do the same. In fairness to him, I must insist upon your not attempting to influence her one way or the other!"

"You *may* insist," replies Sarah undutifully, her soft round face growing dogged and hard; "but as long as I have one breath left, I shall spend it in trying to hinder her from such a monstrous suicide."

"*Suicide!*" repeats Mrs. Churchill angrily; "pooh! you may be very thankful if you ever get any one to make as good a settlement upon you as he has done upon her! *Suicide* indeed!"

"Why do you not marry him yourself, if you are so pleased with him?" asks Sarah cynically; "it seems all one to him which of us he marries, so as he gets one of the family; it seems to be the breed, not the individual, that he admires. Marry him yourself, and carry him off to Cannes; I assure you that I will not move a finger to prevent you!"

"He is a man not without distinction in his own

line," pursues Mrs. Churchill, affecting not to have heard her granddaughter's last ironical suggestion; "though it happens to be a line which you are quite incapable of appreciating. He is not handsome, certainly, but there is a good deal of—of," hesitating for an encomium—"of character in his face. He has made an excellent settlement upon her; it quite took me by surprise. She is twenty-one, and it is her first *bond-fide* offer; I think you will not be acting at all a friend's part in making her quarrel with her bread-and-butter."

"Whether I am acting the part of a friend or not," retorts Sarah obstinately, marching towards the door, "I promise you that I shall carry my remonstrances to the altar-foot; and so would you if you did your duty. You may like to know," firing a defiant parting shot from the doorway, "that I am going straight to her now to resume the subject."

She is as good as her word. She finds Belinda where she knew that she would find her, in her little back sitting-room, but not employed as she had expected. She had thought to come upon her stooping over her eternal copy-books; but for once they are laid aside. She is sitting on the hearthrug, the gas glaring above her and casting its ugly shadows upon her cheeks, making them look lined and hollow. Strewn about her is a small litter of old writing-desks, old work-boxes, childish relics. On her lap lies open a morocco pocket-book, over which, on Sarah's entrance, she hastily puts her hands, as if to conceal it.

"I am setting my house in order," she says, looking up with a rather guilty smile. "Did you ever see such a squirrel's nest? Here is the case of court-plaster that you gave me on my eighth birthday. Do you remember how fond we were of giving each other court-plaster? Here is the lady's companion that granny brought me from Bath; I remember crying because she brought you a much better one. Even as long ago as then," looking pensively at the little rusty old pair of scissors and the dim bodkin, "it began."

"What were you looking at when I came in?" asks Sarah brusquely, and dropping on her knees beside her sister.

Belinda starts. Her first impulse is to clasp her hands in still closer guardianship over her hid treasure; but her next corrects it.

"You are quite welcome to see them once more, before they go into the fire," she says quietly, though in the yellow gaslight her cheeks crimson. "I do not know why I should hide them; they are relics of an affection almost as warm and as steady as granny's. There!" picking up and holding scornfully between her finger and thumb for Sarah's inspection one withered flower after another. "That was once a gardenia; that was a Cape jessamine; that was a tuberose. How pretty they look! how sweetly they smell now! Have you looked enough at them? Off with them then!"

As she speaks, and despite Sarah's hand stretched out with involuntary eagerness to check her, she tosses the little dry skeletons into the fire, where, with a hardly perceptible shrivel and crackle, they for ever disappear.

Belinda watches them with a hard, dry eye.

"Are you satisfied?" she says, turning to her sister and exhibiting the pocket-book extended, empty from cover to cover. "There is nothing else in it except my love-letter; it is humiliating to have but one, is it not? Would you like to read it again before it follows those pretty flowers, or may it go at once?"

"Give it me!" cries Sarah, snatching the little sheet, which looks older than it really is from obvious hard wear, continual unfolding, blistering tears. "I will

read it again. Perhaps reading it in cold blood like this, the meaning may strike one differently!"

"If you wish I can spare you the trouble," says Belinda bitterly. "I can say it to you if you wish."

The fire burns low and dull; and Sarah rises and stands right beneath the gas, so that no lack of light may hinder her examination of the document in her hand. But the rays of a June sun would be in this case of no use.

"I can make nothing of it," she says dispiritedly, giving it back to its owner; "but do not—do not burn it!"

For a moment Belinda hesitates, considering with quivering eyelids and trembling lip the small and faded paper. Then in a moment it has followed the flowers.

At first it gives a curling writhe, as if it hurt it to be burnt; then one or two sentences come out very clear before flying in black film up the chimney. The one that lasts longest and disappears latest is, "Oh, forgive me!"

After that there is silence. Sarah has dropped sulkily into an arm-chair; and Belinda has turned again to her childish treasures, and is beginning to sort and part them. But her hands move mechanically of their own accord, and with that want of purpose which shows that they are not directed by the brain.

When a quarter of an hour has gone dumbly by, Belinda speaks, in that flat and spiritless voice which is now habitual to her:

"I wanted to ask your advice; I want you to give me your opinion. Is it necessary—am I bound in honor to tell Professor Forth?"

She stops with a sudden sobbing catch in her breath.

"If you think that your confidence will be in the least likely to make him break his engagement, tell him by all means!" replies Sarah surlily. "Not only tell him what there is to tell, but invent a great deal more besides. I promise you that I will aid you with all the powers of my imagination!"

"Must I really tell him?" groans Belinda, with an accent of such acute pain that Sarah's heart smites her.

"Tell him!" she cries compassionately. "My poor child, what is there to tell?"

"What indeed!" acquiesces Belinda, in bitter humility. But she looks relieved. "Even if there were anything to tell," she goes on a moment later—"but, as you justly say, there is nothing, for one is not answerable to any one for the freaks of one's own imagination—but even if there were, he has no concern with my past, has he? It is only from the tenth of next month onwards that I am accountable to him for my actions!"

"The tenth of next month!" repeats Sarah fiercely, "What, is that still the day on which the gallows is to be erected?"

"If you think that by wording it so offensively, you will induce me to put it off, you are mistaken," answers Belinda, with an access of miserable, sore ill-humor; "and you know the sooner I am 'out of the way'—I am always in the way now—the sooner you can be off to the South!"

"Save your sneers for granny, who deserves them," answers Sarah, genuinely hurt. "I do not."

"I know you do not!" cries the other remorsefully; "but you were the nearest thing to me. It seems, nowadays, as if I must put my sting into whatever is nearest to me!"

"That is the right frame of mind in which to be led to the gal—to the altar, is it not?" retorts Sarah sarcastically; and again they are silent.

"I now wish to heaven," resumes Sarah devoutly, at

the expiration of a heavy interval, "that I had married him myself. Intensely as I should have disliked it, he could not have made me as unhappy as he will you. A wineglass holds less than a hogshead; and the pious hope of an early widowhood, which you will be too conscientious to indulge, would have buoyed me up!"

Belinda's only answer is a sickly smile.

"You would have gone on living with granny and the dogs," pursues Sarah, in earnest narrative; "she would have grown civil to you when she found that she had no one else to depend on, and she really is very good company when she chooses; and by-and-by, some fine day, Rivers might have come back. No, no!" resolutely catching and holding down with her small, strong wrists the hands that her sister is hurrying to her tortured face. "I do not care whether you wince or no! I do not care whether it hurts you or no; you *must* and *shall* hear. *Some day—Rivers—might—have come back again!* He may come back still; but it may be after the tenth of January.

She pauses dramatically, and fixes her eyes upon the poor quivering features, so barely exposed to her piercing scrutiny. There comes no answer but a moaning sigh.

"I can give you no reason for it," continues Sarah; "I know no more about him than you do; but I have a conviction—something tells me, that there has been some mistake, some hitch, some unavoidable delay!"

"An unavoidable delay of eighteen months!" says Belinda, with faltering irony. "How likely!"

"A letter has been lost."

"Letters are never lost," hopelessly.

"Well, have it as you like!" cries Sarah impatiently. "All the same, my conviction remains that some day he will come back again. How glad you will be to see him! How pleasant it will be for you to introduce him to your husband, Mr. Forth!"

By a great wrench, Belinda succeeds in loosing one hand; but it is a very insufficient shield, and she has failed in liberating the other, so sturdily held in Sarah's small but potent grasp.

"I see him coming into the room with those blazing eyes of his," goes on Sarah, in a sort of prophetic frenzy—"they were not much like Mr. Forth's eyes, were they?—and you introducing them to each other: 'My husband, Mr. Forth! Mr. Rivers!' I envy you that moment!"

But at this Belinda tears herself free.

"This is too much!" she says, in a suffocated voice, and struggling to reach the door. "Let me go! I *must* go! I can bear no more."

But Sarah falls on her knees, and catches her sister's gown.

"Do you think it is as bad as the reality will be?" she asks, in a thrilling clear voice. "And you will not be able to run away from it! Do you suppose that there will be a single corner in the whole earth in which you can take refuge from it?"

Something in Sarah's tone has, more than her detaining gesture, arrested Belinda's flight. Stock-still she stands, in a wretched irresolution, death-pale.

"It is too late!" she murmurs miserably.

"It is *not* too late!" cries Sarah in wild excitement, clasping her sister's knees; it will be too late after the tenth, but it is not too late now. Give it up! Throw him over! What will he care? What harm will it do him? How much the worse is he for having been thrown over by me?"

Belinda still stands, white and trembling, her eyes staring stonily out into vacancy. Before them, though they seem to see nothing, stands that dreadful vision

conjured up by her sister; and the sight of it makes every limb shake.

"It is impossible!" she says feebly.

"It is *not* impossible!" asseverates Sarah, in passionate heat. "Give me a chance, and I will show you whether it is possible or no. Let me tell him. Give me that commission as my Christmas-box; it would be the best I ever had! I will tell him," laughing rather hysterically, "that it is a constitutional peculiarity of our family!"

Perhaps it is Sarah's laugh that recalls her sister to a more normal condition of feeling. With a long sigh she comes back to reality.

"Who would tell granny?" she asks, with a sarcastic smile. "Who would dare break to her that she was not to be robbed of her darling after all?"

"I would!" cries Sarah, with delighted eagerness. I know few things in the world that would give me a purer pleasure. Let me go now, at once! Strike while the iron is hot!" jumping up, and moving in her turn rapidly toward the door. But it is now Belinda who detains her.

"Pooh!" she says coldly; "it was only a flight of fancy on my part. It would be amusing to give her a fright; but she has no real cause for alarm. What change has happened that I should change?" in a lifeless tone. "Your word-painting was so vivid, that for one moment I thought he had come back; but it seems not. I think," with a bitter smile, "that if I waited for him to come back to me, I should wait my life long."

"I do not ask you to wait your life long," cries Sarah, redoubling that energy of persuasion which, as she disappointedly sees, has been hitherto exercised in vain. "I only ask you to wait *one month!* Surely," with a scathing sneer, "the joys that you expect are not so poignant but that you can afford to defer them for four weeks!"

"Why should I defer them?" asks Belinda, with a fierce restlessness in eye and gesture. "If I had had my will, I should have been married by now. It is this state of transition which is worst of all; one is unhinged; one is off one's balance."

Sarah has again fallen down on the floor before her sister, and is again suppliantly clasping her knees.

"One month! one month!" she cries beseechingly. "And before the month is out, you may be down on your knees as I am, thanking God and me for having saved you from perdition. One month! one month!"

She has pressed her head against her sister's gown, and through the woollen stuff her tears are soaking—Sarah's rare tears!

There is such a compelling ring in her voice that Belinda's cold, sick heart throbs beneath it. Again that vision rises before her, but changed and beautified. Rivers is coming into the room, but between him and her there thrusts itself no chill, pedant figure.

As she so stands hesitating, thrilling, in a waking dream, the door of the room does in effect fly open, and some one enters. Is it Rivers? Alas, no!

"A merry Christmas to you!" bawls Miss Watson, noisily entering, and throwing her greeting at them like a paving-stone. "I have just been up to wish granny a merry Christmas, but she does not seem very bright, eh? Do you think she is breaking at all? She did not seem up to her usual mark!"

Sarah has sprung to her feet, her habitual *aplomb* gone, and her one impulse to hide, at any price, her tear-stained face from the horny eyes of the intruder.

"Why, you do not look very bright either!" cries the

latter, looking inquisitively from one to the other of the girls' dismal faces. What is it? Christmas bills? Colds? You look as if you had a cold!" concentrating her whole attention upon Sarah, whose face is so little used to being inundated with tears that it resents it, and shows the traces more plainly than does one that is frequently bewept.

"I have," she answers, snatching eagerly at the excuse, and violently resuming a part of her usual nonchalant self-command; "a terrific cold. I have had it for—*for years!* If I were you, I would not come near me, or I shall give it you as soon as look at you!"

"Pooh!" replies Miss Watson doughtily. "You should take a cold bath all the year round, and wear flannel next your skin. Look at me!"

"Are you the result of taking a cold bath all the year round, and wearing flannel next the skin?" asks Sarah innocently, stealing a covert glance at her own foggy image in the little Chippendale mirror over the mantel-piece, to see how far she is recovered.

But Miss Watson does not hear.

"I am sure I do not know how I ever got here!" continues she, drawing up a chair to the fire, and setting her large feet on the fender; "there is not a cab to be had. I felt my way all round Berkeley Square by the railings. Five or six times I was as nearly as possible run over!"

"Just heavens, why not *quite*?" murmurs Sarah under her breath.

"I never remember such a Christmas Day; do *you* ever remember such a Christmas Day? I have just been asking granny whether in all her long experience, *she* ever remembers such a Christmas Day."

"If you have been appealing to granny's long experience," rejoins Sarah sarcastically, "no wonder you did not find her very bright; there is nothing in the world that she hates so much."

"I told her how ill I thought her looking," goes on the visitor comfortably, rubbing her knees, advanced in close proximity to the fire; "she tells me that it is the climate; that it is killing her by inches. She seems to have her heart set upon going to the Riviera; why does she not go?" with another look of acute inquisitiveness darted at her two companions. "She spoke of there being some tiresome hitch—something in the way; what is it—eh?"

"We cannot bear to go so far away from you," replies Sarah impudently, but with a nervous laugh and look toward her sister; "that is it."

But a curiosity so robust as Miss Watson's is not to be blunted by a jest. That great Toledo blade is not to be turned aside by a light rapier.

"No question of *£ s. d.*, eh?" says she persistently; "the Riviera grows dearer every year! No? Anything about either of you then?" trying to get a better idea of Belinda than the rather drooped nape of her white neck and one homespun shoulder afford; "any little—little *entanglement*, eh?"

"You have hit it!" cries Sarah jeeringly; "it is useless to try and conceal anything from you: we are endeavoring to arrange a marriage between me and the Archbishop of Canterbury; and as he cannot conveniently leave his see, we think it as well that I should remain in the neighborhood."

It is obvious that nothing is to be made of Sarah; the visitor turns her attention toward the other sister.

"Any more Latin exercises, Belinda?" she asks in a rallying voice; "has Professor Forth been helping you to do any more Latin exercises? does he often come? do you see much of him? does he ever ask you to go down to Oxbridge, eh?"

To these questions Belinda's answer is so unready that her junior has again to come to her aid.

"Of course," she answers ironically; "but he says he will not have us, unless we bring you too."

"As to that," replies Miss Watson, her rhinoceros-hide quite unpunctured by the pricks of this angry persiflage, "I can tell you I have a very good mind to take a run down there. What do you say to our making up a party? we would make him give us luncheon and take us about; they are always delighted to give one luncheon and take one about; and if we can get hold of Rivers, we will make him come too."

She looks triumphantly round to collect the suffrages of her companions as to this project; but neither is equal to giving utterance to any opinion upon it.

"Apropos of Rivers," continues the other, too happy in the sound of her own voice to miss the lacking response, and addressing the observation more especially to Belinda, "a very odd thing happened to me. I had not gone five yards from your house the other day, before I met him. I asked him at once whether he was on his way to call upon you."

"And he said what?" asks Sarah, trying to speak lightly, but with a hurry in her voice that she cannot still.

"He said 'No.'"

"That answer had at least the merit of brevity," replies Sarah, laughing forcedly and changing her position so as to interpose the slight bulwark of her girlish figure between her sister and their guest.

"I asked him why not. I said 'Do go; they expect you.'"

"That did not show a rigorous attention to truth on your part," rejoins Sarah sharply: "we did not expect him. But what did he say to that? was his answer marked by the same courteous diffuseness as before?"

"He did not say anything; he walked on very fast and hailed a hansom; but I should not wonder if he did come after all," consolingly. "I called out to him just as he was driving off, to be sure not to forget. Is that the luncheon-bell? Dear me! how the morning has run away! I suppose," with her loud assured laugh, "that you will give me a slice of beef and plum pudding, will you not, eh?"

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER that Christmas morning Sarah spends her eloquence in vain. She may draw what pictures and practice what oratory and cry what tears she chooses. Of what use is it to draw pictures for, or address appeals to, or weep tears over a stone? And as far as any malleability or power of receiving impressions from without goes, Belinda is henceforth a stone. She accepts all her sister's appeals in a sullen dogged silence. Whether she ever even hears them, Sarah is ignorant. She gives no sign of having done so by any least emotion produced by them. She listens, or seems to listen, with phlegmatic indifference to the sarcasms, vituperations, witticisms, poured from Sarah's cornucopia upon her future husband. They awake in her neither anger nor pain. She makes no effort to check them. Apparently she would as soon hear them as not. But at the end of them, when Sarah, from pure loss of breath—not, heaven knows, from any lack of good-will!—has paused, things are at precisely the same point as they were when she began.

Beaten and discouraged, she desists at last. Not indeed that she ever constrains herself so far as to omit tacking on some abusive adjective to the name of her future brother-in-law whenever she has occasion to

mention him. Nor is it until she has exhausted every possible expletive as far as she knows the English language, and applied them not only to him, but to his mother, that she desists at all. She relieves her feelings by putting all the dogs into mourning, tying a piece of black crape round each of their tails; a proceeding which fills Punch with fury, Pug with *mauvaise honte*, and Jane with pride. Jane has that love for finery which is implanted in many plain persons.

With a face set like a flint, Belinda marches to her doom. And neither dogs nor men can retard the approach of the date of that doom. There are no preparations to delay it. She has steadfastly adhered to her determination to have no new clothes.

"A willful woman will have her way!" Mrs. Churchill says, shaking that head whose eyes seem to grow brighter and her cheeks pinker and smoother as each day brings her nearer to the tenth of January and the South of France. "I suppose you know your own affairs best; and I fancy that you will not have much need for dress at Oxbridge; the only time that I was there I thought all the women shockingly *fagotté*."

She stops and shrugs her shoulders at the recollection; but even as she shrugs a smile hovers across her lips. She is thinking that her French tour will be none the worse for having her purse made heavier by the weight of Belinda's *corbeille*.

"I am too annoyed about Belinda," she says on another occasion to her younger granddaughter; "but you know how useless argument is! She is as obstinate as a mule; and since she has determined to be no expense to me, I was thinking," her eye lightening, "of getting one or two things for ourselves: I should not wonder if, after all, I might manage to let you have that plush cloak trimmed with fisher-tails that you asked me for at Cécile's the other day. Come! what do you say?" tapping her cheek with an air of fond friskiness.

"I say that I will not have it!" replies Sarah doggedly; "it is blood-money!"

The settlements are drawn up. Belinda's widowhood and her younger children are provided for. Bought are license and ring. The latter Professor Forth brought one day to be tried on; and Belinda, with white, shut lips, pallidly essayed it. There is no bustle of arriving parcels, no wedding presents to be displayed. Miss Churchill has sternly insisted upon an absolute secrecy being observed as regards her engagement. She can bear to be married, but gifts and congratulations upon her marriage she could not bear. So that the comers and goers to the little house in — Street still come and go, without suspicion that anything out of the ordinary course is brewing beneath its modest roof.

Mrs. Churchill would have preferred that the betrothal should be proclaimed from the housetops. It would give it a body and solidity that just at first she fears it lacks. An engagement known to all the world is much more difficult of rupture than one to which only the three or four persons most nearly concerned are privy.

"Belinda is so odd and crotchety," she says one afternoon, as she and Sarah are driving home through the Park together; "why, if she is in earnest, should she object to people being told? Do you think there would be any harm in my just giving a hint of it to the Crawfords, and Dalzells, and Lady Hunt, and—and just our own intimates? They will be so hurt at being left out in the cold; and I am sure that they would give her something handsome. Even if she does not care for personal ornaments, they might give her plate; I do

not suppose," with an amused smile, "that there is likely to be much plate in the Forth family!"

"And you think," retorts Sarah, with a fiery eye and a curling lip, "that the more people you tell about it the more Belinda will be nailed to keeping it! Do you think that, after all these years, I do not understand you?"

The elder woman looks rather foolish, and does not repeat her suggestion.

And now, indeed, all necessity for it is at an end. There is obviously no need to tie Belinda with the cords of convention and public opinion to her fagot and stake. The tenth of January has come, and she has yet shown no sign of flinching. To insure the greater privacy the marriage is to take place at nine o'clock in the morning. Not a soul is bidden to it. There are no bridesmaids or groomsmen, no train of wedding guests.

Even Mrs. Churchill, on hearing of the earliness of the hour, has, like those wedding guests that Scripture speaks of, begged to be excused. Perhaps it is not only the raw winter morning from which she shrinks. Perhaps she is not particularly anxious to be an ocular witness of that ceremony which she has certainly speeded with her prayers.

"I hope you do not think it unkind of me, my child," she says, appearing at her dressing-room door in a pretty laced dressing-gown as she hears her granddaughter descending the stairs to the brougham; "but you know what a London church is, and you know what my neuralgia is. How nice you look!" smilingly surveying the dark, homespun suit, so dark and brown as in the shabby light to look quite black, and the rigidly plain close bonnet which her granddaughter has chosen for her wedding garments.

Belinda smiles too—a smile of which her grandmother is not particularly fond of thinking afterward.

"Yes, do I not?" she says—"so like a bride!"

"In point of fact," continues the old lady rather hurriedly, and not much relishing the tone of this acquiescence in her compliment, "I shall be far more useful at home; I shall insure the house being thoroughly well warmed for you when you come back; you shall find roaring fires in every room!"

"We shall not come back," replies Belinda quietly.

"Not come back?" (with an accent of extreme surprise). "You are going abroad then?"

"No; but there is nothing to come back for."

"And whose fault is that, pray?" asks her grandmother with an uncomfortable laugh. "If I had had my way, there would have been plenty to come back for: a good breakfast; a score of people; speeches!"

"But that was not my way," replies Belinda, again faintly smiling; "and as you say sometimes, *tous les goûts sont respectables*. I am afraid that I shall be late if I delay any longer; good-by, granny."

She speaks the two last words quite gently and friendly, and holds out her fair cold cheek to be kissed. Mrs. Churchill is afterwards not much fonder of thinking of the feel of that cheek, than of the look of that smile before spoken of—it was as of the dead.

And meanwhile, through the dismal morning streets, dirty with that worst of all dirtiness, dirty snow, and where the lamp-lighters have only just put out the lamps, and would have done better not to put them out at all, Belinda drives, her sister by her side. The angry tears are raining down Sarah's face, encouraged rather than checked by their owner. In her small warm hands (for even on a bitter January morning *wrath* is warming) lie tightly clasped Belinda's cold ones. The shop-boys are only just beginning to take down the shutters;

in the haberdashers' undressed windows, instead of costly fabrics and dainty webs, are to be seen nothing but bare boards and skeleton stands. The blue-armed housemaids are scrubbing the door-steps; through the squares the milk-carts rush.

"I wish you would cry," says Sarah presently, from among her sobs.

"Why should I?" replies Belinda calmly; "it is my own doing."

"That is the worst of it!" cries Sarah passionately; "if you were doing it for some great cause—to save granny from the workhouse, or me from the scaffold—there would be some sense in it! there is no sense now!"

There is no sense in it! The words keep echoing, dancing—set to a teasing tune—in Belinda's head for the rest of the way. They reach the church-door. The carriage stops.

"We have got to the gallows, it seems!" says Sarah, with a fresh burst of sobs, then, vehemently wringing her sister's hands, she cries desperately: "Belinda! it is not too late yet! there is still time! it is not too late yet to go back!"

"I have no wish to go back," replies Belinda firmly, though her voice is low and weak, and her lips are white; "why should I wish to go back, when it is my own doing?"

So they get out. At the door they are received by a Churchill cousin, who, summoned as Belinda's nearest male relative to give her away, stands awaiting them, cross and shivering.

"Has he come? is he here? I do not see him!" says Sarah, with a last flare up of hope, peering eagerly into the church, where here and there (only here and there, for they are not nearly all lit) a gas-lamp displays its dreary yellow flicker on the background of thick morning fog. "Yes?"—then with a sudden collapse into disappointment—"then he has not had a paralytic stroke at the last moment, worse luck!"

They walk up the aisle; a snuffy old pew-opener in a black crape bonnet preceding them; Belinda on her cousin's arm; Sarah, in her ostentatiously paraded grief, bringing up the rear. They have arrived at the altar, the candles upon which are lit, their wavering light falling upon an impatient clergyman and two elderly men; for the bridegroom has brought with him a friend of his own age and calling, whom he has summoned from Oxbridge to support him. The Churchill cousin has never before seen the bridegroom, nor has the bridegroom's friend ever before seen the bride. The opposing parties now stare at each other in unaffected astonishment. All through the service, the young Churchill, who had once himself thrown out feelers in the direction of Belinda, and had them civilly and firmly at once returned to him, is setting himself angrily in imagination by the side of the bridegroom, and wondering what the devil Belinda can have seen in this ugly old curmudgeon to prefer to himself.

All through the service, the bridegroom's supporter is staring in gaping wonder at the beautiful broken-hearted-looking girl, who has mysteriously elected to unite her fate with that of his old friend; ruefully reflecting that she will bring certain death to the constitutional, and the pipes, and the discussions on the *Enclitic de*, and such-like light subjects, which they have been in the habit of sharing for the best part of the last forty years. All through the service the bridegroom is peevishly glancing over his shoulder to see whence comes the draught of raw air that, despite the

black velvet skull-cap with which he has furnished himself, he feels at baleful play about his ears. Belinda alone, looks neither to the right nor to the left. If she were really the statue which her fair, still body so closely resembles, she could not be less conscious than she is of dank nipping air or curious look. She appears to listen with close attention, or is it indeed not attention, but the impassiveness of stone? Only once through all the service does her face come to life; and then it is stabbed into life, as one has heard in the grisly dissecting-room tale, of him who, thought dead, was brought back to agonizing momentary life by a knife-thrust! The knife-thrust that brings Belinda back to life lies in the words, "Forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live."

"Forsaking all other!" She has been spared the trouble of forsaking that other. Has he not been beforehand with her? Has he not forsaken her?

Sarah, closely watching her, sees her ashy features contract in such a spasm of mortal pain, that she involuntarily starts forward. Is she going to faint? If she faint, and is carried out of church, may she not be saved even yet? She is not yet married! The service is not yet ended! But the next glance at her face dispels the momentary hope. Belinda is not going to faint; she has gained back her rigidity. She is dead again.

It is over now; over—even to the signing of names in the vestry. The clergyman offers his congratulations, but he does it hastily and abstractedly. He is thinking whether he will have time for a good warming and breakfasting before setting off for the funeral at Kensal Green, at which he has to assist. The bridegroom's friend and the Churchill cousin also offer theirs; but those of the first sound incredulous, and those of the latter ironical. Sarah alone keeps utter silence. The brougham stands at the door, the horse fidgety and stung by the cold. A crossing-sweeper and two pinched street children are watching the strange wedding party's exit. The bridegroom, great-coated and comfortered to the end of his long nose, is bidding adieu to his ally. The bride turns to her sister:

"It is done now!" she says pantingly; "there is no going back from it now!"

"None!" replies Sarah dully.

"Say something to me, Sarah; wish me something good!"

She has flung her arms round her sister in an *épanchement* most unusual with her. Her icy cheek is hard pressed against her sister's hot and tear-reddened one.

"I wish you—I wish you—" cries Sarah, stammering, what between her sobs, the almost ungovernable impulse to invoke upon her sister a speedy widowhood, and the hopelessness of finding any other wish that will not sound—mockery.

"You—you cannot find anything to wish me!" says Belinda tremulously. "You are right; there is nothing."

"I—I wish you," says Sarah, driven to desperation by this tone, and clinging convulsively to her sister as though ten bridegrooms should not force them apart—"I wish you many happy returns of the day!" breaking into an hysterical laugh. "That is ambiguous. I may attach what meaning I choose to it."

These are the last words Belinda Forth hears, before the brougham whirls her away. The Churchill cousin takes Sarah home in a hansom, and a very unpleasant drive he has, as she cries violently the whole way, in passionate self-reproach at having found nothing kinder to say.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

THE time had come when he who should untie the Gordian knot of slavery was to appear. Thousands of the best and bravest had grappled with the problem in vain. Many a gallant knight had graven "Liberty" upon his helm only to find himself sooner or later doing battle for slavery. The high and the low had been baffled. What seemed at the beginning an insoluble enigma had grown daily more intricate and difficult. Slavery, which had grown from a little speck to cover half the political horizon, had from the first falsified all theories. Instead of dying it had flourished; instead of losing strength it had gained power; instead of yielding to the sentiment of the world it openly defied it. It ruled not only the states where it existed, but those which fattened on its results. The great industries of the North consumed its raw material and supplied its demand for manufactured articles and bowed to its behests. Cotton was king, and slavery was the suzerain of cotton. In pride, in power, in wealth, it had grown with every decade stronger and stronger, until now it seemed that the nation was under its absolute control. The sentiment of the North had grown year by year more pronounced, and the opposition to slavery more and more determined, yet the way to its extirpation seemed hourly to grow more difficult, and the desired end to be farther and farther away. Before the wave of sentiment uprose forever the barrier of the Constitution. The fundamental law of the nation's life stood between slavery and the onslaught of its foes. Amendment in the manner prescribed was hopeless. Around or behind this instrument there seemed to be no feasible method of going. To trample it under foot was to destroy the nation based upon it. The life of the Republic was pledged for the life of slavery. "The irrepressible conflict" still held on its triumphant way in the hearts of the American people, but none could see any way to victory. Some there were who demanded the forcible removal of the obstacle. One man who had not ceased to declare for many years that only blood could wash away the evil was preparing to make good his prophecy. He looked forward to a day when the slave should win his way to freedom by force. There were many who agreed with him that there was no other method. Some listened to his plans and vaguely indorsed his designs. To many they were partially disclosed, but none knew their details. He had one thought only: slavery must be destroyed. He cared little for the Constitution, or the nation builded thereon.

Laws, customs and institutions were nothing to him; only the men who were subject to them were sacred in his eyes. For him the universe held but two facts—God, who created all things, and man, made in His image. That slavery was an evil was all he needed to know. That it was doomed to destruction was, by the mere fact of its unholiness, rendered certain beyond question to his mind. How it should be destroyed he did not know—he did not care. That men should die in compassing its destruction he did not doubt; whether one or ten or millions it mattered not. He counted liberty as part of the revealed Word, which he devoutly believed, and to him it was of infinitely less moment that men should die than that its lightest syllable should fail. So, too, while he lived for humanity, he thought it far better that a nation or a race even should perish from the face of the earth than that they should live to suffer wrong. Righteousness and wrong were his two abstractions. To overcome the one was to do the other. He regarded the nation only as a means for achieving a specific end. If the end was not completely achieved he thought the instrument should be at once discarded. On the plains of Kansas, in the swamps of the South, among the snows of the Adirondacks, and in the mountains of Virginia, he thought of but one thing—how he might redeem the slave from the wrong of servitude. Without selfishness or malice or greed, hating with undying bitterness the sin of slavery, he could see no obstacle in the way of liberation of the slaves, except the insincerity and inertness of the people. John Brown represented one extreme of thought. Few even of those who agreed with him had the courage and self-denial to adopt the methods he espoused. He represented the sentiment of the most active and ultra portion of the anti-slavery element. The destruction of slavery at once and at all hazards was their controlling motive. These people had done the better portion of the work of awakening public sentiment upon this question. They were the pioneers without being the leaders of popular belief. There was little need, at the time of which we write, of laboring to convince the Northern masses of the desirability of the result they desired to accomplish. How to obtain it without overthrowing the national fabric was the sole question.

It is a strange fact, and shows a queer phase of our American character, that many of those who were willing to violate the statute law in aiding the fugitive slave, who would even imperil life and liberty in securing for the bondman the means to escape, and were

ready to defend and protect him in such unlawful acts, no sooner perceived that a movement involved the subversion of the Constitution, or actual defiance of its authority, than they at once refused all connection therewith. They were willing to violate the law—to become felons, perhaps, but they could not contemplate with composure the abrogation of the great contract that constitutes the charter of our liberties. Of these there were very many. It mattered not how deep their conviction of the right of liberty and the evil of slavery, they were ready to endure the evil a while longer rather than antagonize the basis principles of our Constitution by assailing the citadel of the state's right, within which slavery was entrenched. This was the feeling of the great mass of the people. The fanatics, who were ready and willing to do and dare anything, were few, very few, in comparison. It was evident that only an absolute conviction of the direst necessity for such a course would induce the American people even to put itself on guard against the institution of slavery. To move against it openly was regarded as treason; to combine against it secretly was accounted sedition.

Besides all this, and after all that could be said, no matter how deep their abhorrence might be, there were very many people of the North who excused their inaction by the declaration:

"It is not a matter for us to consider. The sin of Slavery does not lie at our doors, nor the danger. The institution belongs to the South. Our hands are clean. If they desire to invite the curse it must entail, well and good. We cannot hinder them."

Many strove to overthrow this delusion and prove that every man of the North was, morally, at least, responsible for the act of his fellow-citizen of the South. But in this they made little progress, as it seemed, until there came one to whose homely sentences the people listened as if he spake by inspiration. So clear and cogent were his reasons that no one gave him credit for uttering any new truths. They seemed so plain and simple that the dullest listener conceived that he only heard a re-statement of his own thought. He was a man born of the people, as are all in whom the spirit of the Deliverer dwells. From Mary's son till now the Messianic spirit has ever appeared beneath the lowliest lintel. The Deliverer comes always from the plain. The middle class—above the abject poor, and below the soul-dwarfed rich—is that which gives the world the men that overturn its institutions, relieve its people from the bondage of their past and open the gateway of the future. The greatest of our mighty men was one who stood among us in such simple guise that even those who sat at meat with him dreamed not of his greatness.

By birthright he was of the South, and, as such, cursed by its destiny. Father and mother, smitten by poverty and ignorance, dwelt in the shadow of the Kentucky "knobs." The destiny of the "poor-white" brooded over their united lives. Slavery which made few rich and many poor counted them among its victims. The shame which passed by the slave because of his irresponsibility, lighted on the freeman, compelled, like him, to toil. So that labor became a badge of degradation; and need, which elsewhere was the spur to increased endeavor, there became only a whip to sting and to debase. Labor was degenerated into a badge of servitude—the mark of a subverted manhood. Only idleness was honorable. He whose hand was forced to toil for self-support was kindred to the slave and even less esteemed. Even the slave's con-

tempt was visited on such. "Poor-white!" How the name stuck and stung and dragged downwards! What a world of humiliation in its two syllables! Commiseration, contempt—despair! "White trash!" Expressive synonym! The fringe of a race of princes! The débris of a people whose prerogative it was to rule, and whose distinctive privilege it was to be served by another. It was a sad estate, full of shame and self-abasement, and all the more degrading because their only pride lay in the fact that they were allied in blood to the class who ruled and condemned them. Such was the genesis of the Deliverer. The poor-white birthmark was his sole inheritance.

Yet not in his own person did he feel this degradation. Across the narrow river that skirts "the dark and bloody ground" upon the Northward, a younger sister state, with a happier destiny, had been established. His Bethlehem was on the Sangamon. Yet the brand of the "poor-white" was stamped upon his soul. Poverty and ignorance and hopelessness rocked his cradle. Laughter and tears were strangely mingled in his nature. Little by little he came to know himself. More than thirty years he served before he knew that he had a mission to perform. He was always a dreamer. He did not fast in the desert nor flee to the caverns for inspiration; but the forest and the stream and the prairie—silence and solitude and distance—nourished the dream of power, revealed to him himself. He had few books and no teachers. Man and nature were the volumes which he read most easily and studied most assiduously.

He was not profoundly versed in the lore of the past, but the facts of the present were indelibly stamped upon his mind. His philosophy was direct and simple. He did not waste time in elaborating systems for the future or reasons for the past. How things came to be as they were he was at no trouble to explain. What should be the ultimate outcome of the mixture of good and evil which we call life, he gave little thought to determining. The duty of the present and its relations to the nearer future he perceived with the utmost clearness.

The accident of stature first opened the way to leadership. The desire to be foremost spurred him to renewed exertion. Slowly he awoke to the knowledge of power. Uncultured of mind and uncouth of speech, none looked to him for a leadership in thought. Yet his words were like winged arrows. He used the simple dialect of the people, and spoke directly to their hearts.

The peril of the near future rested like a shadow upon his life. To him the nation was the sum of all excellence. Flaws in it were like spots in the sunshine. He revered the Constitution no less than its most devoted worshipper. To him it was the guarantee of all that made liberty desirable. He hated slavery as an enemy of the dominant race. He felt himself wronged through generations by its blight. It was not pity for the slave that moved him to oppose the system, so much as dread of the system itself and its paralyzing and debasing effects upon every grade of society exposed to its influence. He felt its injustice, not merely to those who served without reward, but also to those who, by its influence, were shut out of the struggle of life—the fair competition for its rewards.

He did not profess to be more profoundly versed in the philosophy and history of this question than others. On the contrary, in this respect he followed gladly where others led. He seconded rather than directed in any considerable degree the efforts to awaken interest in the character of slavery and to combine the

people of the North in philanthropic movements in behalf of the slaves. Justice rather than pity marked his attitude toward them. By the most fanatical he was even regarded as lukewarm in the cause of which he was destined to become the one immortal leader and exemplar. He was no impassioned advocate of mercy. It was not his mission to deal with the philosophy of the primary cause or resultant effects of social movements. The function reserved to him was to perceive with unequalled clearness the consequence of admitted facts, to impress them upon the popular heart as no one else had ever done, and then to find a way to avoid the peril that impended. Sprung from the people, his reverence for their will and belief in their ultimate decision were so great that he was sometimes deemed a demagogue. He was not one, however, that bowed to the half-formed will of the masses, but one who sought to bring them up to his own conviction—not with reproaches and sneers, not with arrogance and scorn, but with unceasing humility, a never-failing good temper, and a familiarity and sincerity of statement that in the end always won his way to the popular heart. As a philanthropist he was inferior to thousands; as a student of the facts of history and politics he was easily distanced by scores of his contemporaries; as a fervid and impassioned orator he was excelled by many; but as one who realized the peril of the hour and had power to make the voice of the people in very truth the voice of God, he was easily foremost. In capacity to devise a way of escape from peril, and to lead the people willingly and gladly along the narrow path by which alone safety was possible, he was unapproached by any man of his day.

The party representing the anti-slavery idea, which had been based on the declaration that "the repression of slavery" was desirable, recoiled from its first conflict with the slave-power less demoralized by defeat than amazed at the near approach to victory which it had accomplished. Yet this result had been achieved, as we have already shown, more by the accidental co-operation of discordant elements than by the harmonious action of a consolidated and homogeneous party. No sooner had it demonstrated its power than incongruous elements began to develop within it. Not only the strife of ambitious leaders, but the radical divergence of factions animated by mutually antagonistic impulses, promised not merely to prevent a complete and stable organization, but also to render futile all hope of future victory. What was needed was a mordant that should cause all these factions to adhere to a common purpose—to remain faithful to a common end. This solvent of hostile ideas was first obtained when the uncouth backwoodsman was chosen by his party associates to represent them and uphold the principles of the yet inchoate party in an oratorical conflict with the subtlest, strongest, ablest of the champions of state sovereignty and the peculiar institution which flourished under its protection. All unconscious that his words were the master-key of the situation, Abraham Lincoln rose at once from an obscurity which is all the more remarkable because it contained no appreciable hint of the eminence that awaited him, to the very front rank of his age, when he put forth as the basis of the momentous struggle in which he was about to engage this proposition:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand . . . The American nation must be all free or all slave."

On that issue the battle was joined anew. From that hour the conflict was waged on no other ground. The most fanatical and the most conservative elements of the free state civilization met here upon a common

level. Thenceforward Abraham Lincoln was the unquestioned leader of the movement for the overthrow of slavery—the generalissimo of all the forces mustering for its destruction. For the first time a means had been found to harmonize all differences of sentiment and secure the utmost unity of purpose and action on the part of all who were opposed to the "peculiar institution," which held in its degrading touch one half the land, and threatened with its demoralizing influences the other moiety. The great dilemma—"all free or all slave"—stared the American people in the face as the unavoidable fact of the near future. To the people of the North it came like a revelation sustained by irrefragable proofs. The disruption of the treaty which the slave-power had itself proposed; the seizure of Kansas through the co-operation of the established government; the Fugitive Slave law, and the aggressions upon personal liberty thereunder, all pointed to the dilemma which this clear-sighted child of the people placed before them for consideration. It needed no argument and admitted of no hesitation. There was but one question: If free or slave, which? In every man's consciousness it became a ceaseless refrain. To the objection that nothing could be done except through a violation of the Constitution, there was but one answer: "Free or slave?" There was in this no attack upon the "compact made between the states," or "the sacred pledge which the fathers gave." It was no appeal to a "higher law," and yet there was no farther room for the excuse: "It is no concern of ours." "Mason and Dixon's line" was no longer the boundary of evil consequences resulting from slavery. "All free or all slave" stood at the threshold of every Northern home, and compelled father, brother and son to decide upon the dread alternative before they crossed the lintel. All who regarded slavery as an evil, an injustice or a sin were by this one thought marshaled under the banner of this new leader. From this text he never swerved.

Undoubtedly the contest between Lincoln and Douglas was the most momentous oratorical struggle that ever occurred. Both men were firm believers in the views they advocated, and each represented a new idea. The one idea was a subtle evasion, a specious makeshift, designed to avoid apparent objection to the extension of slavery, and, under the guise of absolute impartiality to all parties, sections and ideas, to render possible its peaceful establishment on the plains of the West. It was a measure which no Southern champion of slavery could ever have devised. It was noteworthy for its subtle appreciation of the spirit and genius of the North. As a piece of mere political shrewdness it is almost without a parallel in history. Those in whose behalf it was conceived and put forth could only half appreciate its specious strength. Against argument it stood well-nigh impregnable. The distinctions on which it was based were so subtle, its discriminations were so keen, that it was hardly susceptible of popular refutation, except from the standpoint of its consequences. But the proposition which Mr. Lincoln put forth, while offering the most perfect possible reply to the theory of "squatter sovereignty," was also one which put not only the expounder of that doctrine but even the man who was merely tolerant of slavery, on his defense. It was at once a parry and a thrust. It was like a turn of the wrist of the expert swordsman. It seemed so easy that we forgot the power, the skill, the intellect that lay behind its elucidation and its application. It set over against the perils of slavery the blessings of liberty. Through the dread of slavery it impelled, and by the love of liberty it induced co-operation in any

movement that should most readily and easily destroy the one and establish the other. It was a trumpet-call that mustered at once all the forces of liberty against the life of slavery.

From that moment all else in the struggle of parties was forgotten. Whether the whole land should be free or slave was the only question worthy of consideration—an issue that overbore all minor differences. The South recognized it as the summons to the last great battle. They perceived the power of the new leader even before his own associates became aware of it. To the latter he was known simply as a valiant soldier who had met the champion of slavery on his chosen field, and in the face of assured defeat had planted deeply and securely the seeds of ultimate victory. They thought of him only as one who, single-handed and alone, had won from the enemy an important stronghold. The chiefs in the anti-slavery movement had no thought of acknowledging him as their leader. Seward and Sumner and Wæde and Greeley and Chase and Giddings and Gerrit Smith and Wendell Phillips, and a hundred more almost, would have laughed at the idea of this uncouth child of the prairie stepping up before them and occupying, before all the world and for all time, unquestioned pre-eminence as "the great Emancipator." Even now the especial admirers of each are fond of putting their names before that of the unpretentious giant of the Sangamon country as leaders in the great anti-slavery conflict. But the force of a blow must be judged by its results, and the power of the man who gives it by the ease with which it is delivered. Judged by this rule, Abraham Lincoln established an unquestioned right to the foremost place as a leader when by a single sentence he made victory not only possible but inevitable—fused a thousand discordant motives into one, and brought the anti-slavery struggle down from the domain of humanitarian theory to the level of tangible universal interest. He discovered nothing, but he transmuted weakness into power.

The South, with surer prescience, saw its enemy afar off. It recognized the master-stroke aimed at the corner-stone instead of the outworks of the citadel. It perceived in him the leader of the grand assault upon the position which slavery occupied, and stubbornly refused to credit any denial that was made of the purpose of those who stood with him; when, shortly afterward, he was made the head of the party organization, they did not hesitate to consider it a declaration of war against their pet institution. And they were right thus far at least. Abraham Lincoln was chosen to be President because the Republican party had determined to do all that might be done, without actual violation of the Constitution, to destroy slavery. To deny that fact is to re-echo a quibble which, while it might not be reprehensible in a heated controversy, is unworthy the attention of the student of a mighty revolution. It was from an impulse of self-defense therefore, that the press and politicians of the South leveled their batteries of invective, of ridicule, of infamy against him, in the vain hope of destroying him before his power was understood and appreciated by his friends. So the great, kindly, pure-hearted Saul became a "monster," a "baboon," a "clown," a "beast"—all that was infamous and foul, and remains such to this day to many thousands to whom his life was a most beneficent providence. In nothing did his greatness show more clearly than in the fact that nothing provoked him to anger, and he made answer to no aspersion. Unflinching in his devotion to the principle that liberty and slavery could not

co-exist, unswerving in his faith in the wisdom and fidelity of the people, he trod alone the pathway which his genius first discerned, along dizzy heights, through fateful fens, in the darkness and in the light; never going too fast to enable the whole people to follow his course, and never moving too slow when once assured of the support which was necessary to success; undaunted by fear and unblinded by ambition, until the end was reached and his work was accomplished. Slavery avenged itself through him. The child of the "poor-white" of the Kentucky knobs liberated not the slave only, but those whom the slave had been made the instrument to degrade. Not Emancipator only, but Liberator, will he be hailed when the centuries look back upon him.

It has become the fashion in these later days to look upon Lincoln as the accident of an accident rather than as the man of the age—the greatest of all who have borne the name American. Little souls who came near his great life—who viewed his nature as the insect scans the bark of the oak along the rugate surface of which he creeps, with a self-satisfied contempt of the rude strength and solid core that lies within—have been winning for themselves a sort of immortality and an infinitude of contempt by trying to paint the man whose perfections they could never apprehend. Our literature has been overrun with a horde of puny drivellers made purblind by the glory of a life whose light was so serene and steady that they counted it but a reflection of the lurid conflict amid which he lived. It was not because one man schemed or another paltered that Abraham Lincoln came to the leadership of the hosts of freedom. Neither was it through the merit of any or all of his advisers that he succeeded in accomplishing the task set before him, but chiefly through his own consummate genius and unmatched power. It was not luck but intellect that brought him from obscurity to the forefront of the greatest movement in history. The men who stood beside him were pigmies in practical power when compared with him. He was so great that he needed no padding, and was careless of his fame. As he came from the people so he left himself fearlessly in their hands. It has been customary, while admitting his prudence, sagacity and self-control, to depreciate his intellectual power. The change of position which he effected by a single phrase, was so easily done and seemed so evident when once put forth, that few have stopped to think that the intellect of Sumner, the prophetic grasp of Seward, the foresight of Chase and the brain of a thousand others who seemed his compeers, had been hitherto utterly unable to formulate a common ground of opposition to slavery, which should commend itself to the mind and conscience of the people. He alone, of all the men of that time, had the sagacity to discover the key of the position, to unite all the discordant elements in the attack upon it, and to hold them up to the conflict until the victory was won. By that thought he fused all the discordant elements into one. It was one of those strokes of power which mark the highest genius. By this alone he would have established his claim to rank as much above his associates in intellect as he is admitted to have stood, in sagacity, devotion and self-forgetfulness. Standing on a level with the lowliest, he towered conspicuous above the greatest. Those who saw the apparent ease with which he achieved these results only half realized his greatness. Their regard was dissipated by a thousand insignificant details. Only the future can properly estimate the brain that consolidated the opposition to slavery, held the na-

tion to the work of putting down rebellion, and called his cabinet together only to consider the wording of a proclamation that was to change the status of a race forever. He bestrode our land like a Colossus, all unconscious of his own power, frankly esteeming others at their just value—incapable of detraction or envy, and trusting his fame, with a magnificent unconcern as to the result, to the future. Pure, simple, unassuming, kindly, touched with sadness and relieved

with mirth, but never stained with falsehood or treachery, or any hint of shameful act; his heart as tender as his life was grand; a little child in simplicity, a saint in purity, a king in power. Child of the sadly smitten South; nursling of the favored North; giant of the great West—his life was the richest fruitage of the liberty he loved! His name is the topmost which a continent has given unto fame!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL FEATHERSTONHAUGH AND HIS MASK.

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER

GENERAL ADOLPHUS MACPHERSON FEATHERSTONHAUGH would have been fully justified had his name been thrice as long and as loud. He was over six feet high, and was broad of shoulders, far-reaching of arms, of symmetrical expanse and vigor in every sense. Not merely was his head of the largest dimensions; his sandy red hair was of a luxuriant growth, which was the despair of every bald-headed man who saw him, and he would have rejoiced in a beard of the most patriarchal downpour if it had not been almost an article of his creed to shave himself as closely as might be every morning of his thoroughly regulated life. It was his use to shake hands if he met you a dozen times a day, and it was almost as good as a fur-lined glove to have him take your diminutive hand in his of a cold day, so large it was and so warm. There was always a rich, almost purple health in his magnificent breadth of countenance, and nothing was in more perfect keeping with his sumptuousness of size than were the deep organ tones of his voice, whose every depth, height, modulation, inflection, had been most affectionately cultivated.

For the General was an orator. Early in life he had published a volume on elocution, and it was his delight to revise and improve it as, year after year, it passed through successive editions, a yet larger and fuller lengthed likeness of himself as the frontispiece of each. I cannot truthfully say that there was much originality or suggestiveness of thought in any of the many discourses delivered by him. As to his words, you might as well try to quote Niagara; and it was yet harder to try, after, let us say, a Fourth of July oration, to recall any thought therefrom. "It is very stupid of me," you were apt to say, "for it was a splendid effort; but I cannot remember a thing he said."

The truth is, there are differences among public speakers, and when an orator gives himself so sedulously and successfully to the curve of his gestures, the expansion of his palms in persuasion, the rhythmic periods, the diversified peals of a voice such as his, one can have no time or care for anything else.

"Upon this most eventful recurrence of the natal day, ever glorious, of our national independence, what spirit so deteriorated, so abjectly bent toward the nadir of all that we appreciate as coming within the boundaries of the sublimest verities of our Western Hemisphere, but must bid the advent hail of that most epochal hour in the roll of centuries, the lapse of *Æons*." How often have I looked up at the majestic speaker, and striven to seize and hold the nebulous meaning of what he was so earnestly endeavoring to say. It was the best part of a temperance occasion, of the coming to our city of a dis-

tinguished Kossuth of one kind or another, of a political assembly, of the laying of the foundation-stone of a public building, to see the General rise, as he always did, to make the address. A committee would as soon have done without the Stars and Stripes, without the brass band, as without General Adolphus Macpherson Featherstonhaugh.

"I think he looks best in black broadcloth and with a white tie," was the remark of the old people.

"You do? We," the young ladies would cry, "like him best in his regalia as a Free Mason. Oh, but isn't he grand then! What a pity it is not usual for a Knight Templar to speak with his hat on—the gorgeous feathers would go so well with the General's way of saying things!"

But he had this advantage over other public men. It is but now and then that they can make a speech, whereas I never saw the General that he did not have on the robes and wig, so to speak, of an advocate. It was great good luck if you met him coming up street when you had a country cousin by your side, some stranger from elsewhere. "Who is that?" was always demanded of you on the first sight of your distinguished fellow-citizen as he drew near, carefully dressed, as was his wont, with kid gloves, well-blackened boots, snowy linen, plentiful watch-chain across his white vest, his gold-headed cane in his hand. Except that your companion was apt to be a little nervous under the ordeal, it was the event of his stay in town—the introduction and subsequent conversation; it gave one an idea of how it feels to be presented to an emperor.

But it was not conversation, if the interview lasted not over five minutes—it was that much of an oration. Lounging in the hall of a hotel; coming upon him in the throng of a store; listening to him during the stay at table of a dinner party, and when he stood in the parlor afterward, with his back to the fire, whatever he said was that much of a discourse. He laid down the law to patient, physician, nurses, during his ten minutes in a sick chamber, and the modulation of his thunder to the hour and the area was as good as a scrap of oratorio. I have come upon him when he was buying a paper of a newsboy of a bitterly cold morning on a windy street corner; I have heard him directing his man to carry a message; once I chanced on him as he was arguing the proper pay for cleaning the snow from his sidewalk with a red-nosed and ragged tramp; on another occasion I passed by when he was remonstrating at his back-gate in mid-summer with the driver of an odoriferous swill-wagon—the General was, in every instance, delivering rounded

periods, with suitable gesture, ore-rotund accents, and all that belongs to an oration. His habitual language was as different from common talk as is classic Chinese from the vernacular, as was the Euphuistic jargon of the days of the Stuarts from Anglo-Saxon, as is the delicacy of an esthetic conversazione from the slang of the Bowery.

"I have read of the Man with the Iron Mask," one of the General's friends said to me one day; "but I really know as little about him, although I have known him all my life, as I do about that mysterious state prisoner. He has so draped himself from head to foot in the voluminous silk gown of an advocate. He eats in it, is sick and well, sits still or goes abroad, sleeps in it. It reminds me of Thackeray's cruel picture of Louis Le Grand, which was so folded that the mere lifting of a leaf from off this most majestic monarch Europe ever knew revealed, you remember, beneath flowing wig and royal robes, the pitiful scarecrow of an infirm granddaddy, weazen and tottering. Strip the General of his mannerism, and what is left?"

"We have all of us laughed," I replied, "at Hawthorne's story of the old witch who made an effigy of a man out of a pumpkin, a few sticks and an old suit of clothes stuffed with straw, breathed into him the breath of life, and sent him forth upon the tour of the world as a millionaire, a scientist, a successful lover. So of the General—"

But I was silenced by a universal outcry, which I stilled with uplifted hand to add, "You are right to object, but I did not mean to say that Hawthorne's heartless, soulless manikin was a correct representation of our excellent friend. That he is merely a moving mannerism is not the whole story; we are all agreed that a more generous, honorable, high-spirited, pure-minded, chivalrous gentleman, and in every best sense, does not exist. With all his affectation he is sterling gold; if he is the grandest humbug alive, he is also the most innocent, a very child at heart, and there is not a man of us but highly esteems even while we see through him. People smile at each other furtively as he goes by, with a bow and a wave of his hand, even while they acknowledge that, for the life of them, they cannot say why he is the person of distinction he so evidently believes himself to be. When you turn away from listening to him for half an hour or so, the man who has witnessed the interview is sure to greet you with a broad grin upon his face. All the time we are as proud of him as can be—for his essential goodness, but no human being can point to anything of value he has ever said or done. If no man is more laughed at than General Adolphus Macpherson Featherstonhaugh, no one is so loved."

The General was a lawyer in tolerable practice; was often defeated for Legislature and Congress by some sharp, smart, alert man who bore the same likeness to his opponent during the canvass that one of Drake's little vessels did to the four-storied Spanish galleons which it first annoyed and then demolished.

But no one could tell how he managed to live, so small was his income, so fine was his linen and broadcloth, so ever fresh were his hat, boots, gloves and the bit of a bouquet he invariably wore in season upon the lapel of his well-brushed coat. He drank with strict moderation, never gambled, never raced or traded in horseflesh, bought and sold no mining shares, and was such an irrevocable old bachelor as delights the souls of the scores of necessitous nephews and nieces which such an old bachelor is sure to have. Chancing to own a modest little red brick house in the suburbs of the city, he made it his home, a peculiarly homely old lady acting as his housekeeper. Who could be so genial, in his

way, as the General, when, that is, you met him on the streets or in society? Yet no visitor could ever induce his door-bell to ring; or, if it did, no one ever heard it within; certainly it was never answered.

"There is a frightful story running the rounds," it was remarked in a knot of the General's lady friends one afternoon, "about his domestic affairs. A prying Mr. Smith, who passes the General's house to and from business every morning and evening, has fallen into the habit of peeping in at the basement windows as he goes by. Sometimes he walks of nights on the other side of the street, on purpose to see what he can of what is going on in the upper rooms. He says that he distinctly saw his neighbor seated on the side of his bed—just to think of such a thing in *such* a man!—actually darning his socks! What a pity he has not got a wife!"

The ladies laughed, but Mrs. Van Dorn, the lady who made the sad announcement, did not, and looked at her friends with surprise, not to say rebuke. She was a widow under forty, rich, plump, very charitable. Had she been more beautiful she too might have been as frivolous as those who could see only matter of amusement in such a man as the General being constrained to do such a thing.

"Why don't *you* marry him?" came now in chorus upon her ears. She was not so wealthy for nothing.

"There are some things," she said, "upon which I do not wish to be joked," and soon after she left, the ladies opening eyes of wonder behind her; and oh, the comparison of views which followed!

General Featherstonhaugh had long been aware of the admiration in which he was held by the lady—was a frequent visitor at her handsome house. Now, as an orator, he was equally eloquent upon any and every theme—politics, patriotism, masonry, temperance, art; because, having no definite conviction in regard to any of them, an address from him was of the nature of a purple haze, which could be interpreted in any way you pleased. That was how it came about when, in Mrs. Van Dorn's parlor after this, he went off into that memorable disquisition of his upon the general topic of woman, home, mutual affection. It never occurred to him that the widow was his only hearer, or that it was a dangerous thing for him to indulge just then and there in what he had laid down in his book on elocution and in practice as the most effective form of rhetoric, especially when one has reached his peroration—the placing himself in the centre of all he describes, though it be in centuries long past, yet to come, wholly foreign to him in every way. It was so now. Dwelling at dangerous length upon the wretchedness of man apart from woman, he exclaimed at last, and without a thought beyond his eloquence, standing before her as she sat lost in admiration:

"And is it thus with me—ah, woful me! Excluded, alas! from the one Eden left us, the Eden of home"—hands clasped together, eyes fixed upon emptiness—"I behold myself doomed, doomed"—deep and sorrowful bass—"to wander abroad solitary, abandoned, alone, sighing, Speed thee, wretch"—both hands thrown out—"among the arid absences of her whose smile illumines the world! Now, now, alas! unto whom can I turn in my unalleviated anguish? Is there a woman—?"

Of course I cannot give the exact words. What I do know is that, lost in his purely rhetorical fervors, his eyes moistened, his tones thrilling himself as well as his single hearer, his voice sinking in a measured cadence as he proceeded, he was suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Van Dorn:

"General," she said, standing before him, her tear-

ful eyes upon the carpet, "you have said enough—more than enough! If you will take me, here I am with all I have—" and much more. So smitten was the orator in the midst of his lofty rhetoric that for a moment he lost his voice; but his ghastly pallor and the first recovery of his breath in the words, "Great heavens! madam—" might have disenchanted her, but that a visitor coming in at the instant prevented it. And, in a word, the General was too much of a gentleman to undeceive the delighted widow.

They are married. The conundrum thereafter among the General's friends was twofold: Will she, after the

honeymoon, undeceive her husband, herself undeceived, and so send away his oratorical drapery? If so, what—good heavens!—will be left of him? Never! General Adolphus Macpherson Featherstonhaugh has such confirmation in his wife that he is, if possible, more magnificent than before. The mask is upon soul as well as upon body; and in whatever world he may hereafter abide he must forever and ever be as we have known him here. But those who people that blessed world will like him none the less.

Even to his lawful wife the General still remains a hero.

THE HOUSEHOLD—AN OPEN LETTER FROM MRS. BLOSSOM.

"A DISGUSTING subject? I know it; but it isn't half as disgusting to talk it over and find if there be any way of escape. There isn't I know, unless the American nation can be reconstructed; and there is where the anguish comes in, for, of course, it began with the grandfathers, or with *their* grandfathers even; and equally of course, like the other things one doesn't like, is unconscious cerebration, or something as powerful and unaccountable and generally disagreeable. I wonder if the Pilgrim Fathers did it? They must have done, for one of their direct descendants lives next door, and has a sugar-bowl and cream-jug that drive one wild, they are so authentic and delightful, and make all the modern silver seem so unmeaning. But then when I look away from them, and see at the corner of their carved oak mantelpiece the inevitable horror, and not only there, but all over the house, there is nothing to do but feel sure that he isn't altogether to blame, and that heredity must be at the bottom of it.

"It just occurs to me that you may wonder a little what I am talking about, but I have thought it all over so long that it seems as if you must know by instinct. And it puzzled me so, that at last I went into Dr. Underhill's when I knew he was out, and asked Mrs. Underhill what was the best and in-every-way-most-to-be-trusted anatomy. And she said I could take Gray or a big French in three volumes, with the finest plates ever made; but what did I want them for? And so I told her how I had worried over it, and how it seemed to me there must be a difference, and I never should know till I had seen with my own eyes into both kinds of mouths—that is, a man's mouth and a woman's mouth. I should want letters two inches high to express the astonishment she put into her 'Why?'

"And so I told her that I had been a week in Washington, which really is so beautiful that it does seem just frightfully incongruous to see these great boxes wherever you go, and to feel so ashamed when the foreigners look disgusted or just smile in that abominably tolerant and forgiving way that makes one enraged for one's country and countrymen and everything else, and yet not a word to say, because it's all true and more. And then, as it happened, every seat in the parlor-cars was taken, and I rode half-way from Washington to Philadelphia in the everyday one, which had very few passengers. But three seats ahead was a man, so magnificent to look at that it was really difficult not to look too much, simply because he had the head and shoulders of—I won't say an Apollo—but of a man not only handsome, but strong and fine and noble-looking—a man anybody would turn to who wanted help or was in trouble. On the other side was a lady with a little boy, ten years old perhaps, and a delicate, fragile-looking child. I watched him, as I do all children, and he was watching this big, splendid man, who was doing something, I couldn't exactly tell what, that gave his head

a constrained position. I found out sooner than I wished, for he turned slightly, and then—imagine the abomination of it!—I saw that he was spitting at a mark!! He was near the coal-box! He took aim! He fired at an ornament in the middle, and he hit it every time! I shut my eyes, but they would open. There was a horrible fascination in watching. The awful pool grew, and ran out toward the aisle. Ladies coming it at way-stations walked over or in it as it happened. And then the child began and labored with his small might to make his contribution, till I grew sick and half-frantic. His mother was reading, but at last she looked up, after an unusual effort on the child's part, and said:

"'I wish you didn't love to spit so, Ernest dear.'

"'He does it. Gentlemen always do it,' the child said.

"'I know it, dear, but I don't think it's pretty,' the mother said, and was lost again in her novel. It seemed to me something ought to be said; and at last, as the child went for some water, there was a real opportunity, for the mother looked up and saw me looking at him, and half smiled. It was easy then to say, 'What a delicate little fellow he is,' and at once she began to tell me what he had suffered from indigestion, though they had studied all about foods, and tried to do the wise thing for him. So I told her about 'The Spitters' Dyspepsia,' and how any one might spit till there was an abnormal secretion, and all the force that ought to go in helping digestion was just spit away. She was astonished, and I told her my authorities; and then she said, of course, there must be some difference in the mouths of men and women, and did I know what? I didn't. One never does know little common things that ought to be plain as A B C, but I said I could find out and let her know for the child's sake.

"And that is the reason I wanted the anatomy, and Mrs. Underhill told the doctor, and he came in to talk it over, and said it was a very serious question that every mother ought to understand fully, for every confirmed spitter, if he did not have dyspepsia, *did* have weakened vitality and other troubles, and that there was neither sense nor reason nor decency in the habit. Cuspidores are very ornamental, but it's a shame to any one to have to own them; and, as for Washington and the horrible sawdust boxes in all the beautiful places, it is simply frightful to think that they must be, because the only use of a floor to the average North American, particularly the North American politician, is something to spit on! Write about it! Talk about it! Do anything that will help to make people think; and, above all, tell everybody that mouths are all alike, and that if a man spits there is no reason why a woman should not, at home and abroad."

This voice from one thinking woman is really the voice of all, but we are ready for other words from other quarters.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



ARE political associations constitutional which call themselves "German-Republican" clubs or "Irish-Democratic" ward associations, or anything, in short, that recognizes alien ties of an un-American origin? A decision from the Supreme Court on this question would not be at all beneath the dignity of that august body. It does not seem to occur to the average immigrant that on assuming allegiance to the United States he ceases to be a citizen of the fatherland. As soon as he can count a respectable number of compatriots he demands representation in the councils of the town, city, county, state or nation; and, if he does not get satisfaction in that way, he organizes, so that the combined votes of himself and his countrymen may be cast in favor of that party which promises the most substantial political prizes. This is all wrong, but it is not very often that a public man has the courage to say so. The recently-elected mayor of New York, however, deserves credit for having given some very wholesome advice to a German delegation which waited upon him and asked for a share in the patronage of his office. The mayor told his visitors, in substance, that they need only look for recognition from him as Americans. As Germans they were entitled to no consideration whatever. In a city which, like New York, is largely governed by the foreign population—meaning Irishmen—the public officer who takes such a stand may count safely upon a deal of unpopularity among those whose un-American combinations for political purposes he refuses to recognize. That such exalted sentiments should come within the comprehension of Patrick or Hans is more than any public functionary ought to expect. This particular officer, moreover, Democrat as he is, has recently appointed to a confidential position a very "stalwart" Republican, and this fact will not be altogether acceptable in the eyes of his constituents. The position taken by the mayor is sound, however, and if all politicians would follow his example the word "naturalization" would soon mean far more than it does at present.

SEVENTH sons of seventh sons, and seventh daughters "in the same ratio likewise," seem to have the way to fortune made easy for them, provided they are capable of inspiring faith. Perhaps this power is one of the characteristics of these gifted persons, unless, indeed, there are seventh children of seventh children who, so to speak, hide their respective lights under convenient bushels. At all events enough of them are extant to justify a very considerable amount of liberal advertising, and no one need search far without learning of alleged miraculous cures effected by these natural astrologers or whatever they may be called. Strange to say, the medical faculty does not seem disposed to recognize the healing powers of such irregular practitioners; but their failure to do so has small effect, so long as a paying constituency exists which thinks otherwise, and persists in getting rid of its bodily ailments through an interview with a seventh child. Simple faith is a wonderful curative agent, and the medical faculty aforesaid is somewhat blameworthy in that it does not more honestly follow the plain indications of nature in this regard. Most physicians will admit in weak moments of con-

fidence that they occasionally prescribe "bread pills" or other equally harmless remedies, and with good effect; and it is well known how, early in the present century, "Perkins' tractors" cured thousands of patients, as there is ample evidence to show. Does not all this point most emphatically to the imagination as a remedial agent? and why should the faculty so persistently ignore it? They all admit that faith on the part of the patient is an essential element of successful treatment; but beyond such paltry concessions as bread pills or distilled water with a dash of bitterness in it, they all refuse to go. In the remarkable case of Perkins' tractors just referred to, it was a regular physician who made a pair of imitation wooden tractors, and effected cures by their aid just as the original Perkins did with his metallic instrument. What need was there that he should thereupon expose the whole business as a fraud? Why could he not have let the cures go on as long as they would? Within a few years past so many thousand cripples have been cured by a pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Lourdes," that their discarded crutches make a lofty monument before the altar of the church which their gratefully-contributed mites have combined to raise. What cured them, if they were cured? Why, faith, of course—otherwise termed imagination; and if it was really effective, blessed be such faith say we! No doubt seventh sons and most patent medicines are, in themselves humbugs; but somehow people are brought to believe in them, and, if they are not really cured, at least think that they are. Perhaps the time will come when an enlightened professional standard will permit more than it now does a resort to nature's own remedy—the imagination—a dose of which is surely far easier to take than are prescriptions duly compounded by our unimaginative friends, the druggists.

STATISTICS regarding the influence of forests on the rainfall and on floods are as yet in a somewhat inchoate and unsatisfactory condition. The great freshets which a month ago were devastating the Ohio watershed are not altogether unprecedented. Nearly two generations ago there was a flood which almost or quite reached the high-water mark registered the present season. At that time, of course, the area of forest was largely in excess of that which exists at present, and it is held by those who are indifferent to preservative forestry that the occurrence of a tremendous flood at that early day proves that the forests are not trustworthy preventives of such disasters. The argument, of course, fails for lack of proof that the floods of 1832 would not have been far greater had the forests been cleared off then as they are now. Whatever may eventually turn out to be the truth regarding the great valleys of the West, the influence of forest growth on the water supply of comparatively limited tracts in the East is well established. The State of New York, through its Legislature, has recently taken steps looking to the preservation of the wooded mountain ranges about the headwaters of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers—the Adirondack region, that is—which speaks well for the energy and wisdom of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the matter. It is not generally known that land

which has for centuries been covered by forests of fir and spruce becomes covered to a depth of several feet with a spongy substance, composed of the resinous twigs and leaves of the forest. This becomes saturated with water during the autumnal rains and freezes during the winter. Its non-conducting character acts as does the sawdust packing of an ice-house, and during the drought of the dog-days the streams flowing out of the spruce woods are often nearly as full and cold as in early spring. Whatever may be thought of the expediency of preserving sanitariums and hunting-grounds for the use of those who have the leisure and means to enjoy them, there can be no question about the policy of preserving the water-supply. There may be two sides to the Niagara question; but there is no room for doubt as to the natural reservoirs of fresh water. The Creator planted His paradise of evergreens on land which is for the most part unfit for cultivation, and at the same time invaluable as the source of the whole fluvial system of the continent. Any legislation looking to the preservation of these vast storehouses will entitle its originator to the gratitude of "millions yet to be." We are advancing slowly, but it is hoped surely, toward a wise system of forestry, state and national, and it may be reasonably hoped that before many years the present wholesale destruction of our wood-lands will be under reasonable control.

WE are indebted to a subscriber for calling attention to one of our advertisements, which was of a matter entirely undeserving of confidence or approval. Of course, *THE CONTINENT* is likely to be deceived in regard to an advertiser's merits as well as any one else. In this instance, our business manager, in accordance with our general rule, obtained a report from a source on which we supposed we could rely as to the character of the concern. By this report we were misled, and so accepted the advertisement. Though, perhaps, not worse than many things which are advertised in nearly all our leading journals, it is not such as we care to lay before the readers of *THE CONTINENT*. The advertisement was therefore promptly discontinued. We do not specify it more particularly, because we do not wish to call any attention to it. We assure our readers that we shall use all possible care to exclude everything of the sort from our columns.

THE two bulky volumes¹ in which Mr. Williams gives the result of a labor far beyond his original conception or plan, are the most notable addition not only to the literature of his subject, but to real history, that the year has afforded. The extraordinary calmness and dispassionateness with which facts are presented sets it above any mere history of the negro from the slavery point of view. It is not the story of the slave that he seeks to tell, but of the race; and though it is as slaves that they must be first considered, their steady progress and share in the evolution of our republican system is his chief consideration. The work began in 1876, with a Fourth of July oration on "The American Negro," in the preparation of which he discovered so much valuable historical material that he determined at once to shape it into some comprehensive form. His plans were made with excellent judgment, and carried out with vigor and real literary skill. The first part of the opening volume is in some points the weakest portion of the work, so far as his explanation of the curse of Canaan is concerned, and it may be said here that the religious aspect of the question forms the least agreeable portion of the book. But his argument against those who put the

negro outside of the human family is a powerful and unanswerable one, and the demonstration of his susceptibility to civilization and Christianity equally so.

The colonial history of the race is given in thirteen chapters, and as one reads the bare and simple statements of injustice, outrage and cruelty, it is well nigh incredible that such acts came from men who were themselves sacrificing everything for liberty. North and South went hand-in-hand, and Massachusetts was as guilty as Virginia. The "almost infinite labor" which Mr. Williams affirms has been spent in preparing this portion is by no means wasted, for he is able to back every statement with citations from colonial records, and presents an array of appalling facts that would seem incredible save for just such authorities. But he tells the truth with no bitterness. The whole is accepted as inevitable, and described with a pathetic and simple dignity that wins him profound respect and sympathy. His descriptions of the negro as a soldier in all our wars is full of interest. We are familiar with their Rebellion record, and accounted for their unexpected bravery and trustworthiness by the fact that they had everything to stimulate; but the same spirit ruled in earlier days, when no prospect save that of continuous slavery lay before them.

The legal status of the negro, his intellectual capacity as witnessed in Derham the physician, Banneker the astronomer, and Fuller, the mathematician, and the present and future of the race, are all discussed at length with intense and vehement yet always restrained feeling. The book demands the careful attention of every thoughtful man and woman. Its faults are too insignificant for more than the lightest mention, and it takes rank at once with the best historical work the century has known.

CRITICS seem divided in their estimate of Mr. Clark's attempt² to solve certain theological problems, many of the religious papers asserting that whatever his intentions may have been, the real effect of his work is to undermine the authority of Scripture. The author certainly had no such thought. He is one of the many men filling active pastorates, and watching with painful interest the increase of rationalistic and materialistic tendencies. He considers his book merely tentative. "Investigation," he writes, "has not finished its work, the realm of truth is as yet but half explored, and I am quite aware that the views and conclusions here presented can be, at the best, but an approximation to the truth." Fifteen chapters sum up these approximations, most of them devoted to problems connected with the Hebrew Scriptures; and he argues at length, for instance, to prove that the builders of the Tower of Babel were innocent of wrong intent. As a rule his points have more vital interest. He is sometimes a little obscure, as in his chapter on "The Unity of Life," wherein one cannot be quite certain what his own conclusions really are, though as a whole he seems to accept the doctrine of evolution, with "a supernatural intervention of the Creator, imparting to man superior moral and intellectual powers." Most of his points will be questioned, and here is the chief value of the book—its power to stimulate thought and discussion and insure a better understanding of what is vital truth, and what mere husk, to be cast aside once for all.

OF our subscribers for the first year an amazingly small percentage have failed to renew, while of those who have renewed their subscriptions, more than one-half have sent us another subscription with their own. For this evidence of appreciation the staff of *THE CONTINENT*, one and all, desire to render hearty thanks. We shall endeavor by renewed diligence to repay the favor we have received.

(1) *HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA. FROM 1619 TO 1880.* Negroes as slaves, as soldiers and as citizens: together with a preliminary consideration of the unity of the human family, an historical sketch of Africa, and an account of the negro governments of Sierra Leone and Liberia. By George W. Williams, first colored member of the Ohio Legislature, and late Judge Advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic of Ohio, etc. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. 451-611, \$3.50 per volume. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

(2) *FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS. (Chiefly Relating to the Book of Genesis and the Hebrew Scriptures.* By Edson L. Clark, Minister of the Congregational Church, Southampton, Mass. 12mo, pp. 217, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



A NEW edition of Keats, in four volumes, edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, is to appear in the early autumn, the last two volumes being made up chiefly of letters.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS finds relaxation after the completion of his great work on the Italian Renaissance in lighter descriptive sketches; soon to be published under the title of "Italian Byways."

THE magnificent library of Lord Ashburnham will probably be bought by the British Museum, to which it has been offered by the present Lord Ashburnham for \$800,000. Even at this price, the collection is a bargain, which is likely not to fail of consummation.

"GOOD LITERATURE," though one of the most unobtrusive of our weekly literary journals, is proving itself one of the most valuable, its selections being made with excellent judgment, and its criticisms of current literature being crisp and satisfactory. It has lately passed into the hands of Taintor Brothers, of New York, who will alter and improve it in some respects.

M. H. CATHERWOOD, whose excellent work in "Stephen Guthrie," which formed one of the pleasantest features in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1882, and which has never met the recognition it deserved, has a short story in the number for March, which is an especially attractive one. An article on "The Civilized Indian," by Alfred M. Williams, is of unusual value in its full and clear account of the Cherokee "Nation," and what it has accomplished since this title was taken.

THE beautiful and carefully-edited edition of "Socrates, a translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato," issued some years ago by Charles Scribner's Sons, is now given in a cheaper form, which places it within the reach of all. After Jowett's edition of Plato there is nothing comparable to the fidelity and purity of the work given here, the selections made being those of most interest to the general reader, who is often daunted at any attempt to read Plato by the formidable aspect of the large editions, though it may be added that whoever reads the little given here will surely find it involving the necessity for more. (Paper, pp. 159, 50 cents).

THE latest work of the lamented Dr. George M. Beard is in a pamphlet entitled "Herbert Spencer on American Nervousness: A Scientific Coincidence," which shows a most extraordinary coincidence between the thoughts and even words of Mr. Spencer in his speech on "American Nervousness" and a work by Dr. Beard published some two years ago. Passages are compared in two parallel columns, and while there is no hint or suggestion of plagiarism on Mr. Spencer's part, it is a very singular presentation of facts, which will undoubtedly be welcomed by the various clergymen who have insisted that their reproduction of other men's sermons was simply instances of unconscious cerebration. (pp. 17, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons).

IN "The Princess and Curdie," George Macdonald gives the adventures of the boy introduced to us in "The Princess and the Goblin." Like all his later books, it is unreasonably diffuse, and the moral always aggressively uppermost; but, accepting these defects, which are inseparable from the work of a man who gives himself no time to take in and pours out from a steadily-lowering re-

servoir, there is much to enjoy. There are lovely fancies, tender and suggestive thoughts, and sufficient adventure to interest the child, who will often fail to see the meaning plain to older readers. (12mo, pp. 255, \$1.25; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

ONE of the most interesting and valuable books of the year will be found among the spring announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mr. E. V. Smalley has long been known as one of the most accurate and brilliant writers on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and his "History of the Northern Pacific Railroad" is the result of much labor and careful observation, the story being told from its first suggestion of beginning, in 1834, up to the present date. The firm have also become publishing agents for the "Johns Hopkins University Studies" in Historical and Political Science, the latest number of which is "Local Government in Illinois," by Albert Shaw, A. B., and "Local Government in Pennsylvania," by E. R. L. Gould, A. B.

"THE HOME NEEDLE," by Ella Rodman Church, the latest number in "Appleton's Home Books," is also one of the most valuable of the series. Mrs. Louise Kirkwood, in her "Sewing Primer," has done invaluable service to mission sewing-schools, where her system lightens the labors of both teacher and pupil, but this is on a larger plan, and covers the needs of all home-workers. It takes up no space with ornamental work, which has already innumerable manuals of all grades, but is devoted solely to dressmaking, the mending-basket and every stage of home sewing, the directions being plain and easily followed. The only weak point in the book is the cuts, which, in dressmaking especially, have small application to the needs of to-day, and betray their English origin at once. (12mo, pp. 128, 50 cents).

A VERY charming piece of work for young people will be found in the pages of "Page, Squire and Knight: A Romance of the Days of Chivalry," which is not so much translation as a very free adaptation of the "Franchise" of Madame Colomb by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, who has done excellent original work for boys. The scene is laid in Southern France in the very height of the feudal system, the period being the later years of Henry II of England and his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine. "Franchise" is the name of a sword made by the father of the child, who by the chances of war is thrown under Queen Eleanor's protection, and passes through the various grades of the title. There is all the adventure the most exacting boy could ask, yet no sensationalism, and the thick book with its hundred and more illustrations is one of the best recent additions to literature for the young. (12mo, pp. 326, \$2.25; Estes & Lauriat, Boston).

MR. JENNINGS' demolition of American novelists and American novels, in his much-quoted article in the *Quarterly Review*, has an offset in one which, curiously enough, appeared almost simultaneously in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which proves to be as reassuring as the former was discouraging. The author writes: "We have before us a large number of little volumes which, originally published in Boston—the favored dwelling-place of the Longfellows and Emersons, the Wendell Holmeses and Whittiers, the Agassizes and Lowells—now appear almost simultaneously in London and Edinburgh. They justify us in saying that the novel, which was declining in England, has emigrated to the United States, where it is born again with new qualities derived from the observation of different manners and characters, or due to the temperament itself of a race which still possesses the fresh and vigorous traits of youth. It is to America, beyond all dispute, that we are indebted to-day for the best novels written in English." What will Mr. Jennings say to this?

THE present interest in the Jewish question gives value to every contribution to the subject, and thus "The Jews of Barnow," from the German of Karl Emil Franzos,

translated by M. W. Macdowell, is of special importance as shedding light on certain conditions still existing in Eastern Galicia. Franzos may or may not be a Jew—this point being still actively disputed and still unsettled—but he knows every phase of Jewish life, its superstitions, its bigotry, its incredible ignorance and intolerance. He knows, also, its capacity for self-immolation, its faithfulness and deep affection, and can give the inward pathos and power of these hampered and clouded lives as no one has yet done. The horribly degraded position of the women, and the impossibility of real development for any one born to such surroundings, is one of the most penetrating impressions left by the book, which is a collection of sketches, all based on fact, and all powerful and dramatic. "The Child of Atonement" is perhaps one of the most pathetic, but all have this quality, the book being of a thoroughly depressing character, and one that requires well-grounded and even obstinate cheerfulness in the reader who would not be made temporarily wretched. (16mo, pp. 334, \$1.25; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

THE lovers of biography who may chance upon the "M memoir of Annie Keary," by her sister, have a great pleasure in store, for nothing tenderer or more delicate in tone and execution has been done in many a day. Miss Keary's novel of "Oldbury," published some years since, is perhaps best known by American readers, though "Castle Daly" and "A Doubting Heart" are almost equal favorites. Miss Keary's life was so secluded, and her nature so shrinking and gentle, that she never became public property; and very few writers have succeeded in keeping their own personality so thoroughly out of their books. Irish by birth, her father, who began life as an Irish officer, gay and light-hearted, ended it as a rector of Bilton, a secluded and quiet little parish, where the children were all rigidly and carefully trained, though Annie was always her father's companion, and took her first lessons in story-telling at his knee. Her imagination was intensely active, and as she listened to his stories of campaigning life she lived it all with him, and reproduced the whole in her plays. It was a household of not only deep but demonstrative affections, and it is a lovely family group given in the opening chapters. Death came and many sorrows, chief and most enduring a broken engagement; but all seemed necessary to the development of the nature which grew richer and sweeter with every year. Her literary career is full of interest, but her personal life even more so. She went through many phases of belief, but held always to central truths, and reached middle life, living at last as much in heaven as on earth, her passing from it being a quiet and joyful "good night to men—good morning to the angels." (12mo, pp. 250, \$1.75; Macmillan & Co., London and New York).

NEW BOOKS.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER, Done Into English Prose. By Andrew Lang, M. A., Walter Leaf, M. A., and Ernest Myers, M. A.

AN HONORABLE SURRENDER. By Mary Adams. 16mo, pp. 323, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ON THE DESERT: With a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt. By Henry M. Field, D. D. 12mo, pp. 330, \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.

GERALDINE HAWTHORNE. By Beatrice May Butt. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, pp. 236, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

A WORD, ONLY A WORD: A Romance. By George Elbers. From the German. By Mary J. Safford. 18mo, pp. 348, \$1.00. William S. Gottsberger, New York.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY. By Henry George. Paper, pp. 410, 20 cents. John W. Lovell & Co., New York.

A NEW THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By Benjamin G. Ferris. 12mo, pp. 278, \$1.50. Fowler & Wells, New York.

MIRABEAU: An Historical Drama. By George H. Calvert. 12mo, pp. 103, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

FIGURES OF THE PAST. From the Leaves of Old Journals. By John Quincy. 12mo, pp. 404, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



THE remarkable discovery of fluid-bearing quartz crystals, mentioned in No. 56 of THE CONTINENT, was made by Wm. E. Hidden, mineralogist, who recently read a paper on the subject of his "find" before the New York Academy of Sciences. Through an inadvertency, his name was not published with the paragraph referred to.

PROFESSOR BESSEY, of Iowa, writes to the New York Tribune the following interesting account of the *smut of wheat*: "The term *smut* is popularly applied to two quite different diseases of the wheat-plant. In this country it generally means a disease which leaves the grain nearly its normal size and shape, but filled with a black dust of very disagreeable odor. It is a true disease, and like many of the diseases of animals and man, is the result of the growth of a parasitic plant. This wheat parasite consists of slender threads of microscopic size, which insinuate themselves between the cells and tissues of the young wheat-plant, drawing therefrom the nutrient matters, and thereby reducing considerably the general vitality of the affected plant. As is well known, an ordinary plant consists of a great number of cells, each resembling a microscopic bladder, filled with protoplasm, water and some other substances. Were our eyes stronger the interior of a young wheat-plant would appear not much unlike a barrel of potatoes, the potatoes representing the cells. The cells in the plant, much as the potatoes in the barrel, have empty or vacant spaces between one another. If we can imagine some slender plant growing up between the potatoes in the barrel and drawing nourishment from them, we will have a crude illustration of the manner in which the smut parasite attacks the wheat-plant. When the wheat begins to head the parasitic threads push their way into the young kernels, and there find an abundance of food. Here the parasite reaches its highest development, and produces an abundant crop of its minor black spores, to serve as seed for the next year's crop. A wheat kernel thus filled with spores is generally a little shorter and thicker than a healthy grain, and is always of a dark-greenish color. Upon crushing it, a most offensive odor is given off by the black, dusty mass of the interior. If we put some of this black dust under a good microscope we shall see that it is made up of round bodies, the individual spores, which in these low plants answers the same purpose as the seeds of the higher ones. When the smutted grains are broken, as many are in thrashing, the spores adhere to the tuft of hairs on the normal grains, and are thus sown with the latter. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that the disease is propagated by the spores, and that the sowing of seed containing smut pores is followed, under favorable conditions, by a new crop of smut. When we come to the question of prevention it is at once evident that whatever will destroy the spores or eliminate them from the seed-wheat will, in so far, lessen the liability to the disease. As the smutted grains are lighter than the normal ones they can be floated out by throwing the seed-wheat into water and violently agitating it. The common "smut mills" of the miller may also be used, although in this case there is considerable danger of mechanical injury to the normal grains. In whatever manner the smutted grains are removed it must be borne in mind that

many spores adhere to those which are not smutted, and these spores must be removed or destroyed, or but little good will come from the operation. This last may be accomplished by the use of caustic lime, which may be applied in the dry state to the wetted wheat after the washing spoken of above. A solution of blue-stone (copper sulphate) is also much used by English farmers for the purpose, and appears to destroy the life of the spores without injuring the wheat."

"SCIENCE" publishes the following report, given by Captain George E. Belknap, commander of the U. S. steamer *Alaska*, of a singular meteoric phenomenon witnessed in the western horizon while at sea in the North Pacific: "The sun had set clear, leaving the lower sky streaked with gorgeous tints of green and red, while the new moon, three days old, gave out a peculiar red light of singular brilliancy. Suddenly, at three minutes before five o'clock, a loud rushing noise was heard, like that of a large rocket descending from the zenith with immense force and velocity. It was a meteor, of course, and when within some ten degrees of the horizon it exploded with great noise and flame, the glowing fragments streaming down into the sea like huge sparks and sprays of fire. Then came the most wonderful part of the phenomenon, for, at the point in the heavens where the meteor burst, there appeared a figure, like the shape of an immense distaff, all aglow with a bluish-white light of the most intense brilliancy. It kept that form for perhaps two minutes, when it began to lengthen upward, and grow wavy and zigzag in outline from the action of the wind, and gradually diminishing in breadth, until it became a fine, faint spiral line, at its upper end dissolving into the fast gathering clouds the meteor seemed to have evoked. It so remained, a gorgeous scroll of light, emblazoning an arc of some fifteen or twenty degrees in the heavens, and with all its vividness and brilliancy of coloring, for ten minutes longer, when it began to fade, and finally disappeared at eleven minutes past five o'clock, apparent time. So grand and startling had been the effect produced, that it might have been likened to a thunderbolt and its trail indelibly engraved upon the sky. All on board gathered on deck to look at the wonderful phenomenon, and all said they had never seen so marvelous a sight before. Had the meteor struck the ship, it would doubtless have been the last of the *Alaska*, and no vestige would have been left to tell the tale of her loss. And to those who witnessed this strange and unwonted manifestation of the forces of the universe comes the suggestion of possible unthought-of cause of sometime disasters at sea."

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

February 21.—A French political crisis necessitated the formation of a new cabinet by the Premier, M. Jules Ferry.—The U. S. steamship *Ashuelot* reported foundered in the China Seas, with the loss of eleven lives.—Two hundred and thirty-two convicts were locked up at Sing Sing, New York, for refusing to work. . . . **Feb. 22.**—In the British House of Commons, Mr. Forster made serious charges against Mr. Parnell for complicity in the Irish assassinations. Mr. Parnell made no reply.—James Gamble died in Williamsport, Pa. . . . **Feb. 23.**—Mr. Parnell replied to Mr. Forster's attack, but failed to make a favorable impression on the English public.—There was a dangerous revolt in the penitentiary at Jefferson, Mo., the prisoners setting the shops on fire, and making a preconcerted attempt to escape. The damage by fire amounted to \$500,000, but not a prisoner escaped.—The President signed the Japanese Indemnity Fund bill.—Dr. Paul A. Chadbourne, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and formerly President of Williams College, died, aged sixty years.—A fire in Georgetown, S. C., de-

stroyed wharves and warehouses to the value of \$70,000. . . . **Feb. 24.**—The Augustinian Society, Lawrence, Mass., an institution for receiving the funds of Roman Catholics, failed, under much the same conditions as in the case of Archbishop Purcell, in Cincinnati. . . . **Feb. 25.**—Socialistic plots were discovered in Brussels and in Andalusia, Spain.—Two more unsuccessful attempts were made to burn the Missouri Penitentiary.—The mills of the St. Joseph Lead Company, at Terre Bonne, Mo., were burned; loss, \$200,000.—Fire caused a loss of \$70,000 in Washington, Iowa. . . . **Feb. 26.**—The Senate called on the President for information regarding an alleged conference of European powers with a view to bringing about peace between Chili and Peru, objection being made to such interference in American affairs.—Mrs. Marshall Jewell died in New York. . . . **Feb. 27.**—David Davis, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, sent in his resignation, to take effect March 3, and afford opportunity to elect a successor before adjournment.—The House of Representatives passed the bill for increased pensions to one-armed and one-legged soldiers; also a bill appropriating \$100,000 for a public building in Jefferson, Mo.—Two earthquake shocks were felt at Newport, R. I. . . . **Feb. 28.**—The House of Representatives passed a bill ordering a re-appraisal of the steamer *Planter*, captured during the Rebellion by Robert Smalls and a party of volunteers.—The Senate confirmed the appointment of Martin I. Townsend to be U. S. Attorney for Northern New York.

THE DRAMA.

MR. RAYMOND presents his new play, "In Paradise," in Philadelphia for the first time on March 19, at the Walnut Street Theatre.

At the close of Mr. Booth's performance in Berlin, the supporting cast surfeited him with praise, and the principal members kissed him on both cheeks, a mark of appreciation decidedly startling to the American temperament.

MRS. LANGTRY, it appears, contemplates remaining here another season. She lately stated that she was negotiating with Mr. Boucicault to write a play suited to her, and if later developments proved auspicious she would stay. Her present tour will probably terminate in April by a two weeks' engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

"HEART AND HAND," Lecocq's latest comic opera, has lately been done in New York at two theatres, the Bijou Opera House and the Standard Theatre. The theme is an old one, and lacks humor. The music is dull, and falls far short of that sprightliness and melody which is such a pronounced characteristic of the composer's former work.

WHETHER we are to have a new opera next fall from Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan hinges upon the lasting-power of "Iolanthe" in London. Should the enormous audiences which have attended thus far show signs of diminishing, they will immediately set about preparing something new. Mr. Gilbert is said to have accumulated a fortune of nearly half a million of dollars from his writings, and is about to build a magnificent dwelling in the West End of London.

THE greatest personal success this season has undoubtedly been that of Mr. Richard Mansfield at the Union Square Theatre, New York, in "A Parisian Romance." The part, that of an unprincipled *roué*, who dies in the midst of his dissipation, was refused by Mr. Stoddart, of the company. It was then entrusted to Mr. Mansfield's hands, who had been known before as a comedian of marked ability in comic opera. His performance the first night amazed everybody, and to his acting, the great success the play has attained is mainly attributed.

"MY PARTNER," which made its author, Mr. Bartley Campbell, famous in a night, still retains a secure position in public favor, and has gained for Messrs. Aldrich and Parsloe in the four years since its initial production a fortune apiece. The one thousandth performance was lately commemorated at the Windsor Theatre, New York, by tasteful souvenirs. Mr. Parsloe's performance of the Chinaman has elicited the warmest words of approval. His peculiar talent is apparently inherited, as it is recorded that, in 1828, at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, his father appeared in a Chinese dance. The play will soon be produced, for the second time this season in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street Theatre.



Bridget.—“Wud ye plaze answer me wan question, mum?”

Mistress.—“Certainly. What is it?”

Bridget.—“Well, mum, me an’ Mariar wuz disputin’ as what wuz thim in the picture over the mantel?”

Mistress.—“Why, Bridget, those are Raphael’s Cherubs.”

Bridget.—“Och, thin, the two of us wuz wrong entirely; I said they wuz twins and Mariar said they wuz bats.”

How Tom Saved the Train.

AROUND the stove, at the village inn,
The usual company were seated,
To drink and smoke and chaff and grin
At tales too broad to be repeated.

A moment silence held her reign,
And then a voice her realms invaded :
“Tom, tell us how you saved the train !”
Tom was not loth to be persuaded.

But first a horn of applejack
He “put away” preparatory ;
Then ‘gainst the wall he braced his back,
And thus began his startling story :

“Upon the track, and on the ties,
One clear night I was homeward hieing,
When, ‘cross the rails, before my eyes,
I saw, O Heavens ! a great beam lying.

“It shone, a ghastly body there—
All ways at once my feelings drifted.
Although it seem’d so light, I swear
I hadn’t then the power to lift it.

“A sudden rumble and a roar
Struck frightfully upon my hearing—
Louder and louder than before—
I knew the night express was nearing.

“With helplessness I weaker grew,
And, fainting, on my knees was falling.
What should I do—what could I do—
To avert disaster so appalling?

“On me it came ! As in a dream
I thought I saw the dead and dying.
I sprang between the track and beam—
And on, unharmed, the train went flying !”

A moment’s hush. You might have heard

A dew drop. One said : “I can’t see,
sir,
Just how that blamed old beam was stirred.”

“I didn’t touch it; it touch’d me,
sir.”

“But,” he persisted, “tell this much ;
I want the answer that I go for :
You couldn’t lift, you didn’t touch,
Pray, how then did the train get over?”

Said Tom, as toward the door he went :
“Why, don’t you see? Now don’t get mad. Oh !

It was a *moon-beam* that I meant :
I sprang between and left my shadow !”

A dozen glasses flew in air,
And ‘gainst the closing door were shatter’d ;

But wily Tom, no longer there,
Stood outside ; so it little matter’d.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

After Many Years.

ONLY a lock of hair—
Of soft brown hair—
With faintest trace of gray ;

Foot-prints of time and care
Uniting there
Yesterday and to-day.

When life was young and fair,
A tress of hair—
Brown hair—you gave me there ;
A tiny braid to wear—
Ken you not where ?
’Twas yesterday—Brown hair !

Some reap where others sow !
Cruel ? Ah, no !
That precious lock of hair,
Untouched by winter’s snow,
Long, long ago
Was lost—misaid somewhere.

Whence comes this brown and gray
To me to-day ?
Dear ghosts of years long fled,
Why will ye haunting stay ?
Begone, I pray !
All but “to-day” is dead !

Ah ! whether false or true ?
The old or new ?
I often wonder which .
Ah, if I only knew !
It makes me blue
Not to know—which was *switch* !

JOHN HAVARD.

A Change.

“WORTH makes the man !”—you know the rest—
’Tis truth this line expresses.
We’ve changed all that in modern days,
Since Worth now makes the dresses !

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 14.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1883.

Whole No. 60



GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

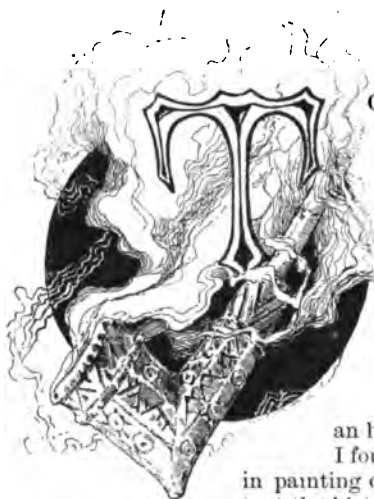
BY JESSIE McDERMOTT.

Oh, many, many years ago,
They tell me she was fair—
They say the yellow buttercups
Were jealous of her hair;
That all the peach-blooms blushed to see
The soft pink on her cheeks—
That blue-bells looking at her eyes
Would hang their heads for weeks.
But she—she only laughs and says,
“Ah, that was long ago!
My hair nothing need envy now
Except the drifted snow.
The peach-blooms and the blue-bells
Have long since smiled away

The silly fear they may have had
In some past summer day.”

And I—I think her lovelier
Than any flower that grows;
And when I look into her eyes
I fancy that she knows
Her sweet age is more beautiful
Than fairest youth could be,
Though when I tell her what I think,
She only laughs at me.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.



TOWARD the close of a beautiful day in the dreamy Indian summer of the Rocky Mountains, I strolled into the Ute encampment at White River Agency, Colorado, and, entering the lodge of one of the chief men, sat down for

an hour's rest and chat.

I found my host engaged in painting on the canvas of his tent the history of a recent skirmish with the Arapahoes, in which the Ute party

had been victorious. On one side of the panoramic view a band of Indians were represented in the act of killing buffalo. To the right the successful hunters were depicted on their homeward journey with the trophies of the chase, while a band of Arapahoes loitered in the rear. Farther on the fight was pictured, and finally the scene showed the triumphant warriors approaching their village with the spoils of battle. Among ponies and saddles and captured weapons a number of tobacco-pipes, carved from a deep-red stone and artistically inlaid with white metal, were faithfully represented, and as the artist entertained me with a description of the scene, he filled one of these prized

souvenirs with tobacco as an evidence of his good will, and bade me join him in a smoke. He told me that the Utes had used such pipes for many generations; that they had first been brought from the East by other tribes, and that formerly the *calumet* had figured in all of their councils and treaties; but that since Washington (the Government) had confined the tribes to reservations, the peace-pipe had lost much of the importance attached to it, and that now it was valued only as a relic of past glories—was smoked merely as a means of gratifying the appetite or as a pledge of friendship between individuals.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. GABRIEL MIESSE, OHIO.



ANCIENT CLAY PIPES FROM VARIOUS LOCALITIES.

This incident occurred many years ago, but served to awaken in me a desire to learn more of the history of the pipe of peace. The results of subsequent investigations to which it led are partially set forth in these pages.

Far back in pre-historic times, long before the birth of Columbus, or the visits of the Norsemen to the shores of the Western World, the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley were familiar with the narcotic and medicinal properties of certain

herbs, and, aside from the sensual gratification that smoking afforded them, the usage had become firmly ingrafted into their religious ceremonies. They were wont to solace themselves with the fumes of burning leaves, or to offer the precious incense as a propitiation to the Great Spirit. They expended an enormous amount of time and labor and exercised a surprising degree of skill in the production of curious receptacles for the smoking material, which have descended to us in their burial

and sacrificial mounds after the lapse of perhaps thousands of years. These relics, which are the oldest pipes known, were fashioned from the hardest stones, and were frequently carved to represent certain animals and birds. They were made in one piece, the bowl rising from the centre of a curved base or platform, one end of which answered the purpose of a handle, whilst the other formed the stem.

At a somewhat more recent period a branch of the same ancient people, farther to the southward, carved great clumsy "idol-pipes" in the semblance of the human form or head, or of monstrous birds and quadrupeds. Many of these manufactures, which were simply bowls with an orifice for the insertion of an additional stem, were of great weight, and must have been placed on the ground when in use, the smoke being conveyed to the smoker through a long reed, which was attached to the sculpture.

At the time of the Mexican conquest smoking was almost universal in North America. The Spanish discoverers were struck with astonishment by the singularity of the practice, and many quaint allusions were

made to it by the early historians. One of them wrote that the Floridian "salvages" possessed "a kinde of herbe dried, which, with a cane and an earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbes put together, do sucke thorow the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live foure or five

dayes without meate or drinke." This "cornet of claië," which was a common accessory to the accoutrements of every Indian, is described by another as "a little pan, hollowed at the one side, and within whose hole there is a long quill or pipe, out of which they suck up the smoak which is within the said pan, after they put fire to it with a coal that they lay upon it."

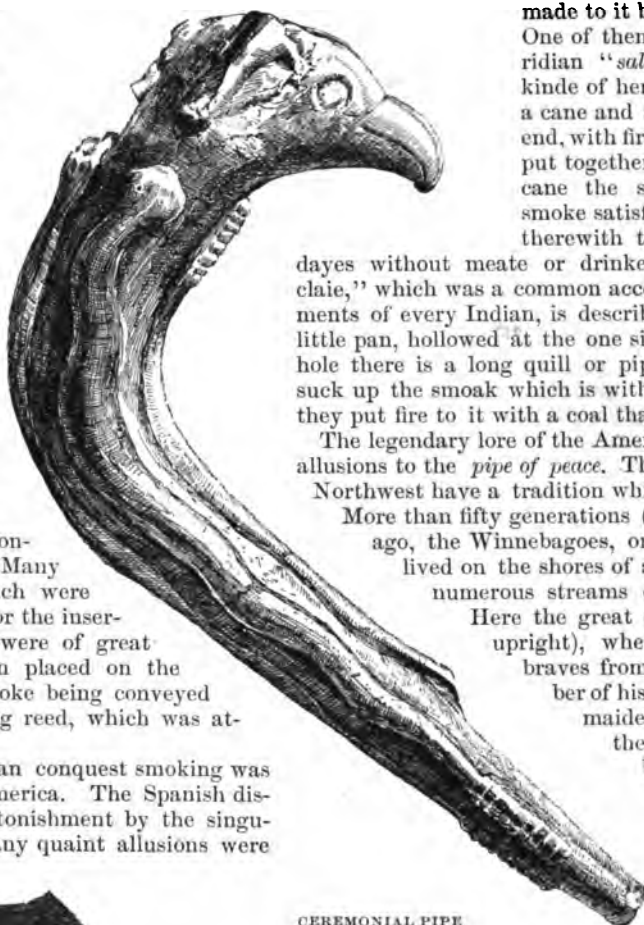
The legendary lore of the American Indians is rich in allusions to the *pipe of peace*. The Winnebagoes of the Northwest have a tradition which runs in this wise:

More than fifty generations (fifteen hundred years) ago, the Winnebagoes, or *men with sweet voices*, lived on the shores of a large lake into which numerous streams emptied their waters.

Here the great chief Ro-chun-ka (the upright), when asked by visiting braves from other tribes the number of his warriors and beautiful maidens, replied by likening them to the prints made

by the feet of a pony in a day's ride among wild plum trees. One day a medicine-man of the Sioux tribe (from whom the Winnebagoes sprung many snows before) came to Ro-

chun-ka, and requested that the chiefs and warriors be called together, as he had received a message from *Wa-kon-ton-ka* (the Great Spirit) which he wished to communicate to them. The multitude was very great, and more than a hundred men were stationed the sound



CEREMONIAL PIPE
(MISSOURI).



ANCIENT BLACK STONE PIPE—NEW YORK (FROM A
SKETCH BY REV. W. M. BEAUCHAMP).



THE OLDEST FORM OF PIPE—FROM A MOUND, IOWA
(DAVENPORT COLLECTION).

of a strong man's voice apart to carry to the assembly the words of the Great Spirit as they were spoken by the medicine man. He said: "Let the Sioux and Winnebagoes hereafter be friends. Let their blood mingle, not with the soil, but in the veins of brave offspring. The great Spirit, angry at the sight of bleaching bones in every cañon and on every plain, says let no more blood be shed."

Suddenly a warrior, taller than a great hemlock growing on hot sandy soil, appeared to the multitude, and, approaching Ro-chun-ka, announced a new pleasure for the "sweet-voiced" and their descendants: "When the hunter comes wearied from the chase; when the warrior returns from battle with the bleeding scalps of enemies at his side; when the lover leaves the tent of his sweetheart—let him enjoy this, the gift of the Great Spirit to those who obey him." From its covering of plucked mink skin he unwrapped a *pipe*, fashioned from the shinbone of an elk, into which bands of yellow metal (gold) and bright stones were sunken and blended into



HARD BLACK STONE PIPE (WAYNE CO., NEW YORK).



BLACK SLATE PIPE—(NEW YORK).

beautiful figures. Filling the pipe (*che-no-pu*) with red willow bark (*sha-sha*), he breathed into the bowl and an odor, as of many flowers, filled the nostrils of the great assembly; the pipe was passed to Ro-chun-ka, who, finding a new-born pleasure in the fragrant perfume, greater than any before known to him, perceived at once that the gift must be divine, and a treaty of peace was straightway sealed, by the inviolable pledge of the pipe, between the two great nations.

According to another wide-spread superstition, Gitche-Manito, the Mighty, ages ago, assembled all of the hostile tribes together at the Great Red Pipestone Quarry in Minnesota. Breaking off a fragment of the beautiful wine-colored stone, he fashioned it into a pipe which he smoked in their presence, telling them that the rock was

part of their flesh, and that henceforth the locality was to be neutral ground, where all nations should meet in peace to provide themselves with material for their calumets. As the smoke of the sacred pipe rolled upward and concealed him from the view of the multitude, the Great Spirit disappeared in the clouds.

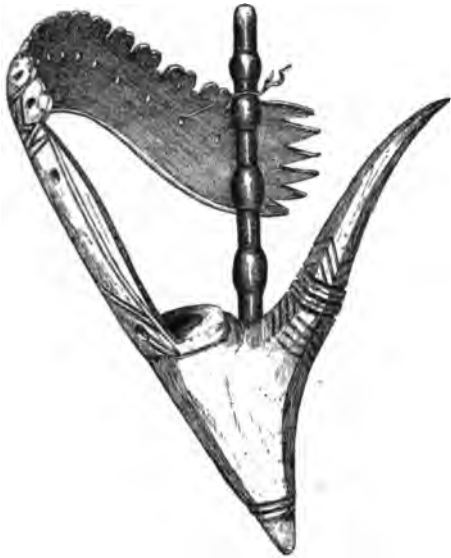
For many centuries the Indian tribes of the Northwest have fashioned their pipes from the red catlinite taken from this celebrated spot, which has been made still more famous by the lamented poet, Longfellow, in his "Song of Hiawatha." From the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean the red rock still forms an important item in aboriginal traffic, and annual visits are paid to the quarry by the neighboring tribes for a stock of material sufficient to supply their needs during the coming year.

As a rule, each Indian makes his own pipes, but there are certain artists who excel in pipe-sculpture. Philip Western, a Flandreau Sioux, is acknowledged to be the best among the Indians of the present day. His carvings, often beautifully inlaid with metal, are known far and near, and few are the visitors at the Pipestone Quarry who fail to carry away with them curious examples of his handiwork.

A quarter of a mile east of the quarry the Pipestone Creek falls gracefully over the rocks, and forms an additional attraction to this romantic spot, made hallowed by the legends of many generations.



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PRE-HISTORIC STONE IDOL PIPE (OHIO).



DEER ANTLER PIPE, LAST CENTURY (FROM SKETCH BY REV. W. M. BEAUCHAMP), NEW YORK.

The natives of the Isthmus of Darien seem to have been the inventors of the cigar. In 1681 Dr. Lionel Wafer found them using rolls of tobacco as thick as the

signs representing an infinity of grotesque and monstrous creatures.

A century or so ago native American pipes had lost most of their tribal characteristics, and were made of every available material and in a countless variety of forms, to suit the fancy of the individual smoker. It is a singular fact that earthenware pipes were not made by the American aborigines until a comparatively recent period. Amongst other tribes, the Seneca, Mohawk and Onondaga Indians of New York usually moulded their pipes in clay at the time of the discovery of America, as did also the Lenni-Lenapes of the Delaware Valley.

Occasionally the archæologist is delighted by the discovery of examples of remarkably curious or elaborate workmanship. A specimen from New York State, belonging to the last century and now owned by Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, is made from a portion of a deer's antler, with a wooden stem held in place by a buckskin thong. A large trumpet-shaped stone pipe, found in the vicinity of Santa Fé, New Mexico, and at present in the collection of Mr. William S. Beebe, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (page 419), is believed to be amongst the finest American pipes extant. The bowl is carved to represent an eagle's head, on the back and sides of which lilliputian figures of men appear in relief, whilst along the stem four rattlesnakes are stretched in life-like attitudes.

The Chippewa Indians, in the Lake Superior region,



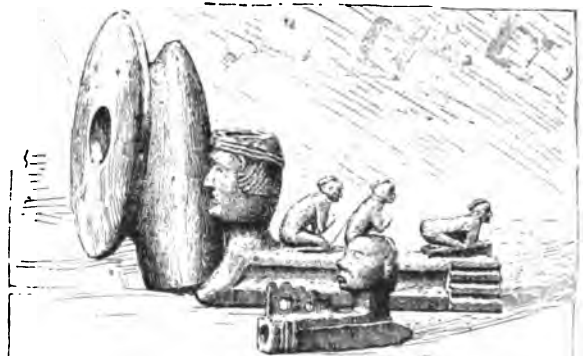
MOUND PIPES (FROM THE DAVENPORT ACADEMY OF SCIENCES).

wrist and two or three feet long. "When assembled together, and they want to smoke," he writes in his journal, "a boy lights one end of this roll, wetting the tobacco above its lighted end so that it will not burn too fast. He then takes the end of this roll in his mouth, and blows the smoke in the nose of each one in the assembly, even when two or three hundred in number. The Indians, sitting on benches, as is their wont, hold their hands around their noses like a tube to receive the perfume." Truly a method of enjoying the "weed" which might be adopted to advantage by their civilized brethren on the score of economy and sociability.

The ancient inhabitants of the Pacific Coast smoked through straight tubular pipes of serpentine, in the smaller ends of which were inserted the wing-bones of birds, which served as mouthpieces. These pipes varied in length from two to twelve inches, and were doubtless used in the intervals of labor, when the owners reclined at ease or lay in a prostrate position.

On Vancouver's Island and the Northwest Coast the natives still use a soft, fine-grained black slate for their pipes, which are most elaborately carved in imitation of men, animals, reptiles and intricate de-

cut characteristic pipes from a dark-colored pipe-stone which they find in the neighborhood. An old Indian who is known by the name of *Pwahguneka*, is said to be one of the most noted artisans in that section, and



DISC PIPE, CHIPPEWA SCULPTURE AND OLD CATLINITE CARVING (WESTERN STATES).



PRE-HISTORIC STONE IDOL PIPE (COLLECTION OF DR. GABRIEL MIESSE, OHIO).

his productions are generally conventionalized by the introduction of a row of miniature men or animals carved on the upper surface of the stem-socket or platform. An example of recent Chippewa pipe sculpture has been introduced in the group of old Indian stone-pipes, here figured, which will give a general idea of the majority of examples produced by this tribe. In this specimen the artist has evidently intended to convey the idea of a boat—two figures being represented in the attitude of rowing, whilst a third is steering at the helm. The bowl of the pipe represents the head of a Caucasian with short hair and stubby mustache. Indian pipe-makers have recently displayed much ingenuity in copying objects of European introduction, such as steel tomahawks and spear-points, "stove-pipe" hats, horses' heads and the like; and an extraordinary example found in Missouri, which may be seen in the illustration to which allusion has just been made, is fashioned in the shape of an inverted *glass bottle-stopper*, ornamented with etchings of hearts and crosses. A fine example of a Missouri pipe is shown with the initial letter beginning this paper.

In some form or other, tobacco was universally used by the tribes of North America previous to the fifteenth century. The Indians of Hispaniola inhaled the smoke

of burning leaves through a forked tube, the ends of which they inserted in their nostrils. Montezuma regaled himself, after his epicurean dinner, with a pipe of tobacco perfumed with the dried leaves, or dried and powdered juice of the liquidambar or sweet-gum tree, and in some portions of the country the inhabitants enjoyed the "weed" in the form of snuff. The peace pipe, however, with its highly decorated stem, was peculiarly



ANTIQUE BLACK STONE BOTTLE-STOPPER PIPE, MISSOURI.



PRE-HISTORIC MOUND PIPE (DAVENPORT ACADEMY OF SCIENCES).

an institution of the nomads of the Northwest. It was invested with sacred attributes, and figured in all the mysteries of the medicine-man's art; no treaty could be sealed without it; it was the aboriginal flag of truce, an inviolable pledge of honor and immunity from attack. In the words of the artist-traveler Catlin, who spent much time with the wild tribes, "the pipe is the Indian's constant companion through life. He pledges his friends through its stem and its bowl, and when its care-drowning fumes cease to flow it takes a place with him in his solitary grave with his tomahawk and war-club, companions to his long-fancied 'wild and beautiful hunting-grounds.'"

EDWIN A. BARBER.



ANCIENT BAKED CLAY PIPE (PENNSYLVANIA)—SIDE, BACK AND FRONT (COLLECTION OF J. M. M. GERNERD, MUNCY, PA.).

BESIDE THE ANTE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

EVERY one at Falaise knows the story of the mother of William the Conqueror by heart. They trouble themselves very little about the results of modern investigation in regard to the real facts in the case, these good folk of Falaise. They see no reason for doubting any part of the story they have always known. They will show you with pride the beautiful old Church of Saint Gervais, and its not distant neighbor in the Grande Place, La Sainte Trinité; but they will bid you look longest at the great bronze statue of the Conqueror in the centre of the Grand Place. And it is well worth looking at. The Norman hero is mounted on a spirited horse, represented as plunging impetuously forward, and the king, in suit of mail, and with visor up and grasping a lifted lance and pennon in his hand, is turning, as if to beckon on an army to victory.

"It is most wonderful," the folk of Falaise will say to you, as you and they gaze at the warrior figure of whose history they are so proud.

But they have more to show you than this; for then they will take you on up the hill and through the arched gateway of the castle. On the ramparts is a quiet, grassy walk, well shaded by trees; and there is a school up here above the town, and an old twelfth-century chapel. But you have not been brought to look at these. You go, instead, into the castle-keep, and there you will be shown a double-arched window with a stone pillar in the centre, and looking out of this you will gaze into a deep, narrow valley very far below, through which winds the River Ante, its surface visible only here and there among the trees. On the other side frowns a steep range of hills, the steepest of all being known as Mont Mirat.

"From this window," says your companion, "Count Robert first saw Arlette;" and then you are told how the youth of eighteen, looking down into the valley of the Ante, saw the women and girls washing clothes in the stream, just as you see them doing now, eight centuries later, and among them saw the beautiful Arlette, the tanner's daughter, and seeing, fell in love. You look down at the women below. You can just catch the sound of their voices, but you cannot distinguish one from the other. If the story you have heard is true, love, in Robert's case at least, was not blind, but most extraordinarily sharp-sighted. Be that as it may, he afterward made her Duchess of Normandy, and you are shown a little cell in the castle where their son, the Conqueror, was born, unless the historians are right who say that William was not born in this castle at all. Afterward you will be taken to the top of Talbot's tower, a hundred feet higher, from which a most magnificent view can be had; but since this tower, built by the English King Henry the Fifth, can in no way be associated with William, it has but little interest for your Falaise companion.

Another day you go to the washing-place beside the Ante, and watch the women and girls chattering and laughing at their work, and you think of the young Robert catching sight of his beautiful Arlette in just such another group of workers eight centuries before. Here the river runs through a sluiceway, made for the use of the washers, and here are great square tanks heaped high with soaking garments, the whole protected

from the weather by sheds. Each one pays three sous a day for the privilege of washing here, but must furnish her own soap and *carrosse* for beating the clothes, so one of the white-capped women will perhaps inform you. Beyond are open-air tanks, where those who have no three sous to spare may wash for nothing. You wonder if there is an Arlette among any of these women. They are not very beautiful, you think. But as you stand at the arched entrance of the washing-place you do not see all the women, and, even if you could, you would not know which was named Arlette, if there were one of that name there. Yet there is an Arlette there, and if you had been told of it, I think it would not have been difficult to discover her. Arlette must be beautiful to bear out her right to the name, you imagine; and you, within the archway, are not much impressed with the faces you see. But this modern Arlette is among the poorer women beside the Ante, and too far off for you to see her. There has always been an Arlette among the women at the river, for it is a favorite name at Falaise, and sometimes there have been several; but at present there is but one—Arlette Lechasseur, the daughter of a shoemaker in the Faubourg St. Laurent. Well she knows the story of Arlette, the tanner's daughter, and very proud she is of her name. We have only tradition to assure us that the first Arlette was beautiful, but it needs no second glance to convince us that Arlette Lechasseur is so. If only there were another Count Robert to see. But she has too much sense to expect a count or any other noble personage to come and make love to her there beside the Ante, even if she is pretty.

"Where is thy Count Robert, Arlette?" the other women sometimes say to her at the tanks, but her only response is a good-natured laugh.

Yet she has dreams of her own, nevertheless. Not exalted ones, to be sure, but they sweeten existence to her. Last year, at the fair in the Faubourg of Guibray, she met some one that, perhaps—Alas, poor Arlette never gets beyond the "perhaps" in her thoughts! The thrifty Norman does not often marry a girl who can bring him nothing, and the Lechasseurs are very poor. So Arlette's musings do not stray beyond a "perhaps," as I said before; but people learn to be content with a very little, and it is pleasant to have one's dreams.

From her washing-place she looks up at the great cliff on which the castle stands. Except for a few patches of furze and heather, the gray rock is almost bare, and which is cliff and which is castle wall is hard to tell, for the wall is at the edge of the cliff, and seems as if it might be a part of it, so worn and gray is its surface. And, high above all, the Talbot tower appears almost to touch the sky. Arlette has often been to the very top, but she does not like looking down into the valley so well as gazing up at the castle-crowned cliff. From where she is plying her *carrosse* she can see Count Robert's window and the vine sprays hanging down from the opening. Then she thinks of the tanner's daughter and Count Robert. Now and then she can see some one leaning from the window and looking down into the valley, as that handsome stripling may have leaned and looked eight centuries before. But she does not imagine that any one can distinguish her from

the other women beside the Ante. She knows very well that the distance is too great for that now. Perhaps eyesight was better in Count Robert's time she thinks. But the day comes when some one looking down from Count Robert's window does see her. It is a young American, finishing a year of travel in Europe by a walking tour through Normandy, burdened only by knapsack and field-glass. Some one at Caen has told him that he must surely visit Falaise, and so he has come to the castle, and now, looking through his glass, at one object after another, his gaze has at last rested on Arlette at her washing-tank beside the Ante. The glass is a powerful one, so that he can see her very distinctly as she beats the soaped linen with her *carrosse*, and afterwards rinses the garments in the clear running water; and he watches her a long time. At last, however, he puts down the glass, and, after giving his guide a fee, he comes down from the castle alone.

But it is no youth of eighteen who sees this modern Arlette, but a man at least eight years older, who has looked upon many beautiful faces before this. Why should this one attract him especially? But it does interest him, and he means to see more of it, as Count Robert likewise resolved long before. But the American is quite as handsome as any mediæval count can possibly have been, though, as his figure is rather under the middle size, Count Robert was probably the taller of the two, on the generally accepted principle that mediæval heroes were men of commanding height. But the clear olive complexion, dark hair and eyes and delicate mustache, sweeping upward at the ends in long curves, Count Robert probably did not boast. More than one woman had looked at this young American with admiring eyes, and he knew very well that he was handsome—perhaps had at one time been a little vain of the fact—but now, at twenty-six, he merely accepts it as a piece of good fortune. Any one looking at the firm curves of the mouth would see evidences of abundant strength of purpose. Whether it would be exercised with any higher aims than obtaining his own way was the question. He had always had it without much trouble, and he was not more selfish than most men.

As he goes down the hill his mind is full of this pretty face he has just seen. And why not? He is taking life easily this summer. When he returns to America his work awaits him, into which he means to plunge in sober earnest; but at present he is enjoying life, and has plenty of room for vagrant fancies in his mind. But it is a long distance down the hill to the washing-sheds beside the Ante, and he is not familiar enough with the town to find the nearest way; so that, by the time he reaches the arched entrance, many of the women have gone, and among them Arlette. Those who remain glance shyly at him, but he sees only that Arlette is not there, and he goes to his rooms at the Hôtel de Normandie vexed at the disappointment. He meant to have gone back to Caen the next day, but now he decides to remain in Falaise another day in the hope of getting a nearer view of the pretty face he has seen from the castle window. And chance is favorable to him that very day, for, strolling just at sunset through the Faubourg St. Laurent, he sees Arlette standing at her father's door. The young fellow, mentally noting the nature of her father's business, for Guy Lechasseur can be seen through the entrance busy at his work, takes his resolution at once, and, approaching the doorway, lifts his hat courteously to Arlette.

"He is very handsome," thinks Arlette. "There is no one like him in Falaise."

"Good evening, my pretty one," says the stranger. "Can I see M. Lechasseur, the *cordonnier*?"

Hearing the sound of his name, old Guy comes forward, and the American explains that he would like to be measured for a pair of easy walking-shoes.

"They must be very easy and comfortable," he says, "for I walk a great deal."

"But yes, Monsieur," responds the father of Arlette, "I know what you would have. Come in, and it shall be done at once. Arlette, my child, thou wilt have the goodness to measure Monsieur's foot immediately."

The honest shoemaker is a little excited at this sudden order from a foreigner, and speaks hurriedly.

"Arlette, my daughter, is more precise than I can be with the measurements," he explains to his visitor. "Her eyes are much younger than mine, thou must know."

The other smiles at this. He is very well suited with this arrangement, and so Arlette, blushing a little—for it is a new experience for her to have dark eyes bent on her so earnestly as now—does as her father desires.

"Remember, I am very particular," says the young man when she has nearly completed her task. "I should not like to be badly fitted. Will it not be best to repeat the measure so as to be sure?"

"But yes, Monsieur," responds Guy, "it is best to be sure."

It is very pleasant, this unlooked-for little incident, and the young man determines to enjoy it. Arlette, kneeling before him the better to do what she is about, ventures one shy glance at his face, but finding him looking tenderly at her, bends down her head. Yet on no pretext can he prolong the situation further, but after Arlette is through he remains to talk with the girl and her father.

"Falaise is very beautiful," he says to Arlette, after Guy has returned to his work, and the girl, at her father's request, goes with him a few steps to point out a nearer way to the Hôtel de Normandie than the route by which he came.

"Does Monsieur really think so?" is her response. "I am very glad, for Monsieur must know that I love Falaise."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," he repeats; "but I know what is much more beautiful still," he adds; and there is no mistaking his meaning, even if the little pressure he gives her hand had been omitted.

"Monsieur must not say such things," she says slowly after a pause.

"But I shall say such things, because they are true, my pretty one. Look at me, Arlette."

They are in a narrow lane by this time, where there is no one but themselves.

"Look at me, Arlette," he says again.

She does look at him with her sweet, wondering face. In the gathering twilight he can yet see the soft curves of her lips and cheeks. He cannot help it that he puts his arm about her; and it is all so new, so strange to her, that she does not resist him.

"Does Arlette know that she is very beautiful?" he says gently, and then he draws her closer to him.

"I must go back now," she says simply, and so he releases her. "Monsieur will find the way now, doubtless, if he will remember to take the next turn to the right," she continues when he has taken away his arm.

"Yes," he replies, "it will be very easy, and now this is for showing me the way," and he puts a silver coin in her hand, and then, moved by a sudden impulse, kisses her once, twice, and turns away.

She is not angry with him when she is once more

alone. Something new and sweet has come into her life, and it has all been so sudden that she is bewildered for a little. But she does not try to analyze her feelings. She knows only that this foreigner, who looks so handsome and speaks so tenderly, has told her that she is beautiful, and has kissed her. And that is quite enough for Arlette now. She wonders, as she goes homeward, if Count Robert could have looked like this stranger. She thinks of him all that night, and on the morrow, as she stands at her washing-tank beside the Ante, she is thinking of him still. Foolish little Arlette! But what should one do when one is but eighteen, and has been kissed by the handsomest man one has ever seen? Surely one need not be *very* angry or try to forget.

The morning is half gone when she sees him entering the archway to the washing-sheds, but he does not see her. She hears his voice in good-humored passing chat with the women there. What if he should not see her! At last he comes out from the sheds toward the free tanks. Surely he must see her now. But he stops for a word with Babette and Susette, with Dorothee and with Gertrude before he comes to her.

"Ah, my pretty one," he says carelessly, as if this were the first time he has seen her; but a look in his face tells her that he remembers, and she understands now why he spoke to all the women on the way.

He has a sketch-book with him, and now, as he leans against a post near her, he takes a pencil and sketches rapidly. Now and then he says a word to her, and the women near by look at him in the pauses of their work with shy, admiring glances. At last he holds up a paper.

"Would you like to see, my good friends?" he says to the women; and then Babette, Susette, Dorothee and Gertrude crowd about him and examine his drawing with voluble exclamations of delight.

"There thou art, Dorothee, to the life," says one.

"And there is Susette," says another; "and Monsieur has drawn me, too," she adds in great glee.

"Would you like to show this to your friends under the shed?" suggests the artist; and this appearing to be exactly what they do wish, off go the four girls, not observing that Arlette does not accompany them.

"See here, Arlette," says the American when they are alone. He holds up another paper on which he has sketched Arlette just as she looked when he saw her at her father's door.

"Am I like that?" she says timidly, and blushing a little.

"Only a thousand times prettier," he says impulsively; and then, while no one is observing them, he showers a dozen kisses on her face and neck.

And what should Arlette do?

Soon the women come back with the drawing.

"They say," says Dorothee, nodding her head in the direction of the sheds, "that Monsieur must make a picture of them."

"Very well," says the young man; and he goes back to the sheds.

He is gone some time, but at last Arlette hears murmurs of delight from the sheds, and she knows that the drawing is finished. Soon afterward he returns.

"*Bon jour*," he says to Susette and the others. "*Bon jour, ma petite*," he says to Arlette in a low tone, as he takes up his cane, which had been left on the ground beside her. "Arlette will see me again;" and then he goes on his way beside the Ante.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur*," scream the women after him, when he is almost out of sight; and at this he turns and waves his hat. They will talk about the handsome foreigner beside the Ante for many a long day.

By mid-afternoon Arlette goes home, and soon afterward an errand for her father takes her away from the house for an hour.

"Monsieur has been here," says Guy when she returns, "and he would have liked to say adieu to thee, for he was going away."

"Going away?" repeats Arlette faintly.

"But yes, my daughter. There was news from America that caused him to go at once, he said to me. And he could not wait for the shoes, but paid me the money and told me to give them to some one who needed them. I wish him a good journey, for he has done well by me, and not every one would think to remember that he owed an old shoemaker like thy father, Arlette. America is over the sea, they tell me, and he cannot yet be half-way to Caen," concludes the old man, drawing out his waxed thread slowly.

Is it really true that she shall see him no more? This is the one thought that fills Arlette's mind. It is this that sends her supperless to bed. It is this that causes her to rise in the morning with eyes that are red with weeping, and that have not been closed in sleep the night through. Foolish little Arlette, to weep for one who will soon forget her! She does not go to her work that day, but a day later sees her back with the others, a little pale, but that is all the difference.

The summer goes and the autumn comes, and the red leaves float along the winding Ante. The women are still talking of the foreigner who came and sketched them all so wonderfully one day.

The summer goes and the autumn comes, and the young American is back in his law office deep in his work and his future plans. He has not thought of Arlette since he returned. His sketch-book lies on an upper shelf, where he tossed it when first unpacking, and he has not thought to look at it since. A privileged friend comes into his office one morning, and, turning over one thing after another, lights upon the sketch-book, and taking it down, begins to examine its contents.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, "that is a lovely face. Where did you come across so much beauty, old fellow?"

It is Arlette's picture that the visitor is gazing at. The other turns to see what his friend has, and suddenly there flashes over him the memory of those two days at Falaise. How sweet she was, that little girl beside the Ante!

"It is just a study," he replies carelessly.

"A study?" repeats his friend incredulously, and then the drawing is laid away with the others.

But in replacing the volume the drawing falls unnoticed to the floor, face downward, and the office boy that evening seeing it lie there like a bit of waste paper, tosses it into the waste-basket, and later it goes to the ragman with the other paper.

And Arlette is still beside the Ante. She never thinks now of the one she met at the fair in the Faubourg of Guibray, but always of him who came so suddenly into her life, with his handsome face and his tender words, and who went out of her life as suddenly. Only two days; but the sweet pain of those two days will linger a whole life-time in one tender little heart beside the Ante. What if she should once more see him there by the archway! And she looks often that way with a vague hope.

The Arlette of eight centuries ago was happy in her Count Robert, who loved her. There are no Counts Robert now, and Arlette is still at her work beside the Ante, and the slow seasons come and go, and life is long, and remembered kisses are sweet.

Foolish little Arlette!

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD II—CHAPTER VIII.

BELINDA has been married three days. We are creatures of habit, as every one knows; and it is surprising with what quick pliability we find ourselves cutting off and tucking in whatever angles prevent our fitting into any new niche that it may be our fate to occupy. But this process, though rapid, is usually of somewhat longer accomplishment than three days. At all events, Belinda has not yet got into the habit of being married. There still seems to her something improbable—nay, monstrous—in the fact of herself sitting opposite to Professor Forth at breakfast in their Folkestone lodgings, pouring weak tea for him out of a Britannia metal teapot, and sedulously recollecting how many lumps of sugar he likes, as she has already discovered that he has an objection to repeating the information. Nor is it less monstrous to be warming his overcoat, and cutting his newspapers, and ordering his dinners with that nice attention to digestibility and economy which she finds to be expected of her. They have been enormously long, these three days. It seems to her as if for *months* she has been looking at those hideous ornaments on the drawing-room chimney-piece, and trying to draw the skimp summer curtains that will not draw across the shutterless windows, rattled by the wind. For months she has been listening to the eternal sighing, sobbing, whistling, howling of that same wind, and to the sea banging on the cold shore. For months she has been walking with Professor Forth up and down, up and down the Leas, six turns this way, six turns that way. For months she has been writing his letters till her hand ached, and reading aloud to him till her voice cracked. As for the reading and writing, she cannot have too much of them—the more the better! There is nothing like occupation—a continuous, settled occupation—nothing like occupation for keeping out of one's head those words of Sarah's that ring so foolishly dinning in her ears. "There is no sense in it! there is no sense in it!" She will not listen to them. Even if they are true, of what profit to hearken to them now? And reading and writing render conversation, too, less necessary. It is certain that, however determinately any one may have confined his or her contemplation of another person's character to the intellectual side of it, it is impossible to live with that person without discovering that he or she has another side. Belinda has already discovered that her Professor has another. It is surprising how much less of his conversation has turned during the last three days upon the problems of the mind and the sayings of the mighty dead, than upon the price of coals and the wickedness of lodging-house servants. The first of these topics has led to the proposal that he and his bride shall henceforth content themselves with *one* fire, to be fed with (if possible) not more than two coal-boxes per day; and the second is at present employing his tongue, his eyes, his thoughts. They are at breakfast, Belinda seated behind the Britannia metal teapot, her husband facing her, a dish of fried bacon before him, which latter object is monopolizing the whole of his attention.

"It is beyond the range of possibility," he is saying slowly, "that you and I can have eaten a pound and a half of bacon in three days, and I think I noticed that you did not take any yesterday."

"Did I not?" replies Belinda indifferently; "I am sure I forget."

"And if," pursues Mr. Forth, his eyes ranging with severe scanning from the bacon-dish to the sugar-basin, "if, as Maria just now told us, those few lumps are all that remain of the pound of sugar purchased by me yesterday, it is obvious that there must be wholesale theft somewhere!"

"It is very dishonest of them," replies Belinda carelessly, putting up her hand to her hair, which, no longer tended by a maid, feels oddly loose and uncomfortable; "if you had allowed me to bring Jennings, she would have looked after everything."

"I discouraged the idea of your bringing a maid," replies he, nettled, "because I considered, and still consider, that it would have been a most unnecessary addition to our expenses. And as to our provisions," looking carefully round the room, "I see that there are several cupboards; there is no reason why they should not be kept—"

"Bacon kept in a cupboard in one's only sitting-room!" cries Belinda, breaking into an indignant laugh; "you cannot be serious!"

"If you are able to suggest any better way of preventing their depredations, I shall be happy to hear it," he answers tartly.

"If they ate a fitch a day," replies Belinda hotly, and lifting her disdainful fine nose contumaciously into the air, "I should say that it was a small evil compared to our living in the atmosphere of a chandler's shop."

She rises precipitately as she speaks—to *her*, at least, Folkestone has not given an appetite—and walks to the window, where, for the rest of the breakfast hour, she presents a sociable homespun back to the economist at the breakfast-table. It is not the first time during these three days that she has discovered that his standpoint with regard to little social possibilities or impossibilities is different from her own. She had known that she did not love him, but she had not known that he wore carpet slippers in the drawing-room. A tendency toward slippers in the drawing-room, a passion for high tea, accompanied by no change of dress, are not these sufficient to wreck a bride's happiness upon? But worst of all, perhaps because latest of all, has jarred upon her this final instance of how widely asunder are their points of view. It jars upon her still as she stands by the window after breakfast, sullenly drumming on the pane.

In the night snow has fallen, a thin sprinkling meeting even the sea's lip, advancing even to where the dull little gray waves set their chill feet; a shabby sprinkling everywhere: not a good thick cloak of snow, deep and pure, but a scanty rag, through which every footstep shows the hard dark ground. It jars upon her still, as she walks to church alone—it is Sunday morning—trying to persuade herself that she had not felt a movement of gladness on discovering that he had no intention of ac-

companied her. She walks along the windy cliff to where the church and the red vicarage look out seaward, falling in, as she goes, with a stream of people bound to the same goal. It is a well-fed, comfortable-looking stream flowing prosperously to God's house; smart furry mothers holding the hands of smart furry little children, fathers and tall young daughters, husbands and wives. There is scarcely one, as young as Belinda, who is companionless. But she does not think of this.

Her eyes are turned toward the ocean, that ocean for the most part hugged by a close mist, with only one patch of faintish glory—a pale dazzle of dim gold—on which a small fishing-boat is sailing, its homely sails transfigured as it goes. She is saying to herself, with a heart sinking so deep that she dare not gauge its profundity:

"Is *this* the man whose *mind* I have married? Is *this* the man who is to teach me to live by the intellect? Is *this* the scholar and the sage, whose teaching was to lift me out of the circle of my narrow interests into the sphere of the Universal?" she asks with contemptuous misgivings; "*this*, whose whole soul is occupied by mean parsimonies, and economies of cheese-rinds and candle-ends?"

She has reached the church, but even inside the consecrated door she finds that it is still with her. It comes between her and the Christmas decorations; between her and the bowing, "congéing" clergy; between her and the prayers. A poor starling has found its way into the building. All through the service it is flying from side to side, above the heads of the congregation, under the arched roof from window to window. Children turn their heads and their eyes, idly curious to look after it. All through the sermon she hears the agonized pecking of its poor beak against the pane, in its efforts to escape. She says to herself that it is in the same plight as she. It, too, entered prison of its own accord. When the service is ended, Belinda loiters behind the rest of the congregation, in order to press half-a-crown into the pew-opener's hand—(what would Professor Forth say to such extravagance?)—and to pour into his ear an eager prayer that he will set all the church doors and windows open, to give her starling a chance of escape. But alas! what pew-opener can ever let her out?

As she passes homeward, she finds that the day has bettered. The sun has swallowed up the mist, and now shines steadily bright, and even sensibly warm. The little waves are small and mild as summer ones, though the air is still full of penknives. Perhaps it is the increased brightness upon Nature's face; perhaps it is the two quiet hours of her own society, that have braced her to face with a greater courage the lot she has chosen, and the fried bacon that typifies it.

"I *would* do it!" she says to herself sternly; "and now it is done; now there is nothing for it but to put the best face upon it, and never to own to any one that I would have it undone. There can never again be so bad a piece of my life as this!" (shuddering); "it is well to have the worst over first—it will be more endurable when we get to Oxbridge. I must try to learn how to look at things from his point of view—to count the grains of rice for a pudding, and save the old tea-leaves!" with a curling lip; "but I *will not* have the bacon kept in the drawing-room!"

Her resolutions in both respects outlast the day. That to make the best of things has body enough to withstand even the close examination to which her husband subjects the Sunday roast beef, in order to dis-

cover whether it has been robbed of any of its native suet. He has a slow, munching way of eating, which fidgets her inexpressibly; but she bears that, too. She even resists the temptation to look away from him. Since he is to munch opposite to her till death do them part, would it not be wiser to accustom herself to the sight? Her resolution withstands also stoutly all the little trials attendant on their afternoon constitutional. When they emerge upon the Leas, they see a broad highway of molten copper stretching across the sea to the lowering sun. Belinda asks leave to run down the many steps on the cliff's face to the water's edge, to set her feet in the foam fringe, and watch the long swell heaving ocean's sullen breast; but the Professor will not hear of it. A certain number of brisk turns on the Leas—always the same number—is the kind of walk to which alone he gives his approbation. No stopping to look at the copper sunset, or the fair ships riding past; nothing more likely to arrest the circulation and chill the liver. They meet the same people as they met yesterday, and the day before, and as they will meet tomorrow, and the day after; the same bath-chairs, the same dogs. The sick, white woman with her attentive burly husband; the deformed child; the frolicsome colley dogs; the frivolous Spitzes, the little blithe Scotch terriers.

Her resolution outlasts even the twilight hour, to her the most trying of the day. If she were to consult her own wishes, there would be no such hour; no space interposed between the fading of the daylight and the lighting of the gas. But it is in Professor Forth's programme that there shall be such an interval when he leans back in his arm-chair, with his eyes closed, and does not wish to be spoken to; whether in meditation or in sleep she cannot tell. There is nothing for her but to sit opposite to him, with his idleness, but without his repose. The lowered blinds prevent her looking out upon the first sunset-reddened and by-and-by moon-silvered sea. She cannot even distinguish the lustres and the vulgar vases on the chimney-piece. She cannot even stir the fire into such a blaze as to enable her strong young eyes to read by it; for to stir the fire makes the coals burn quicker. It is the hour when the happy young build love-arbors out of, and see brave sweethearts in, the red coals. What love-arbor dare *she* build? What sweetheart dare *she* see? Then come the long hours of reading aloud. They are the most bearable of the day. It does her resolution the less credit to hold out through them. However, it does hold out. But will it endure through the next day? If it does, it must indeed be of a stout fibre. For no sooner has the next day risen, than it is clear that there has come one of those rare scourge-days with which God sometimes lashes His world; one of those days whose date is remembered, which is held up as a standard in after years for other fell days to measure themselves by; a day that wrecks ships by fleets; that strikes down centenary oaks by scores; that whelms trains in its snowdrifts; that stiffens into frozen death the sheep on the mountain-side, and the traveler fate-overtaken in the snow-choked country lane.

Snow often comes stilly; but to-day it is blowing—blowing mercilessly: not a bluff west wind, good-humoredly roistering, but an inhuman northeaster, the furious sleet driven, raging and sweeping by its hellish lash.

When Belinda comes down to breakfast, there is not a soul on the Leas, but the luckless baker's boy butting with bent head against the razor-edged blast. It is scarcely the day which one would have chosen to spend

in a flimsily-built seaside summer lodging-house. The Forths' lodgings are no better and no worse than most others of the class; with walls about as puny, with woodwork about as warped, with gaps between door and carpet about as wide, with curtains as miserably insufficient as most of their kind. Though every door and window is religiously closed, there is the feeling of being seated out of doors, only more draughty. Even in a warm, stoutly-built house one would shiver; but here! Well, here the cold is so marrow-piercing that it usurps to itself the whole attention of the mind. It is not a subordinate governable cold that by an effort of the will one may forget. It can never be out of the thoughts for one moment; from the hour of rising until that of shuddering back to bed again.

The Professor, always a chill-blooded creature, sits all day with his knees within the fender, piled with every article of his own, and several of Belinda's wardrobe. Throwing economy to the winds, he has lit the gas and piled the fire half way up the chimney; though whenever fresh coals are put on, a great gust of greenish smoke, furiously beaten back by the blast, comes pouring down the chimney, and suffocatingly flooding the room.

Belinda, cold as she undoubtedly is, is not near the fire. She is standing by the window, with a pot of paste and some strips of paper in her numbed hands, pasting up the apertures in the ill-seasoned shrunk window-frames, through which the wind comes icily whistling and piping. Now and again she appeals for directions to the heap of wraps beside the hearth, trying to still her chattering teeth as she does so, to keep out of her tone the intense dispiritedness which has invaded her whole being; not to listen to the ironical demon voice that whispers in her ear:

"This is the honeymoon; that is the bridegroom of your own choosing!"

All day—all day the snow swirls past. All day the sea—dimly seen, sometimes seen not at all—through the white hurricane booms and thunders on the shore. The snow cleaves to the window-panes, freezes there, darkens yet more the dismal room. Not a soul puts nose out of doors from the dark dawn to the soon-falling night. When at length Belinda has finished her painstaking pasting-up of the windows, she asks in a voice of would-be cheerfulness whether the blast is not sensibly lessened; but receives for answer a melancholy negative. The whirlwind from under the door is such as to laugh to scorn all remedies applied elsewhere. And one cannot paste up the door.

"But one may put sand-bags beneath it," suggests Belinda, still with that same desperate cheerfulness. "They may have sand-bags in the house! she will ring and ask!"

But there are no sand-bags, and the landlady, embittered like every one else by the weather, tartly replies that such a thing has never before been asked for in *her* house! However, Belinda is not yet at the end of her resources.

"I think," she says, "if you would allow me to fold up all the newspapers in a tight roll, it might keep out some of the wind; can you spare them all?—*Pall Mall*, *Spectator*, *Academy*, *Times*?"

Having received permission, she begins to turn them over, in order to select those most suitable for her purpose; her careless eye unintentionally alighting on a word here and there. The first two that she catches are her own late and present surnames. "Forth—Churchill." It is the announcement of her marriage in the *Daily News*. She drops it as if it had bitten her.

The roll of newspapers is about as effective a bulwark against the wind as a child's sand-rampart is against the sea. But since she has at least done her best, Belinda considers that she has earned the right to sit down by the fire, with her fur-coat hoisted to her ears. She offers to read aloud.

"I am obliged to you," replies the Professor morosely, "but in the present condition of my temperature, it would be perfectly impossible for me to concentrate my attention."

He even looks rather injured when she herself takes up a book. But neither can she concentrate her attention. Her mind strays from the dreary wonder as to whether this enormous day will ever end, to the still more dreary wonder why she should wish it to end, seeing that it will only lead to another like it. There has been no break since breakfast-time, with the exception of the laying and removing of their early dinner, and the altercation about the sand-bags. No one has been near them, not even the postman! Doubtless every line is blocked, and all traffic suspended. The dark has long fallen; if that indeed can be said to have fallen which has reigned more or less all day. The gas has been turned up higher; the thin curtains drawn, with many futile jerks to the rings that will not run; the fire is new-built, and a sort of air of pseudo-evening comfort diffuses itself. Belinda's slow pulse begins to beat, and her blood to circulate a little more briskly. It quickens its pace perceptibly, when—oh, blessed sight!—the lodging-house servant enters with a pile of letters in her chappy hand. Thank God! the line is not blocked after all! These are the London morning letters that should have come at eight a.m. She snatches at them eagerly. They can bring her no great good news, but they make an unspeakably welcome interruption to the uniform dismalness of the long day. They remove the terrible feeling of isolation from all human-kind, which hour by hour has been gaining ground upon her. There is a pile for the Professor; and for her a large fat envelope, bulging with enclosures, and directed in Sarah's hand. She draws her chair more closely to the hearth, and folds her soft furs warmer about her. She will enjoy her letters at luxurious leisure. She unfastens the cover, and the enclosures fall out, six in number; a note from Sarah herself, four letters addressed in well-known, and on this occasion warmly-welcomed female handwritings, and one in an unknown male hand. *Is it unknown?*

CHAPTER IX.

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte
Doch bleibt sie immer neu,
Und wem sie just passiret
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei."

At first it seems so; but as she looks there rises in her memory. from which indeed it is never long absent, the image of another letter, to whose superscription this one, though less ill-written, has surely a strange likeness.

She continues to look at it; a fear too terrible for words rising in her heart, and depriving her of the power of opening it. The fire crackles comfortably. The Professor turns the page of his letter. It is his third; and she has not yet opened her first.

"I hope you have good news from home?" he says politely.

"I—I believe so," she answers stammering. "I am not quite sure yet."

She must conquer this ridiculous hesitation. Probably, certainly, she is the victim of hallucination—of an ac-

cidental resemblance. The likeness is no doubt confined to the address. As soon as she sees the letter itself, she will laugh at her own foolish fancies. She tears it open, and tremblingly turns to the signature.

There was no hallucination—no accidental resemblance! She was right, "David Rivers." For the first moment she is drowned in a rush of insensate joy, followed in one instant by such an anguish of horror as makes her for awhile unconscious of everything around her—everything but that rending, burning, searing pain.

He has written to her at last! What has he to say to her *now*? To congratulate her upon her marriage? He might have spared her that thrust! She will not read it! She will burn it unread!—by-and-by—not now!—when she can do it unobserved.

Her shaking fingers refold the paper, hide it on her lap beneath the fur, and take up another letter—Sarah's. She goes straight through it, nor till reaching the last sentence does she discover that not one word of its contents has found entry to her brain. It is no use! That letter must be read. It burns her knee as it lies on it. It is burning, burning all through her. It is better to know the worst! But to read it here under her husband's eyes—*her husband's*!

She casts at him one desperate look, and then, suddenly rising, flies out of the room. He may call after her—she thinks that he does so—but she makes no kind of answer. Up the draughty stairs she flies into her bedroom; turning the key in the lock, as she shuts the door behind her. The Professor, relenting, has given her leave to have a fire there; but the chimney smokes so furiously that it has had to be long ago let out. The room is piercingly, savagely, truculently cold; but though she has been thinking of the cold all day, she is now not aware of it. How can one be cold with a red-hot iron in one's heart?

In a moment she has turned up the gas and lit the candles. It is well to have plenty of light by which to read one's death-warrant. But she cannot spare time to sit down. A frantic haste to possess the contents of that letter which, five minutes ago, she had thought herself capable of burning unread, has laid hold of all her trembling being.

Standing, she reads it; and this is what she reads:

"5, Paradise Row, Milnthorpe, Yorkshire, }
January 10th. }

January 10th! Why, that was her wedding-day! It is not to congratulate her upon her marriage, then; he could not have known it!

"Thank God! I may write to you at last, though I do not suppose that it will be much good even now, as I am so mad with joy that I doubt whether I shall be able to make any sense of it. You will have understood—you always understand everything—what has kept me from you hitherto. Of course you heard, as everybody did, of the bankruptcy that preceded and caused my poor father's death. Whatever you may have heard, do not for a moment believe that he was to blame for it. I am such a bad hand at writing, that I can explain to you better when we meet; but I cannot bear you to remain in such an error for a moment longer than I can help. His ruin was caused by a sudden and most unexpected rise in iron, just after he had undertaken an enormous contract to deliver many thousand tons of iron railings in America at a low price. It was a misfortune that might have happened to any one, however long-sighted and cautious. You know what he was to me: I have often thought since of how I must have bored you bragging about him. You may think what that home-coming was to me! Well, if there had been time for it, I think I should have given in altogether

then. Happily for me there was not. If I broke down, where would mother and the young ones be? No sooner was the funeral over, than we discovered that the smash was so complete that, at all events until the affairs could be wound up—a matter probably of several years—there would be scarcely enough for mother to keep body and soul together. The boys must be educated; three of them quite little chaps. There was nothing for it but to give up whatever hopes one had of one's own! God alone knows whether or not that was a wrench. We took a little house in a dirty back street in Milnthorpe—I am writing in it now; but to-day it looks to me like a palace. I was fortunate enough to obtain a clerkship in a house, one of the partners in which had been an early friend of my father's; a clerkship which, as I was always very bad at quill-driving, and the confinement to which I had not been used, knocked me up, I soon exchanged for a place in the works. We got on as well as we could; mother has infinite pluck, and the young ones did their best. Sometimes I thought of writing to you. If you had ever answered a note I scrawled to you just before I left Dresden, I think I should have done so; but you did not: of course you were right. For eighteen months I worked without a holiday. Not having been brought up to it, I was at such a disadvantage with the other men. I scraped along from day to day, not daring to look much ahead, until, two posts ago, we received a letter from the lawyer of an old and distant connection of ours, of whom we knew little, and expected less, to say that he was dead, and had left £30,000 by will, to be divided amongst us. This of course makes a very fair provision for mother and the children, and leaves my arms free to work for myself. You must decide whether they are to work for you too. Is it any wonder that I cannot write sense? May I come? When may I come? Do not keep me waiting long, or I shall come without leave. Darling! darling! darling! I suppose that I have no right to call you that, but do not be angry; I did not write it! it wrote itself, and I cannot scratch it out, it looks so pretty written! After twenty months, one might be afraid that many women had forgotten one; but you are not of those that forget! Love! have you forgotten Wesenstein?

"DAVID RIVERS."

She has read it through, without a break or a pause, to the signature. There is no more, but yet she still stands looking at it. For one all-happy moment the present is dead to her; only the past wholly lives. *Has she forgotten Wesenstein?* She smiles rosiely; such a smile as has scarcely been seen to visit her face since that very Wesenstein day. "Darling! darling! darling!" She counts them. There are three. He says that they look pretty written. He is right: they have a pretty look.

A slight noise breaks her trance. It is only the Professor poking the fire in the sitting-room below; a sound plainly audible through the thin flooring. But if it had been the great Trump of Doom, it could not have more effectually bleared and shivered away her visions. There is a growing wildness in her eyes, as they retrace the sentences of the just-read letter. It is a good letter. No woman need wish to have an honest or a fonder one from her own true love. It has only the one trifling drawback of having come just three days too late. It is scarcely tactful to have thrust itself thus untimely between her and the husband of her choice!

"It is my own choice," she says; "there lies the point of the joke!" and she laughs aloud. Something in the sound of her own laugh frightens her. "Am I going mad?" she asks herself.

As she speaks she staggers to the window and throws up the sash; whether—even in this icehouse atmosphere—gasping for yet more air, or driven by some

darker impulse. For the moment the hurricane has lulled. Outside it is all white with snow and moonshine: the moon herself not absolutely visible, too low to cut even her accustomed track upon the silvered sea, betrayed only by the sudden pale flash that each loud wave gives in turning over on the strand. Ceaselessly, as it has been snowing all day, the devilish wind has swept the pavement clean and bare. She can see the flagstones' fierce wet shine immediately beneath her. How hard they look! and at what a distance below her! One step from that easily accessible sill and she will be for ever healed of that pain, than which none worse ever made dying man in deadly straits call upon Death to set him free. But Death, the gentle genius with the reversed torch, laying his soft hand, coolly liberating, on the over-weary heart, is not akin to the grisly, gory, murderous phantom that she in her misery invokes. For that dread step even *her* perfect woe has not yet ripened her. She shivers moaning back from the razor-edged outer air, and shuts the window. She sits down by the table, and spreading out the letter before her, reads it deliberately through again. Not a tear dims her dry eye. They say that the worst of a thunderstorm is past when the rain comes. The worst of a human sorrow is past when the tear-rain comes. But Belinda's grief is far indeed from having reached that better stage. What would she not give for a few tears, or that this hideous keenness of consciousness might melt away, blurred into a merciful swoon! But she is as far from the one relief as the other. If it had been written one day earlier! If she had yielded to Sarah's passionate persuasions to delay her marriage for one month! If—if! There are a hundred ifs, any one of which might have opened heaven to her! But not one of them did.

"It is my own choice!" she keeps repeating, half aloud, and then comes again that terrible impulse to laugh loudly at the ghastly irony of it! the mirth of it! *Her own choice* to be sitting here alone and marrow-chilled—chilled, yet with a red-hot sword slowly turning and turning in her heart; afraid even to groan aloud, lest she should be overheard, instead of—

But the reverse of that picture she dare not face. That is the road that lies straight to madness. Her eye wanders wildly yet again over the page. Even it, in cruelty, seems always to fasten on the fondest phrases:

"I am so mad with joy!" "Is it any wonder that I cannot write sense?"

As she looks at the words, written in such pure, glad, good faith, but that seem to stare back at her now in grinning mockery, a great dry sob rocks her whole body to and fro. The pity, lavished hitherto on herself alone, now changes its current, and pours in bitterest flood over him. "*Mad with joy!*" until when? Until casually taking up the newspaper, he reads that on the tenth of January, James Forth, Professor of Etruscan in the University of Oxbridge, took to wife at St. Jude's Church, — Street, Mayfair, Belinda, elder daughter of the late John Churchill, Esq., of Churchill Park, Loamshire. He will not believe it! He will think that some one has inserted it as a joke. In humiliating torrent, and with a retentiveness of memory, of which she had not believed herself capable, there rushes back into her mind the stream of hold-cheap jests and jeers and quips, in which they had united the forces of their joint wits at the expense of him who is now her husband; whom at this moment she hears shoveling coal on the fire in the room beneath her. Upon no one's testimony but her own will Rivers believe it. And what words

can she find in which to tell him? Again that fierce sobbing shakes her from head to foot; but she masters it. For a few moments she sits in motionless miserable thinking. Then apparently an idea strikes her, for she rises, and, taking the candle in her hand, drags herself to the looking-glass. For a moment she peers haggardly into it. At all events her face is not disfigured by tears; and the only person to whose scrutiny it will be subjected is no very nice observer of its variations.

Apparently she is satisfied with the result of her consultation, for she moves to the door, and, opening and unlocking it, passes down stairs and re-enters the sitting-room.

Mr. Forth is in exactly the same posture as that in which she had left him, except that, having finished his letters, he has been able again completely to entomb himself—hands and all—in his wraps; out of which only an elderly face—its wrinkles plowed deeper by cold and crabbedness—now peeps.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing all this time?" he inquires captiously.

"I have been in my room."

She had dreaded lest there may be something so unusual in the sound of her voice that he may turn round and look at her. But no! he keeps his attitude of peevish crouching over the hearth.

"I hope that the fire was burning well," he says anxiously. "If the grate is of the same construction as this one, it will require constant attention."

"I—I—do not think that it was burning at all," replies Belinda uncertainly.

Till this moment it has never struck her how many degrees of frost have been adding physical to her mental suffering.

"Not burning? Not lit?"

In a moment he has leapt to the bell and violently rung it; but as Maria's movements in responding to it are marked by no greater celerity than usual, there is time for the whole of the following little dialogue before her arrival:

"Have you been pasting up the windows? If not, I am at a loss to conceive what can have induced you to spend the best part of an hour in such an atmosphere."

"I—I—have not pasted them up. I will if you like."

"You have left the door open."

"I am very sorry. I will shut it."

"What are you doing over there? Why do you not come and sit down?"

"I—I—am looking for the *Daily News!*"

"*The Daily News!* What do you want with the *Daily News?* Is it possible that you have already forgotten that you made a roll out of all the newspapers to fill the aperture under the door? not"—ungratefully—"that it has been of any use."

"I did not take the *Daily News*; I laid it aside."

She does not explain why she laid it aside.

"What do you want with the *Daily News?*" fretfully, fidgeted by her movements.

She is on her knees before the cupboard to which her husband had planned to confide the custody of his bacon, and from which she has been unable wholly to exclude jam-pots and pickle-jars. She had forgotten that they were there, and the sight of them—unlikely as it would seem that such poor trifles could either add to or take aught from the sum of so great a grief—the sight of them seems to be the last drop that brims her cup. In after life it seems to her as if nothing had brought her so near self-destruction as those pickle-pots! *What does she want with the Daily News?* A desperate impulse seizes her. She will tell him.

"I want it in order to cut out the advertisement of our marriage, to send to—"

She pauses. The name sticks in her throat. With the best will in the world, she *cannot* pronounce it.

"To my mother?" suggests the Professor, filling up the blank conjecturally. "I have already done so."

Belinda laughs a laugh like the one that had made her question her own sanity up-stairs.

"No, not to your mother; to—to—an—acquaintance of my own!"

She has found the journal now—found it in the very spot to which she herself had—as one does—unconsciously tidied it away. In an instant, as if it were printed in her own red blood, her eye has flashed upon the announcement; picked it out from the long list. Her work-basket, in which lie the scissors with which she must cut it out, lies on the table at her husband's elbow. She stands quietly beside him, snipping, snipping delicately, in the gaslight. There must be no jagged edges; nothing that tells of emotion—nothing that will betray to him to whom it is to be sent that each cut of those fine, sharp scissors was into her own heart.

"I cannot think what is the use of occupying yourself about it to-night!" says her husband, venting the ill-humor engendered by Maria's tardiness in replying to his spells, upon the nearest object—as many better men than he have done before him. "The country post is long gone. Probably all the lines are blocked—"

"I know! I know!" interrupts she harshly; "but I had rather get it done to-night! to-morrow I—I—may have forgotten!"

She is back in her own room again, having taken the opportunity to slip out unquestioned, afforded by Maria's appearance at last—Maria, in that reluctant grudging humor with which she usually offers services, cheered by no hope of final largess; a hope that the Professor has seen fit, immediately upon his arrival, to extirpate. Belinda is in her room again alone; but, alone and undisturbed, she knows that she cannot long remain, but that she will be speedily followed by Maria with coal-box and shavings to re-light the extinct fire. What she has to do, must be done quickly. She opens her writing-case; takes out envelope and paper; directs the first, and then writes on the latter, in a large, painstaking legible hand, "From Belinda Forth." It has not taken one minute in the doing: Maria's pursuing foot is not yet heard: happily she will be as slow as she can. Belinda blots it carefully; then, after steadfastly and with perfect tearlessness considering her own handiwork for the space of a moment, she lifts the paper to her dry lips, and lays a solemn good-by kiss upon her own name; upon the "Belinda," that is, carefully avoiding the "Forth." She has no manner of doubt that he will find it there: and who can grudge them such a parting embrace?

Then, without any further delay, she folds the paper, inserts in it the advertisement, closes and stamps the envelope. It is done! accomplished! and now that it is so, an intense restless craving seizes her, that it should be on its journey. In any case it cannot leave Folkestone to-night; but at least she might do her part. It might be committed to the post. The thought of it lying here all night; meeting her again in the morning—God above her! what will that morning waking be!—is more than she can face. But to whom can she confide it? To Maria? That high-spirited person would flatly refuse to brave the elements on such a night; and neither man nor mouse could blame her. To that grimy Gibeonite—the boot and shoe boy? He would infalli-

bly commit it to his breeches-pocket, and dismiss it from his mind. Why should she not take it herself? There is a pillar-post not twenty yards from their door. The thought has no sooner crossed her mind than it is half way toward accomplishment.

In a moment she has taken hat and additional furs from the wardrobe; has fastened them on as quickly as her trembling fingers will let her, and has stolen down stairs, creeping on tiptoe past the sitting-room door; a needless caution, for the Professor, though not at all deaf, has no longer that fineness of hearing which is spared to few of us after forty. Neither does she, as she feared she would, meet Maria and the coal-box. The hall-door is not locked, and opens easily; rather too easily indeed, for no sooner is it unlatched than a force as of ten thousand Titans violently pushing, dashes it back. It is all that she can do, after repeated efforts, and putting forth her whole strength, to shut it behind her. When she at length succeeds, it closes with a bang that—as she is aware by former experience—makes every floor leap.

Again she laughs out loud. The temporary moonlit lull is over; the cloud-rack has sponged out moon and sea. The great hurricane is awake and in wrath again. There seems to be nothing in all creation but himself and his terrible snow-sister. The air is so full of the white flurry—close and fine as flour—that it makes breathing difficult. Belinda gasps. She has to stand still for a moment, that her feet may grasp firm hold of the ground, else will the northeaster, in one of its furious freaks, take her bodily off them. Then she staggers resolutely on again; a lonely fighter through the raging winter night. Of every slightest lull she takes advantage to quicken her pace. Now and again she turns her back upon the suffocating snow in order to breathe. But not for one moment does she repent of having come. She feels no hostility toward, no fear of, the dreadful elements. Is she not as desperate as they? The hand-to-hand fight with them does her good. It seems to lift some of the lead from her brain; to set farther away from her that madness that had loomed so near. But the twenty yards seem more like twenty miles.

She has reached the pillar-post at last—an opportune momentary lifting of the storm revealing to her its snow-whitened red—has found the aperture, and has dropped into it the letter so carefully, painstakingly kept dry beneath her cloak. Yes! it is gone! gone past recall! as past recall as the wood at Wesenstein; as the friend on whose coffin we have seen fall the first cruel spadeful of earth. But of this she has no time to think. A fresh frenzy of the tornado obliges her to cling half stunned to the pillar; and the moment that she looses her hold, the snow-wind takes her in its fearful hands and hurls her back along the Leas.

For one dread moment it seem to her that it is about to hurl her far away over the cliff into the awful lap of the bellowing waves that, even now, she can hear in the darkness savagely tearing at the great hewn stones of the quay. That one instant reveals to her that the life she had thought herself capable of throwing away, is still sweet.

By a great effort her feet recover their hold of the ground which has fled from beneath them; but not until she has been swept far past the house to which she is struggling to return. Battling, blinded and dizzy; bewildered by the darkness, and by the hopeless uniformity of the row of buildings, it is long before, groping for the door that continually eludes her, she at length finds it; at length she finds herself within its shelter.

Maria does not recognize her at first, so battered and snow-covered is she; but Belinda pays no heed to her expressions of incredulous astonishment. It is possible that she may be so deafened by the elemental roar as not to hear them.

Without much consciousness of how the intervening stair-flights were climbed, she finds herself again in her room. The gas is still turned high up, as she had left it. Maria has at length relit the fire; there is plenty of light for her to see her bridal chamber by. Plenty of light, too, to see the blotting-pad on which she had so lately blotted the three words of her *bille de faire part*.

She takes it up, and holds it to the looking-glass. How plainly the three words come out; not a letter, not a stroke missed!

"*From Belinda Forth.*" She mutters them over and over under her breath. "From Belinda Forth!" "From Belinda Forth!"

She is roused by a voice calling from below:

"Belinda! Belinda!"

It is her husband. Let him call! The summons is repeated with more stress and urgency:

"Belinda! Belinda!"

Is it not the voice which will go on calling "Belinda!" through life? Is it not the voice to which she herself has given the right to call Belinda; to command Belinda, to chide Belinda; immeasurably worst of all, to *caress* Belinda? Of what use, then, to break out thus early into senseless, bootless revolt? She hastily shakes the powdery snow from her clothes, drags off her soaked shoes, twists afresh her wet and streaming hair, and goes decently and orderly down again; decently and orderly to all appearance, for who can see the wheels that are whirling in her head, and the flashes of uneasy light before her eyes?

She finds her bridegroom in his former attitude: it seems to her as if she could have better borne him and it, if he had changed his position ever so little. But no! he is still *mumping*, round-backed, over the fire.

"I called repeatedly," he says, with a not altogether blamable irritation; "is it possible that you did not hear me?"

There is no answer, the wheels in her head are going so fast.

"Where have you been? what have you been doing?"

"I have been out."

"Out! You must be a madwoman!"

"So I sometimes say to myself," replies she very distinctly, and looking straight at him as she speaks.

"And may I ask," continues he sarcastically, "what induced you to choose this peculiarly tempting evening for a stroll?"

I went to post my letter."

"Pshaw!"

She has taken her former seat opposite to him. The northeaster's lash has whipped up a royal red into her cheeks, usually so far too pale.

"There is no accounting for taste," she says slowly; "mine has often been blamed. You, at least, Professor Forth, have no right to complain of it; shall I read to you?"

As she speaks, she takes up the book laid down overnight, and without further permission launches into the first paragraph she sees. She has been conscious, on coming into the now really warm room out of the frozen stinging air, of an odd sensation in her head. It feels light and swimming, but she reads on. Now and then the types wave up and down before her like the furrows of a ploughed field; but she reads on. The matter of the book and the matter of her thoughts are woven hopelessly together like warp and woof, but she reads on:

"If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed which could not possibly have been formed by numerous successive slight modifications' (*in how many years am I likely to die?*) 'my theory would absolutely break down. But I can find out no such case. No doubt many organs exist of which' (*can the worm that never dies sting more sharply than this?*) 'we do not know the transitional grades.'"

How the print is jiggling and bowing; but it will come straight and still again just now. She reads on.

"Pray repeat that last paragraph; I am unable to follow you; you are making nonsense of it!"

But instead of complying, Belinda tumbles the volume noisily down into the fender, and falls off her chair after it. Her wish is fulfilled: she has fainted!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAVES.

A mound, a stone and violets;
A bird-song in the air;
A child that gathers flowers and lets
The wind play with its hair;
A field of wheat across the hedge
Rippled by fairy hands;
A silver stream that downward runs
To cheer the lower lands.

No mound, no stone, no violets—
A blue sea overhead;
A sobbing wind, that ne'er forgets
Its chanting for the dead.
Beneath the stars on summer nights,
That deep blue grave how fair!
The while upon the shore the waves
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violets;
No bird, nor wave, nor star;
A spot where Memory forgets
What spring and summer are;
Deeper it lies than deep-sea graves,
From land and sea apart—
O grave, so sad and desolate!
O grave, within the heart!



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
OUT OF THE TOILS.

As Hilda turned from the window a new view of the situation flashed upon her. The hour of passive suffering had gone by; the time for active resistance had come. She walked across the room and tried the door. It was fastened from the outside. She was a prisoner. At first she rebelled at the thought. It occurred to her to burst it open and defy the world. She was not afraid to do so. The blood of the Hargroves surged into her face, and as she caught sight of the reflection in the mirror she knew that the look of fierce determination painted on it had come from the brave man she had been wont to call her father. It was all a base lie, and she would yet crowd it down the throats that uttered it. But how?

That was the question. She was in danger. They would take her for a slave. She must escape from her pursuers. Not only her own future but her father's honor demanded that. Her father's honor! He had given his life for it, and she would give hers to save it from taint. All else was naught to her. All? Her hand pressed her heart as the thought of Martin swept through her brain. Then there came for the first time a terrible, sickening fear. Could it be that he had heard this story of unutterable shame, and had cast her out of his heart? She tried to spurn the thought, but it would return. Why was he not here? He must have heard—he must have known. And yet, why should she blame him? If he were at her feet begging for her consent, she would not unite her destiny with his—no, not for worlds. The dread shadow that hung over her should not rest upon another life by any act of hers. And yet she would have been glad to know that "in evil as well as good report" he loved her still. She did believe—she would believe that he did. Some terrible calamity must have kept him away—some accident—ah! there were a thousand things that would account for it.

She caught a daguerreotype case from the table, gazed upon it eagerly, kissed it and hid it in her bosom. She would keep it forever—the shadow of a love that might never be renewed, but yet full of bliss in its memory. She went and opened the little desk at which she had spent so many happy hours in writing to this playmate—friend—this brother-lover of hers. She would write one more—the last. She brushed the dust from the purple baize cover; touched her pens and paper tenderly; thought again of the refined and delicate surroundings which she had always enjoyed, and wondered

vaguely what her life would be like thereafter. It did not matter. She would do what honor dictated, and no cowardly thought should make her weak. Across her memory flashed the picture she had seen in her dream—her father standing at the tiller, and the moonlit track that led to death. She could die or live, she said to herself; but, dying or living, she would be worthy of that memory.

Then she drew forth the paper and wrote. It was the thin tinted paper, which was accounted the very finest in that day. It was made in the old mill in the village beyond, the rumble of whose wheel she could almost hear. The genial owner was very proud of his best "laid paper," and had presented her with a generous store of it one day when she went to visit his daughter, in that happy past that was already so far away that it seemed to have belonged to some one else. She put away these soft memories and wrote:

"MY DEAR, DEAR MARTIN."

She had never doubled this tender epithet before. She paused a moment and looked at it. Then she drew her pen through one of them. A moment after she obliterated the possessive. "Not mine," she said to herself. "Only the Martin that I thought was mine, but still dear." Then she tore the sheet into little fragments and began again. Her pen did not rest until the sheet was finished:

"DEAR MARTIN: You of course know what has happened, or soon will know. True or false, it must separate us; unless, indeed, its falsity can be clearly shown. Even then it may well be that you would shrink from uniting your life with one on whom such a cloud had rested. I do not believe you would. I do not think you would hesitate to stand beside me and brave even the worst that fate may have in store for me. I know you are noble and brave. If you had not been I could not have loved you, and my father would not have trusted you. But because you are all that I love and honor, I must not bring you shame—no, nor even the shadow of it. Strong as is my love, I could not endure the possibility of distrust; and you would not ask me to do violence to my own sense of honor even at the dictate of affection. Besides, I will not hide from you my fear that what I believe, will never be proved. You know the mystery my father always preserved in regard to Alida and her children. I even shudder at the fear that my trust in him may itself be broken. Ah, poor crazed Alida! If it should be that she is in truth my mother, then indeed—but it cannot be! Yet, now that I am bidding you good-by, Martin dear, let me ask you to be kind to her, to shield and protect her, as if, indeed, she were my mother. You know I cannot do it. I must even

fly for my own safety. The law—they say so, at least—the law claims me as a slave. Ah! how often we have thought of such things, little dreaming they would ever come near us. I remember now all the stories I heard when that strange Mr. Brown was here. How long ago it seems, and I wondered then if they could all be true. And now I am one of those strange things myself—a slave—a soulless mortal, an irresponsible immortal. I am another's property to have and to hold, fast bound and fast held by the riveted chains of the law. This hand that writes to you is not mine. You have called it yours, but it can only be yours by purchase now. These lips that you have kissed—I suppose their beauty only adds to my value in dollars and cents.

"But do not fear, Martin. I shall never be a slave. Death is a bridegroom who is always ready. No fear and no force can keep me from his arms if I must go to them to save myself from dishonor. Do not be afraid. She who has loved you—who always will love you—has not a drop of blood in her veins that would not run gladly out to save her from such a fate.

"Yet, Martin, I would almost as soon live or die a slave, as to remain even in luxury and ease knowing that he whom I have worshipped as my father had deceived me—was not my father—and that the shame they seek to fix upon me now, was mine to bear forever and to give with my life, unto my offspring! No, not that! Sooner than that, I would bury shame and suffering in a shameful grave. No other life shall take such blight from mine.

"But I must say farewell, Marty. The dear old days come back as I write—when we were boy and girl—brother and sister—soul-wedded lovers from the first. God bless you, Marty. We shall never meet again I fear—we dare not meet—unless—unless a hopeless hope prove true.

"I am going away. How or where I do not know, and you must not seek to know. Do not follow me—do not try to find me. If the sunshine ever falls upon my life again, I will come to you. Till then—or forever, as it may be—as it must be unless—ah, why will I hope! Farewell, Marty! Say farewell when you read this, as if, indeed, you kissed my dead lips—to know me forever after, only as a sweet memory. I cannot tell you, dear love, how I suffer; yet, even now, it is more for you than for myself. Again, and always, let me say—adieu. HILDA."

She bowed her head upon the desk, and drowned her dead love in tears. Her frame shook with sobs; and love that knows not laws, nor customs, nor constitutions, nor the sacred "rights of things" for a time took tribute of her fair young life. Then she started suddenly and dried her tears unconsciously. Fear came upon her once more. The sun was wearing westwardly. She sealed her letter hurriedly. Hardly had she done so when there was a knock at the door. She tried to say come in, but the words died on her white lips. The key turned in the lock, and the teacher entered. She bore a waiter on which was a bountiful repast. She closed and locked the door, set the waiter on the table, and came and stood beside Hilda, gazing at her searchingly. She stooped to kiss her, but Hilda drew away from her, while a hot tide surged over cheek and brow. The teacher read the address of the letter on the desk, and then glanced quickly around the room. Her eye fell on the lawyer's letter. She tried to seize it, but Hilda was too quick for her and snatched it away.

"You have read that?" asked Miss Hunniwell, her voice shaking in spite of her boasted self-control.

"Yes," said Hilda sullenly. She had risen, and was standing defiantly in the corner by the window.

As she spoke, she saw a man wearing a broad-brimmed slouch hat pass along the carriage-way to the rear of the house. She saw, too, the black face watching him from the thicket above.

"You know then?" said the teacher inquiringly, with her hands clasped tremblingly before her.

"I know it is a lie!" said Hilda vehemently.

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," said the teacher reassuringly; "but you know that—that you are in danger?"

For answer Hilda pointed to the figure approaching the carriage-house. Miss Hunniwell uttered an exclamation of indignant surprise.

"The wicked wretch!" she exclaimed. "Does he think that he can prevent your escape by prowling around the premises in that style? If he thinks he is going to take you away from Beechwood and into—into—Oh! I beg your pardon, dear."

Hilda had cast herself into her arms, and was weeping on her shoulder.

"Hush! What is that?" exclaimed the teacher.

Hilda looked up in surprise, but followed her gaze as well as tears would permit.

The stranger stood in the driveway scanning curiously the rear of the seminary. As Miss Hunniwell spoke a small white packet fell at his feet. He glanced around in surprise; then picked it up, unfolded it, and seemed to be reading. He looked toward the window near which they stood, nodded his head in that direction, and then walked quickly away. The teacher stood for a moment thoroughly amazed. Then her face lighted with intelligence and scorn, as she nodded toward Amy's room and said:

"Enemies without and spies within. Poor girl! poor girl! But they shall not get you. That man has been here twice to-day. He is the man referred to in that letter—the administrator of somebody, who wants to get hold of you. But he shall not. He has no warrant, and cannot get any before morning, and you will be far enough away before then or I shall miss my guess."

"What will you do?" asked Hilda.

"Never mind, dear. Eat your dinner while I send away the spy," said the teacher, shaking her head wisely.

She left the room. Hilda heard her knock at Amy's door, and a moment after heard them both leave the room and pass along the hall. Soon the teacher returned, smiling at her own shrewdness.

"I have informed one of the teachers that she is to keep Miss Amy Hargrove in her room until after prayers," she said. "Now we can lay our plans, and there is no time to lose. I have already telegraphed for a lawyer and Mr. Jared Clarkson; also to Mr. Kortright."

"Martin?" asked Hilda, turning pale.

"Yes, certainly. He will be here by to-morrow night at the farthest."

"Oh, Miss Hunniwell, why did you do it?"

"Why, I thought you would want him here, above all," answered the teacher in surprise.

"Oh no, no! I cannot see him! He must not come! Do you not see?" she continued, and a deep flush had taken the place of pallor in her face; "if—if—it should be—as they say?"

"Ah, poor child! but it is not," said the teacher positively.

"But—but can we prove it is not so?" asked Hilda plaintively.

"True, true," said the teacher, walking back and forth and wringing her hands distractedly. "Oh, what an infamous thing! What a horrible, wicked law for a Christian people to obey! But we will not obey!" she exclaimed hotly, as she stopped suddenly before her pupil. "We will take you away from them; we will defy the law. Did not Mr. Clarkson do it last year?"

We will do it here! I will do it. I will appeal to the people. I will go myself. I will help tear down the jails. We will defy the world if need be; we will rescue you. You shall go to Canada, where people are free. Thank God, there is one place they may be!"

The delicate woman was transformed into a fury by the sense of injustice and wrong. Her hands were clinched, and the blue veins showed through her soft, fair skin, while her eyes burned with a strange, wild light that no one had ever dreamed could slumber in their blue depths.

"Thank you a thousand times," said Hilda, as she clasped the teacher in her arms and kissed her, while her tears fell on the hot, red cheeks. "You are very kind and good, but I must not risk such chances."

"What can you do?"

"I must go away."

"But how? You saw how the house is watched?"

"It must be done," said Hilda. Then she showed the note from Amory and told how she had received it.

"Aye," said the teacher bitterly. "He distrusts me. They thought I would give you up. Even the servants are truer than I have been to the right and liberty."

Hilda soothed her self-reproaches, and after a little the woman's wit coupled with the teacher's experience perfected a plan very much more feasible than the one the minister had devised. Hilda donned her most serviceable garments. Her bank account was turned into bank-bills by the teacher; a valise was hastily packed, and she was ready. Miss Hunniwell stood at the door of the dining-room and noted that all the pupils entered. Then she closed the door and a muffled figure stole down to the side entrance. The principal's carriage happened to be waiting there. The driver stood carelessly by. While the pupils sang the usual hymn that preceded the evening repast at Beechwood the muffled figure came out of the door and entered the carriage. The driver closed the carriage door and strolled carelessly along, leading his horses by the bit to the front entrance. After a short time Miss Hunniwell, equipped for a drive, came down the wide steps with a market-basket in her hand. She entered the carriage; the driver took his place on the front seat, and just as the daylight faded from the sky, drove leisurely through the streets of the little village, turned northward at the end, and with a chuckle brought the snug roadsters down to their work as if they had a long trip before them.

Ten miles away there was a busy town, at which two trains met at ten o'clock that night—the one going eastward and the other westward. A young girl left a carriage which was standing by the platform and entered one of them just as it moved away. The driver was busy with his horses. A gray-headed woman watched her anxiously from the carriage-door as she went along the platform, passed the dimly-lighted station and was then lost to view.

Evening prayers at Beechwood came at eight o'clock. Then all met in the chapel, the organ pealed forth its notes, and soft, young voices uttered songs of praise. The day's record was made up, announcements for the morrow made, and then the day at the seminary was at an end. Each pupil retired to her room; an hour was allowed for preparation for repose, and then silence settled on the throng of white young souls beneath its roof. Until evening prayers, Amy Hargrove was kept a close prisoner in the teacher's room to which she had been sent by Miss Hunniwell; returning then to her

own room she found all still in the adjoining apartment. She applied eye and ear to the key-hole. She could only see the flicker of the fading firelight; she could hear nothing. She tried to open the door, and then first remembered that she had locked it. Then she took the key from her own door, and after some trouble turned the bolt. She opened the door and entered cautiously. The firelight showed that the room was empty. Hilda's things were scattered about. The door was locked. So was the wardrobe and the trunk. So, too, the little desk. Amy moved carefully about, examining everything. Then she sat down upon the rug by the hearth and thought. It was evident that Hilda had fled, but where? How? She could not understand. Of course Miss Hunniwell would not like to have her arrested there. No doubt she pitied her. Indeed, she pitied her herself, or would have done so, but for the fraud that had been practiced on her. She could almost forgive that and pity her still but for the envy in her heart. Why was it that everybody loved Hilda, and seemed only to distrust and avoid her? Even the Southern girls in the school were all sorry for Hilda now, and were angry at the man who had come to assert his right and do his duty as an officer of the law. Of course it was a pity that Hilda had been brought up to think herself free and white; but it was silly to make such a fuss about her now that they knew that she was neither. While she thought of these things Amy was startled by a slight noise at the window. Some one was quietly forcing an entrance. The sash was pried up; a hand was thrust in. Her heart stood still with terror. She understood it all in an instant. She had never dreamed when she wrote the note she had thrown to the man in pursuit of his slave, informing him that "the person he was seeking was in the room adjoining," and, in answer to his look of inquiry, had motioned toward that window, that any one would try to enter except by the door and with lawful warrant. She had been instigated by envy, and a meddlesome desire to have her own ingratitude justified after a fashion by the capture of this slave-girl, who had outstripped her in the regard of her fellows, as well as in the studies they had pursued together. Now she feared that her interference would be revealed. What if the kidnappers should be discovered and themselves arrested? Then she would be exposed, covered with infamy—perhaps held guilty with them. She would warn them now, and have them go away as quietly as possible. She was terribly frightened. The sweat stood in drops on her forehead and her limbs refused to move. The window was raised now, and a man stepped lightly within. She noticed that he wore coarse woolen socks over his boots to lessen the sound. She looked up at his face, and saw that it was strangely muffled. At length she found strength to rise. She must warn them at once. Suppose Miss Hunniwell were to return. She ran quickly across the room, and laid her hand on the man's arm. She had no fear of him. It was her information that had brought him there.

"Hush!" she said in a low whisper.

She started, however, when an arm was thrown about her waist, but before she could cry out something soft was pressed against her face; there was a pungent, choking odor; a strange sweetish taste in her mouth; the world seemed suddenly to grow dark and close about her; then as quickly to grow light and expand to infinite distance. She felt herself slipping away from existence, and then—she knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SOUTHERN "GATOR."

Six thousand baby alligators are sold in Florida every year, and the amount of ivory, number of skins, and quantity of oil obtained from the older members of the Saurian family are sufficient to entitle them to a high place among the products of the state.

The hunters sell young "gators" at twenty-five dollars per hundred, and the dealer from seventy-five cents to one dollar each. Live alligators two years old represent to the captor fifty cents each, and to the dealer from two to five dollars, as the season of travel is at its height or far advanced. A ten-foot alligator is worth ten dollars, and one fourteen feet long twenty-five dollars to the hunter, while the dealer charges twice or three times that price. The eggs are worth to the hunter fifty cents per dozen, and to the dealer twenty-five cents each.

The dead alligator is quite as valuable as the live one, for a specimen nine feet long and reasonably fat will net both branches of the trade as follows:

THE HUNTER.		THE DEALER.	
Oil,	\$5.50	Oil,	\$7.50
Skin,	1.00	Skin,	4.00
Head,	10.00	Head,	25.00
	<u>\$16.50</u>		<u>\$36.50</u>

The value of the head is ascertained by the number and size of the teeth. Dealers mount especially fine specimens of the skull, but the greater number have no other value than that of the ivory they contain.

The wages of the hunter depend, of course, upon his good fortune in finding the game. One of the most expert of these gives as instances of successful hunts the items of three days' work which yielded thirty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents; of six days with a yield of twenty dollars and ten cents, and of eight days' hunting which netted forty dollars and twenty-five cents.

Without speaking of those enemies of the "gator" who hunt him for sport, there are about two hundred men in the State of Florida who make a business and try to make a living by capturing or killing him. Very many have eaten alligator-steaks from simple curiosity to learn its flavor; but many more eat it because it is the cheapest and, oftentimes, the only meat they can afford. The flavor when it is fried or broiled is that of beefsteak plentifully supplied with fish gravy, while the fore-legs roasted taste like a mixture of chicken and fish, and have a delicate fibre.

Very methodical in his habits is the alligator, and very suspicious of anything new around his home. When he starts out in search of food it is invariably an hour after the tide has begun to ebb, and he returns about four hours after low water. If he has a land journey to perform, he goes and comes by the same route, never deviating from it until he sees evidence that strangers have trespassed upon his domain. He lives on the banks of some stream, for he has decided objections to stagnant water, and to make his home he digs a hole at least twelve inches below the lowest level of the water. This hole is perfectly straight, although on an incline, and from twenty to thirty feet in length, terminating in a chamber sufficiently large to admit of his turning in it. There he or she dwells alone, save when the female is caring for a very young brood, in which case the one room is converted into a nursery.

Full-grown alligators not only do not occupy the same hole, but they will not live near each other.

The alligator usually lays her eggs about the first of July, and during the month of June she is busily engaged in preparing the cradle for her young. Selecting a place on the bank of some stream or creek, she begins work by beating hard and level with her tail an earth platform about six feet square. She scrapes together with her fore-feet, oftentimes from a distance of fifty yards from the proposed nest, dried grass, sticks and mud until fifteen or twenty cubic feet of the material is in a place convenient for her purpose. On the day following the completion of these preparations she lays from thirty to fifty eggs on the prepared ground, and piles over them dried grass and mud deftly worked in with sticks until a mound six feet in diameter and three feet high has been raised. The surface of this is quickly hardened by the sun, and, in order that it may be as nearly air-tight as possible, the female visits it each day, covering with mud any crevices that may have appeared, as well as remodeling such portions as do not satisfy her sense of beauty.

The ordinary time of incubation is about two months, and then the newly-hatched brood may be heard yelping and snarling for their mother to continue her work by releasing them from their prison-nest. On the second or third day after the first noise has been heard, the female bites a hole in the side of the mound, out of which the young ones, barely more than eleven inches long, come tumbling in the most vigorous manner, crawling directly toward the water. Until the young are three years old the mother exercises a parental care over them, always remaining within sound of their voices, not so much to protect them from their natural enemy, man, as from their unnatural enemy their father, who has an especial fondness for his own children in the way of food.

When then the hunter finds a nest, he carries the eggs home to hatch them, where he can easily capture the brood if the eggs are fresh or if the young in them are not more than five inches long; at any other stage they will not hatch if removed, and are of no value except for the shell. The captured eggs are then packed in straw as nearly as possible in the natural way, and the young may be thus hatched out very successfully. One farmer reared sixteen hundred and another a thousand last season. The young will eat immediately after coming out of the shell, but they thrive best if given no food for at least three months.

The cry of a full-grown 'gator is not unlike the bel-
lowing of a bull, except that it is of more volume, since the voice of a male can, on a calm day, be heard a distance of five miles; and they may be said to be sun-worshippers, since they seldom "resolve themselves into song," save at the rising of the sun; in fact, the only exception to this morning melody is when a storm is approaching. The average Florida "cracker" needs no other barometer than the alligator in the neighboring creek or swamp.

One ceases to be astonished at the volume of sound which comes from these monsters when he sees a full-grown one put forth all his strength to produce the effect. He stretches his body to its full length, inhaling sufficient air to puff him up nearly twice his natural size; then, holding his breath, as it were for an instant,

he raises both head and tail until he forms the segment of a circle. When all is thus complete, the "roar" comes with sufficient force to startle one, even though he be prepared for it.

Since, in order to guard his head, the alligator is obliged to turn his body somewhat, and since, when his jaws are once closed he is unable to open them if only a moderate amount of strength on the part of man be used, the hunter selects this point for attack when it is possible for him to steal upon his game unawares. If the intending captor gets a firm hold upon the jaws of his game in this way, the monster becomes reasonably easy prey; one rope soon secures his jaws, another is tied around his neck and fastened to a tree, while a third secures his tail in the same way, thus stretching the captive in a straight line; his fore paws are tied over his back, a stout pole is lashed from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail, and the 'gator is helpless.

It is seldom, however, that the hunter gets his game at a disadvantage, and to secure him alive he must set about the work much as boys do when they snare rabbits. A tall, stout sapling near the water's edge is the first requisite, and directly in front of that, in the water, a narrow lane or pen is made with stakes, the two outer ones being notched, as is the spindle of a box-trap. At the end of this pen, and nearer the shore, a stake is driven into the mud, and on the top of it is fastened a piece of tainted beef. A stout rope, at one end of which is a large noose, is fastened to the top of the sapling, and to the upper part of the noose is attached a cross-bar, or trigger, which, when the tree is bent, catches in the notches on the outer stakes just below the surface of the water, the noose hanging around the entire opening. To get at the meat the alligator attempts to swim under the bar, but his back displaces the trigger, and he is a captive, with the rope fastened just back of his fore legs.

It is necessary to bind the captive while he is in the water, and then to carry him to the shore in a boat; for, amphibious as he is, he can be drowned if dragged even a short distance through the water. When once

properly secured and on land, the alligator can do nothing in the hope of effecting a release, save to roll over, and this he does by a mighty effort with his shoulders, frequently working himself over a quarter of a mile in distance in a single night.

Those who are most familiar with the habits of the alligator, as seen in the Southern States, believe his partiality for decayed food does not arise from any particular flavor it may possess, but simply because in a putrid state any large amount of flesh is more easily torn apart and masticated than when fresh. Although the possessor of so much ivory in the shape of teeth, and able to use his jaws with so much power, it is an extremely difficult matter for an alligator to dismember a pig, even after the flesh is decayed. While the meat is yet firm and the muscles intact, it is an impossibility for him to do other than swallow it nearly whole, as he sometimes does when interrupted shortly after he has killed his prey. That alligators do like fresh food when it is possible for them to eat it is shown by the fact that fresh fish and small turtles are their favorite diet. In the stomach of a twelve-foot alligator there have been found six catfish, none of them mutilated, weighing altogether thirty-four pounds.

If one believes implicitly the positive assertion of the alligator hunters, he must perforce say no man knows the span of life allotted these saurians. The native Floridian, as well as the hunter, will insist that the largest of the 'gators are more than a hundred years old, pointing to the fact of his slow growth in proof of the assertion. A newly-hatched alligator is eleven inches long; at the age of six years he is very slim and but three feet in length; at ten years of age he has gained considerably in breadth and but twelve inches in length, while during the next two years he has grown hardly more than one inch longer. An alligator fifteen feet in length, caught near the mouth of the St. John's River, was so covered with barnacles and other marine growth as to make it almost certain that he must have been in existence seventy-five years.

JAMES OTIS.

KALSTROM'S WIFE.

"The sun is bright, the sky is clear,
The wind blows soft and free;
For that the larder runneth low,
Go thou ashore," said she.

"Keep thou the watch, then, wife of mine;
Farewell, farewell!" he cried.
The lake was blue, away he flew,
Across the waters wide.

The shining hours ran on apace,
Till day was almost done;
Then, swift and dark, the angry clouds
Put out the sullen sun.

The fierce winds roared, the tempest beat;
Brave Kalstrom gave a moan;
Far up within the lighthouse tower
His young wife watched alone.

Three times his trusty boat he launched,
With strong, determined hands;
And thrice the rude waves hurled it back
Upon the treacherous sands.

But as with straining eyes he gazed,
Clear shining like a star,
The red rays from the lighthouse tower
Streamed steadily and far!

Day dawned, day waned, but o'er the lake
Still swept the furious blast.
All day, all night, young Kalstrom raged—
A lion caged at last.

"Now, by yon heavens!" he cried, "not here
Another night I'll tarry;
Come life or death, I'll risk the waves
And bread to Lisa carry!"

Up in the lonely lighthouse tower
Pale Lisa prayed and wept;
While round her, lashed by furious winds,
The mad white surges leapt.

O weary watch! O doleful days!
O pain of heart and limb!
O awful dread, when far away
Upon the world's wide rim

She saw a little dancing fleck !
 Was it a boat? A boat ?
 • Dear God, on those wild, howling waves,
 What keel might hope to float ?

Swiftly the darksome night came down,
 The world was blotted out,
 When from below her lofty tower
 She heard her husband's shout :

"Ho, Lisa ! ho ! a rope ! a rope !"
 The casement wide she flings ;
 The cold spray dashes in her face—
 The boat beneath her swings !

Swiftly the knotted noose she threw ;
 "Now pull, lass, pull !" cried he ;
 While up his costly freight she drew
 Safe from the hungry sea.

Back sped the coil. Beneath his arms
 Scarce had he drawn it tight,
 When great waves swamped the rocking boat,
 And swept it out of sight ;

While he clung quivering to the wall,
 All bruised and sore bestead,
 The raging surf beneath his feet,
 The blinding storm o'erhead !

Then cheerily rang Lisa's voice
 Through the tumultuous din :
 "Hold fast, hold fast, my husband brave,
 For thou and I will win !"

On the taut rope she tugged and strained ;
 Up, up he climbed and swung,
 While to each crevice in the wall
 With hands and feet he clung,

Till he could see her soft, dark eyes
 Above the window-sill.
 Then came a mighty sweeping wind,
 And wrought them grievous ill !

It tore his strong hands from the wall,
 It hurled him in the lake ;
 Drowning the shriek of wild dismay
 From Lisa's lips that brake.

But, swift as thought, her brave young arms
 Paid out the lengthening line ;
 It held him in the rushing surge—
 'Twas like a hand divine.

Then once once more that faithful wife
 Her heavy task essayed ;
 Up, up beside the lighthouse tower
 Once more the strong man swayed.

He grasped the window-sill at last—
 O Kalstrom, veil your eyes,
 For breathless on the oaken floor
 Your peerless Lisa lies.

Nay, ask me not ! My lips refuse
 To tell the direful tale,
 Lest woman's cheek should turn too white,
 And feeble hearts should quail.

But oh, ye high souls, who have borne
 All pangs for love's sweet sake,
 Nor shrank beside the cruel rack,
 The fagot or the stake ;

Ye faithful ones, who, undismayed,
 For love have yielded life,
 Open your ranks and give her room—
 Brave Kalstrom's braver wife !

JULIA C. R. DORR.

A FLOWER TALK—NEXT SUMMER'S GARDEN.

IF annuals are planted, no weeding should be attempted until the plants have attained sufficient size to enable one with certainty to distinguish flower from weed. In the early stages of their growth the two resemble each other so closely that very often one is mistaken for the other. But as soon as you can tell them apart, begin the work of weeding. A thorough cleaning of the beds at the start will do away with much future work of that sort which it would be necessary to do if the first weeding were not thorough. Very many seeds will fail to come up. In such cases it will be necessary to transplant from places where there are too many plants standing together. Never allow plants to stand thickly enough in the beds to crowd each other. If you do, some will be choked and starved, and none will be as fine as they ought to be. The small annuals, like the portulaccas and sweet alyssums, ought not to stand closer than within six inches of each other. If you have more plants than you know what to do with, don't throw them away. There are always poor persons somewhere about the neighborhood who would be glad to take the plants you have no use for.

If the season proves to be a dry one, you must see that your plants do not suffer from lack of moisture. Take a watering-pot with a rather large-holed nozzle on the end of the spout, and go over the beds every evening if water is plenty. In dry times it is neces-

sary to do this if you would have good flowers. If water is scarce, you can clip grass from the lawn or the pasture and spread this over the beds and among the plants. This will help retain the moisture and prevent a too rapid evaporation from the soil. After it has become wilted and unsightly it can be worked into the bed, where it will rot and act as a fertilizer.

Very many kinds of plants have a tendency to "straggle." They put out a branch here and another there, and are far from presenting a symmetrical appearance. This can be prevented very easily if the proper action is taken in time. On observing any inclination, on the part of the plant, to eccentricities of this sort, pinch off the end of the straggling branch. This will induce other branches to start, and while they are starting the other branches will develop sufficiently, in most cases, to bring the plant into proper "balance."

If you would have the greatest possible amount of flowers from your plants, either annuals or bedders, as the greenhouse plants used in the garden in summer are called, you must be particular about one thing, and that is to remove all flowers as soon as they begin to fade. If this is done, new shoots will start, bearing buds, and thus the supply of bloom will be constant, and as profuse as it is in the nature of the plant to produce. If seed is allowed to form and mature, the energy and strength of the plant will be used up in the

process, and you will have but few flowers after the first crop. This is one secret of success with many gardeners. They take care to cut off every flower when it is past its prime, and, in consequence, they have such constant supplies of flowers, and these in such profusion that a great many non-observant amateur florists get the idea into their heads that this successful person must have a peculiar method of growing flowers—a “knack” which they do not possess. Instead of being a “knack,” it is usually a knife or scissors, and the regular and persevering use of them.

If you care to cut many flowers for use in the house—and almost everybody who loves them wants flowers in every room during the season—it is a good plan to have a corner expressly for “odds and ends,” from which you can cut without feeling that you are taking away from the beauty of the garden-beds. In this corner you can sow such seeds as may be left after sowing in the beds. Here you can put out cuttings from the bedding plants, and “strike” the branches you cut off from your house plants in the spring when you put them out on the veranda for the summer. Nothing will come amiss. In a short time you will have a brilliant bed of miscellaneous plants, and the more flowers you cut the more there will seem to be. There is a peculiar charm about these out-of-the-way corner gardens that I fail to find in the more orderly beds in the garden or on the lawn. Perhaps it is because there is a total lack of formality and primness, and such a general fraternizing of all kinds of flowers that the very atmosphere of the place is redolent of good will and equality.

If you attempt to grow dahlias, you must take care to have them planted in a very rich, mellow soil. This flower is a great feeder, and if you have only an ordinary soil for it to grow in, it will probably give you a good deal of disappointment. But if you put out good strong plants in rich soil *after* the ground has become thoroughly warm, and *not before*, and are careful to give them all the water they need through the season, you need not fail of success. Every week save the soap-suds from the wash-room, and apply it about the dahlias. If the season is dry, mulch the ground about them with grass. In wet summers, if you have noticed it, you will see that our dahlias are very much finer in every way than in dry seasons. If you would have success in their culture, then imitate the conditions of the seasons in which they are most satisfactory. As the branches of the dahlia are brittle and easily broken, always stake your plants well and keep them tied. If this is not done, a wind may make sad havoc, and from

its effect the plants will not recover during the season. If you give the dahlia a *rich soil* and *plenty of water* you will be delighted with the results.

One of our most beautiful flowers is the gladiolus. It combines the brilliancy of the rose with the delicacy of the lily, and it has the merit of being easily grown. It seldom fails to give complete satisfaction. The bulbs should be planted in groups of half a dozen. The soil should be light and rich. Put a stake by each bulb, and as soon as the flower-stalks appear tie them up. When planted in clumps, dark-colored twine can be stretched around the stakes, and the stalks will be supported by it, and by each other, and the effect is more pleasing than when each stalk is tied up by itself, on account of all lack of primness and stiffness. We have no flower more valuable for cutting and use in the house than this one. Buds on the end of the stalks will develop and expand after being placed in water. The gladiolus makes a most brilliant show, and the varieties of it offered for sale by the florists are almost innumerable.

The tuberose is another flower which deserves a place in every garden, but we do not often see it grown far from the cities. I suppose the reason of this is that persons who know but little about the characteristics or requirements of the plant have tried to grow it and failed, and from this cause the tuberose has the reputation of being unreliable. Now the facts are the tuberose requires quite a long season to mature in, and it is quite tender. If planted out in open ground too early in the season the cold earth weakens its vitality, and it does not recover from the shock during the summer. If not planted out until warm weather is an assured fact, it does not come into bloom before frost comes, and the least touch of frost is death to it. Therefore, to be successful with the plant, we must adopt such treatment as will prolong its season of growth. Start your tuberose in pots in the house in March. Put them out in the garden when the ground is warm, and give them a generous diet. With this treatment, in nine cases out of ten, you will have good success with them. You must be sure to stake the plants when the flower-stalks appear, for they will bear too heavy a load for their strength to support well when their flowers expand. The tuberose has a rich tropical fragrance, and is very beautiful in its waxy whiteness. The variety called pearl is the best, as it does not grow as tall as the others, and has as large flowers and more of them. In purchasing bulbs be sure to get those which have not bloomed before. The blossoming plant of this year is of no value next, save as a producer of new bulbs. It will not bloom again.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

WON.

At last I have thee safe—
Thou wilt no longer chafe
Against the chain.
Thou canst not, though thou would,
Be aught but true and good
Ever again.

Yes, now thou art my wife:
The suit to win, the strife
To keep are o'er.
The weakness of the flesh,
The spirit's waywardness
Will vex no more.

No more will anger harm
Or jealousy alarm,
Now thou art mine.
Thy other lovers all,
Hearing that grim recall,
The chase resign.

They do not greatly care
If thou be foul or fair,
Single or wed.
To me they yield their claim
On body, soul and name—
Now thou art dead.

HENRY A. BEERS.

A SESTINA.*

[LEGEND.—In New Hampshire, near the banks of the Connecticut River, there is a small pond, very deep, and whose water is of a deep crimson color. The country adjacent, in the colonial days, was occupied by the Abenaki tribe of Indians, who were driven away by the English settlers. Associated with the pool is the following legend.]

BESIDE the rushing stream that vainly tries
To woo the banks away, and long has fought
With angry floods and unexpected rise
To kiss their mossy brows; as if it thought
To win its prize by passion. Then swift dies
And shuns the heights which it so madly sought.
Within a whispering wood undoubted sought,
You think, by fays and sprites; but when one tries
To picture it their home, the fancy dies;
For ghostly red, as if souls tortured fought
To hide beneath and lave their bleeding thought,
There lurks a pool whence mocking shadows rise.
From midnight shadows of the pool doth rise
An Indian girl, by peeping moonbeams sought,
And clad with silver light, as if they thought
To make the maid more beautiful. She tries
To still her heart, which bleeds as if it fought
With some great grief whose memory ne'er dies.
The maiden, fairer than the West where dies
The day, with plaintive song sings of Love's rise
And fall. How in the olden time there fought

Against her tribe a youth so fair, who sought
Her love. Now changed her song; a captive tries
To conquer conqueror with amorous thought.

A day he madly loves; but when she thought
Elysium was won, his passion dies.
Mad with hot love, to win a kiss she tries,
Low kneeling at his feet, where, ne'er to rise
He kills her; and her heart-blood streaming sought
This pool. Lost the fierce battle she had fought.

Her trait'rous lover sought the pool, and fought
With his mad dreams; to cool his fevered thought
He drank. Exultant, to the depths she sought
To tempt him. Lo! he falls, and struggling dies.

Her song is done, and as the sun doth rise
He seeth naught but shadows though he tries.

L'ENVOI.

And to this day, they say, a mortal dies,
If faithless to his love, and will ne'er rise
If stooping there to quench his thirst he tries.

H. C. FAULKNER.

* The sestina, or sestino-stave, is the most complicated of all the Provençal forms of verse. It is said to have been invented by Arnaut Daniel, a Troubadour. It is seen in the unrhymed form in one example by Edmund Gosse. Rhymed examples like the original one given herewith are very rare in English, and the present instance is one of the first from an American author.

THE HOUSEHOLD—SOME MANTEL LAMBREQUINS.

THERE is one before us which we contemplate with great satisfaction, the materials for which did not cost more than fifty cents. It is made as follows: Get one yard of crimson canton flannel, one and a quarter yards of crash toweling (if it is wide enough to be split into two lengths), and an ounce of Germantown wool or zephyr, as near the shade of the canton flannel as possible.

The best way to cover any mantel is to have a thin, smooth board, cut just the size of the marble, as the covering can be stretched much more smoothly over this and nailed securely on, and it can be lifted entirely off when any dust is being made, and thus preserved fresh much longer than if fastened at the back of the real mantel.

For a mantel of ordinary size, the canton flannel will be sufficiently wide to cut into two widths, beside two narrow strips, the use of which will be explained later. The two large pieces must be neatly joined with an overhand seam, which should then be pressed on the wrong side to make it perfectly flat. Turn down an edge all around, and baste it closely with red cotton, using very small stitches on the right side, as the basting is to remain. Then fold this canton flannel part and lay it aside while the crash border is taken in hand.

If the crash is sixteen inches wide, it may be split in two; but if less than this, a piece must be bought long enough to go across the front and sides of the canton flannel, allowing for corners and seams. The length given for the canton flannel was half the length, with an inch or two over for seams, of the mantel it adorns, and this rule should be followed for any other mantel. The two lengths of crash are neatly joined with an overhand seam on the wrong side, sewed with a raveling of the

same, and the width is then divided into three parts by drawing threads. All the threads are then drawn out from the central third, with the exception of rather less than half an inch from the bottom. This is to separate it from the fringe. The selvage side of the crash is used for the top, as it is neater for joining, and the other side is nicer for the fringe.

Now thread a large needle with the ravelings, and, beginning at one end of the drawn part, fasten in the middle. Then take up six or eight of the threads and turn under the next six or eight. This is continued from end to end, and the uniting thread merely brought along as though the others were strung on it. A row of feather-stitching is next done on the crash with the worsted at each edge of the open work.

The plain upper third may now be taken in hand; and for this almost any simple pattern in chain-stitch with the same worsted will look well; or star-shaped flowers in long stitches may be preferred. Our pattern was traced with the help of a large spool, and is in rather upright waves chain-stitched.

The selvage edge of the crash is next to be carefully basted with the red cotton on the edge of the canton flannel, laying a plait at the corners, and sewing that part with the raveling. The canton flannel is lapped over the crash, and a row of feather-stitching makes the edge perfectly flat.

The lower third of the crash is now raveled out for the fringe, which is left perfectly plain, and the narrow strips of canton flannel are joined and basted at each edge beneath the open-work above. The effect of this bordering is very much like that of Macramé fringe, without half

the trouble, and the mantel cover calls forth much enthusiastic admiration.

The color of the canton flannel and worsted may, of course, be varied to suit any apartment; and, with such numerous and exquisite hues in the former material, there need be no difficulty in matching furniture and curtains. A room has a more finished look when curtains and mantel-cover are of the same material; but this is not always practicable, and in winter thin fabrics are scarcely suitable for this purpose.

Another pretty cover may be made of very dark garnet or olive-green canton flannel, with a bordering of Japanese crepe pictures framed in narrow black velvet. This bordering should be lined with silesia, or undressed cambric; and the fringe may be made of worsted to match the canton flannel, mingled with bright silks.

Almost every one understands what ticking embroidery is, but few have seen it used for a mantel lambrequin. It is very effective, however, and may be done with a mingling of split zephyr and silk, that will make it comparatively inexpensive. A very narrow black velvet ribbon, to cover the blue stripes, is a great improvement in this work; and feather-stitch, herring-bone, point-russe and chain-stitch may all be used. When carefully done it has a very rich and Oriental effect; and it can be used as a bordering to almost any thick material. This mantel-cover should be finished with a fringe, of which the foundation may be a thin black silk fringe with strands of bright-colored silks crotched in on the front. This makes a very handsome edge.

For those who can paint, many beautiful things are possible; and, among them, mantel lambrequins quite out of the common order. Something very pretty may be made of enameled cloth, with the lambrequin cut straight and painted with designs similar to those found on tiles. The lambrequin should be fastened on with gilt-headed nails, and a little gilding used in the borders. A connected story is always desirable when a number of designs are used; but something of a very simple character only should be attempted by the amateur. A study of Minton's and other tiles will be found very useful; but the actual imitation of tiles is to be avoided rather than aimed at, since real tiles would be out of place on a lambrequin.

The enameled cloth is used with very good effect, particularly in a dining or sitting-room, with no other embellishment than brass-headed nails where it is joined, and worsted fringe on the edge of the lambrequin. In using brass-headed nails avoid the common failing of placing them too far apart, as this gives the article a very scant look. They should be separated only the breadth of the nail head.

Velvet and velveteen make very rich-looking mantel-covers, and are much more expensive than the two other materials. But where something really handsome is wanted for a parlor mantel, a very satisfactory result may be accomplished by covering the shelf with either fabric, attaching a lambrequin of white silk embroidered in outline work after tile-patterns, and paneled with old-gold-colored velvet to carry out the picture idea. Very little of the white ground would be visible, and that little would only enhance the beauty of the coloring. A fringe of gold-colored silk would complete a very elegant lambrequin. Where blue is the prevailing color of the furniture, dark blue might be used for the shelf-color, and vivid blue forget-me-nots worked on the white silk lambrequins, the whole finished with a fringe of blue silk and threads of gold.

Different colored velvet ribbons joined with feather-stitch, and embroidered with little dots or other devices in the centre, and edged with handsome fringe, will make a lambrequin of great richness, particularly suited to a room where the other furnishings are in dark, warm colors.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

WORSHIP OF THE SUNFLOWER.

AN English church, not fifty miles from London, was a few days since decorated for a thanksgiving service for a bountiful harvest. The church is an ugly one, partially painted a dull red color, and on either side of the altar-table, against this red background, stood four sunflowers in pots. For sunflowers, with all the associations they possess, to be thus prominently used in such a place, to the exclusion of the many delicate, more beautiful and more fitting emblems of such a season, argues strange ignorance of what decoration is worthy the house of God, and is a strong plea in favor of a minister himself superintending such decoration, and not leaving it, as too many do, to the taste of ladies who make it "look pretty," as they would their ball-rooms. The expression, "worship of the sunflower," would hardly seem to be a senseless one, when we think of its occupying a place at our altars.

When will the craze of the day be superseded by a pure appreciation of the beautiful—a real love of art—art in its highest and best sense? In America, I believe, the "gaudy, smutty-faced" sunflower, and all of which it is a type, long since gave way to what is simpler and more artistic; but while it is used for decorative purposes, its glory in England must still be far from declining.

G. JULIA WALKER.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"WILL the Household Editor please inform a reader of the correct pronunciation of Judge Tourgée's name?—A. E. V., Auburn, Me."

Ans.—Judge Tourgée is of Huguenot descent, and gives the name its French sound, as if it ended *zhay*.

"NOTICING in the 'Household' page of THE CONTINENT of January 10 a bitter complaint from 'K,' in regard to mould on jellies, I am moved to go to her relief. She appeals to her 'sex.' I did a much wiser thing. I appealed to the other sex. In former years it was as much trouble to me to cover my jellies as it was to make them. My plan was to cut numerous circles of paper. The smaller ones were dipped in brandy and laid over the surface. Then a larger circle was immersed in white of egg and drawn tightly over the cup, bowl or tumbler. The egg produced an air-tight covering, and also served as paste. My husband is a chemist, and one day, upon observing my tedious proceeding, he asked me why I did not lay a lump of paraffine on the top of the hot jelly, and let it melt and spread over it. The success was perfect. No mould—no branded paper—no paper at all! If a little doubtful in regard to whether or not the jelly is sufficiently stiff at the time of placing it in the glasses, the paraffine can be melted and poured over the cold surface after any length of time. When the jelly is needed for use, a knife slipped under the edge will remove the whole cake, which can be laid away for service next year. I have followed this plan for several years, and neither mould nor sugary surface has molested me.—E. L. L."

"I AM an interested reader of your journal, particularly of the Household Department, and perhaps can help a little to make the labor of some of my sisters lighter if I send you a few hints which I have long used, but never seen in print. First, in sweeping carpets, use wet newspaper wrung nearly dry and torn into pieces. The paper collects the dust, but does not soil the carpet. Second, a carpet, particularly a dark carpet, often looks dusty when it does not need sweeping; wring out a sponge quite dry in water (a few drops of ammonia helps brighten the color) and wipe off the dust from the carpet. This saves much labor in sweeping.—F. C. S., Cambridge, Mass."

"CAN some of your readers give me a recipe for cleaning plaster of Paris medallions without destroying the lineaments, etc.; also one for permanently brightening old copper coins.—F. S. C."

A CORRESPONDENT who is indignant at the expensive nature of the bills of fare prepared for THE CONTINENT sends an excellent rule for corned or dried beef, which is given below. As to the objectionable *menus*, if our correspondent has followed the course of this department he may remember that they were announced in the beginning as for all purses. Some are very simple; some more elaborate, but the most complex one has never been allowed to equal the ordinary *menu* of fashionable society.

"PICKLE FOR TWO ROUNDS OF BEEF.—Cut the rounds in suitable shape for drying; mix together two pints of salt, one pound of brown sugar, and half a pound of saltpetre; rub them with this, and pack them in a tight vessel; make a pickle that will bear an egg, and pour it over; put a weight on the top and let it lay for ten days; then take it out and smoke it two days; if partial to smoked beef, hang it in a dry place, in drill bags, to keep out flies. In preparing pickle for any kind of meat, observe that one gallon of water will hold, in solution, a quart of salt and two ounces of saltpetre. This keeps beef the year round."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



HEREAFTER the two serial stories running in THE CONTINENT will be alternated so as to give a double installment of each serial every second week. We find that the installments which our space permits are not such as to allow of satisfactory portions of two serials being printed in each number, and the alternation not only enables us to present a greater variety, but to give such portions as will satisfy the reader.

THE enterprising manager of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas is announced—not on very good authority, to be sure—as having engaged Mr. Matthew Arnold for a lecture tour in this country next season. Is it not reasonable to draw an inference from this as to the possible character of the next play contemplated by these eminent composers? The Oscar Wilde side-show appears to have paid very well in the case of "Patience," and why should not Mr. Arnold prove an equally good card in connection with something notable in the way of contemporary criticism?

THE Harvard Annex has borne its share of chaff during the four years of its existence, its students having been the recipients of quite as many good-natured compliments as of ungallant sneers. Mrs. Louis Agassiz has just made an interesting report on its present status, which shows that the "Annex ladies" have thus far been for the most part either young women who intend to be teachers, or older ones who are already teachers, and contrive to pay the by no means moderate fees that they may become better teachers. Beside these professionals, there is a percentage of amateurs who have leisure and scholarly tastes, and who study because they wish to. The Annex seems to have outgrown the suspicions under which it rested at first, through the real earnestness of its members and their proven capacity to mind their own business.

"THERE'S millions in it," beyond a doubt—thirty-six millions, at the lowest estimate—that of a United States commission of professional engineers, while another moderate estimate, that of Captain Eads, of bridge and jetty fame, modestly suggests one hundred and fifty millions, to make a good beginning. Yes, "there's millions in it"—in this project of controlling the flow of the Mississippi River and its tributaries, that is—millions for construction, more millions for maintenance, and still other millions for repairs and improvements. River and Harbor bills, paltry Back Pay "grabs," Credits Mobilier and the rest, fade into insignificance when compared with the possibilities of Mississippi improvements. Just here some one who wants to convict us of hostility to the South will stop reading, and denounce THE CONTINENT as opposed to all broad schemes for the "regulation of commerce between the states," as the Constitution puts it. Of course it is of no use to explain to these people that there is reason in all things, even in the amount of money which the nation ought to spend in furthering these special and peculiar interests. Nevertheless, we venture to suggest that even if the project of regulating the flow of these mighty streams is possible to modern engineering—

and the question is merely one of time, men and money—the strain on the national finances would be beyond all reason, and would favor a ring with opportunities and temptations of unprecedented magnificence. Let any one who doubts spend an hour in studying the habits of the tiniest brooklet, which are in miniature the habits of the Mississippi. Call the great river a mile wide between levees, and the brook a foot wide from bank to bank. A confining levee, or embankment, ten feet high along the river would be represented proportionately in the case of the brook by one *less than half an inch high*. How much, think you, would the brook be restrained by such a barrier after a sudden thunder shower in the summer or a prolonged rain? The United States Government can do it, of course! It can do anything! and the mere building of a continuous quadruple chain of mountains along the great rivers may be effected if the nation sets about it. Then there is that other pleasant little project which contemplates storage reservoirs, wherein the surplus waters of early spring shall be retained until they are wanted during the drought of summer! If the redoubtable Colonel Sellers had thought of the Mississippi he need never have wasted his time in providing eye-water at a dollar a bottle for the four hundred million of weak-eyed Asiatics. The whole country is interested in having the river made as useful and as harmless as possible, but the way to do this is to learn the habits of the river, and adapt ourselves and our necessities to its convenience. No strait-jacket can be made that will restrain this giant when he puts forth his strength.

AN exchange informs us that a student of Williams College has invented a new method of squaring numbers, and then tells us how it is done. It is no doubt a valuable discovery. The world has waited a long time for another way to perform this operation. Where a man makes a business of squaring all the numbers that come in his way it gets to be tedious, and it must rest him a good deal to change hands now and then. Besides that it makes a tremendous strain on the multiplication table. The new method has the advantage of variety. The dry process of multiplication is pleasantly interspersed with numerous other mental operations that must render its application as entertaining as a Chinese puzzle. A checker-board would be a good thing to practice on at first, or one might have a few reams of paper ruled especially so as to mark the special positions. We give it in the interest of science, and hope none of our readers will think that because we give it we have any notion of starting a puzzle-column. Perhaps it would be best for such of our readers as may be aware of insanity in their families to skip this interesting process, or get a professor of mathematics to hold their heads while they read it. The process is as follows: "Beginning at the left, multiply the double of each digit of the given number by the number represented by the preceding digits, and write each product under those already obtained, in such a way that its right-hand figure shall be two places to the right of the right-hand figure of the preceding product. Then square each digit successively, beginning at the right, and place the right-hand figure of the first result one place to the right of the

right-hand figure of the last product before obtained, and the right-hand figure of each succeeding square two places to the left of the right-hand figure of the preceding square. Add the columns together, and the result will be the required square."

WITHIN a few months—July at the earliest and September at the latest—the American citizen will have the opportunity of trying a new method of transmitting small sums of money through the mails. He may, for instance, ask the local postmaster for a \$2.50 postal note, and will hand him \$2.53. In return he will receive a slip of paper about the size of a "greenback," at the left of which will be printed three columns of figures, one representing dollars, one dimes, and one cents. In other columns are years, months and days. The postmaster will punch out from this slip figures representing \$2.50, and the year, month and day on which the note is purchased. The bearer of this note is entitled to receive the sum specified on presenting it, properly endorsed, at the office where it is made payable. The system is not so safe as the postal order or the registered letter, but it is cheaper, and involves a minimum of red-tape. No application is necessary, as the note is bought as easily as a postage-stamp, may be slipped into an envelope, and forwarded to its destination without the frequently tedious delay necessitated by waiting for forms to be filled out and numbers to be registered. It will, in short, almost take the place of the lost and lamented fractional currency, which was so convenient when one wished to send fractional parts of a dollar to a correspondent. A similar system has been in use in Great Britain for two years, and during the second of these years notes to the amount of over ten million dollars were sold at the different offices of the United Kingdom. The postal note will not do away with the money order system, which has been somewhat modified and cheapened, and which will no doubt be as largely used as ever in the transmission of larger sums.

A NEW species of young man has lately become sufficiently numerous in the streets of New York to demand classification as a type. The time-honored and now somewhat obsolete terms of "dandy," "swell," "cad," and so on, even when qualified and intensified by the adjective "howling," do not seem to meet his case; so the great slang-loving public invented a name for him, which quickly became current, and has now found its way into print. This young man seems first to have attracted notice by means of his banged hair, but the bang does not, or at least did not, constitute an individual of the species, though perhaps at the present time it may be regarded as typical. No satisfactory etymological derivation of the term "Dude" has as yet been suggested by the philologists, but it appeals to a subtle sense of harmony when used in reference to the live specimens whose chief habitat is the west sidewalk of Fifth Avenue during the late afternoon hours. The dude possesses in his outward appearance and bearing all the attributes of a gentleman, excepting, perhaps, that of manliness. His dress is unostentatious in its perfection, its only loud notes being a pair of white gaiters, which are believed to be going out already in obedience to the unwritten code of dudeism. Why the dude feels any interest in life is not clear—he does not look as if he enjoyed it. There is a certain introspective earnestness in his bearing that reminds one of the theological student, and perhaps the prevailing high collar strengthens the resemblance. To say that the dude is offensively supercilious would do him injustice, for superciliousness implies a certain conspicuity out of tone with the eternal verities of his creed. That he is intensely supercilious is probably true; but his superiority to the multitude lies in the fact that he holds all distinguishing marks of his rank strictly

in abeyance. The dude is young now, and his advancing years will be watched with curiosity by an anxious public. It is now held by high authority that he must be under twenty-five years of age. What he will be after passing that limit time alone can show. Let us hope that he will be as harmless then as he apparently is now.

MIDDLE-AGED people, whose memories go back to the days when Abraham Lincoln was rising into public notice; when John Brown was preparing to capture Harper's Ferry "with his nineteen men so few;" when Grant and Sherman and Sheridan were known only on the Army Register—such people remember a little, feeble, keen-eyed Southerner who represented the State of Georgia in Congress, as long ago as 1843, and who, prior to that time, had served in the legislature of his own state. It must be at least forty years since the news-gatherer of the period began to prepare paragraphs to the effect that the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was confined to his room and was much reduced in strength. A few days or weeks later he would perhaps be reported as dying, and presently he would be back again in his seat in Congress. Paragraphs like these have gone the rounds of the press with irregular periodicity before, during, and since the war. A dozen times he has had his obituary written, and yet it is only yesterday, as it were, that the end came, and the strong spirit escaped from its frail body. What this man would have done had he been blessed with the average health and strength of men who reach the age of three score and ten, can only be conjectured. As it was, he worked his way upward from the cabin of a poor Southern white to the Vice Presidency of the Southern Confederacy; and when his tenure of that office was summarily cut short, he came back to Congress as naturally as if he had never seceded, and died at last the chief executive of his native state. What might he not have achieved had his intellect been sustained by the average physique of the American man? We hope shortly to give our readers an illustrated article on the life and home surroundings of this remarkable character.

MR. CONWAY has long been known, not only as a keen observer, but a graceful and telling narrator, and in the present case personal affection and admiration have formed part of the feeling with which his subject¹ has been approached. The story of Mr. Conway's own youth, very modestly told, is only one of countless similar incidents in the life of the elder man, who, while never seeking to influence, came to be a power in minds of every grade and calibre. The story of the home life of Emerson is necessarily also that of the transcendental movement in New England, and Mr. Conway is one of those who, under his influence, passed out from all the traditions of their youth, and accepted the seer's version of life. At this point come some interesting glimpses of Emerson's private spiritual beliefs. The first hint for all speculators comes in an answer to one who had asked what his own opinions were:

"I believe that most of the speculations and difficulties that infest us we must thank ourselves for—that each mind, if true to itself, will, by living for the right, and not imparting into itself the doubts of other men, dissolve all difficulties, as the sun at midsummer burns up the clouds."

Later, when talking with Mr. Conway of the fierce theological discussions at Trinity College, he said:

"I am not much interested in such discussions; it does seem deplorable that there should be a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the chimpanzee." "I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian, and a Trinitarian

(1) EMERSON AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Moncure Daniel Conway. 8vo, pp. 383, \$1.50. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another."

His dislike to mere theological discussion increased with years, and he held more and more to the optimistic theory that time would do far more than any antagonistic criticism ever could. When such argument was thrust upon him, he was fond of silencing it by a little story:

"Mary Ketch, a wise and saintly Quaker woman, told him that her little girl one day asked if she might do something. She replied, 'What does the voice in thee say?' The child went off, and after a time returned to say, 'Mother, the little voice says, no.' 'That,' said Emerson, 'calls the tears to one's eyes.'"

Emerson's opinion of Carlyle is a discriminating one, in spite of the strong friendship existing between them, or rather in one of them, since Carlyle seems to have had little but criticism to spare for even those nearest him, Miss Mitford's letters, lately published, giving a quotation which is only one more indication of how little value Carlyle ever placed upon affection, save when he had finally lost it. Mr. Conway writes:

"He often spoke of Carlyle with warm personal affection; but it was plain to me that the later works of his friend were regarded by Emerson as unhealthy. When the 'Life of Friedrich' was appearing, he derived great benefit from it, and wrote warm thanks to Carlyle for each volume; but there was some hesitation when it became a question whether any youth should re-enter the old atmosphere of enthusiasm which had surrounded Carlyle's writings. As much care was needed to get at the best in Carlyle's book as to get at the heart of the man. 'When I was in England,' he said, 'young men desired me to introduce them to Carlyle; but I said, Why will you have this vitriol thrown over you?'"

As a rule he preferred silence on his own work, and when his own poetry was praised interrupted with, "You forget—we are damned for poetry." He included his own poetry under his label for much American work of that kind—"versers." None could come up to his unyielding standard. Rufus Griswold he held an interesting person, as the one man who has discovered the existence of American Poetry. Not that he did not love and value his contemporaries and literary friends—he rejoiced in them; but he was remorseless in his demands about poetry. Poe was merely "the man who jingles." Of moderns, Carlyle most nearly approached his poetic standard. Of himself he said once, when forced to speak, "My reputation, such as it is, will be one day cited to prove the poverty of this time."

Bits of biography of the philosopher's famous neighbors, many of which have never before appeared in print, are given, one of the most interesting being of Hawthorne:

"One wintry day Hawthorne received at his office notification that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.' Then he leaves the room. Soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, 'Now you can write your book!' The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. 'The Scarlet Letter' was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife."

As a whole, Mr. Conway's book, while making no pretension to be more than a chatty record of memories and impressions, is thus far the truest picture of Emerson that we have had, and many traits of the man, which have been heretofore hidden behind the philosopher, are given with wonderful charm. That his last days were clouded and obscured does not mar a line, for sweetness and dignity remained to the last; and Mr. Conway's book is an interpretation that will stand even when more formal biography comes to give us more minute details of a life which is and will remain one of America's dearest possessions.



THE biography of Margaret Fuller, in the "American Men of Letters Series," will be written by Colonel Higginson.

D. LOTHROP & Co. are to reprint Dr. George Macdonald's essays, entitled "Orts," under the title of "Imagination and Other Essays."

"THE ACADEMY" pronounces Mr. Browning's new poem to be the best work he has done since the appearance of "The Ring and the Book."

THE autobiography of Frederick Douglass has been translated into French, under the title of "Mes-Années d'Esclavage et de Liberté," and has had a warm reception in Paris.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE's "Peak in Darien" has found as many readers in this country as her "Duties of Women," having gone into its seventh edition. Both books are issued by George H. Ellis & Co., Boston.

A CERTAIN light and frisky character, altogether incompatible with the impression thus far most popular, attaches itself to the latest appearance of "Daniel Deronda," which is as *feuilleton* in a French paper published at Cairo!

"THE WHEELMAN," the bicycle organ for this country, is as breezy and stimulating a magazine as the lover of out-door life could desire. *Outing* shares its honors, and both are necessary to one who would keep pace with the growing possibilities of enjoyment to be had in the open air.

"OUIDA" would hardly be expected to furnish much material for the ministerial profession, save in the way of denunciation, and her opponents will be surprised to hear that an English clergyman has made a selection from her works, soon to be published by Chatto & Windus, under the title of "Wisdom, Poetry and Pathos."

No book recently published has had such hearty abuse as the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," whose reminiscences were edited by a son who seems to have thought as little of sparing people's feelings as Mr. Froude in his kindred work on Carlyle. An abridged edition is to be published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE John W. Lovell Publishing Company have added to their list an extremely cheap and on the whole well-written little "Life of Washington," by Leonard Henly. Whether an hour with the Father of his Country is sufficient for the reader may be questioned, but whoever has only the hour, more or less, will find this a useful way of spending it. (16mo, pp. 207, 50 cents). From the same publishers comes "The Secret Dispatch," by James Grant, a Russian story of the time of Catherine II, in which intrigue and exciting adventure of every sort appear. (16mo, pp. 256, 50 cents).

THERE is no better writer of stories for boys than Mr. Ascott R. Hope, who began this work many years ago, and is now a veteran in the field, though his last volume, "Homespun Stories," shows no loss of vigor or spirit. The stories are homespun only in the sense that they are the personal reminiscences of the tellers. The humor is frank and careless, and the material mostly adventure in school and out, of harum-scarum boys. But there is no sensationalism, and there is a very honest and generous

spirit at bottom, which makes the collection especially welcome. (12mo, pp. 346, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co.).

THE name of Roberts Brothers is so identified with a scholarly and fine form of literature that any book they issue will, it is taken for granted, find a place already made for it. Certainly this was the case with Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith." He completes in this volume his "Indian Trilogy," giving a poem to each of the "ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah." The charm found in the "Light of Asia" is not wanting here, but there are many evidences of haste and careless finish, and all will regret his numerous alterations in the favorite poem beginning, "He who died at Azan sends," and entitled now, "A Message from the Dead." As a whole, the volume will not add to Mr. Arnold's reputation. (16mo, pp. 319, \$1.00).

In "The Colonel's Daughter; or, Winning His Spurs," Captain Charles King, U. S. A., has given the public an old-fashioned novel, in which analysis is replaced by description and adventure, and we have a story rather than a dissection of the characters who might have made a story. There is some exceedingly picturesque and vivid writing, notably in the Apache attack, and the Adjutant, Mr. Truscott, though rather unnecessarily mysterious, is very well drawn. Many features of garrison life are most admirably given—the gossip and pettiness as well as the finer side—and the reader is well pleased at last with the ending, wherein the Colonel's daughter becomes the adjutant's bride, as had, of course, been foreseen from the beginning, though the various obstacles had at times seemed insurmountable. (12mo, pp. 440, \$1.50; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

In her "Fairy-land of Science," Miss Arabella B. Buckley, known as a pupil of Professor Huxley's, took rank at once as not only a charming writer, but one who knew her ground thoroughly, and whose facts could always be relied upon. The same characteristics which have distinguished her in the past are found in quite as marked degree in "The Winners in Life's Race, or the Great Backboned Family," which, while really a sequel to a former book on invertebrate animals, entitled "Life and Her Children," can be read without reference to that. There are many carefully-drawn illustrations, some of the most interesting of which are the "geological restorations," necessarily rather conjectural, but all of value; and nothing could be better adapted to interest children in such study, or could hold a simpler or more delightful arrangement of every-day facts. (12mo, pp. 367, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.).

IF another cook-book of any description can be needed it must be the latest one, entitled "Ice Cream and Cakes," for in it is to be found such a collection of practical and well-tested receipts as will delight the soul of every experimenter in such directions. The book is intended for the use of confectioners, as well as of private families, and there are many creams and ices quite unfamiliar to American palates. The rules for cakes are, as a whole, very satisfactory, though the inexperienced house-keeper will be likely to stumble over the rules which give "one quart of white of egg," with a question as to how many it takes to make a quart. But, for the purpose intended, as a whole, nothing could be better; and the book itself, with its gray and silver cover, is a charming addition to the literature of the kitchen. (12mo, pp. 384, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

GAIL HAMILTON takes a remarkably sensible attitude toward her novel, "First Love is Best," which found fewer readers than it deserved. She is reported to have said to a friend, apropos of some discussion concerning heroines: "It will be news to the public that I ever had a heroine. But it is even so, and a very nice young woman

she was, too; but nobody ever cared anything about her. The fact is, she was too good for this wicked world, and she never made the smallest sensation in it. Now the people are complaining of Mr. Howells and Mrs. Burnett that their heroines are ill-behaved and fall in love with other men than their husbands. I made up an excellent heroine to order—my own. She was a good, hearty, wholesome, honest girl, free and spontaneous, dutiful and simple. She walked along a difficult and dangerous path not only untainted but untempted—not by virtue of any high resolution, but of right instinct—into the region of perfect happiness which ought to lie like a lake of light around every world of man's creating, whatever man's Creator may find best. What was the result? She walked alone! When I am tired, or have an hour or two of leisure, I sit down, book in hand, and take sweet counsel with the charming creature, but nobody else ever heard of her."

It is a fashion of the day to make bulky books. Two or three volumes are compressed into one, and the reader who would do more than glance at an author finds that one hand is of small use, and that even two are speedily tired out with the burden. The book that one needs as constant companion should be of a size and weight that fit the hand and rather invite taking up, and such is the case with the "Little Classic" edition of Emerson's works, in nine volumes. The Riverside Press has seldom done daintier work, and though the narrowness of the type has occasionally been objected to by readers who claim that it is more likely to tire the eyes than the ordinary size, this is not sufficiently marked to be an argument against the form, its perfect clearness upon the creamy tint of the paper offsetting the slight disadvantage. The miscellanies, collected into one volume, and including "The American Scholar," an oration delivered at Cambridge in 1897, which gave him his first full recognition as a man destined to make profound impression on the time, hold also the address delivered before the senior class in Divinity College, Cambridge, in 1898. It is difficult to reproduce the state of mind which received this as the audacious word of an unbeliever and iconoclast, or to understand fully why such a cry of dismay arose even from those in sympathy with him. Emerson's calm faith that time would justify him proved itself sooner than he hoped; but each one of these miscellanies is a bit of biography, and many points in them are reproduced in the lately issued correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle. The edition has been carefully revised and edited, and is in all points a very satisfactory addition to the bookshelf. (9 vols. \$13.50).

NEW BOOKS.

DUST. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. Our Continent Library, No. 3. 12mo, pp. 402, \$1.25. Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, New York.

A SANE LUNATIC. By Clara Louise Burnham. Hammock Series. 12mo, pp. 325, \$1.50. Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.

BREAD AND BREAD MAKING. Cookery Manuals, No. 2. By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing. Pp. 34, 25 cents. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., Chicago.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY. Late Dean of Westminster. Three Lectures, Delivered in Edinburg in November, 1882. By George Granville Bradley, D. D. 12mo, pp. 142, \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ICE PACK AND TUNDRA. An Account of the Search for the Jeannette, and a Sledge Journey through Siberia. By William H. Gilder. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 344, \$4. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1834—1872. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 368, 384, \$4. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE. By Octave Feuillet. Paper, pp. 221, 50 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

REMINISCENCES AND MEMORIALS OF MEN OF THE REVOLUTION, AND THEIR FAMILIES. By A. B. Muzzey. Fully Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 424, \$2.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.



GEORGIA is probably the only place in the world where a railroad builds culverts of white marble and lays its ties on a bed of the same material. Yet this is true, and so far as truth goes it might have been stated that the road-bed was a gold mine. These statements may seem exaggerated, but as a matter of fact Gilmer and Pickens Counties, through which the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad runs, are bound together by white marble nearly as fine as that of Carrara, and it is through this marble that the road-bed has been cut.

IN a recent issue of *Ward's Natural Science Bulletin*, Mr. F. A. Lucas gives a very interesting description of the methods by which the skeletons of animals, birds and reptiles are sorted, cleaned, mounted and finally packed for transportation in fulfillment of orders from every part of the United States as well as to foreign countries. We give an extract which will show in some degree the vast amount of care required in the mere packing: "Large pieces are usually dismounted, the pedestal secured to the bottom of a box, and the body, skull and limbs lashed securely to numerous cross-bars. A box of small skeletons, however, presents a more difficult problem, and when finished is a perfect maze of cross-bars and strings. The skulls of the mammals are detached and fastened inside the chest cavity, and twine passed around the legs and tied to the standards. The skulls of birds are so secured that even if loosened they cannot fall, while the smallest pieces are usually enveloped in soft paper. All being thus prepared, the pedestals are secured to the sides of the box by screws from without, and a general view taken of the situation. Here a dog is weak in the knees and must be supported by bars at the neck and the pelvis. One of these bars runs under the back of a turtle, and a cord passed around his body prevents all vibration, while to the other is secured the neck and bill of a heron, whose long legs are sustained by still another brace. There a fish's skull has to be held up by cords passing diagonally to the sides of the box, and a duck's bill is 'guyed' in a similar manner. So one after another all are secured, an occasional shake of the box showing that all undue vibration of its contents has been guarded against."

MR. JOSEPH F. JAMES sends to the *Botanical Gazette* some notes on California plants, the result of a residence of a year and a half in Southern California, principally in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. One of the prettiest of trees, the pepper-tree, is used for its shade. The flowers are small, greenish-white, in long racemes. The fruit is globular, of a deep red color, and hangs in long bunches, contrasting beautifully with the pinnate leaves. It is hot and peppery to the taste, and in Mexico, where the tree is native, it is known as Chili pepper. From the broken leaves and branches exudes a white, gummy substance, which is also peppery. Generally not very tall, its branches some eight or ten feet from the ground. The bark is rough and scaly, but the long, pendulous branches and pinnate leaves are handsome. It blossoms twice a year, and is an evergreen, the branches never being bare of leaves. It is extensively planted in Southern California,

but the climate of San Francisco is not very suitable for its full development. One of the commonest plants in some localities seems to be the California poppy. Where it grows in large patches, as it frequently does, the blossoms make the ground appear of a most intense golden color, and when the sun is shining brightly upon them, the eye is dazzled by the blaze. It does not seem to occur at all east of the Wasatch Mountains, but is very common in the neighborhood about Los Angeles. The well-known grease-wood forms nine-tenths of the vegetation in many parts of the mountains. It is a bushy shrub, with awl-shaped leaves and close clusters of white flowers. The roots are extensively used for fuel, and its presence on land is a sure indication of water at no great depth. *Yucca Whipplei* is very handsome. The flower-stem is often ten feet high, and is covered for about one-half its height with a dense mass of bell-shaped white flowers.

THE report that the brain of *Gambetta*, when examined by the experts, was found to weigh 1100 grammes, or less than 39 ounces, has led to the publication of an immense number of brain weights. The brain of the adult human male is said to average about 50 ounces, and that of the adult female about 45. The maximum weight of the healthy brain is about 64 ounces, and minimum about 31. In cases of idiocy it has been found weighing only 20 ounces. Broca places the lowest limit of brain weight compatible with human intelligence at 32 ounces in males and 30 in females, the average weight of the European male brain being 49 ounces. Dr. Bischoff, of Bonn, published two or three years ago perhaps the most exhaustive study of the subject ever undertaken. He had examined and weighed the brains of 559 men and 347 women. His figures were as follows:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Average.
Male,	67.9 oz.	35.9 oz.	48 oz.
Female,	55.2 oz.	28.9 oz.	43 oz.

Bischoff weighed the brains of ten cultivated and celebrated men, some of which he found to be below the average, while none reached the maximum. The brains of 119 ordinary offenders weighed 11 grammes more than the average, some having a weight of 1500 and even 1600 grammes. Broca, on comparing 115 skulls taken from a vault closed up not later than the twelfth century, with another series of 125 skulls taken from a cemetery belonging to the earlier years of the present century, found the average capacity to be 1426 and 1462, showing a considerable gain during seven centuries of progressive civilization. As to the actual weight of the brains of eminent men full statistics are not obtainable. Taking individual cases, some twenty-three in number, Cuvier, the naturalist, heads the list, according to one authority, with 64½ ounces, and according to another with 64.33 ounces. The brains of Abercromby, the physician, and of Schiller, the poet, weighed 63 ounces each; Sir James Simpson's weighed 54, and Chalmers's 53; the brains of Napoleon and Daniel Webster 57 ounces. The brain of a mulatto who died not long ago at Cincinnati was found to weigh 61 ounces. He was not considered bright intellectually. The heaviest brain on record, which weighed 67 ounces, according to Dr. Morris, was a bricklayer, who "had a good memory and was fond of politics, but could neither read nor write; so that whatever his potentialities, his actual acquirements were not great." It may surprise our readers to learn that the only statistics of Chinese brain-weights available show them to exceed all other nations in this respect. The average brain weight of the males reached 50½ ounces, and that of the females 45½ ounces. This is an average not attained, so far as yet known, by any other nation, it being fully 6 ounces above that of the average negro, and 1½ ounces above the European. The brain of Guitau weighed 49½ ounces, exceeding more than 10 ounces the reported weight of that of the great French Republican.

THE DRAMA.

THE youngest daughter of the late Charles Fechter was recently married in Paris to her cousin, M. Henri Poree.

M. SARDOU, the eminent French dramatist, is of medium stature, quite thin, and seems very delicate. His residence, built by Manard, is at Marley le Roi, where he remains continually, save a visit once a week to Paris. He is a martinet at rehearsals, insisting that his smallest instructions be implicitly obeyed by all his associates.

THE sensational melodrama of "Youth" was lately produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, in a most elaborate manner. The principal characters were in able hands, Mr. Charles Vandenhoff being admirable as the much-abused hero, and Madame Majeroni highly artistic in a very ungrateful part. The scenery and stage management was very satisfactory, particularly in the battle scene, "The Defense of Hawk's Point." Volley after volley of musketry and artillery were fired in sight of the audience, a Gatling gun being used; the savages were pressed back at the bayonet's point; the stage was strewn with the fallen, and the final victory of the English troops concluded a series of stage pictures that were realistic to a decidedly exciting degree.

SIGNOR SALVINI will bid farewell to the American stage in the latter part of April, at the Academy of Music, New York, prior to which he will appear at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, for a week. In these farewell performances he will be assisted by no less a celebrity than Miss Clara Morris. Two such notabilities appearing in consort is an especially interesting and important event, and in the contemporary drama could not be duplicated. In their respective lines there do not exist two greater (if as great) exponents of the art dramatic than the illustrious Italian and the brilliant American actress. As a portrayer of the elemental passions of man Signor Salvini stands alone; as an exemplar of the emotional in woman Miss Morris has no superior.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

March 1.—The Senate passed the Sundry Civil Service bill with amendments.—The House of Representatives agreed to the conference report on the Fortifications bill appropriating \$670,000.—In Trenton, New Jersey, the bi-centennial anniversary of the state legislature was celebrated.—A plot against the life of Lord Hartington, the British War Secretary, was discovered.—Thos. W. Palmer was elected United States Senator from Michigan on the eighty-first ballot, in joint session of the legislature.

March 2.—The conference report on the Tariff bill was received and adopted in the Senate.—In the House the Post-office and the Legislative Appropriation bills were passed.—Governor Cleveland, of New York, vetoed the bill to reduce fares on the Elevated Railroads.—Mrs. Judah, the actress, died in New Orleans, aged seventy-four years.—The Hon. Dudley M. Du Boise, of Georgia, died.—General Peter J. Sullivan, late Colonel of the 48th Ohio infantry regiment, died in Cincinnati.

March 3.—Senator Davis retired from his position as President of the Senate, and Senator Edmunds was chosen to succeed him.—The Deficiency Appropriation bill was amended and passed, also the House bill modifying the money order system; the River and Harbor bill was tabled and killed.—The Malagassy Embassy arrived at N. Y. and was received by the authorities.

March 4.—In both houses of Congress the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation bill report was adopted.—Congress adjourned *sine die*.—Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, died.—Colonel Harry Gilmor, the Confederate cavalry leader, died.

March 5.—U. S. Treasurer James Gillfillan resigned his office to accept a position in New York.—A fire in Red Wing, Minn., caused a loss of \$200,000.—James S. Boynton, President of the Georgia Senate, was sworn in as Governor, *vice* Alex. H. Stephens, deceased; an election for Governor will be held on April 24th.

March 7.—J. R. Green, the historian, died.—Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, died.—The Rev. Dr. Isaac L. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, was elected Bishop of Indiana.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aperire.

(THE name of the month of April is said to be derived from the Latin word *Aperire*, (to open), because its warmth opens everything which had been closed by the cold of winter.)

"To open" the ice-locked channels,
That the streams, uncurbed and free,
May rush from their mountain sources
Far down to the great deep sea.

"To open" and cleave a pathway
Aloft in the vaulted sky,
For the flutter of countless pinions
That up to the northward fly.

"To open" the bills of the warblers,
And fill them with lays of love,
Which float on the air around us,
And ring from the boughs above.

"To open" the windows of heaven
To the soft down-plashing rain,
That sinks in the fresh-plowed furrows,
And rises in mist again.

"To open" the earth's warm bosom,
To the green and tender blade,
As it starts from the swelling kernel
And steals to the sun or shade.

"To open" the hearts of the people,
And their lips with prayer and praise,
'Tis the name and the mission of April,
With her sweet and changeful ways!

S. H. BROWNE.

Fullness of Joy.

HE will not slay me, though I here declare
In God is sense of humor. So the gust,
Prostrating pompousness in sudden dust;
Th' electric snap of repartee; the stare
Of moon-eyed owls; the monkey tribes—had He
No hand in these?

That we like Him might be,
He gave us of His own our comic powers.

These transient tears upon His face and ours
With sin shall cease. Aye, then our gladness flowers
To humor sweet like His. In us is wrought
His wit as well as wisdom. We are brought
From baby glee to joy so deep it is
As laughterless upon our lips as His.

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

In the Waltz.

AT last in my arms I held my queen,
As, whirling and circling to and fro,
We heard, as we threaded the waltzers between,
The glorious music ebb and flow.

I could feel her heart, like a bird imprisoned,
Against my breast through her corsage beat,
As I held her close in the waltz and listened
To the maddening music and pattering feet.

As we whirled and circled about the room,
My senses swooned with the joy and bliss;
My soul seemed drunk with her breath's perfume,
And I pressed on a vagrant tress a kiss.

I saw a flash in my rival's eye
As I kissed the tress as it fanned my cheek,
And I said to myself, as I heard her sigh,
"Now or never—this moment speak."



THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Twelve o'clock at the Children's Party.—The Last Dance, "Sir Roger De Coverley."

I bent my head 'til it touched the glory
Of golden hair that encrowned her head,
And there in the waltz I told the story
That shall yet be new when the world is dead.

There in the waltz I won my treasure,
Full in the ball-room's glare and heat,
Whirling swift through the waltz's measure,
Keeping time to the music's beat.

As I looked in her eyes, brimming o'er like a river,
I clasped her close, for I knew I had won;
And then, with a blare and a crash and shiver,
The music ended—the waltz was done.

CLARENCE LADD DAVIS.

De Lor ob de Lord.

In dis wo'ful worl' can't I do as I please?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Can't I sit right down an' take my ease,
Wid all I can beg an' borror an' seize,
My head on my han's, my han's on my knees?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Won't some rich 'lation take pity on me?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Can't I 'proach de roost whar de fat hens be,
An' do it so sly dat nobody 'll see,
An' den git off wid no dog after me?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Don' you tink that the lazy man git froo de gate?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Ef he don't hurry up will he be too late?
An' den won't he hev in anodder state
A second perbation, an' come out at lass
Jes' as good as though he had trabbled fass?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Ef I don't want de debbil to scratch on my grave,

Go on, Brudder, go on.

An' holler, "Cum up here, you old jack-a-knave,
I've waited an' waited for you, honey dear;
Git up outer dar, an' cum along here;

Go on, Brudder, go on.

"I'se got a little corner close by de fire—
Ef you ain't warm enuff you can hitch up nigher."

Go on, Brudder, go on.

An' I say, "Misser Debbil, I ain't your son;
You is werry kin' to dig, but you 've dug de wrong one.

"I truss in de Lord, an' he 's lookin' for me;
Good-by, Misser Debbil"—do you s'pose dat he
Will erpologize, and let me go free?

Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

An' from dat narrer escape can I fly
Up to Jerusalem in de sky?

Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

Well, den' I guess I won't do as I please,
An' I won't res' my han's too much on my knees:
As nigh as I possible can, I'll do right;
So I won't be afraid ob de Lord's daylight.

Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

—From the Independent.

To a Slipper.

WHEN my great-great-great-grandmamma
Was but a maid of sweet sixteen,
This slipper, faded now and frayed,
Was hers in pride of satin sheen.

'T hath danced in stately minuet,
And as it twinkled in and out
Beneath her brocade petticoat
'T hath tortured many a heart, no doubt.

It hath a small, unsteady heel
And such a curious pointed toe,
That with a strangely mincing tread,
Must she have been constrained to go.

Yet I doubt not her powdered hair
And glancing eyes accorded well
With these same inarionette-like steps,
And made her lovers' bosoms swell.

My dear great-great-great-grandmamma
Long since was clothed in heavenly guise;
For, spite this slipper frivolous,
She walked this world in godly wise.

G. M. Gray, in The Boston Courier.

THE CONTINENT

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THE TAOS HARVEST—A STRAIGHT FURROW.

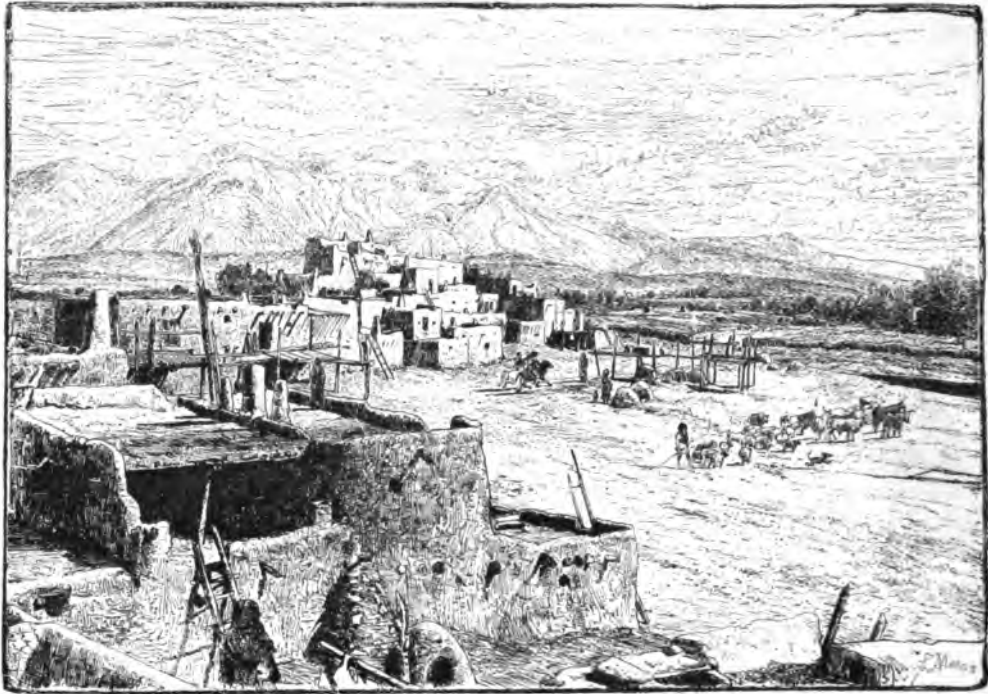
A HARVEST WITH THE TAOS INDIANS.

AROUND the Indians of the Pueblos is thrown that interest which attaches itself to any subject presenting an exceptional or anomalous character. Less an exception, perhaps, than an anomaly, these people seem to afford for North American ethnology the necessary link between savagery and civilization. Though strictly an Indian, the Pueblo is an Indian without those peculiarities of war paint, tomahawks and feathers which commonly clothe him in the popular mind; for long training in a complete system of domestic and tribal law has elevated him to a respectable status in morals, taught him to rear a permanent dwelling, and to cultivate his lands as a means of subsistence.

These Indians occupy a long, irregular belt, extending from the borders of Mexico into the southern extremity of Colorado, a belt containing twenty-three villages in one lengthened chain. A tour through the principal of these brought our party, after various not-to-be-forgotten experiences, to the Pueblo of Taos, the most northern of the New Mexican series.

Taos is generally held by archæologists to be one of the oldest inhabited pueblos, and in construction may be regarded as a type of its class—we say *inhabited*, for several of them are now without the vestige of an occupant.

Our party consisted of three persons—two Easterners in search of the picturesque, and a Western man, who knew mules and the Indo-Spanish dialects. It was in the twilight of a hot, tedious day that our ambulance wheeled slowly through the corrals and into the plaza of the village. Our approach was heralded by the screech of an eagle, which moved uneasily upon one of the loftiest pinnacles of the pueblo, and stretched out his ragged black wings against the sky. The announcement of this sentinel brought forth a score of blanket-clad figures, either rising from the traps in the roofs or issuing from the alleys of the town. In a moment we were surrounded. The governor was on hand, and easily recognized—a tall, spare man, well grayed with years. He picked away nervously at the short hairs of



THE SOUTH PUEBLO.

his beard as he listened to the labored interpretation of a letter from the Great Father at Washington; and then led the way in a rapid zigzag through the scattering crowds. We followed with difficulty, and found him waiting in front of a low mud lodge. An armful of dry corn-husks threw out a brilliant light from the fireplace in the corner, and our quick survey of the tenement was followed by a spontaneous outburst of commendation. The floor was of hard cement, and the walls at their intersection met in a curve. At the height of a foot a little variety was introduced by a broad line of yellow ochre, and from this to the top the walls were whitened. The ponderous timbers overlying the walls were barked and left clean, and allowed to protrude several feet on the outside—a feature characteristic of all pueblo buildings. As the chief withdrew, there came a sense of complete ownership in the little house, and it was not long before we had moved in our luggage and adjusted it to our liking.

On the following morning we were able to satisfy a hitherto restrained curiosity in regard to this, the finest of the pueblos. The town itself never appears more striking than at this early hour. Raising its pyramid in six irregular gradations, each tier turns toward the east a few ragged corners to catch the light, while the remainder, lost in shadow, hints of indefinite size. The silence of the housetops is impressive, as the members of each habitation offer up their mute tribute to the sun, the while drinking into full lungs a morning's refreshment of pure oxygen. Thin blue lines of smoke rise above a score of chimneys, as from acceptable offerings laid upon the altars of Ceres hidden below.

The town of Taos was formerly encompassed by a wall, the remains of which are still to be seen skirting an irregular space of a dozen acres or less. Within this, and on either side of the stream which intersects

it, two piles of buildings have been reared, beside other smaller lodges which lie about these centres. There were originally no doors or means of ingress on the ground floor, but, instead, entrance was had through trap-doors in the roofs, reached by ladders from without, which in time of danger might easily be pulled up, so as to allow no opportunity to the invader. With their animals safely corraled behind the walls, and an abundance of water at hand, the inhabitants high out of reach, how perfect the whole arrangement for a siege! But "the piping times of peace" have spoiled this unique idea, punched holes into the basement, broken down the outer walls, and allowed the bridge to crumble and fall into the swift water below.

Thrift, however, is the mighty enemy of the picturesque; and now that easy neglect has laid her loose hand upon it, the subject presents, in its broken lines and half-buried accessories, also in the diversified tones of its color—the token of relative age—a rugged and barren grandeur that it probably never possessed when the sentries paced to and fro upon the housetops, and the wall was kept at the height and condition of a convent barricade.

In front of the North Pueblo stands a row of huge bake-ovens, conical in shape, each provided with a large door and a hole for the draft. Most of the year they are unused, save by the dogs, who find them snug kennels at night, or by the pet eagles for whom the dome-tops seem to have a peculiar fascination. Reaching the walls of the structure, twenty yards farther back, we mount one of the many ladders and gain the first platform. The door which first confronts us is about half a man's height, and, stooping, we enter. After a moment the eye becomes accustomed to the dim light of the apartment, and we glance about. The room probably measures fifteen feet by twenty feet, with a height of seven and a half feet. In one corner is the open fire-

place, about which lie pots, large and small, used in cooking, a pile of *piñon* branches and *mesquit* roots for fuel, and a large olla with open mouth serving as a deposit for ashes. Along one side is the bed, with its cushion of skins and blankets, under which are concealed the few valuables of the occupant. From the rafters hangs the cradle, a stout wicker basket furnished with soft skins, and beside it are strung festoons of many-colored ears of corn, red peppers, jerked meat, bear grass, feathers, etc.

A multitude of ladders of all sizes, charred and cracked chimneys, surmounted by bulky caps; a bake-oven large enough for a night's lodging, trap-doors *ad infinitum*, poles of odd and unnecessary lengths, which serve, as occasion requires, for jerking meat and drying clothes, are what confront us on each exit from the dim dwellings into the intense sunlight. As we mount higher the walls become more delicate and the ceilings lower, the highest story of the North Pueblo barely accommodating a person in sitting posture. The owner sleeps inside, but lives, so to speak, on his front porch. Here and there, on a balcony by itself, is a large wooden cage, which indicates ownership in an eagle, though usually the bird, with wings clipped, is described enjoying his probatory freedom on an isolated clothes-pole, or in the lofty summit of a tree of the sacred grove.

Taos, though one of the few pueblos retaining its original form since the invasion of the Spaniards, in 1540, has been gradually going to decay for the want of owners to fill and care for its habitations. The two structures have a full capacity for a thousand souls, though less than half this number now occupies them.

Behind the town lies the grove, a sort of park for its denizens, which throws a shade over the stream, and hides it darkly until received into the steep sides of the cañon behind. Entering leisurely, we are led through its stately arches and along the well-worn labyrinth of path. Here and there is seated a quiet group. The smoke from the pipes is watched as it curls and is lost among the limbs and leaves. Now and then a weird song breaks the silence, or the low mumble of conversation swells the monotone of the stream. There is certainly an enchantment in this unfeigned serenity, ignoring all thoughts of obligation and care, and the impression left gives rise to a swarm of speculative fancies.

A day or two being allowed to test the motives of the strangers, the Indians readily became friendly. We were known to be from Washington. Our clothes told this. Washington is to the Indian a modern Babylon—large enough to contain all people wearing pantaloons over their boots, and coat-tails. The blue

shirt men come from Kansas. (Here all the self-cocking revolvers are made.) Upon this recommendation we were granted the freedom of the village, together with its dwellings, and paid for the privilege roundly. Our calls were promptly returned, generally at meal time, this being an hour reserved for the purpose. The chimney of our lodge upon the ground floor was well placed as a centre for the eyes of the little community, and became an irrepressible tell-tale of dining hours. It was possible, also, for the curious to know our bill of fare by analyzing the odors as they rose out of the top. Our food, though eaten by them with relish, was received in a manner bespeaking the compliment which they seemed eager to return upon us in accepting it.

Occasionally we dined out, more from curiosity than for any epicurean gratifications. We usually found the household squatting around a dish of *frijoles*, or stewed beans, and an *olla podrida*, or a pot of boiled meat, hot with peppers. As it was the height of the corn season, a *tenajah* full of real homelike-looking ears was invariably part of the spread. *Tortillas* are made of flour, a cross between a thick cake and a thin loaf, fried upon hot copper plates. The beans are eaten with scoops, which look like pieces of brown paper; but, strangely



A TAOS PET.



IDYLIC COURTSHIP.

enough, both spoon and *frijoles* go down together. This scoop is an article of food, called *guayare*, plastic enough to be easily rolled up and used—an advance upon fingers, but a degree below pewter.

To the stranger, with never so limited a knowledge, communication with them is not difficult. One may take his chances in three tongues. It is well to start off in Spanish, which always gains attention. Fairly under way he may find license for the use of an English word or two, which the listener no doubt imagines to be some part of Spanish lacking in his own scanty vocabu-

lary. A pure Indian word thrown in carelessly with proper accent helps much to strengthen a friendship. It is amusing to trace the maneuvers and twistings through which a successfully-developed sentence having this recommendation is evolved. The gesture comes in as an appendix, carrying everything not contained in the vocables. It must be delivered with freedom and force, rather as a substitute for speech than as an apology for its lack. One feels added dignity in a well-swung gesture, and the effect is always satisfactory. Hence we indulge this vanity at the expense of further progress in words; nor is the presence of our ever-ready interpreter calculated to inspire any lasting enthusiasm toward the acquirement of a native dialect.

These people are essentially happy and contented. Life is an enjoyment. They love its picturesqueness, its opportunity of combining work and play; its speedy transitions from the heat of willing labor to the cool quietude of disinclination.

The plowing of the land well illustrates their strong tendency to combine labor with what may rid labor of its servility. Often as many as ten yoke of oxen, awkwardly coupled together by the horns, are seen following the footsteps of a child with a regularity which insures a straight line across the field. No other reason for the number is apparent, but the love of company



A TRADING PARTY.

and a crowd, and the boisterous hilarity which follows the slow company and sends back the bedlam of voices from the bottom-lands, is significant of those simple delights of all yeomen.

Our arrival in the village was none too soon to witness all the operations of harvest-time. This season above all others affords most of the picturesque features of the pueblo life. The various processes follow in rapid succession, and though performed with the clumsy implements of a time long past, the whole work, from the reaping to the housing of the grain, is accomplished within less than a month.

Harvest life here is a great open-air festival, and in the quaint processes employed, carries the mind back to the simple ways of all ancient peoples. The fields of grain surround the village on three sides, but mainly stretch out into the valley, following the great irrigating ditch or *acequia*. Here we find a score of workers bending their backs among the tall stalks, all armed with knives or sickles notched with saw teeth. The labor of cutting is necessarily slow and irksome, especially to the Indian, who has a particular fondness for maintaining a straight back. But when one throws down the knife there is another close at hand to take it up, so that the good work never ceases. Meanwhile the one relieved rolls himself a cigarette and readjusts his shoulders. Not unfrequently total indisposition asserts itself, and it is by no means a rare thing to see a game of cards engrossing a small knot under the shady cover of a haystack. But the day is a long one, work full under way by five o'clock, and life—what is it to these free-livers, whose lack in material necessities is supplied by the Government, but a routine of accepted employments?—not to be vexed by care or anxiety.

Day by day the reapers return to the fields, and little by little, from the elevation on which the town stands, can be seen the progress made upon the plain below. A line of haystacks moving out from the meadow, up the gentle ascent to the threshing-floor, has an uncertain witchery about it, which is explained by the presence of the *burro* and his varied adaptability. His master seems to make a sort of joke of him, and takes delight in enveloping his scant size in immense loads. The lumbering *carretas*, drawn by oxen, are made useful in this work, and go by squeaking and groaning upon their wooden axles.

Men and boys also help in the portage, staggering homeward beneath huge bundles of grain, or carrying them on their backs by means of a leather band passed under the sheaves and over the forehead. In these and in other ways the meadows are gradually stripped, and their abundance piled up in stacks of odd assortment along the banks of the creek.

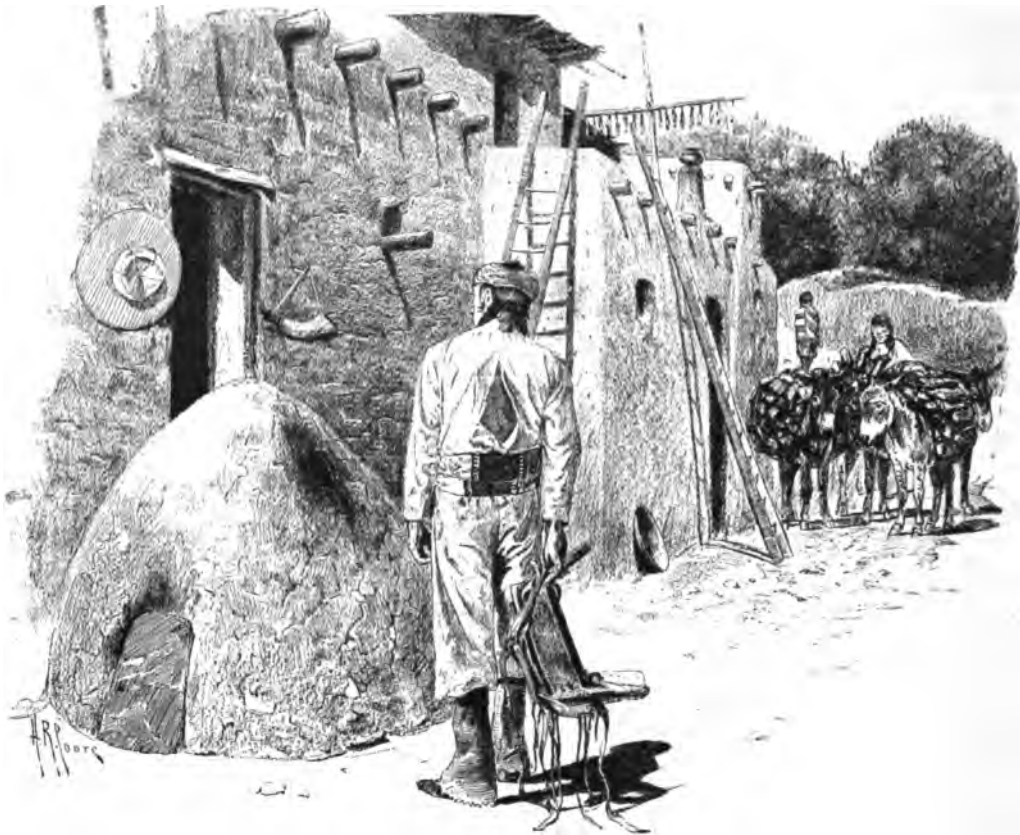
Now at length the joy of harvest is at hand. Aroused one morning by the monotonous ding-dong of a cow-bell, which had mingled itself with our waking dreams, we found the threshers already established at short intervals along this low *mesa*, and pushing forward the work lustily. A number of inclosures of the size of a circus ring had been formed by long poles driven into the ground. Connecting these were ropes of rawhide, which supported gayly-colored blankets of various patterns, all so hung as to give the slight framework an aspect of completeness and strength. Each ring had its band

of horses, fifteen or more, and not far away were others under guard as relays. The stack of grain in the centre, jostled and leaped upon by the excited horses as they described an irregular wheel about it, fell gradually into the ring and under their hoofs.

Here and there a *wickiup*, hastily constructed of cottonwood boughs in full view of the threshing-floor, afforded a cool shade for the spectators; of these there is never a lack, and a free lunch of tortillas and boiled corn was in waiting for any who wished it. All about us were heard the shrill cry of the driver's "Hi, ya!" the ceaseless cracking of whips, and the bells of the horses clanking in different time and tone.

Occasionally a colt finds its way into the ring, and is driven on with the rest of the band; but its strength soon fails, and of necessity it must be let out. The innate perversity of colts renders this a delicate matter. The victim first finds a lasso, and then a pair of stout arms about his neck. A wrestling-match, evenly contested over the slippery straw, then follows. The crowd begins to gather—the horses look on with stupid surprise. At length, when the loud wheezing and rolling eyeballs tell of strength almost expended, the animal is grappled by the throat and hurried toward the outlet. The head once pointed in the right direction, a kick delivered with a heavy thud upon the *obliquus abdominis* finishes the performance. The colt returns the compliment into the air, and, until quite satisfied that no pur-





A PENDING SADDLE TRADE.

suer follows, persists in a series of rapid and undulatory plunges toward the *verdie* beyond.

While following the band an erect attitude is scrupulously maintained, and, shod with light moccasins, the tall, spare youths seem the personification of tireless activity. They resign the whip with much protest, as though, for the matter of that, they might follow the drove half a day. The stack having been leveled, and the tramping continued until sundown, the corral is opened and the weary horses turned free.

The afternoon breeze, an unfailing event of the day, is an important factor in the next process. With large wooden shovels the threshing-floor is cleared, and the straw thrown high into the air. This, blown but a short distance, forms an embankment on one side. What grain has fallen is then swept up by the women with short sage whisks, carried in their tunics to the adjoining enclosure, and piled for winnowing. With methods so loose and superficial, the various processes demand not a few repetitions, and the next morning finds most of the same grain upon the threshing-floors.

The inclosures set apart for the grain are paved with hard clay. Here the first winnowing is done by the men, the grain being shaken from long boxes provided with four handles, the bottoms of which are stretched with stiff bull's-hide and punctured with small holes. The final winnowing is intrusted to the women, their greater patience being a safer guarantee for the cleanliness of the work. Over and over again it is sifted, thrown up with the hands, or allowed to fall slowly from large flat baskets, until all over the hard pavement the rich yellow piles begin to appear. Day by day small

blanket loads are carried into the pueblo by the women, and there stored in the basement of the building.

The enthusiasm of this work continues night and day; the harvest moon looks down upon a busy scene in the pueblos. Swinging around us a blanket in the manner of the brethren, one evening we sauntered forth. The heavens were brilliant, and in the keen atmosphere a wonderful radiance fell over all the plain. Some of the Indians were at work with pitchforks and baskets, others had fallen asleep, buried deep in the loose chaff; a few of the irrepressible youth improved the opportunity for a flirtation; and now and then a merry laugh rippling out on the breeze called to mind the "Minnehaha" of less prosaic times. At a little distance a party of three or four chanted an Indian air, and the dust which could be dimly made out in that direction, told that the forks were kept moving in time with the music. The tintinabulation of a bell farther down we knew to mean a band of horses still tramping within the enclosure.

The care of the flocks forms no small part of the vocation of the Pueblos. Large numbers of both sheep and goats find pasture upon the mountain-sides, requiring diligent protection from the marauding pumas and coyotes. The wool is used largely for the weaving of blankets, which in texture and color design cannot be surpassed in this country. The best make of them will hold water for half an hour; and so highly prized are they for decoration that Boston has lately established an institution for the manufacture of *Pueblo Indian blankets*.

The most charming piece of Arcadian romance which came to us, eliciting a sympathetic tear for the unhappy ones involved, was found in the ardent attachment

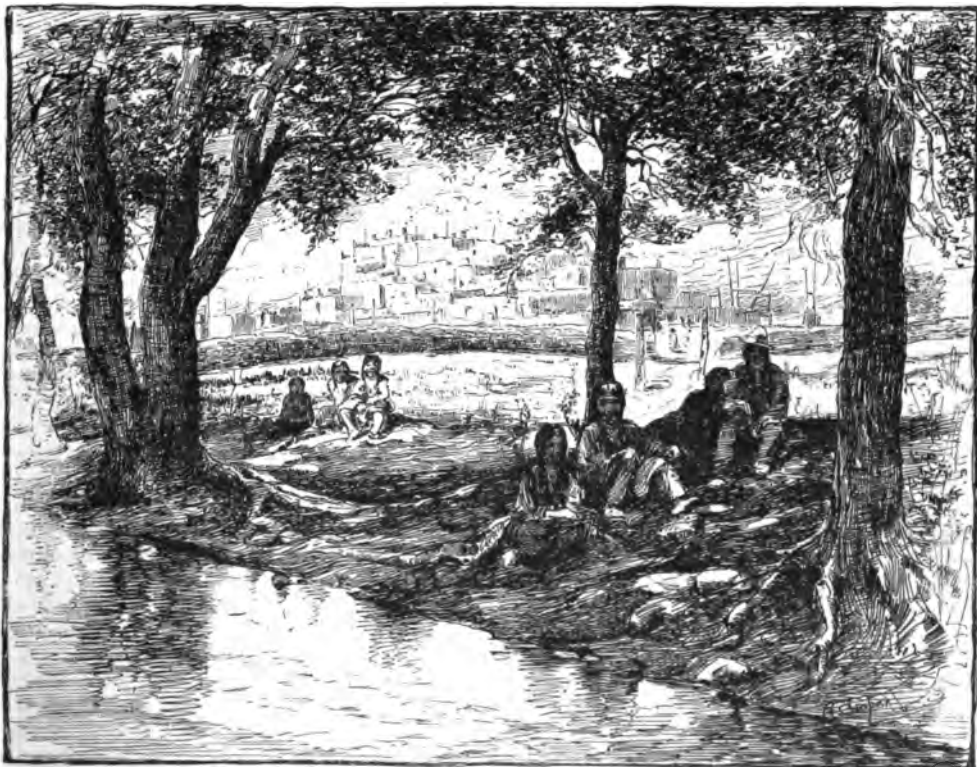
which a shepherd boy had for a pretty, bright-eyed, chunky bit of Indian maidenhood. The adroitness with which the unsuspecting eye of village factotums was evaded, and which secured a happy meeting of the lovers on the road when out of sight of the pueblo, was of itself sufficient to call out our benedictions as casual observers. But the fates were ready with the shears. The thread had not been of their weaving. The news of an elopement woke the whole village into activity, and three runners were immediately dispatched. By a cross cut over the mountains the rash pair were intercepted, mounted on one horse and heading toward San Juan, where the Spanish priest was to have tied the knot. The Indians always receive the rite of marriage from the Catholic Church.

Next morning the tear-stained adventurers reappeared, but what sentence was meted out for their irregular procedure we never heard.

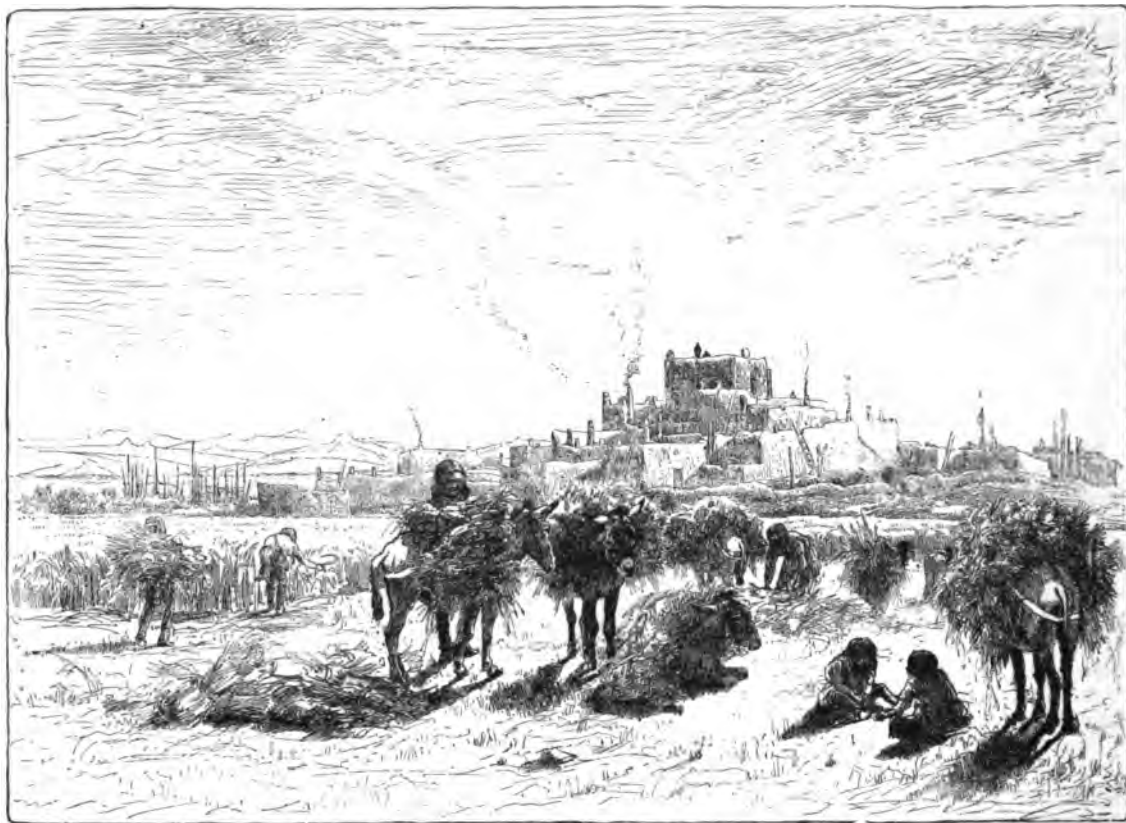
To the boys belongs the labor of collecting the fuel. This is obtained far up on the mountain-side, where, at the beginning of the snow-line, the piñon is of small growth and easily cut or broken. Toward noon, heralded by shouts, which for some time might be heard echoing along the sides of the rocky cañon, odd parties of two or three straggle into the village, their little burros bristling all over with the gnarled and wind-twisted branches. When safely carried up the ladders and deposited on the parental hearthstone, their work for the day is done, and the youngsters are left to follow out any boyish inclination. Frequently a game of *man-shale*, or shinny as we would know it, is started, the players exhibiting unusual activity in their tireless pursuit of the ball. The use of the legs is indeed a necessary part of an Indian education, in many ways proving itself a serviceable acquirement, as in the case of the

three runners sent on the track of the unhappy couple whose ante-nuptial journey has just been referred to. The distance from Taos to Santa Fé, seventy-five miles, was covered by one of these swift runners, carrying despatches of importance, whom, starting six hours after us, we found leaning against the door-post of the hotel upon reaching the city on the following day. There was no way of making our four mules ashamed of this fact.

One youth there was too old for the services of a fuel-gatherer, and for whom the labors of the harvest-field had little attraction. His locks, falling to the waist—an unusual length—gave an air to his person quite in keeping with the dignity of his carriage and the fine development of limb and feature. The artistic eyes of the visitors saw in him rich opportunities for a model; and though he gave ample evidence that our choice was regarded as a compliment, all the inducements with which we continued to badger him were graciously rejected. At last the real reason was secured by our interpreter from his mother, who had come to his rescue. He thought our stay in Taos was for the purpose of obtaining portraits, for selection at Washington of the best-looking members of the community; and he considered his chances for being summoned entirely too probable for risk. It did not take long to dispel his fears, and, after a little preliminary arrangement of his costume, he backed up against a wall and motioned to us to proceed. About his forehead he wore a red baudana handkerchief, and the hair falling from beneath it hung loosely over his shoulders, with the exception of the back-lock, which was braided and folded into a short, tight queue. The jacket of coarse white cotton cloth was confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, which held with a brass chain a scabbard and a small tobacco-horn. In common



THE SACRED GROVE.



MORNING IN HARVEST TIME (NORTH PUEBLO).

with all bowmen the world over, such as Chaucer typifies in his "Yeoman,"

"Upon his arme, he bar a gay bracer."

This was made of solid silver, and full three inches wide, a perfect protection from the bow-string. Below the jacket the ends of a red sash, tied about the waist underneath, were barely visible. The breeches, of the same white stuff, were wide, caught up at the knee, after the manner of zouave trousers. The leggings of fancifully-cut red leather, were wound around the leg and kept in place by scarlet garters, the bottoms widening so as to almost cover the foot. With white tanned doeskin moccasins, a regular succession of red and white was completed, which gave to the whole costume an attractiveness and simplicity lacking in the more pretentious suits of buckskin. This is the distinctive dress of the Pueblo Indians as we find it throughout New Mexico; but the influence of the Northern tribes is apparent in the frequency with which one meets Pueblo Indians arrayed in a garb copied directly from the Apache costume.

Limited space leads us to sum up the Pueblo's character in a few words, and to omit many illustrations which might amplify the hasty enumeration of his more general traits. We found him social in disposition, clever as an artificer, shrewd at a bargain, gentle in his family, controlled by the precepts of the elders; maintaining a system of government curiously complete in all fundamental principles of civil law; a shepherd, caring for immense flocks of goats and sheep; an agriculturalist; and, withal, an Indian, priding himself in the mark; still using the bow, the eagle plumes, the

barbaric fineries of dress; and, though falling upon festal days to the level of the brute in the observances of his heathenish rites, yet seldom committing upon his fellow any act of injustice or cruelty. Recalling the goat-skin which he sold us as a cinnamon bear hide, we smile and forgive him; as well as for the theft of the missing sketch-book—we regard the latter as indicative of a promising tendency toward art. But when we bring to mind his hospitality, his joviality, and picture him as our modern Arcadian free-liver, it is impossible to think of him as other than a good fellow. His quick wit was exhibited on many occasions, but notably in connection with a bargain for a coat and trousers of buckskin attractively displayed over the wearer's fine physique. We were quite willing to wait and receive the purchase from the hands of the man through his window or door, but he too well understood the importance of working with hot iron. A moment's thought, a series of rapid contortions, and the tight-fitting garments were drawn off and thrown at our feet. Before payment could be made, the ludicrous had impressed itself upon the crowd, and hardly had the money been clapped into his mouth than, adroitly snatching a blanket from a bystander, and wrapping himself therein, the youth scampered off, hands over ears, toward the village. A long, lean man, garrulous in witticisms, followed him with banter gobbled out of a turkey-throat. But the annoyance was soon left behind in company with a puff of dust which followed the red bandana and flying locks over the edge of the gulch.

On another occasion one of those small skin-lined saddles, dangling a multiplicity of straps awakened an interest. "Quanto?" (how much). Six fingers are

instinctively presented skyward, with an undecided seventh threatening the perpendicular. Obedient to instructions, we lose all interest immediately, and assume the expression of total indifference. (Exit.)

Tableau II perhaps comes off next day. We notice our friend Lucero has frequent occasion to drag his saddle back and forth before our door. At length we mutually discover each other. We smile, and raise three fingers, which, observing the change of countenance this awakens, is finished off as something between a military gesture and a sidewalk salutation, and the saddle moves on. Before both have gone far there is a sudden decision. Our man stops short, and returns a five-finger salutation, very much as an auctioneer elevates his hammer for a last call. The proposition for compromise is submitted to greater experience within, but meets with no favor.

"He'll stick you yet on your own bargain, and don't you forget it," says our interpreter.

Juan Lucero is softened into approach by the indecision; but the Western man's promptings are obeyed to the full extent of indifference. (Very hasty exit—pressing engagement.)

Still the saddle was seen often. We had already taken seats on the morning of departure, with the *impedimenta* adjusted to a fit; but the man and the saddle were on hand. At the right moment he emerged from the shadow of an adobe wall. Three fingers this time, and an evident swallowing of emotions as an accompaniment to the nods affirmative. The whole bespoke the obstinate wrestlings of flesh and spirit over the decision. For want of room, we tied it to the axle, where, for seventy-five miles, it demanded constant watching, as it had a way of inching on to the wheels, and marvelously defying all sorts of knots.

Some time after, while sauntering through the plaza

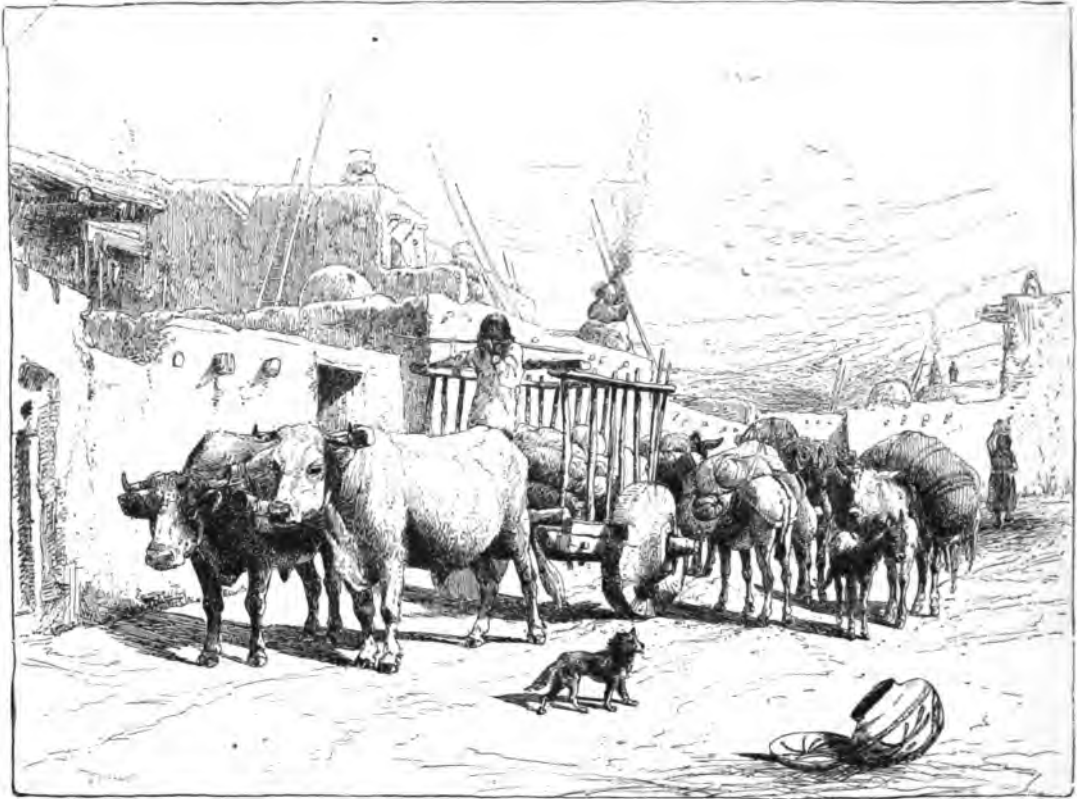
of Santa Fé, the words of the Western man were brought to mind by seeing a quantity of pack-saddles at one dollar apiece. The Indian has learned to know the white man as one who scrupulously maintains two laws at a bargain; first, never to make an offer for an article himself; and second, to take off one-half of the owner's price when he finds it out. In self-defense, therefore, it is said, the children of the desert always open fire at advance rates of one hundred per cent. Having become rid of this in the calculation, the pendulum still has much freedom of oscillation, and may stop approximately near the centre as the honesty or patience of either party may decide.

Thus readily does human nature evolve the germs of those laws which govern the markets of the world. It was curious to note among these untutored red-men a tendency to speculate for a rise or fall in current rates for such articles as are used for barter in mercantile or speculative transactions. Your wide-awake Taos Indian is not at all slow in discounting an advance in the price of tobacco in consequence of private dispatches received by runner from a more northern pueblo, and he has even been known to hypothecate his personal property in order to raise the wherewithal to corner the market when a demand is anticipated for some commodity on the part of pale-faced visitors. The "Wall Street" of Taos Pueblo is, however, more creditable in morals and moderation than is its eastern prototype.

To the left of the North Pueblo stand the picturesque ruins of a church. While engaged on a sketch of these the portly figure of an Indian threw its shadow over the ground in front of us. After a moment's silent inspection, he broke out excitedly, "Americana! hiss! pop!—boom—boom—boom!" and, shaking his finger toward the once comely structure, strode rapidly away. He had given us a bit of history in which, when a boy,



A THRESHING-FLOOR AT TAOS PUEBLO.



A PRODUCE PACK TRAIN.

he had doubtless played a part. In the revolt of '47, when the United States governor was killed by the Taos Indians, then in league with the Mexicans, several batteries of artillery were sent with orders to demolish the pueblo. The fighting, however, concentrated itself about the church, which was captured, and, by discretionary surrender of the chiefs, the town was saved.

But at length falling leaves within the sacred grove

which skirts the village remind us of the early approach of autumn. In the keen air of morning the crier, calling the inhabitants to labor from the housetop, is seen well wrapped in his ample blanket. Chill winds sweep down from the cañon, and clouds of dust whirl along the road. The corn and grain have been carried and stored for the winter, and the low sound of grinding is heard at each door as we pass. The men of Taos are moulding bullets and mending moccasins for the fall hunting, and the harvest-fields, so recently the scene of glad festival, are desolate and bare.

HENRY R. POORE.



THE HONEYMOON.

THE COLONEL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

FEW families could be in more desperate straits as to money matters than the Dilloways were, and in few could the facts have been taken with more diversity of opinion. There was Mamma Dilloway, a stately, gray-haired matron, who felt so wronged by circumstance as to be on the edge of a quarrel with the universe. There was Margaret, the beauty, who was in too miserable health to care about money matters, and passed the day on the sofa in languor and indifference. There was Kate, whose situation as a teacher was the mainstay of the house. There were the younger ones, Ethel and Fred and Harry, on whom the world was just beginning to cast a shadow, whose appetites and whose legs grew with every day beyond the bounds of provisions and trousers. And there was Brooks, the proud and suffering eldest son, whose beginnings had all come to naught—who cursed poverty as it had cursed him; and there was Maria, the other daughter, who was not a beauty, but who, nevertheless, had that quality of absorbing and reflecting sunshine which brings sunshine into shadow, and who rather relished the tussle with their wants, and always expected victory.

It seemed to Mamma Dilloway, on the morning that Brooks was summoned to Colorado to take the books of an old friend who had fallen ill, that now the worst had come, and she should never see her son again.

"On the contrary, mamma," said Maria, who was performing a *pas seul*, "the universe, you must think, is not such a very ill-managed affair after all. Perhaps we couldn't do better ourselves. King David was quite right," said she, pausing in her waltz. "The dance is the expression of joy, and just now, I'm sure, of religious joy; for if ever anybody was thankful—"

"Maria!" exclaimed her mother.

"You know, mamma, you're as glad as I—"

"I don't know any such short-sighted thing," said Mrs. Dilloway. "Colorado is a long way off, and mining life is very rough, and mines are very uncertain; and if Brooks falls ill while all alone there with nobody—"

"Just the way Clever Alice reasoned. I'll tell you what, mamma: I'll go with him. Mrs. Byrnes offered me enough for grandma's cashmere shawl to pay my way, and I need an outing, and may find something to do myself!"

And before Mrs. Dilloway fairly knew what had happened, Brooks and Maria were on their westward way, having left the whole family aghast at the vision of loneliness, oppressed with anxiety, and wretched with something like grief. They could scarcely have told you how they dragged on an existence through the first dreary weeks. The weather fitted with their feelings, and nothing broke the monotony of their trouble.

"You'll have to come back, Maria," wrote Kate. "The house is getting so damp with mamma's tears that the walls will mildew presently. Margaret, too, turns her face to the back of the sofa, and the tears roll down, one by one, for dreariness. The gloom has even infected Ethel, whose dolls are always going to funerals. There seems to be nothing to do, nothing to ex-

pect, nowhere to go. My quarter hasn't yet been paid, and we have short commons, I can tell you. The table emphasizes our low spirits three times a day; but mamma will have it set, if there is only potatoes and milk. You were all the life and comfort we had, and now you are gone. But you have had your outing now; and unless you want me to go to an insane asylum, you will have to come home, and leave Brooks to his fate."

The answer to this letter was of a fortnight's later date. "Come home, indeed," said Maria, "when I'm having the first good time in my life! Such a new and strange life, too! Such an atmosphere, and such scenery—a world of pictures. I suppose you think of us in a desert; but can you muster a dozen superb young Sauls, Englishmen and others, every morning with galloping across country, every evening with music and dancing? You know so many English of the first water come over to hunt the buffalo, and some to take up land for ranches. There is a Mr. Cholmondeley, and Captain Arundel and his sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, and I don't know how many others, first and last—a new one always turning up. So you see the time passes quite differently from time at home, where you so seldom see a marrying man, that when you do, you think he belongs to another species. Oh, and I must not forget the Colonel! Now, what do you think of a real British nobleman, of a family titled since the Conqueror—or is it the Flood? Colonel Sir Guy Temple! Perfectly charming, and rich beyond calculation—tin mines in Cornwall. I think we shall name the mine for him. By the way, didn't Brooks write you that he has a little mine himself? He has given me half of it."

And so the letter ran on, and great cheer it brought into that dull place where it was read.

"The Colonel," said Mrs. Dilloway reflectively, as Maria knew she would. "Colonel Sir Guy Temple. Those old titles think more of themselves than half the ducal houses in the realm, you know. I didn't suppose any one but the Prince of Wales owned tin mines in Cornwall, though. I wonder if Maria's dresses—"

"Oh, they don't need dresses, mamma, in that life—"

"Not need dresses, Margaret!" cried Mrs. Dilloway, holding up her hands.

"I mean, mamma, her riding-dress, that she made from the water-proof, you remember, is as good there as a velvet court-train would be in London."

"Poor Maria isn't really pretty," soliloquized Mrs. Dilloway; "but that's the way things go. What a pity, Margaret, that you couldn't have gone out with Brooks!"

"Oh, Maria's brightness is just as good for her as beauty," said Kate.

"If she only could be comfortably established! That would help all the rest, too. It's too good to hope for, though, in this family."

"Well, perhaps she will be. She certainly has a chance."

And somehow the gray weather was not quite so gray to Mrs. Dilloway and her daughters; it half seemed to

them as if the cloud might be about to lift, and in the vague sense of un conjectured possibilities, Mrs. Dilloway felt rich enough to call in a ragged urchin and make him neat with an outfit of Fred's and Harry's cast-off garments, that had already been patched and darned into another color.

"We are just in from a long gallop," another letter of Maria's ran. "The wind is giving me quite a color. I shall turn out pretty before you know it. There are *some folks* who seem to think I am already. The air is so clear, you think you are on wings. I wish Margaret were here. I really think it would do her good. It would do her good, too, to have a little of this gay life. It really enlarges and opens your horizon. Mrs. Cecil now has yachted up under the Midnight Sun. When she tells me about it, I feel as if I had, too. She has told me all about the Temple Gardens in Cornwall, Sir Guy's place—you were so interested in my mention of him, that I will tell you—running down to the shore, and quenching all their flaming blossoms in the silver wash of the sea there. A fine old Elizabethan place, the mansion is, she says, ivy-covered, with all its quadrangles and courts and wings and stacked chimneys and stables. On the walls of the long hall every Lady Temple, one after the other, for how many hundred years I can't say, makes room for the next one. Think of hanging up your picture there, to look out on the world long after your eyes are dust in their sockets! There are some haunted diamonds in the family, too. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Along the year of the marriage of the heir they blaze like bonfires, with a white light far eclipsing their real lustre; and just before the death of a Temple they blaze again with a baleful red torchlight, and then are dull and ordinary diamonds, not particularly well cut. Mrs. Cecil hinted to me that they were blazing like comets when Sir Guy sent them to the banker's just before he sailed. Sir Guy is very democratic, and doesn't like titles—almost ready to drop his own, and would if the others would. He told Mrs. Cecil, if ever she met him in America, to call him plain Colonel, and she promised. But she has told me all about him. She used to think he would marry Miss Arundel, her sister. Miss Arundel is very pretty, and blushes like a peach when you speak to her."

"People get intimate so quickly in such places," said Kate.

"A great piece of folly," said Mamma Dilloway at this point of the letter. "To think of dropping his father's title—a title won centuries ago. These democratic notions! As for my opinion, there is something in the stability of the British Government that more than compensates for the differences in caste. And as for those very differences," said Mrs. Dilloway, looking out the window and over the rainy fields, pausing a moment to think of the contrast between such an outlook and that of Sir Guy Temple's gardens, "I will admit that it always was irksome to me to shake hands with the tradespeople."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Kate. "When you know how glad you would be this minute if Fred had a place with our grocer!"

"I don't know anybody, Kate," said Mrs. Dilloway severely, "who has the faculty you have of obtruding the vulgarity of every day upon the ideal. If the contemplation of the marriage of your sister with a British nobleman affords me pleasure, I don't see why you should interfere with it, especially as we should then go and live with her, and become English people ourselves to all intents and purposes. Lady Temple—Lady Temple—" and then, as she saw the girls laugh-

ing, she broke into a merry laugh herself—the first laugh that had been seen on her face for years, let it be said.

In the week before a fresh letter came the Dilloway family had nearly worn the last to shreds. But at length Mamma Dilloway tore open another, and having learned that Brooks was well, had nearly cleared up the books, and was busy with his interest in the operations out there, ran hastily into its gossip.

"What does she mean about those operations?" she asks, looking back with a second thought.

"Oh, the little mine he happened on, don't you recollect, when he first went out; great piece of good luck, Maria said; doesn't come to one in a thousand. That may make our fortunes yet."

"If we wait for a Colorado mine to make our fortunes"—began Mrs. Dilloway, with majesty.

"We might as well make them ourselves," said Kate. "Come, come, mamma—the news about Colonel Sir Guy Temple?"

"Colonel Sir Guy Temple," said Mrs. Dilloway solemnly, "is engaged to marry your sister Maria."

It seemed to Kate as if a voice had added, "Let us pray." And there was dead silence for a moment or two.

"I feel," said their mother, "that it is too tremendous an event to read about in our usual light way. But it is not the Englishman, it is not the title, it is not the place by the Cornish sea—I would rather, really rather, there were none of that about it all. I would, on the whole, rather give her to one of our own countrymen. In spite of things I may have said, I can see that this may separate us more widely than distance or the sea. I shall find it hard to surrender her; and so will you. All that gives a tinge of sadness to the joy. But it is a comfort, an unspeakable comfort, to think that even one of my children is to be established in ease and safety. I could prefer it were that little mine developed into wealth, that would let her and Brooks have all they wanted, and let us still have them. But it is a great deal to be grateful for, as it is. It doesn't strike her so, though, at all. You will see that she treats it in rather a frivolous way. But that is natural to youth and joy, I suppose." And, in spite of her little speech, Mamma Dilloway's face was wreathed with smiles as she read:

"Well, to come to something really important. You remember, of course, all I have written you from time to time about Colonel Sir Guy Temple, who has served in India, and has the Victoria Cross, and all that? Well, he is going home to England. Perhaps he is tired of buffalo-hunting, perhaps he has brought down better game. At any rate, he will take his wife with him. Mamma, I never was so surprised. But I must wait till I see you. And I don't really feel as if I had told you anything about the Colonel, after all. It would be difficult to say how much I am interested; how enchanting it all is! What a different life I see before me—immense riches, honor, troops of friends—and all as much yours as mine, dear people at home. But I shall see you soon."

Mrs. Dilloway went about treading on air. What matter that the roof leaked, and rain ran down the walls? It was merely a frescoing there. What matter that the milkman dunned a second time, and said he should not ask a third? She hoped he wouldn't. What had seemed unendurable three months ago, she could laugh at now; three months more, six months more, and there would come an end to all these bitter experiences. The fact of Maria's being well married would marry off all the other girls; and even were her husband

parsimonious, what Maria could spare from her pin-money would put them beyond want any more. The sun had come out, the landscape was bathed in beauty, life smiled, all the world seemed propitious—the universe was really better managed than she had thought. Mrs. Dilloway retrimmed her bonnet and went to church with her good spirits, feeling in a thankful mood. It was pleasant to see the neighbors—smiling at one, and bowing to another; it put the neighbors in mind of her, too; and they came to see her that week, and the next, and made it more cheerful than it had been for months. She hinted mysteriously at Maria's good fortune, but was not sure that she ought to commit herself. Good friends, good fortune, and good feeling all gave her a sensation resembling the happiness she used to know; she radiated it on Margaret and the rest till you would never have dreamed it was the tear-sodden family of which Maria and Brooks took leave in the gray of the morning a dozen weeks ago.

"I have been darkly hinting at good fortune," Maria wrote in her last letter.

"I'm sure I don't know what she means by 'darkly hinting,'" said her mother. "It was all plain enough to me."

"Go on, go on, mamma!"

"I have been darkly hinting at good fortune, and see how you read the riddle. Give me Mamma Dilloway for a guesser. The Sphinx would sink into the sands before her. How much interest you have taken in the matter from the first! What do you suppose Sir Guy Temple could have seen in me? Do you imagine he is marrying me for my beauty? How many ideas you have about the wedding! But don't you incline to a quiet one always? Are you going to call me 'My lady,' mamma? and treat me with great respect? Sir Guy Temple, or no Sir Guy Temple—after all, the Colonel has greater charms for me—my dearest, sweetest people at home, I shall always be your Maria."

"Maria will always be frivolous, and a little incoherent," half sighed Mrs. Dilloway, yet with the feeling that a Lady Temple could afford to be frivolous and incoherent—Lady Temple, of Temple Gardens, Cornwall, whose Elizabethan mansion was encircled with flowers and seas; and she saw her daughter dressed out in the haunted diamonds, saw her portrait hanging in the ancient hall: and she washed her cups and saucers that morning with sighs of satisfaction over the divine compensations in this life.

She was rubbing the last plating off the spoons—the real silver had gone long ago to the melter's—with the old bit of chamois cloth, and singing gently to herself, when she looked up at a slamming door, and a vision of splendor that took her breath away—Maria in broad hat and feathers, making her really attractive, with her black hair and blue eyes, and in a dress that was all one sparkle of jet to her mother's bewildered eyes, glistening and dancing like a windy midnight full of stars. And the next moment chamois and spoons were whirling in a cloud of whirling whiting, and Maria was kissing her mother's cheeks and chin and mouth and forehead.

"Oh, you dear, silly little Mamma Dilloway!" cries Maria. "Are you glad to see me? And have you really guessed all this time what has happened?"

"Happened?" cried Mamma Dilloway. "Have you married without waiting to come home?" quite prepared, however, to forgive her if she had. "Where is

your husband, then? Where is Sir Guy Temple? I should like to see him."

"Sir Guy Temple? So should I. I never did."

"You—never—did!"

"No, indeed. Mrs. Cecil knew him. I didn't."

"You—didn't! Then how—then where—are you crazy, Maria? Has your good fortune turned your head? If you never saw Sir Guy Temple, if you don't know him, how in the world are you married to him?"

"I'm not."

"Are you going to marry him?" with ominous calmness.

"I am not going to marry him or anybody else. But I am going to do something much pleasanter. I am going to sit down here the mistress of as much money as I want; and so are you, and so are all the rest of us; money that will make our old place an Eden, and educate the boys as well as all the Sir Guy Temples that were ever born!"

"Maria," said Mrs. Dilloway, in a sepulchral voice that came from the depths to which she had fallen in her new despair, "I can't believe a word you say!"

"Oh, yes, you can, mamma. The Colonel has made us all rich—really rich. The Colonel, you know, is Brooks' mine. I was so interested in it all—it was so enchanting—but I didn't dare at first to tell you very much about him, for fear of disappointment. And when I found from your letters that you were taking my casual mention of Sir Guy Temple with such roseate ideas, I thought I would just lead you along to pass the time till we found out where we were."

"Maria! A child of mine—"

"If we panned out poorly I meant to let you down gently, and you would have been beguiled of some melancholy, you see, any way. If otherwise, you wouldn't need any letting down. And he has, mamma, oh, the Colonel has—"

"Maria, I don't understand you. How am I to believe this if I am not to believe that? You are now giving me to understand that Brooks' little mine has lifted us out of poverty and distress. This morning you gave me to understand you were to marry Sir Guy Temple."

"I never did, mamma. You gave yourself to understand so."

"When you said you were going back to England with Sir Guy Temple as his wife?"

"I never said so, mamma. Mrs. Cecil said he was going to take a wife back with him when he came up from Arizona. I didn't say it was I. And I didn't say it was Miss Arundel, although *she* did. But Mrs. Cecil is a humbug, and I think she was playing off on me."

"And what did you mean about the wedding?" gasped Mrs. Dilloway.

"Oh, that was something you took for granted, you see. But when I give you Brooks' word for it, in a check signed, sealed and delivered, that he has sold out his interest in the Colonel mine for more than half a million dollars, and has divided it, share and share alike, among us all, you'll believe that? So you thought to see me in the haunted diamonds? I'll tell you what, mamma," tilting back her mother's chin and kissing her thin lips, "no more tears in those eyes, remember! I'll tell you what, I'll haunt Mrs. Byrnes if she doesn't sell me back grandma's cashmere shawl! Sir Guy Temple? For my part—do you remember what Mrs. Prigg said to Mrs. Gamp about Mrs. Harris, mamma? 'I don't believe there's no such a person!'"

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III.

"Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love toward school with heavy looks."

CHAPTER I.

THE winter, with its terrible stress and fury, is over and past. People sitting in blooming spring gardens or by widely-opened windows, talk comfortably, with lips no longer chapped, of the great snow storm, and compare notes as to the amount of personal inconvenience and discomfort to which it had exposed them. Anecdotes of the awful night spent in snow-stopped trains have formed the convenient opening for many a dinner talk, the anxiety on the part of each interlocutor to prove that he or she had suffered more than the other leading to intimacy before soup is well over. Of its ferocity and its devil-work few overt traces now remain, except killed laurel bushes and rare thrushes. Out of how many sweet little throats full of music has it pinched the tender life! But over its wrecks the sea rolls; and in the bottomless sea of mothers' hearts its drowned sailors lie buried. And does the analogy between the material and the spiritual world hold good? Does the sea of oblivion smoothly heave, and largely sweep above the soul that went down on that dread night? Does no spar pierce the flood to show where that good ship foundered?

It would be the opinion of outsiders who have not visited Oxbridge—if they had formed an opinion at all upon the subject, and were asked for it—that the inhabitants of that university town dwell in gray and ancient houses, time-colored, and with flavors of old learning still hanging about their mossy roof-trees. In point of fact, their lives are passed for the most part in flippant spick and span villas and villakins, each with its half acre of tennis-ground and double daisies, all so new that scarcely any one has had time to die there, though numerous people have taken leave to be born there, and forming in their *ensemble* an ugly, irrelevant, healthy suburb, that would not disgrace a cotton city of to-day.

It is mid-May, and the hour is one of the afternoon ones; an hour at which luncheon is already forgotten, though tea still smiles not near. Along the shining river, a mile away, eight-oars, four-oars, skiffs are flashing. Scores of happy boys are tearing down the path alongside, keeping company with their boats, exhorting, admonishing, shouting themselves hoarse. But their noise, though strong are their young lungs, does not reach in faintest echoes to the quiet drawing-room, where the as quiet lady sits, head on lily hand, beside the window, staring out at her plot of forget-me-nots and the gold shower of her two laburnum trees.

Warm as the day is, a fire burns on the hearth; a fire whose inconvenient heat Belinda is languidly trying to counteract by the agency of the fan, slowly waving in her unoccupied hand. It is too hot even for Pug, who, shortly panting in her sleep, lies cast on her fat side in a cool corner. Upon Pug's figure, an academic life and the total absence of the thinning emotion of envy, and

of the bad but emaciating passion of jealousy (an absence caused by her being sole dog of the establishment, and having no longer any cause for suffering from Punch's tinselly accomplishments) has begun to tell. She could not well look stouter or less intellectual if she were one of the old Fellows of St. Bridget's.

When last we saw Belinda, she was lying groveling among cinders and fire-irons in a fender. Now she is sitting placid and upright on a window-seat. Is the change that has taken place in her soul's attitude as much to her advantage as that which has effected itself in her body's? Who can tell? She is past the age when a smeared face, puckered lips and bawling cries mean grief; when ruddy cheeks and shouting laughter mean joy. She does not look particularly happy, perhaps, but which of us is conscious of looking specially radiant as he or she sits alone, with no one to summon to the surface of the skin that latent cheerfulness, of which few have enough to spend it on themselves alone? And yet, at this moment, the thoughts passing through her mind are not disagreeable ones; scarcely thoughts, indeed, lazy summer impressions rather, of the pleasantness of the tiny sky-colored meadow that lies, all turquoise, under her eyes, and calls itself her forget-me-not bed; of the round mother-swallow's head, peeping over the nest beneath the eaves. At some further thought or sensation, a slight but definite smile breaks up the severe lines of her young yet melancholy mouth. At the sound of the opening door, however, in one instant it is dead.

"I find you unoccupied!" says her husband, entering and advancing toward her, with that shuffling gait which plainly tells of slippers (she has not been able to break him of carpet slippers).

"If I am unoccupied, it is for the first time to-day!" she answers coldly.

"Since you are at leisure," he pursues—his want of surprise at her frigid tone betraying that it is her habitual one—"I have the less scruple in claiming your services."

"What is it that you want?" she asks, lifting her eyes to his face. It is pleasant to be looked full at by a handsome woman; but if she has, before looking at you, taken care to put as much frost as they can hold into her fine blue eyes, the pleasure is very sensibly lessened. "What do you want? We cannot surely be going to have any more Menander to-day; and I have written all your letters—they lie on your study-table, and I have exactly followed your directions as to each."

"It is precisely upon that subject that I wished to speak to you," rejoins he, glancing at a paper in his hand. "You have by no means succeeded in expressing the exact shade of meaning I wished to convey in this letter to Herr Schweizer, of Göttingen, with regard to the new 'Fragment of Empedocles;' and I am afraid that I must trouble you to re-write it."

"And I am afraid that I must trouble you to excuse me," replies she quietly, but with asperity; "my tale of bricks for to-day is really complete."

There is a moment's silence, during which Belinda

turns her head pointedly away toward the laburnum tree and the emerald grass; but the Professor shows no signs of retreating.

"If I were taking you from any other employment, I might hesitate," he says, with peevish pertinacity; "but since you are wholly unoccupied—"

"I am unoccupied at this particular moment," answers she, with an accent of carefully elaborated patience, which, to the meanest observer would betray the depths of her impatience; "but in five minutes I shall not be unoccupied; in five minutes I set off to the station to meet Sarah, who, as you are aware, is to arrive by the 4.35 train. You do not, I suppose, wish me to take a hansom?" (with a faint sarcastic smile of a very different quality from that little one lately addressed to the swallow and the flowers), "and the day is too warm for it to be possible to walk fast."

At the mention of Miss Churchill, a distinct new crumple of ill-humor has added itself to the already numerous wrinkles of Mr. Forth's face.

"I am unable to see that any obligation to meet the train lies upon you," he says obstinately; "your sister is eminently well able to take care of herself!"

Belinda shrugs her shoulders.

"It is a mere matter of habit, of course," she says in a key of low resentment; "if you have been born in a walk of life in which it is habitual to you to push and elbow for yourself, of course there is no reason why you should not enjoy it; but you must remember that this is not Sarah's case; and, since you decline to extend your hospitality to her maid, she is alone."

At the end of this conciliatory speech she stops, and there is a pause, which the Professor shortly breaks.

"If you think it necessary," he says grudgingly, "I am willing to send a servant to meet your sister; but I must request you to abandon the idea of going yourself, by which means you will be left free to render me the trifling service I require of you."

"You insist upon your pound of flesh, in fact!" cries she rising suddenly; her body trembling, and her great eyes lightening with anger and disappointment. "Well, you are more fortunate than your prototype! You will get it."

To his death-day, the German savan will never suspect with what hotly raging and rebellious fingers were penned those polite, lucid, and erudite lines upon Empedocles' newly-discovered "Fragment," which he shortly received.

It is long before the Professor can satisfy his own fastidious ear and captious mind as to the fitness of the phrases to be employed. Many a sheet is angrily torn across by Belinda; many a fresh one is sullenly begun before her task is ended—before her "guide, philosopher, and friend" induing, with her aid—aid given grudgingly and not unasked—his cap and gown, leaves her side to attend a college meeting. Not until the banging of the house-door tells her that he is really gone, does she give herself the indulgence of an enormous sigh.

Throwing herself back in the leathern chair, in which she has been sitting at the writing-table, with weary long arms clasped behind her neck, and dogged eyes staring at the flies on the ceiling—

"God loveth a cheerful giver!" she says aloud. "He is not much like God!" (to a woman, the man that she loves and the man that she hates are equally nameless, equally *he*). "So as he gets his pound of flesh, his tale of bricks, what does he care?"

As she speaks, acrid tears issue from their hidden ducts, and brim her eyes; but she shakes them vehem-

ently away. She will not give to Sarah's penetrating eye the chance of seeing that she has wept.

"I *will* not be pitied!" she says, rising, and pulling herself together; "she *shall* not pity me! no one shall!"

She goes away to her own room, changes her gown for a fresher one, dresses her hair more becomingly, and practices looking happy in the glass. Before she has nearly perfected herself in this accomplishment, she is driven from it by the sight and sound of a slow fly, rocking top-heavily under a gigantic dress-basket, which is making for her gate. Sarah is here, and she will not be at the door to welcome her. The thought lends wings to her young heels, and the color and the smile that she has been vainly aiming at, to her cheeks and lips. Five minutes ago she did not think that anything could have caused her such a throb of pleasure as the dear old sound of that jovial high laugh, as the sight of that Dresden china face and of those monstrously irrational shoes are now giving her. When they lived together, they seldom or never kissed each other. Now they cannot hold each other tight enough. Is it only Sarah that Belinda is kissing? Is it not dead youth, dear love, sweet Westenstein, too, that she is so straitly embracing?

Over the souls of both sisters—the sad elder and the radiant younger—the recollection of their last miserable parting on that hideous January morning has poured! For a moment or two neither of them could have uttered a syllable, had you paid them a thousand pounds a word. They are brought back to common life by the sound of very small jingling bells, and by a sensation as of something tightly wound round their legs. It is Punch, who, unmindful of the chain that has bound him all the way down from London, and delighted to be again in the fresh air and among friends, is tearing wildly round, offering eager but unreciprocated greetings to Pug, who, dodging away from him, shrewish and snarling, practically refuses to admit him as an acquaintance at all.

"Why, Punch!" says Belinda, with a rather unsteady laugh, dropping on her knees, taking the excited little dog under the arms, and looking kindly in his Ethiop face; "you here? and who invited *you*, pray?"

"I am afraid that nobody invited him," replies Sarah demurely; "but he was so sure that it was an oversight, and he says Jane is no companion, and he sent so many messages to Pug, that I thought it was the simplest plan to bring him; do you mind?" with the old wheedling in her voice and her saucy eyes.

"Do I mind?" repeats Belinda, with a reproachful yet apprehensive stress upon the pronoun, passing her lips lightly over the top of his tawny head. "Punch, is it likely I should mind?"

"Will *he* mind?" inquires Sarah, speaking very low, and mouthing a good deal, as though laboring under a misgiving that the person of whom she speaks is in hiding behind the door.

"He is not fond of dogs," answers Belinda evasively, her face suddenly darkening, as if a light had been blown out in it. "Pug exists only on sufferance, do you not, Pug?"

"Whew—w!" says Sarah, pulling a long face, and with a low whistle; "and shall I, too, exist only on sufferance, pray?"

Belinda is saved from the necessity of answering a question, her reply to which must have been either an incivility or a lie, by the fact that they have now entered the house, and that her sister's roving eyes and attention are claimed by other objects. Preceded by the dogs, Pug churlishly growling and Punch animatedly sniffing, they reach the drawing-room.

"Not such a bad room!" says Sarah patronizingly, looking round; "better than I expected; only it wants pulling about."

"Mr. Forth does not like rooms pulled about."

The other breaks into a laugh.

"Mr. Forth! Is it possible that after six months he is still Mr. Forth?"

"What else should he be?" says Belinda, with stiff embarrassment. "He has not yet been raised to the peerage—he is not 'Lord Forth!'"

"I shall call him 'James!'" says Sarah firmly; "I am sure he will wish me to call him 'James!'"

Mr. Forth's wife laughs grimly.

"It will at least have the charm of novelty for him."

There is such a bitter dryness in the quasi-playfulness of her tone that Sarah stops suddenly short in her critical survey of the early English chairs, and the Albert Dürer etchings, in which Oxbridge drawing-rooms delight; and, focussing her elder with her two insistent eyes, says, taking her the while firmly by both wrists:

"Come, now; we are alone; tell me, how does it work? has it answered?"

But Belinda shakes off the small strong hands as Samson shook off the tough withes.

"You must see the rest of the house," she cries, beginning to talk rapidly and rather loudly, and absolutely ignoring the question addressed to her; "you must see my room; your own room—yours looks upon the tennis-ground; have you brought your racquet and your shoes? we must have some tennis!"

Sarah does not press the subject so obviously avoided, but as she follows her sister up stairs she repeatedly shakes her head.

"This is my room," says Belinda, as they reach the landing, throwing open doors as she speaks. "This is —his" (with a slight hesitation before the pronoun, that shows that only the dread of a repetition of her sister's ridicule has kept her from designating her husband by the formal style and title which she habitually employs toward him); "and this" (not opening, but simply indicating a third door) "this is old Mrs. Forth's."

"Oh, do take me in! do introduce me!" cries Sarah eagerly. "It has been the dream of my life to see his mother! You will not mind my saying so, but there is something so humorous in his having a mother."

"It would be no use," replies Belinda, not offering to comply with this request; "she would probably mistake you for her son."

"Well, we have a look of each other," cries Sarah delightedly; "but is she as bad as that?" arching her eyebrows till they almost meet, and are lost in her hair.

Belinda nods in acquiescence.

"And does she *never* stop asking questions?"

"Never."

"And do you always answer them?"

"Poor old woman! why not? if I were not answering hers I should only be answering some one else's."

There is such a weary, devil-may-careishness in her tone, that again her sister's eyes flash investigatively upon her; but this time Belinda has been too quick for her, and, avoiding their scrutiny, is doing the honors of a fourth room.

"And this is yours," she says, a smile such as the one with which she had welcomed her sister sweetening and gentling the now habitual sullenness of her face; "it smells good, does it not?"

"Why, you have given me all your flowers!" cries Sarah, burying her face in a bowl of freshly-picked nar-

cissus. "I noticed that there was scarcely one in the drawing-room."

"Mr. Forth dislikes the smell of flowers," replies Belinda. She says it in a tame level voice; not as making a complaint, but simply as stating a fact.

"He seems to have a good many dislikes," says Sarah dryly.

Belinda lets the remark fall upon silence.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER has been early, and is over. The sisters stand, each cooling a fiery cheek against the woodwork of the drawing-room window, while the latest black-bird is singing his version of "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and the laburnum's lithe bunches hang yellow against almost as yellow a sunset.

"Does he *never* open a window?" asks Sarah, greedily thrusting out her head into the cool greenness of the very respectably grown clematis and jessamine that climb the house wall.

"*Never!*"

"Then I should make a point of falling off my chair in a faint regularly every day at dinner until he did."

"You would fall off your chair in a faint every day until the Day of Judgment in that case," replies Belinda, with stony quiet.

"But for the stewpan atmosphere," continues Sarah, heaving her white chest in a deep and vigorous inhalation, "it really did not go off so badly; at first there seemed a trifling awkwardness—I think, Punchy, that you would have done as well on the whole to remain at your town house—but my fine tact soon smoothed it over."

"You did not call him 'James,' however," replies Belinda, with a short sarcastic laugh.

"Well, no," replies Sarah a little blankly, and for once in her life making no attempt at repartee or explanation. "I did not." But the next moment—"How soon do we go?" cries she joyously. "St. Ursula's is the largest college in Oxbridge, is it not? Will all Oxbridge be there to meet the Duke? But I suppose you are all much above setting any store by royalties! It is only the empire of the mind," pompously, "to which you attach any value!"

"Is it?" replies Belinda expressively.

"Now I am the common British flunkey," continues Sarah confidentially; "and so used you to be! I *love* royalties; there is nothing too small for me to hear about them. I should be thoroughly interested to learn how many pairs of stockings the Queen has, and whether she takes sugar in her tea."

Belinda laughs.

"*Everybody* will be there then?" resumes Sarah in a voice of the extremest exhilaration, "and you will introduce me to *everybody*. What will they think of me? Will they expect me to say anything clever? Will they like me?"

"H—m!" replies Belinda dubiously, scanning affectionately from head to foot the seductive but not altogether academic figure before her; "I doubt it!"

"After all, they must be human," says Sarah philosophically; "when one has pierced the thick crust of their erudition—"

"Perhaps in some cases not so very thick," interposes Belinda ironically.

"One will find a human heart beating beneath—a heart that may be punctured by my little darts, eh?"

"Possibly!" in a by no means confident tone.

"I shall devote myself chiefly to the undergraduates,

I think," says Sarah thoughtfully. "Do you know many? do you see much of them?"

Belinda shrugs her handsome shoulders indifferently.

"Poor boys! they come to call; but they are too much afraid of me to open their lips. I have lost none of my power of inspiring terror," she adds with a bitter smile. "It is the one of my gifts that I keep in its entirety."

"We will change all that," says Sarah piously; "the reign of fear is over; that of love is begun!"

Belinda has moved to the middle of the room, and is occupied in pulling down the central gas-jet, and lowering the gas, harshly glaring under its globes. Her pose, wreathed head thrown back, and long bare arm roundly lifted, brings into evidence the finest curves of her noble figure.

"And do not they admire you either, *par hasard*?" asks Sarah, in a voice of affectionate incredulity.

Belinda shakes her head.

"If they do, they disguise it admirably. Stay!" with a gesture of recollection; "now I come to think of it, I believe that one young person of an esthetic tendency was once heard to observe that I was 'great and still;' but that is the only civil speech I have reaped in six months, and even that one is perhaps a little ambiguous."

"Great and still!" repeats Sarah, giggling; "well, at all events they shall not say that of me!"

She is still chuckling, when the opening door admits her brother-in-law. At once her chuckle has an inclination to die, but she bravely resists it.

"I appeal to you," she says, going boldly up to him. "Belinda has been taking away your town's character; she says that she is not at all admired here, and that neither shall I be; is it true? is it possible?"

It is certainly well to be on easy terms with your brother-in-law; but in a case so exceptional as that of Miss Churchill, it is perhaps hardly wise to address him with an alluring archness that may remind him of former disasters. At all events, in the present case it is not successful.

"I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse me," he says sourly, turning on his heel. "I must refer you to some one better qualified to give an opinion on such a point. Belinda, I must request your assistance with my gown."

There is something in his tone so unequivocally unplayful, that Sarah slinks away snubbed, and for the moment robbed of all her little airs and graces; and Belinda rises with rebellious slowness, flame in her eye and revolt in her nether lip, to render the grudging aid demanded of her. As her reluctant hand holds the gown for her husband to put on, they both find themselves unintentionally standing plump and full before a rather large mirror, inevitably facing their own figures, thus brought into sudden juxtaposition.

Belinda is in gala dress. In honor of the Duke, and for the first time since her marriage, Oxbridge is to see her neck and shoulders. Upon their smooth sea of cream, unbroken by any trifling necklet—a sea that flows unrippled over the small collar-bones—the gas-lamps throw satin reflects; a little chaplet of seasonable cowslips clasps her well-set head, and wrath has borrowed love's red pennon and planted it in her cheeks. She looks a magnificent embodiment of youth and vigor, dwarfing into yet meaner insignificance the parched figure beside her.

Mrs. Forth casts one pregnant look at the two reflections, and then hearing, or feigning to hear, a sound of suppressed mirth behind her, she says, in a clear, incisive voice:

"What are you laughing at, Sarah? Are you ad-

miring us? Are you thinking what a nice looking pair we are?"

She lays a slight but cruel accent on the noun. *Pair*, indeed! From Fate's strangely jumbled bag were never two such odd ones sorted out before. The Professor has turned sharply away, but not before his wife has had the satisfaction of seeing that her shot has told; but Sarah maintains a scared silence. The fly is late in arriving. Probably it has had many freights to take up and put down on this festal night before the Forths' turn comes. At length, however, and just as Sarah is beginning wistfully to interrogate her Louis Quinze shoes as to their powers of reaching St. Ursula and H. R. H. on foot, it drives up, and they all get in. Possibly Belinda, though she makes no approaches towards a verbal *amende*, may be remorseful for her spurt of malevolence. At all events, she offers no objection to the raising of the window on her side; nor does she, even by a pardonable gasp or two, or an obtruded fanning, resent the insult to the summer night.

The lateness of their fly has retarded them so much, that instead of being first at the rendezvous, as is the Professor's usual habit, they see, on reaching St. Ursula's, the great quadrangle that the proudest churchman built filled with every carriage and bath-chair that Oxbridge's modest mews can boast; filled, too, with capped men and hooded women, hurrying to the goal. They have trodden the low-stepped stone stairs, along whose side lie unwonted banks of green moss that smells of cool, woodland places, planted with young field flowers; have passed the one slender shaft that, upspringing, bears the vaulted roof, and its loveliest stone fans, and have entered the lordly hall, where Elizabeth Tudor once saw Masks, and where one of the sons of her latest successor is listening with a courteous patience, probably superior to hers, to such improvements upon the barbarous Mask and obsolete Allegory as the nineteenth century, rich in the spoils of its eighteen grandfathers, can afford him. In the present instance, the substitute offered is a tale told, not by an idiot, but by an excessively hot young man, striking occasionally sensational chords on the piano, at which he is seated upon the raised dais, where the "Fellows'" table is wont to stand—a monstrosity long tale about a signalman, who, while busied in working his points, sees his infant, through some glaring domestic mismanagement, staggering across the metals at the precise moment when an express train is due. The struggle between his emotions as a parent and as a pointsman is so mercilessly protracted, that the audience, unable to bear the prolonged strain upon their feelings, are relieving themselves by a good deal of *sotto voce*, or not quite *sotto voce* conversation. But the Prince sits immovably polite, not permitting himself even one aside to his *sémillante* hostess, who, all loyal smiles, is posed in glory on a chair in the front rank beside him.

Large as is the assemblage, so nobly proportioned is the great room, that there is no crowd. Every woman has put on her best gown; and every woman has the satisfaction of thinking that every other woman has seen, is seeing, or will fully see it; not, indeed, to do them justice, that this is a consideration much likely to engage the attention of the Oxbridge ladies. Thanks to the height of the carved oak roof, whither the vapors can ascend, below it is cool and fragrant. With the one emphatic exception of the detailer of the signalman's perplexities scarce one of the living guests has a more heated air than the brave line of judges, bishops, philosophers, premiers—St. Ursula's dead glories—looking down in painted tranquillity from the walls.

"You must introduce me to everybody, and tell me who they are, and what they have done, so that I may say something suitable," says Sarah, in a flutter of pleasure, looking beamingly round on the, to her, eccentric throng of black-gowned M. A.'s, with their flat college caps tucked under their arms; of velvet-sleeved proctors, etc.

"For heaven's sake, do not try!" says Belinda, in serious dissuasion, "or you will be sure to make a mess of it!"

Sarah shrugs her white shoulders. She is so clamorous to be presented to every one, that Belinda, after patiently pointing out to her, and where feasible, making her personally acquainted with the owners of many of the local, all the half-dozen national, and the one or two European reputations that grace the room, at length strikes work.

"You are insatiable!" she says. "You are as bad as Miss Watson!"

"Unberufen!" cries Sarah, with a shudder that is not all affectation, "do not mention that accursed name; I could have sworn that I heard her voice just now!"

The room is fuller than it was. About the door, indeed, and the lower part of the hall, circulation is still easy; but who would be content with elbow-room at a lower end, when the sight of a genuine live English royal Duke—no dubious serene German—is to be fought for at the upper.

"And you say that we are not loyal!" says Belinda, with that irony now so frequently assumed by her, as they, too, push and jostle their forward way. They have to push and jostle for themselves.

Immediately upon their entry, their natural pusher and jostler, the Professor, has quitted them for associates more akin in age and conformable in tastes than the two handsome girls assigned by a sarcastic Providence to his jurisdiction. As they so work slowly forward, gaining a step a minute, they are conscious of a disturbed heaving of the wave of humanity behind them—as when the ocean is plowed by some puissant steamer or monstrous shark. At the same instant a familiar voice, whose accents Sarah had already but too truly caught, breaks in brazen certainty upon their ears:

"I am sure I beg a thousand pardons! but in a crush of this kind it is quite unavoidable. I really must beg you to make way for me! I am naturally anxious to get to the top of the room, having a personal acquaintance with the Duke, or what really amounts to the same thing."

The loud voice grows nearer, the wave-like swell heavier. She is close behind them now.

Belinda has turned white and sick. That dreadful voice! Even here, on this hot May night, in the thick festal crowd, of what power is it to re-create for her that miserable fog-stained Christmas morning, on which, in her madness, she had allowed a few senseless words uttered by that brutal voice to seal her doom for her.

"Speak to her!" she says, in a choked whisper to her sister. "I cannot."

"Hold your head down!" rejoins the other, hastily putting into practice her own precept, and burying her nose in the lilies of the valley on her breast; "perhaps she will not see us!"

But when did Miss Watson ever fail to see any one?

One final oaring of her powerful arm has brought her alongside of them.

"Belinda! Sarah!" she cries loudly, seeing that her mere presence, although sufficiently obvious, has apparently failed to attract their attention; "do you not

know me? Emily Watson? Dresden? Has anything been going on? have I lost much?—I could not possibly get here before—quite a sudden thought my coming at all: I heard that the Sampsons were coming down to see their boy, who is at King's; so it struck me I would join them and come, too. I took them quite by surprise—met them at the station. 'Why not see Oxbridge all together?' I said; 'halve the expense, and double the pleasure!'"

She pauses out of breath, and looks eagerly onward toward the spot where, beyond his mother's struggling lieges, the Prince sits, cool and civil, with his suite on their row of chairs.

"I was so afraid that the Prince might be gone," pursues she volubly; "the royalties sometimes go so early, you know. Have you been presented to him? Do you know him? well, enough to present me? No? Well, then I must re-introduce myself: I have no doubt that a word will suffice to recall me to H. R. H.'s recollection. Royal memories are proverbially good, you know. I must get hold of his equerry; I know him quite well—once crossed over in the same steamer from New-haven to Dieppe with him."

The last few words are thrown back over her shoulder, as she has already resumed her vigorous fight onward.

With fascinated eyes they watch her athlete's progress to the front. The human billows part before her. The crowd lies behind her. She has reached smooth water and the Prince.

The signalman's troubles are by this time drawing to their close. His rosy babe has been found lying smiling on the line; the express train having, contrary to its usual habit, passed over the pretty innocent without inflicting a scratch. Most people draw a long breath; but whether at the babe's immunity or their own, who shall decide?

"She is making him shake hands with her!" says Sarah, in a shocked voice, standing on tiptoe, and stretching her neck.

It is too true. In defiance of etiquette, and despite the horrified look of the hostess, Miss Watson is warmly grasping her Duke's hand. Against the background of wall and chairs her figure stands out plainly silhouetted—fringe, garish evening-dress, and hot red neck! To their ears come even fragments of her resonant speech: "Your equerry, sir!" "Newhaven!" "Sea-sick!"

"I should like to sit down," says Belinda, in a spent voice.

This is easier said than done. By slow degrees, however, they succeed in edging out of the crowd; and are lucky enough to find an unoccupied sofa, upon which Belinda seats herself; and whither, presently, various of her acquaintance come and exchange remarks with her upon the success of the entertainment, the excellence of the supper, the affability of the Prince, etc.

In one of the intervals between two of these fragments of conversation she perceives that her charge has left her side; but it requires no very distant excursion of the eye to discover her standing at the supper-table, an ice in her hand, having, by the agency of one of her just-made acquaintance, effected an introduction to a good-looking undergraduate, who in return is presenting to her a second, who in his turn will obviously present to her a third and a fourth.

A little mob of young men is beginning to gather round her. A moment more, and her ice finished, followed by her *cortège*, Sarah returns to her sister, winking so deftly as to be invisible to the outer world as she comes.

"Belinda," she says, "I want to introduce to you

Mr. Bellairs, who tells me that he plays tennis remarkably well" (an indistinct disclaimer from the blushing Bellairs); "and Mr. Stanley, who plays very nicely too; and Mr. De Lisle, who thinks he would play very nicely if he had a little more practice."

Belinda laughs slightly, amused at the glibness with which her sister has already mastered her new admirers' names.

She has risen to her feet again—Professor Forth's wife—the stern-faced beauty whom in their walks and talks the boys have often with distant awe admired.

"I am sure," she says, with a sweet cold smile, "that if you care to try our small ground, I shall be very—"

She is a tall woman, and her eyes are on a level with Bellairs'. She can, therefore, easily look over his shoulder. What sight is it so seen that makes her stop suddenly in mid-speech, with a catch in her breath?

The pause is but short. Almost before her auditors have had time to notice the hiatus, it is filled up.

"I shall be very happy to see you any day you choose to come—to-morrow, any day!"

Her words are perfectly collected; but surely she is far, far paler than she was when she began to speak; and though her sentences are addressed to the young men, her eyes are wandering oddly beyond them.

"Upon my soul, I believe the woman is off her head!" Stanley says confidentially to Bellairs, as they walk home together in the moonlight; "did you notice her eyes when she was talking to us? they made me feel quite jumpy!"

"Off her head!" growls Bellairs, who finds it not impossible to combine a poignant interest in Sarah with a servile moth-and-candle-like homage to the elder and severer beauty; "so would you be, if you were married to an old mummy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EBONY: A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

BY CLARA G. STEELE.

I LIKE to think of the time when I first met him, so I shall write down all the circumstances and events surrounding that afternoon, for my friendship for the subject of this sketch is really a part of my life's history; more so, indeed, than my acquaintance with some of the distinguished and important personages of earth, many of whom have long since faded from my memory, while my regard for "Ebony" will ever stand out prominent among life's memories, never to be obliterated by change. A strange friendship this, one would naturally think, between a young girl of seventeen and a poor black dwarf slave, whom circumstances, and what the world would call "chance," had thrown together! And yet, strange as it seems, the mutual attachment waxed stronger and stronger through many days and months, ending only when He who knows distinctions neither of race or color stooped down in pitying love and took into the realms of eternal light His creature, who for many years had been eagerly searching for the light of the truth here below.

It was a lovely, cool, bright day in which I had chosen to leave my home for a temporary residence in the pine lands, not many miles distant from the sea-beaten coast of South Carolina. The conveyance, an open buggy, drawn by a pair of fine bays, gave my companion and me a fair opportunity to enjoy fully the combined charms of earth and sky. Summer, with its long, languid days and its fervid heat, was past and gone, and October, with a lavish hand, had already robbed the forests in gorgeous raiments of orange, crimson and brown, in all their varying shades. Here and there a maple leaf of richest hues fluttered through the air and fell at our feet. In the woods the ripe nuts were dropping, and saucy little squirrels whisked their lithe forms from tree to tree, busily garnering their winter provender. Our drive for the greater part of the journey was along a firm, high road, with deep trenches on either side, shaded by giant trees of maple and live-oak. While nearing, as we hoped, the end of our journey, we came suddenly, by the turn of the road, to a large expanse of water, which the neighboring residents called

a lake. On the unruffled bosom of this beautiful sheet of blue water, snowy lilies, surrounded by their broad leaves of glossiest green, were floating. The lake was too deep to be crossed, save over the rustic bridge that spanned it, and we reached the bridge just at the dying that sweet autumn day. But how shall I describe the glory of that never-to-be-forgotten sunset? It comes like some beautiful vision of the long ago, to be seen but once, yet evermore to be remembered. As the eye glanced across the lake, taking in the broad green meadow-lands beyond, low in the far-off west there hung a great golden ball, surrounded by masses of gorgeous crimson, purple, and amber-hued clouds, piled one upon another, which, as they stretched away toward the lake borders, seemed to melt into colors of loveliest rose. The deep purple, shaded into tender violet, and tints of delicate green, floated here and there, dissolving, as we gazed, into soft, creamy hues; and all this beauty was reflected in the mirror-like surface of the lake beneath.

A motion of my hand caused my companion to rein up his horses, and midway the bridge we stopped to drink in with every sense and with emotions of keenest pleasure the exquisite treat which nature had so unexpectedly given us. Lower and lower sank the sun, deeper and deeper grew the shadows; soon twilight's misty veil came down upon us. The grand panorama had vanished, and, with a sigh of mingled enjoyment and regret, we went on our way once more. We had traveled only a short distance from the lake when there came to my ears the sound of a deep, melodious voice, singing in a style very familiar to me, the words of a hymn which I had often heard in the island homes around Charleston. With great fervor the singer sang:

"Dis ole ship er Zion, hit's ter tek us all home!

O! glory, halleyloo-ye!

Hit's lan'ed many er tousan',

And hit'll lan' er many mo';

O! glory, halleyloo!"

But there was one thing which puzzled me. As we drew nearer to the singer the voice seemed to come

from the ground beneath us ; indeed, even at our feet. Then suddenly, in answer to my lowly-spoken query, "Who is it? Where is he?" there peered up from a deep ditch by the roadside a human face, black, but very bright, the large ivory teeth glistening in the twilight, the expression of his whole face decidedly agreeable. Jumping out of the ditch with wonderful agility, and doffing his old straw hat with the politeness I afterward found was innate, he exclaimed in a cheery voice :

"Good eben, massa! Good eben, missis! How you both does to-night?"

My companion, I think, responded for both, as I was wholly taken up in regarding this strange creature with a mixed feeling of curiosity and pity. He was but three and a half feet in height, but the head and shoulders were large enough in their proportions for a man of six feet. One hand and arm rested on the spade with which he had been digging when we interrupted him. The other, bare, huge and brawny, as it hung at his side, was nearly the length of his body from his shoulder to his ankle. His face, though so black, was to me at first sight singularly prepossessing; the nose long and straight, the lips not too thick, and well shaped. His clothes, scarce deserving the name (for they were a mass of rags), helped to show his great deformity, for he was a hunchback; and, although agile, was very lame in one hip, which gave him a peculiar gait, quite perceptible as he hastened to the other side of the buggy to pick up the whip my companion had dropped. Just then my attention was called to a beautiful star which had appeared in the heavens, and our remarks upon it caused the dwarf to exclaim :

"God has gib us a mighty pooty wurl, missy! Sometimes I sleeps out all night under the stahs—hit kinder makes me feel nearer to God, hit does."

After a few more words with our strange and new acquaintance, we bade him "good night," and in a short time found ourselves nearing the place of our destination. The host and hostess came down the steps of their beautiful mansion, and welcomed us with warm cordiality to their typical Southern home. The house stood in the midst of a large and beautiful flower garden, odorous with a thousand subtle scents. The grand magnolia spread its evergreen leaves on either side of the dwelling, while the deep-hued roses and heliotropes vied with the sweet scent of geraniums of every species to charm our senses, and a fountain sent up its spray of tangled silver, quite visible from the brilliantly illuminated windows of the large white mansion before us. Within all was elegance and ease, and a delightful supper awaited us. But I could not detach my thoughts from our queer acquaintance by the roadside, and before I retired for the night I had learned something of him. He was one of the two hundred slaves owned by my kind host, Mr. Harleston; but, upon further inquiry in regard to him, I plainly saw that my interest in the black dwarf was not reciprocated, and the surprise of the family at my repeated reference to him was very evident.

The eldest daughter, Elise, a handsome girl, just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, said with a haughty curve of her rosebud mouth: "I should think he would have frightened you to death, the horrid creature! I never look at him if I can avoid it."

But the youngest daughter, Madge, a bright, hazel-eyed little sprite, exclaimed, "Oh, I can tell you all about Eb. He's my best friend, except Aunt Chaney, my dear old nurse. I don't think he's horrid one bit! Why, Miss Lucia, he catches fish for me, and he's always so good and kind; and he knows so many beau-

tiful stories 'bout Brer' Rabbit, and Brer' Fox, and Miss 'Skeeterhawk, and Parson Owil, and he gets lilies for my tub from the pond, and—"

"Why, daughter," said the indolent but gentle mother, "when did you find opportunity to be so much in Ebony's company? for you know we have forbidden you to go to the quarters except when Aunt Chaney is sick."

"Yes, mamma, I know; but that's just where I first knew dear old Eb. Aunt Chaney just loves him, because he's good and religious, and always so kind to her, and to all the darkeys, too. Then, when you and papa were in Charleston, Eb was working in the flower-garden, and he told me the names of the plants, and fixed me a little flower-bed all for myself. Why, Miss Lucia, he's just splendid!" And the sweet child, who had talked herself out of breath, drew a long sigh.

"Hurrah for you, little daughter!" said her father, whose special pet she was, as I afterward found. "I did not know my pet—"

Here Elise interrupted with a disdainful look, as she arose from her chair at the table: "Really, Miss Madge, I must say that you display a charming taste in the selection of your friends."

Mr. Harleston, with his good-natured laugh, exclaimed: "Come, now! let Madge alone. Ebony's companionship will never harm her. He's a clever, good fellow, and I really believe an honest one—a *rara avis*, Miss Lucia, on so large a plantation; for some years I cannot raise bacon enough to feed my slaves. The roasting-pigs vanish by the dozen; and as to chickens—frying size—well, you know that's one thing no darkey can resist—unless it were Eb. He seems to have a number of his own raising; he is so thrifty."

But I had not been many days in my new home ere I obtained all the information I wished concerning Ebony. He was his mother's only child, and deformed from his birth. A Northern gentleman, visiting Mr. Harleston at one time, chanced to see the little dwarf in his mother's arms, and being impressed by the almost perfectly black hue of the infant, said derisively to his host: "I did not know before that you grew ebony in this form down South." It was a new word to the mother, and must have pleased her, for ever after the child bore the name of Ebony, abbreviated to the diminutive "Eb."

So much of his history was supplemented by Aunt Chaney, the former nurse in the family. His mother dying while he was yet a boy, he had dwelt for many years under Aunt Chaney's roof as one of her own family.

"He allus wuz a berry good boy," the old nurse said; "a 'ligious boy, too—tend ter his own business, and neber gib me one word of sass, do' I raise him myseff," she added, which was doubtless an exceptional instance in the old soul's experience, for she had "raised," as she termed it—her plump face beaming with satisfaction and shining with blackness and good-nature—"lots er 'em, w'ite and cullud."

Ebony was very modest, shrinking even from his own race, who no doubt often wounded the sensitive soul with allusions to his deformity. I always from the first gave a pleasant greeting and a few kind words to the poor fellow, whom I often met in the garden while he worked among the flowers, and also in our daily rambles or drives around the neighborhood. In a short while he showed, though very shyly, a corresponding interest in the young "town missy," as he always termed me. Presents of wild game which he had trapped, bouquets of exquisite wild flowers, were often sent me, as silent

offerings expressive of his admiration; and, as I always contrived to thank him in person for them, we gradually became good friends.

One afternoon, as I sat reading on a small balcony that opened out of my room, with side steps leading to the yard, Ebony appeared, and earnestly, though very humbly, asked if I could spare the time to "larn him jest a leetle ebery day; den mebbe I can read God's Word, missy, all for myseff arter 'while." I told him, if his master consented, he might come to my balcony during the one hour given to the slaves as intermission at the midday dinner-horn.

He appeared with a joyful countenance on the next day, cleanly dressed, with his well-thumbed "Webster" in his hand, and unbounded was his gratitude to the "young town missy" who was so "berry good." I believe that I have never seen a human being who so thirsted after knowledge—above all, knowledge divine. His bright black eyes would sparkle, his ivories fully displayed whenever a new idea was gained or a simple sentence read without aid. His heart's great desire, as he at first told me, was that he might learn to read "God's Holy Word" for himself—it was thus that he ever termed the Scriptures; and great was his delight when one day he found that he could read a short chapter in the New Testament.

Never losing an opportunity to "'tend preachin'," some words quoted by one of the ministers who occasionally addressed the colored congregations in this vicinity, seemed to have taken strong hold upon his heart and mind. It was a verse from the Gospel of St. John, and I think that he asked me in his most serious tones at least once a week for a long time afterward:

"Hit's raly put down dere, missy, sho' an' true! 'Him w'at comest unto Me shall in no wise be cas' out.' Sho' an' true, missy!"

Then, to make assurance doubly sure, I would take the large-printed copy of the New Testament which I had given him, and, turning to the verse, point out each word with my pencil, the poor fellow painfully trying to follow me. Many times the great tears gathered involuntarily in his eyes, and he would exclaim:

"Now, ain't dat de mos' preshus ob all, sho'?" and over and over the words, so full of comfort to his lonely heart, were repeated softly under his breath, as though he were trying to realize the truth in all its fullness.

All untutored as the poor fellow had been, it surprised me to see the unconscious gleams of poetry in his nature; the evident reaching forward of the soul for something higher and greater than he had hitherto known. Music was with him a passion; but who that has had opportunity to observe the characteristics of this most peculiar race, can have failed to perceive this rare gift, this divine faculty, which they all possess, with perhaps a few exceptions, to a wondrous degree? The picaninny, rolling in the sand before the cabin door, imitates with accuracy the words and tune of the hymns and songs he has heard from the white children at the great house. The housemaid, as she plies her daily avocation, trills out in sweetest, clearest notes, the most difficult airs from the opera of "Martha" or "Il Trovatore" with wondrous skill as to time and expression—her knowledge gained oftentimes in a few days from the parlor practice of her young mistresses; the plowman, as he guides his weary oxen home through the roseate sunset, keeping time with his iron traces to the exquisite melody of some hymn of the olden time, which, from its tender beauty, has long since found an echo in the universal heart; the boatman, returning at night-

fall, sends far over the blue waters the soul-stirring strains of "The Angelus," learned how and when we know not: but in all their weird and charming music we know there appears a perfect rhythmical measure, a harmony so wonderfully true, that we can only refer it to some law of Nature, clearly felt, yet to us inexplicable.

Often, while sitting on the broad piazza in the cool of evening, have I listened with intense enjoyment to the harvest songs which came from the fields near by, where a band of workers were finishing their day's task. Just here, who can but ask the question—What is, and what has been, the great Infinite purpose in the subtle, intricate workings (for thus it appears to human vision) in removing the African from his native forest depths and placing him in contact with civilized white races, first as slave and then as freedman? He who can foretell the final destiny of this singular race will prove himself equal to a mighty prophet, and manifest the wisdom of a true statesman.

How the notes rose and fell with a pathetic vibrance from these dusky children of toil! And in a clearer, higher key from the others I could always recognize Ebony's voice. He sang constantly, and as if with his whole heart. His tones were soft and melodious while working among the flowers, or performing his other duties near "the great house," as the slaves all termed their master's dwelling. But when on his fishing excursions, or hopping along the broad roads with his own peculiar gait, he sent forth an astounding volume of sound, in which there was not one discordant note. Sometimes it was a grand tenor, which made the woodlands ring with its deep, rich melody; then changing in a moment to a weird, pathetic strain, which often arrested my footsteps and caused me to stand and listen in mute delight and wonder. One of his favorite hymns was the refrain sung to the sweet old church hymn, "Come ye who love the Lord." I can hear it now—I think I shall ever hear it—that voice, with a music all its own, as he sang:

"We're marchin' troo Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

"What makes you love to sing all the time, Ebony?" I asked one day, as I passed along the road near the field in which he was industriously hoeing.

In an instant he dropped his hoe, and looking me full in the face, gravely and seriously replied: "I *has* to sing, missy; seems like dere's sumpin' e'enside here," laying his hand on his broad chest, "dat mus' come out." Then, lowering his voice to a solemn tone, he said hesitatingly, "I tinks sometimes—mebbe missy—hit's God's voice widin me—w'at bids me 'sound His praise abroad'—so dat dem w'at doan' lub de blessed Saviour kin yeer an' know w'at a Christian's hope and joy is. Nubbody can he'p singin' dese sperritl songs, missy, ef dey lub de Lord."

Poor, untutored slave! I thought; mind all untrained, faculties untaught, conceptions darkened; and yet may it not be that he has attained to a higher growth in the divine life than many whose advantages have ever been unlimited?

"Sing on then, Ebony," I said to him, "sing on! for then I know that you are happy, and I do love to hear you!"

His face lit up immediately as I spoke; then, while moving on, I heard him ask from Heaven a special blessing for "de young town missy." Was he dimly conscious of how much she needed his humble prayer? Poor black Eb! I know now how abundant were thy treasures. He was not naturally robust, but very energetic, and, as far as the light shone for him, was pos-

sessed of a certain conscientious notion in the discharge of his duties.

As often happens in such cases, there was more continuous hard labor put upon him than he was able to bear. Frequently he told me how very weary he was—too weary to sleep at night. And upon one occasion he had asked the white overseer to transfer some very hard ditching to a stronger man.

The answer was: "Well, if you are too sick to work, go into your cabin, and don't let me see you out again for three days."

"Ah, dat git nixt to me, sho'," said the poor fellow in his peculiar dialect. "He kno'ed well 'nuff, Massa Abram did, dat I'd work all my bones out befo' I'd miss my schoolin', so I neber say 'tired' or 'sick' ter him any mo'."

But the terrible strain could not go on always. There had been several cases of malaria on the river-side where Ebony dwelt, and, although deeply grieved, I was not surprised to hear from Madge one day that poor Eb was sick and could not leave his house. Madge's deep interest, added to my own, roused Mr. Harleston to interfere more than was his wont to do in such cases. The next day Ebony was moved to a more comfortable house near Aunt Chaney's, and soon the physician of the district was sent for to treat his case specially.

From the first he had been violently ill, and two weeks of wild delirium were followed by many days when the soul made no sign to denote its presence in the earthly tabernacle—when neither the country physician, or the city sage who had been summoned for consultation, could surely decide whether there still lingered in the senseless frame one spark of that mysterious power we call vitality. But there came a day when he opened his eyes in consciousness of surrounding objects, and held out his feeble hand to Aunt Chaney, who wept over him abundantly. A day or two after, he smiled in faint satisfaction at the soft white pillow on which his weary head lay, made specially for him by "dat blessed little town missy," who was always so "berry good." Then he managed to articulate the word "pray;" and good old Aunt Chaney did pray, kneeling by his bedside, with her wrinkled hands clasped in his own.

Aunt Chaney! Few are the prototypes left us now of all who were once our invaluable household treasures. You were indeed a "ministering angel" to poor black Ebony, and I trust you have, long ere this, met each other in "dat better lan'" concerning which you spoke so often together while here below.

At this stage Madge and myself visited our humble friend daily, carrying him gruel and tempting chicken-broths at each visit. But it soon became apparent that Ebony would not recover, as Madge and myself,

the most sanguine of all, had so earnestly hoped. One afternoon, near the setting of the sun, a message came to me. Ebony wished to say "good-by to de young town missy." Silently I followed the messenger, reaching the little cabin just as the autumnal sun was slowly fading away, leaving its golden tints on river, leaf and flower. By a strange coincidence, it was on the same day and at the same hour in which I had first met the poor dwarf one year before. Within was presented a scene which an artist's brush alone could fully depict. In the huge fireplace burned oaken and hickory logs, which, ever and anon throwing out fitful gleams, lit up for a moment the immense blackened rafters overhead, and revealed at the same time the low trundle bed in the farther corner of the room. On this humble couch I distinguished the motionless form of Ebony, his face calm and placid, his once strong hands, never more to ply their ceaseless toil, crossed upon his breast, conveying to me a sense of perfect rest and quietude.

A row of awe-stricken sable faces were ranged around the apartment; none, however, save Aunt Chaney and Lizette, the housemaid, venturing to draw near the bedside. Kneeling between them, by the dying man, I took his hand in mine. Never to be forgotten was the expression of his face, as slowly he raised his eyes to mine. It seemed transmuted with a light not born of earth. "The fairer worlds are drawing very nigh, Ebony." "Tank God, missy, berry nigh!" "And the golden gates, too—they are almost in sight!" There was no answer to this, save a faint pressure of my hand, for the portals of the New Jerusalem were slowly opening to admit the ransomed soul, upon whose face was reflected more strongly than before the effulgent glory of the light within. Unable to control my emotion, I buried my head in Aunt Chaney's motherly lap. Soon kind hands drew me away, and Aunt Chaney's voice said softly, "He 's done cross de ribber, missy, an' landed safe on de oder side. Tank God! Tank God!"

Mr. Harleston was standing outside when I reached the doorway, and together we turned away from the little cabin. As I walked silently homeward through the grove of young oaks which separated the family dwelling from the quarters, the cool night winds sighing through the foliage, and the wild melodies that the river sang as it hurried away beneath the dark shadow of the cliffs, seemed to me a fitting requiem for the soul which but a short while since had been set free, and had passed into the great mystery beyond. And as I looked upward to the bright stars he so loved, and which in the deep azure seemed to glitter with unusual brilliancy, I felt assured that from that glorious world beyond their shining the soul of poor, black Ebony had been in no wise "cas' out."

MOTHER-LOVE.

WOMAN, where'er in God's good world you stand,

Who breathe a two-fold breath with some dear child,
And feel soft, dimpled fingers clasp your hand,
Or on your neck a climbing arm entwine,
Like reaching tendrils of a fair young vine—

And hear the voice that calls for "mother," wild
With happy talk and laughter. . . Ask no more.

Blessed are you who hold a living creed!

For all truth, this is a truth, indeed!

Whatever Life may give or take away

(Counting its keenest hurt all joy above,
Glad its blest anguish and dear pain to prove),
Nothing the heart can dream, or feel, or know,

Is half so deep, so dear as Mother-love.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

WAS EMERSON COLD?

EIGHT generations of typical New England clergymen sent down to him their habit of reticence, of suppressed emotion, and, if one may say so, of natural unnaturalness. The ice that incrusting him had been forming since the winter of 1620. Is it venturesome to try to sound beneath it? Emerson had the temperament of a poet with the mind of a philosopher. His poetry—and it is to his poetry we must look to answer our question—is rarified by his philosophy, and his philosophy is fired by unerring poetic intuition.

Some one said well of him a few years ago, "He is a mystic rather than a skeptic." A mystic cannot be cold, for the very exhalations of thought into the glowing vapor of mysticism implies a central fire. In studying him we must remember that habitual reserve and the interplay of thought with emotion hold him quiet till he has passed the first and second stages of emotional experience, so we can get from him no outcry, no

"Tears and laughter for all time,"

as from Shakspeare—the worse, perhaps, for him and for us. But were the tears and laughter ever there? One has only to be able to read backward a little way to answer.

To be cold were to be, for example, like Pope, whose lines, rolling on in smooth succession, give no hint of pain different from that of wounded vanity or ambition, no sign of sensibility to the mysterious forces that are not bound up in books; such as the currents of the air and light, the breath of flowers or the indescribable mental and spiritual quickening that results from fit companionship.

Emerson's poetry is to his prose what the blossom of the delicate, climbing honeysuckle is to the bright red and yellow flowers of the coarser varieties, which, at the same season, make so many trellises gay. Its faintly-tinted and hardly-parting petals open slowly, surprised while they look at you from their shy color into a golden hue; yet this alone of all the family has a soul. To the one who passes near it when the dew falls and the moon is up, it breathes out what all the glare of daylight could never reveal in the others. Emerson had the kinship with nature which made it possible for him to write "The Snow Storm" and "May Day," and to say in one mood:

"A woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose or rock-living columbine
Salve my worst wounds."

He would be not cold, but cool as Wordsworth, if that mood had been constant; but turn a few pages and see what we have—a poem kindled with white heat. Its very concentration carries a convincing intensity, while we might wish it had expanded to the length of "In Memoriam," or had been wreathed with all the "sad embroidery" of Lycidas:

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover, rooted, stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And after many a year
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
Like daily sunrise there.
'O friend,' my bosom said,
'Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;

All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

In "The Nun's Aspiration" there is profound insight, the insight of the heart that detects, in watching her share in life and time,

"How drear the part she held in one,
How lame the other limped away."

It is true Tennyson's "St. Agnes" is read a hundred times for every glance that is cast on this. Tennyson's easy music catches the ear, and its voice is single and simple, the voice of a sweet song, while Emerson's Nun speaks words that would fit Beethoven's music. Artistically, it is, perhaps, a fault that such a poem should demand such close consideration; but the question is not of Emerson as an artist, and, once absorbed, we find the spirit of the poem adequate to the deepest despair and the highest hope. Is it not De Quincey who says, "Absolute despair is dumb"? and if a painter would give us the loneliest sea, he makes a gray waste of water, with only a single rock over which the waves can break, or a dismantled ship lighted only by the after-glow of sunset, saying most by uttering least.

A cold man is never stirred by enthusiasm. He watches critically while troops muster, and sees only through half-lights the beacons that draw high-souled men to glorious loss. He calculates motives while others lay down life. But if one would know of what stuff Emerson's soul was made, he can learn from his war poem, "Voluntaries." Not Lowell and Whittier and Holmes and Mrs. Howe have with their combined voices spoken the full meaning of 1862. Phases of its feeling they caught, and something of its scope, but its awful intensity of passion and principle, the tremendous surge that rolled out from love of country, from long-baffled indignation against wrong, world-wide pity and fore-seeing hope—a surge that swept under in its tide hearts and homes trained by centuries of loyalty to an illimitable tenderness—all this no American less great than Emerson has found a musical chord grand enough to fit.

Still, perception of the secrets that "all can look at and few can see," sympathy with the tragic element in lives that die and make no sign, and even enthusiasm for great causes, leave something lacking to our conception of genuine warmth of heart. We must be told at last how the man can love and grieve in those relations that are common to all—where the philosopher and the day-laborer meet undistinguished. There are two poems, "The Dirge" and "Threnody" that answer us at this point. "The Dirge" is a pensive summer afternoon memory, as he recalls, in his walk by the Concord River, the brothers he had lost. He says:

"I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once my childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew."

Then the "pine-warbler," singing to him, says:

"Go, lonely man!
They loved thee from their birth;
Their hands were pure and pure their faith."

There are no such hearts on earth ;
 You cannot unlock your heart—
 The key is gone with them—
 The silent organ loudest chants
 The master's requiem."

"Threnody" is his wail over the beautiful boy, the little Waldo, whom Margaret Fuller and all who saw him pronounced the most gifted and lovable child they had ever known. In "Threnody" it is not Emerson, the great thinker of his time and of his country, who speaks, but Emerson the father, as he hungrily watches from his study window not to miss one innocent and lovely look of the boy on his way to school. No one can ever have loved a child who can read with undimmed eyes about the painted sled and the kennel and the snow-tower, "the ominous hole dug in the sand,"

"And every inch of garden ground
 Paced by the blessed feet around."

Then there comes the morning, when everything else,

all birds and common things could wake to life, but the boy was gone, and the father, "grown early old with grief," reaches out from the vacancy, saying:

"The eager fate which carried thee
 Took the largest part of me,
 For this losing is true dying."

No quotation can give the pathos of the poem—the mourning for the world's loss, as well as his own, rising gradually to those heights where lame reason never carried any man—and closing with an organ tone of sublime faith "of suffering born":

"What is excellent,
 As God lives, is permanent ;
 Hearts are dust—hearts' loves remain ;
 Heart's love shall meet thee again."

Do we need further search, or ever to ask again, Was
 Emerson cold ?

ELIZABETH T. SPRING.

A SOUTHERLY RAIN.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

"WHAT about to-morrow ?" I asked Uz, as we stood on the brow of the hill and gazed over the meadows at our feet, now partially veiled in a silvery mist.

Uz wet his forefinger and held it up, looking closely at the movement of the few fleecy clouds above as he did so. After a brief pause he replied, with the air of one well convinced of the truth of his opinions: "There 'll be a southerly rain, and ducks."

A word about weather predictions. I am compelled to admit that I have faith in the judgment of men like old Uz Gaunt, when they pronounce an opinion as to the morrow or a day or two beyond; but he, like all other men, fails in the matter of foretelling seasons. Uz does not like my referring to the winter of 1880-81. His prediction, which he early made known to me, was quite the opposite of what the season proved to be. He consoled himself, however, with the earnest protest that he was never before mistaken, and that "covers three more than fifty years" since he commenced solving the riddle of what the winters will be.

"Natur knows what 's coming," he has often said to me, "and natur gets ready for winter to suit the sort of weather it 's goin' to be."

This is a common impression wherever I have wandered, but it will not stand the test of statistics. Corn-husks, pigs' spleens, goose breast-bones, squirrels' magazines of nuts, muskrat houses—all are relied upon by country people, but not one is trustworthy. Perhaps the position of the dark and light portions of the breast-bones of geese—that is, of geese hatched the previous spring—is more relied upon as an indication of the "open" or cold weather of an approaching winter than all the others; but it cannot be of any use, if for no other reason than because in a number of such bones reported upon by as many different people, there was nothing like unanimity; and, strangely enough, it is yet an open question whether the light portion of the bone is indicative of "open" weather and the dark portion of cold, or *vice versa*. What originally gave rise to these various signs is well worth tracing; but it is not to be dwelt upon here.

Having wandered too far already, let us take a back track and return to the hill-top, where Uz is still standing. No man who, without any pretensions to "book learning," studied nature out of doors, probably ever excelled Uz Gaunt in correct impressions of nature's methods. As a sportsman, or "a gunner," as he called himself, he was a success; for no one in the vicinity could excel him in finding game or in bringing it down. This, however, never worried me, for he generously gave me chances to shoot, although I often failed to secure a duck which he would surely not have missed. But Uz kept himself at times, when I was with him, so busied about the movements of the birds he sought, and was so interested in determining how nearly correct he had been in his calculations as to their whereabouts, that he forgot to shoot when they were flushed. Not long since he sculled up to a flock of widgeon, which we could not see, but which he "knew" were "just beyond that clump of alders." I had my doubts, and expressed them, but he was very firm. "They are skulkin' in there; now see if they ain't," he persisted; and so, nearer and nearer, we drew toward the bushes. His gun, already cocked, lay in his lap, and I was ready. Up they jumped, sure enough, and I got in both barrels. Uz never thought of his gun, but exclaimed with pride, "I told you so; I knew it." It was enough for him to be correct in his opinion.

So, when the to-morrow I mentioned at the opening of this sketch came, it proved to be a warm, rainy day, with a southerly wind, or "south-southerly" as he always called it. By this he meant that the wind might shift from southeast to southwest possibly, but at all times would be essentially "southerly." Uz was right in this, and the rain came down in a steady pour, with now and then a very brief intermission, and the river was soon swollen to the freshet stage. The meadows disappeared beneath a covering of shallow waters, and, better than all else, the ducks came.

Early in the morning of the fourth day Uz and I stood on the hill-top and took a general survey of the country before starting out. He noted the direction of

the wind, the general distribution of the clouds at the time, and then, pointing toward the river, with a significant nod, quietly remarked, "I said so." I looked in the direction indicated, and, sure enough, a long zig-zag line of ducks was coming up the river. "Widgeon and teal," he remarked after a pause, and then made a move to go to the boat. I wondered how he knew they were widgeon and teal, instead of black ducks and sprig-tails, but forbore asking; and on we walked until we reached the boat, a light cedar skiff, well trimmed with evergreens, and just large enough to hold us both. It was a pleasant thing to sit still while Uz did the sculling. With a scarcely appreciable motion of the wrist, he caused the boat to move rapidly yet noiselessly through the water, and, in some way past my comprehension, he knew just where a flock of ducks would be if they tarried in the overflowed meadows.

This day it was a repetition of the story that may be told by any one who has sculled after ducks. At times we were too much for the ducks, and, getting good shots, brought down several. Then again the ducks were too much for us, and were out of shot, in spite of all Uz's ingenuity and our united carefulness. There came a lull in the day's occupation, however, of more interest to me than the shooting. This was when we hauled up for a lunch and smoke. I met with Uz's approbation as well as my own, and when our pipes were lighted I drew him out as I had seldom done before. It was simply glorious to listen to what I may call a *natural* naturalist, a man that had read no zoological literature, and never heard of Darwin or Huxley.

"Ducks, it appears to me," remarked Uz as he gazed at the pile of a dozen lying in the boat, "either have a strong smack of the human about them, or man has a little of the duck about him."

"Why so?" I asked in surprise; for Uz was not much given to voluntary philosophizing.

"Because they are so cunning, and do so many things that we'd do in the same situation. Now, there's the green mallards. They will skulk in long green grass, and keep their heads moving with it, just so they can see you, but you'd never mistrust they were around. You don't see a widgeon do the same thing. They'll pitch for some dead stuff, hay or rubbish, more their own color."

"But ducks don't always have these chances," I protested, "and when there's nothing but water they've only an even chance."

"That's very true when we're talking about the river, or some big lake; but I'm talking of ducks on these meadows. For something over forty years I've shot over this tract, and don't know about any other but by hearsay; but if you want to know what I think of our meadow ducks, I'll tell you."

"Well, Uz, I won't interrupt again, and I do want to hear all you've a mind to tell me."

"Take 'em for all in all," Uz continued, "the sprig-tail is the shyest duck we have, and I've been outwitted more by them than any other duck; but, dear me! there ain't the ducks now there was when I was a young man. I've seen a thousand at a glance on the lower meadows. Well, as to the sprig-tails, the last time I had a chance at a flock of them worth speaking of was nigh on to ten years ago. A good fall fresh covered all the meadows except the high knolls, and I went down toward Swan Island floodgates, on Crosswick's Creek. Not a duck came near the stools for well on to an hour, and I'd a mind to go somewhere else, when I happened to see a bunch of teal making right for

me. I crouched down, and they came in easy shot, and I blazed away—fetched two; and then, what the snakes should jump up but a great swad o' sprig-tails right back of me! They'd been walking about in the high grass behind me, and I know they calculated their chances, and knew I'd be lookin' for 'em on the water, and not high and dry on the knolls. I'd a good notion of sprig-tails' cunning before then, but that made me set 'em down as the cutest of all ducks."

"Perhaps the ducks didn't see you," I suggested.

"Perhaps they didn't, only they did, just the same. Why, boy," exclaimed Uz with unusual energy, "those sprig-tails was within ten yards of me all the time—and to think I didn't even smell 'em!"

Uz here took a few contemplative puffs, and watched the curling smoke a moment in silence. Then, in his usual quiet manner, continued: "I'll tell you another thing about sprig-tails. More than once I've noticed that they make sort of slaves of other ducks. I've seen a dozen sprig-tails circle 'round a lot of stools, and wait until the teal that were with 'em sort of investigated the matter. The teal would settle down near by, and all would seem right, and then the sprig-tails would settle, but always on the off side of the stools; and if they got very near they'd smell a mouse and put off. I've often killed the teal in a flock of sprig-tails, and lost every one of the others. I'll tell you another way they're cunning. They haven't owls' eyes, I suppose, but go a good deal by smell; and they'll leave the river after sundown and come in on the meadows to feed, when there's nobody to disturb 'em. I learned their dodge, and tried night hunting; but it was no use. They'd feed by night where they'd never go by day, but the whole place would be picketed, and you couldn't get anywhere near 'em. Before your boat was shoved off, 'quack!' would yawp some spy, and the whole kit and caboodle would be off. I could hear their splash on the water as they riz up, but couldn't see a feather."

"I've noticed all this, too, Uz; but where is it like human nature to do as you've described?" I asked.

"Just here—just here. The ducks we've left us in these parts know at a glance that it's dangerous ground for 'em, and so they learn at the start to be extra careful. None of 'em are hatched about here, and couldn't know beforehand they'd ever see such a place; and yet, so soon as the freshets bring 'em up the river, they take it all in at once, and work accordin'. A wild duck is wild anywhere, but around here he's wilder than ever; and this bein' wilder only means that he has to be more careful and cunning, and so he is so. That is why I think a duck has some sort of a mind. It's a hard-twisted subject, I know; but the more I think of it, the more I've a notion that there's a smack of man-nature in wild ducks—or t' other way, just as you choose."

"Most people would want stronger evidence than you mention, Uz, to make them think so," I replied, not knowing what to say really.

"I s'pose they would—I s'pose they would; but the only way to see things as I do is to use my eyes. Follow up the ducks and other critters about here as I've done, and they'll look very different to you from what they do when you see 'em once a year only, and then in a m'nagerie. Pshaw, boy! it takes years to get to knowin' birds and things; but when you do, you'll give 'em more credit for common sense than the crowd gives 'em. When you're my age, boy, if you follow it up, you'll think as I do."

"I have been following up this matter for some time,

Uz, and have written something about it," I replied, when he had fairly finished his little speech, and commenced a vigorous puffing at his pipe.

"Written somethin'?" Well, that's no harm. Did you have it printed?"

"Yes, certainly; why not?"

"Well, there's just this about it," Uz replied very slowly, evidently thinking as he spoke. "It may be all very well to print what you know, but I've a notion that you're not old enough yet to know much about it. You don't know ducks as I do; but then—but then—but then, if you wait till you're as old as I am, and see things as I do, the world would set you down for a crank if you printed what you thought."

"That isn't very encouraging, anyhow," I said with a half sigh.

"The fact is, boy, that it can't be proved, I suppose, but animals of all kinds are not so wide apart from folks as these very folks think they are. If I've learned nothing else by shooting and fishing all my life, I've learned that. There's a sort of family likeness running through the whole of us, whether we've two legs or four."

"That is the doctrine of evolution, Uz," I remarked.

"Call it what you choose, boy—but my pipe's out, and it's time we were moving."

This was my last day out with Uz Gaunt. Soon after the rheumatism bent and twisted him until he was helpless; and one pleasant afternoon of the following October, while sitting in his wheel-chair and gazing thoughtfully at the giant trees that surrounded his house, he passed quietly away.

THE HOUSEHOLD—WOMEN AS NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

It is a comparatively short time since this field of literary work has been opened to women; yet, short as it is, notable work has been accomplished. Names of such writers occur at once to us all, whose power of description, keen analysis of character, delicate humor and wide range of observation have given new life to journalism, and whose letters are looked for with eagerness by every reader. The ideal correspondent—man or woman—requires not only the qualities mentioned, but one which is the rarest of all gifts given to mortals—the power of stating a fact, uncolored by any slightest shadow of personal prejudice for or against. Where it is a mere question of impressions, fancy may have some play, and here a woman's susceptibility serves her in good stead, and her picturesque faculty will construct from even forbidding elements a study in which form and color and tone are all harmonious. But the tendency to exaggeration is not a womanly one alone: it is a national vice, carried to such an extent that we are in great danger of losing all relish for pure English and straightforward statement, this tendency with many having degenerated more and more, till for a certain class it has ended in wholesale lying.

There is a public catered for by such correspondents, the supply almost failing the demand—a public curious as to every petty detail of appearance or manners of any one whose life or work gives opportunity for curiosity, and who, as was most noticeable in, for instance, the case of the dying Carlyle, wanted to know each phase of infirmity and pitiful weakness. That such a public exists is sad enough, but it has been made in part by the very class of letter-writers who, holding nothing sacred, whether in life or death, regard a scandal or a calamity of any sort, public or private, as so much food for comment. And women here are sinners above men, from the very fact of their quicker, keener perceptions, and the added fact that, as women, they are allowed entrance often where men would fail to obtain it, and equally are secure from the punishment now and then awarded the insolent interviewer.

Once in, good-by forever to any sense of privacy or decent reserve. The cut of one's clothes, the quality of the food on one's table, any personal peculiarity, are all registered, with such additions as the increase of interest requires. Any man in public life, any woman whose work makes her in the slightest sense of public interest, runs the risk of seeing themselves placarded in any stray newspaper, and often in such fashion as makes the inference

unavoidable that it is by their own wish, and a pleasing sop to personal vanity.

Where—as sometimes happens in Washington, for instance—newspaper correspondents, unless of acknowledged position and reputation, are strenuously excluded from social gatherings, the most ingenious expedients are adopted to secure entrance, and when successful are chronicled at length as instances of journalistic enterprise!

The evil is too widespread and general for immediate suppression, but its remedy is, in part at least, in the hands of women. This passion for minute personal detail has been fostered by them, and in certain cases is legitimate. The habits of a great author, for instance, are full of interest, yet even he has his rights, and we may better forego some bits of such knowledge than fix the keynote to which a band of miscellaneous correspondents will pipe. Refuse to allow journals devoted to this form of news, whether the last agonies of a great man or a murderer, to enter the house, and, the demand ceasing, the supply must in time cease also.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A RECENT number of the *Philadelphia Press* alludes very gravely to the rag carpets of our grandmothers as an article of house use almost unknown to the modern housekeeper; and, after stating the fact that they have at last been discovered, appreciated, and are coming into common use among the ladies of the better classes in England, he very earnestly advises his countrywomen to go back about a century to the old style, and make and weave their own rag carpets; and, further, kindly tells us how to make some of them, enlarging on their quiet beauty and many excellencies. He had no intention of being funny, clearly, but that is too much of a joke to be passed in silence by the large number of women he would so kindly teach; and if he was as well informed of the home life of his native state as he seems to be about the nurseries of the "tight little island," he would know that rag carpets have been in steadily increasing use for the last century; that all housekeepers really knowing their business make from twenty-five to fifty yards each year; and for beauty, comfort and utility they far surpass finer grades, to say nothing of the pride and pleasure taken by the worthy dames in their manufacture and use, such as no fine lady ever enjoyed in the possession of the most elegant Brussels, velvet or Axminster. The mothers and home-makers of the old Dutch Commonwealth fully understand the fitness of things, although some of their progeny find it necessary to cross the water to improve their taste in domestic matters.



It is not often that one individual successfully carries a note-book in one pocket and a sketch-book in another, but Mr. Poore, in his illustrated paper on the Taos Indians, proves his facility in both directions, and we only regret that the inelastic pages of a magazine do not admit of more extended notes concerning these singular relics of a civilization literally pre-historic. Mr. Cushing's long residence and studies among the Zunis in a pueblo similar to that of Taos have been received with great favor, and the fruits of his researches will not, it is supposed, be fully revealed until his official report is made. This may probably be the work of years, and will, it is hoped, throw much light upon the history of the vanished races, marks of whose presence in some bygone time are found all over the American continent. The word *pueblo*, now generally applied to the family of tribes referred to by Mr. Poore, is Spanish, and means simply "village." In connection with Indians it has come to indicate those tribes living in permanent towns, as distinguished from the great majority of the red men whose habits are nomadic, save where they have been restricted to permanent reservations.

Does any one know of a liberally-disposed church organization which permits smoking during the hours of service? We have seen unregenerate youths smoke on the outskirts of a camp-meeting, but the etiquette of our Methodist brethren has never permitted the indulgence, as it were, within the gates. The question is asked in view of the recent invasion of legislative bodies by the now almost omnipresent cigar. In the House of Representatives during session it is common; in the Senate it is by no means unknown, and in many state legislatures it is believed to be practiced with more or less impunity. Courts of justice are probably for the most part as yet free from this nuisance, for nuisance it is when practiced to the discomfort of others and to the detriment of business. How long will it be before one may while away the periods of a dull sermon by watching the smoke-wreaths rise between him or her (why not her?) and the sacred desk? Tobacco is a kindly creature at times, and the almost universal craving of the human male for its narcotic principle goes far to prove its necessity; but the line ought to be drawn somewhere, and we would gladly see it drawn a long way from the door of the sanctuary.

A BRIEF reference was made not long since in these pages to the purchase by the United States of certain papers mentioned as the Franklin manuscripts. It has come to our knowledge that to the great majority of readers the history of these long lost and finally recovered manuscripts is wholly unknown, though it has been widely published in one form or another. We are indebted to R. Meade Bache, Esq., of the United States Coast Survey, for a full account of this remarkable literary find: After Franklin's death, in 1790, the slow-going reading public of that day was content to wait a couple of years for William Temple Franklin to edit and publish the voluminous literary remains of his grandfather. Years passed, however, and as he did not even make a beginning, other books were published forestalling the authorized

edition. It was not until 1818 that he brought out the first of his volumes, and five years later he died, leaving his work incomplete, and apparently incapable of being completed for want of material. He was undoubtedly an honest but inefficient man, whose habit of procrastination laid him open to many unjust charges; that, among others, of having been induced by "British gold" to suppress certain documents discreditable to the ministry. Thus ended act the first, and an interval of twenty-two years elapsed. Act the second opened in 1840, when there was discovered on a top shelf in an old tailor's shop in London a bundle of loose papers, which proved to be those the loss of which was suspected but had never been proven. The finder, not aware of their full value, after offering them in several quarters, sold them at last, in 1851, to Mr. Henry Stevens, an American resident in London, and already the possessor of valuable relics of Franklin. Among many other precious documents, the collection contains the original letter-books of the American legation in Paris, during the Revolutionary War, and until 1785. These include correspondence with France, Holland, Russia, Spain; negotiations for subsidies to carry on the war; letters relating to Paul Jones and his naval exploits; to Captain Cook and his voyage of discovery; to privateering; to negotiations for peace; to the treaty; records and correspondence of the commissioners on the part of Great Britain, who negotiated the treaty of 1783; copies of important state papers. A petition of the Continental Congress to the King is the duplicate of the one presented to the King by Franklin, and now deposited in the British archives. To guard against loss, the document in duplicate was signed by all the members of the Continental Congress and despatched to Franklin in separate ships. This copy is, therefore, equally original with that in the British archives, and of the same historical importance and interest. It will be seen, then, that the papers are of the highest value in completing the documentary history of the United States, and it is a matter for congratulation that Congress was, through the efforts of a few appreciative gentlemen, induced to make the appropriation necessary to secure the papers for the national archives.

WOMAN, for whatever reason, received a great deal of attention during the closing of winter and the opening of spring. This period covers the lenten quarantine, when she is not expected to receive so much attention as at other and gayer seasons. In Massachusetts, the usual programme of defeating a bill for women's suffrage was varied by a petition, signed by large numbers of women in the higher walks of life, protesting against the passage of any such law. It is hardly necessary to say that this action on their part arouses great indignation among the leaders of the suffrage movement in the Bay State. In New York, at the same time, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix gave great offense in the same quarter by a series of lectures, in which he said some things in a more blunt and outspoken way than is usually affected by Episcopalian clergymen. There was really, however, so much that was good and true and sensible in his remarks that it is a pity it should have been cast into the background by matter which was in itself really of less importance.

city a serious attempt was made to procure the admission of women to the courses of study and instruction offered by Columbia College. The petition was denied by the trustees and faculty on the general ground that there were no funds and no accommodations for such an "annex" in Columbia College; and that, in short, they would rather not, being well satisfied to go on in the good old way. This action on their part was, as in the other cases, seized upon and made much of in a way that creates an unfavorable impression in the minds of many who yield to none in their devotion to women's rights. Strange as it may seem, there are many men who prefer not to share with women their daily tasks of study or instruction, and no doubt there are a great many women who have the same feeling with regard to men. For either sex to persist in forcing themselves where they are not wanted, is at least questionable policy and taste. The higher education of woman, whether in colleges of her own, in co-educational establishments, or through annexes and co-operative systems of home study, is another question altogether, and deserves the success it has achieved; but this perpetual knocking at doors which are deliberately closed and bolted on the inside by the lawful tenants, is in danger of being overdone. This is a matter which will settle itself. As soon as it is apparently to the interest of any college to afford educational privileges to women, a way will be found to accomplish the desired end. Besides all this, the divorce question has been widely discussed in the public prints and by the highest authorities in the land, the best opinion seeming to be that a unification of diverse state laws is one of the first things which ought to be aimed at. This done, reform can be effected from a definite starting point.

THE author of "Miss Molly" gave so much genuine pleasure to her readers in that bright and charming little story that they have just cause to upbraid her for the sombre colors she has used in her latest novel,¹ which is an episode in our Revolutionary war. The local coloring is exceedingly delicate and true to nature. Geraldine herself is a lovely nature, and her dreamy girlhood, her intense power of self-abnegation, and her capacity of unreasoning love are all made very real, and very pitiful also. She loves unconsciously a man who has sacrificed his life to ambition, and whose only real affection has been for his dead mother. He visits Geraldine's birthplace as enrolling officer, in company with a far more lovable friend, Philip Honeywood, also an officer, and both fall in love simultaneously with the beautiful girl. Captain Calverly, the elder, whom she has learned to love as a hero, is naturally the favored one, and a speedy marriage, saddened by some phases of war and its miseries, speedily takes place. Then follows, after a year of happiness, a piece of treason as dark as Arnold's. Captain Calverly goes over to the British side, and, believing his wife will never forgive him, forsakes her with merely a written word of farewell. She follows him, and one tragedy succeeds another, till finally the chances of war bring him, a prisoner and wounded, into the power of the friends he has betrayed. There is a strongly dramatic scene, in which Geraldine petitions her old lover, now General Honeywood, for her husband's life; and there are many quite as effective bits of description when parole has been granted and he returns, a dishonored traitor, to the village that had once rejoiced to honor him. But it is a sad, even oppressive book. Love remains even when respect is dead—a false lesson in any case—and the whole tone is morbid and unwholesome, though possessing undeniable power. The "Leisure Hour Series" has given too much pleasure to its readers to make one willingly accept any addition made up of morbid analysis and a false theory of life, and we beg Miss Butt to return to her earlier manner.

(1) *GERALDINE HAWTHORNE*. By Beatrice May Butt. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, pp. 238, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

No one who would understand Heine should fail to read Mr. S. L. Fleishman's excellent translation of "The Romantic School."¹ No more audacious pages were ever written. Whether it holds Heine's best work may be questioned, but certainly it is his most characteristic, and every page is filled with the mocking, flashing, often scurrilous wit of this nineteenth century pagan, who, in the mocking, never excepted himself. In one sense the book is a patriotic one, for it was an attempt to make a certain school of German writers known to France, which had no understanding that such school did or could exist. But patriotism was a very small factor in the case. Heine detested romanticism and the men who founded it. Toward some of them, as in the case of Menzel, he had a strong personal grudge, and he doubted the sincerity and the intentions of all. He had long ceased to have the slightest regard for conventionalities, and undoubtedly the irritation of his coming malady worked also against him. Certainly the critical temper, in any dispassionate and quiet sense, had no part in him. Reckless, bitter, vindictive to the last degree, he worried his victims as a terrier worries a rat, with shrill barks of delight at his own success, and with no touch of after repentance. His insight was as keen as his sympathy was dull, and his judgment yielded always to his prejudice.

The German romantic school was really the result of the Napoleonic invasions, which roused and united the German people, and restored their love for old institutions and faiths. Heine defines it as "the reawakening of the poetry of the Middle Ages as it manifested itself in the poems, paintings and sculptures, in the art and life of those times;" and, having defined it, proceeds so far as he can to annihilate it. Against Görres, who represented it very strongly, he has a special fury. Görres was a disciple of Schelling, and one of the chief leaders in the patriotic movement. He became a lecturer at Munich, an advocate of both German independence and a return to the elder beliefs, and Heine takes the ground that "hate against France, joined to a degraded, imbruted standard of right, were his sole motives"—writing of him:

"His lectures, as well as his books, betray the greatest confusion and entanglement of ideas and language, and he was often compared, not without reason, to the Tower of Babel. He really does resemble an immense tower, in which a hundred thousand thoughts are surging to and fro, haranguing, shouting, scolding, and yet unable to understand one another. At intervals the din seemed to moderate, and then his speech was slow, low and tedious; drip! drip! drip! from his dolorous lips fell the monotonous words, like the dreary dropping of rain from the leaden eaves of a roof. When at times the old demagogic fury awoke in him, contrasting most disagreeably with his pious phrases of monkish humility; when he sniveled words of Christian love, at the same time springing to and fro in bloodthirsty rage—then he resembled a tanned hyena."

This is calmness itself compared with his pages on Schlegel, which are too foul for any reproduction, being one of the most abominable outrages ever inflicted by one author upon another. One would suppose both Schlegel brothers and every pupil under them lunatics and fools, while Friedrich Schlegel's wife, Dorothea Mendelssohn, he drags before the public in a scandal which never really touched her, but over the details of which Heine gloats with an absolutely fiendish enjoyment. Nor can he pardon the husband's conversion to the Catholic faith, but brands him as liar and hypocrite, false to every obligation—a despicable and atrocious figure.

For Hoffman and Tieck and Novalis he is less scurrilous but quite as contemptuous. Of Uhland, whom he had once admired, he writes, and one must smile at the pungent characterization:

"His Pegasus was a knightly steed that gladly trotted back to the past, but obstinately refused to budge when urged for-

(1) *THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL*. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleishman. 12mo, pp. 273, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

ward into our modern life; and so our worthy Uhland smilingly dismounted, quietly unsaddled the unruly steed, and led it back to the stable. There it remains to this very day. Like its colleague, the famous war-horse Bayard, it possesses all possible virtues, and only one fault—it is dead."

For Goethe he has only praise, and his eulogy is both fine and discriminating, but his judgments in other directions are well nigh valueless. The book is a powerful one, and of value to all readers who can use their own minds, but demands both prudence and reserve in the reader, who, if fascinated by its brilliant and merciless wit, must never forget how untrustworthy its conclusions are. Mr. Fleishman has various errors in spelling foreign words, for which the proof-reader may be responsible, and his metrical translations are poor; but otherwise the book is very creditably done, and is an interesting addition to the literature of criticism.



MRS. OLIPHANT'S "Little Pilgrim" has gone into its eighth edition in England.

THE Putnams are to republish the mysterious anonymous novel lately issued by the Blackwoods under the title of "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes."

A DIFFICULT task has just been completed by Miss Helen Mercier, a Dutch lady, who has translated Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" into Dutch, the rhythms of which did not easily lend themselves to the English verse.

WHY one hundred and sixty-five translations of Tennyson's epitaph on Sir John Franklin should be made may be questioned; but the work is done and embodied in a volume, a third of the renderings being in Greek, one in Sanskrit, and most of the rest in Latin.

HENRY HOLT & Co. are soon to issue the initial number of "The Leisure Moment Series." The series will consist of good light literature, principally novels, and will be printed on good paper in clear type. The books will have heavy paper covers, bearing a tasteful design. The prices will be only a trifle higher than those of the various pamphlet "Libraries."

SCANDAL and love of minute personal detail are by no means confined to America. Of the third volume of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce" five thousand copies have been sold; the entire edition is exhausted, and the success of this volume has given a fresh start to the sale of the two preceding ones. The publishing price of the volume was fifteen shillings, or about four dollars.

THE series of pamphlets entitled "Questions of the Day" has been of especial value and interest, suggesting fresh views even when the reader and author were not in harmony; and this will be found to be the case with "The Taxation of the Elevated Railroads in the City of New York," by Roger Foster of the New York bar. (Paper, pp. 61, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

"THE SANITARY NEWS," of Chicago, an especially bright and well-edited weekly, and *The Sanitarian*, of New York, are both working in the same field, and the motto of the first, "Healthy Homes and Healthy Living," might equally be that of the last. The articles are popular enough in their treatment to please the general reader, yet thoroughly trustworthy as to facts, and either or both may be considered essential to every householder.

"LATINE" for March is still another proof not only of Professor Shumway's energy, but of his statement that Latin can be made as alive as any modern language. It includes in its varied list of contents a relation of the chief events of February done into Latin and the new schedule of work for Latinists, in which especially noticeable are the proposed comparisons by means of Latin questions of Virgil with Horace, Livy with Tacitus, the letters of Cicero with those of Pliny, and Cicero's "Dream of Scipio" with Plato's writing on the same subject.

MR. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT has illustrated "Æsop's Fables," and the book has just been brought out by Macmillan & Co. The *Tribune* gives a story of the artist's early days. When he "was yet a clerk in a Manchester bank he was wont to have a ceaseless craving for drawing on his office blotting-paper. The consumption of blotting-paper in Mr. Caldecott's department was so great that the bank authorities had to mildly suggest that, although accounts were drawn against, and in some cases, perhaps, overdrawn, yet the establishment was not a drawing-school."

THE opening chapters of "Timothy: His Neighbors and His Friends," by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland, are so picturesque, as well as true to nature, that one is disappointed in finding the interest slacken and the movement toward the end become commonplace and almost uninteresting. But even with this defect the story, which is the career of a small newsboy, is so wholesome and sweet in tone, and the lesson it holds is so unobtrusively given that the book deserves well of the public, and should have a place for older boys and girls in every well-selected Sunday-school library. (12mo, pp. 292, \$1.25; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have reprinted a very amusing and equally useful little book, "Whist or Bumblepuppy? Ten Lectures Addressed to Children," by Pembroke. "Bumblepuppy" is persistent playing of whist, either with no knowledge of its rules, or with no memory for any of its fundamental principles. The bumblepuppyist is a source of wrath and aggravation to the scientific player, who abhors a trifter, and demands, like Mrs. Battle, "the rigor of the game;" and the little treatise, ostensibly a joke, is really a trustworthy guide, and will give the average player many serviceable hints. (16mo, pp. 89, \$1.00).

THREE of the most finished classical scholars of the day have made an English prose version of the "Iliad," that, if prose be accepted as a legitimate form, is simply perfect of its kind. A prose translation is always more literal, and thus gives more information than a poetical one, which is always open to the charge of having been more or less subject to the translator's fancy. But when men like Andrew Lang and Ernest Myers, of Oxford, and Walter Leaf, of Cambridge, work together, the result can only be not merely perfect accuracy but perfect English, and thus far, at least, poetical quality. (12mo, pp. 518, \$1.50; Macmillan & Co., London).

No portrait of Longfellow before the public is likely to give as entire pleasure and satisfaction as the one lately published by Frederick Keppel, of New York. It is drawn and engraved in the pure line manner by Charles Burt, who is the chief engraver of portraits and vignettes for the U. S. Treasury, the basis of the portrait being a photograph which was taken in the poet's seventieth year, and which his family and friends preferred to all others. It gives the full face, and the expression is singularly vivid, yet with all the gentleness which was the poet's peculiar charm, and the engraving is so clear and satisfactory in execution that it should take permanent place among all lovers of Longfellow.

No body of clergymen in the United States needs training in elocution more than the Episcopalians, and thus all will welcome an exceedingly practical and com-

prehensive manual of elocution by the Rev. Francis T. Russell, "The Use of the Voice in Reading and Speaking." There are few impressive readers in any denomination, but a church where reading forms the major part of the service certainly needs special care to prevent monotony in inflection and manner. As a rule, the noble service is either gabbled or gobbled, and custom alone enables one to sit it out. Mr. Russell writes with careful intelligence. His book is the result of years of study in this direction, and is something much more than a collection of technical rules, and we trust that the clergy will hasten to profit by it. (12mo, pp. 348, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

MR. SMALLEY gives some incisive and amusing comments on the system of cataloguing practiced by English dealers in second-hand books. He writes: "In too many cases the English catalogue is wanting, not only in exact knowledge, but in common honesty. In a recent list of books issued by a firm not far removed from (though not in) Leicester Square may be found advertised Merry's 'Witticisms, etc., of Dr. Johnson,' with this note of the bookseller: 'A highly interesting copy, having a super-scription, "To Mrs. Thrale, Southwark," in Johnson's autograph, inserted opposite the frontispiece.' The book was published in 1791. Dr. Johnson died in 1784. If he really wrote Mrs. Thrale's name in this volume seven years after his death, the cataloguer might condescend to explain how he did it, and what were the means of communication between this world and that in which the great moralist was then residing. This is a rather more flagrant example than usual, but it may serve to show how far the dealer presumes on the credulity of his customer."

AMONG books indispensable to the literary worker must certainly be reckoned one which has lately passed to a second edition, "Short Sayings of Great Men, with Historical and Explanatory Notes," by Samuel Arthur Bent, A. M. The book is something far more than a mere storehouse of quotations. Each author mentioned has not only the distinctive phrase or sentence that has made his name famous, but a condensed biographical note, and many notes bearing on his life and work, and containing other sayings less noted but as characteristic. The author writes: "Curiosity, if not gratitude, would wish to follow to their source words which have, during the centuries since their first appearance, come repeatedly to man's aid in the sudden emergencies wherein history repeats itself. Many of them adorn the page of the historian, giving to narrative its local color, and lending to descriptions of character the air and dignity of authenticity. Research may, therefore, pay the debt of history by relieving such sayings of all adventitious circumstance by removing those which belong to history from the domain of tradition, and relegating others to the abode of the myth." The labor involved in such research can hardly be appreciated by the average reader, but the result gives one of the most carefully edited collections ever made, and the book will take permanent place in a niche never before so well filled. (8vo, pp. 610, \$3.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

MR. W. H. BISHOP's "House of a Merchant Prince," which has been running for a year in the *Atlantic*, is now in book form, and can thus be judged more fully and fairly than separate chapters will ever admit. Mr. Bishop belongs to the Henry James school, and deals like him in microscopic analysis, but fortunately he has too manly and hearty a personality to end in negations or colorless affirmations, and much genuine life finds place between the pages. The book holds a carefully-drawn picture of New York society, of the same variety as that treated in the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." There are fashionable women and inane exquisites, with some who are not inane, but merely hurt by inherited wealth.

The career of Rodman Harvey, the merchant prince, his rise and partial fall and forlorn ending are very graphically done. His wife, who is as inconsequent as Mrs. Nickleby, is very amusing, her mixed metaphors being one of the bright points in the conversations, which are all bright. Otilie, the poor niece of the merchant prince, is a very charming figure—independent yet gentle, spirited but very loving; and that Bainbridge finally conquers all her scruples and wins her is a great satisfaction to the anxious reader. It is a misfortune that the opening is so tedious, but, as a whole, the book is well worth reading, and will even be of value from the historical point of view, so faithful is every detail of mercantile life in New York. (12mo, pp. 420, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

In books with a purpose artistic qualities are usually sacrificed to the end to be accomplished, and the story as such is lost behind the moral; and "John Bremm, His Prison Bars; a Temperance Story," by Mr. A. A. Hopkins (12mo, pp. 256, \$1.50), barely escapes this fate. But it does escape it, even when the purpose is most strenuous, and the course of the spirited and popular boy toward a manhood full of the temptations that beset especially both journalistic and political life, is given with an interest that holds one to the end. He is early betrothed to a woman whose own convictions are so intense and deeply rooted as to make her absolutely inflexible where any change is demanded. John Bremm's yielding again and again to the spell of liquor is forgiven at first, but always with a lengthening of the time of probation, till at an especially flagrant breach it is broken, to be renewed and consummated only when the victim has paid the penalty of his own transgressions and lies on his death-bed. The woman is less lovable than the man, yet it is impossible not to respect her standpoint. The political life of the capital at Baylon—otherwise Albany—is minutely and excellently drawn, and many of the minor characters in the book are very much alive to the reader. In dramatic power it must take rank below a later story in which some of the same characters appear—"Sinner and Saint: A Story of the Woman's Crusade" (12mo, pp. 336, \$1.50). Those who followed the course of this movement at the West will recognize its fidelity to fact. "Fashionable Hospitality" does its usual work in unsettling weak purposes, and putting unnecessary temptation in a way already hard enough for those who walk in it. It is John Bremm's widow who appears again, and takes active part in a crusade, the story of which may stand as history. Ransom Wilde is a strongly-drawn character, and his story, for which there is no room here, of absorbing interest. His struggle against long habit is a tremendous one, most graphically given, and the reader rejoices with him when it ends triumphantly, and he is restored to his family and to a love he has earned fairly and fully. Keen observation, an easy and graceful style, a very sympathetic and tender nature, and a faith that there is hope for the worst, set the books far above the usual work in this direction, and indicate qualities from which we may confidently expect more and better accomplishment in the future. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

THE SIEGE OF LONDON. The Pension Beaurepas and The Point of View. By Henry James, Jr. 12mo, pp. 294, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

DISEASES OF MEMORY. An Essay in the Positive Psychology. By Th. Ribot. Translated from the French, by William Huntingdon Smith. 12mo, pp. 209, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

ANTS, BEES AND WASPS. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir John Lubbock. International Scientific Series. 12mo, pp. 448, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. A Sequel to "Consuelo." By George Sand. Translated by Fayette Robinson. Square, 12mo, paper, pp. 329, 75 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brother.



THE New York *Tribune* has published in pamphlet form a series of lectures recently delivered in the Church of the Strangers, by Prof. C. A. Young. In the one upon *Meteors and Comets* occurs the following: "I think I may say that I will take for my text this little piece of stone which I hold in my hand, and which to the casual observer has nothing peculiar about it. It is only a little grayish piece of rock with a dark crust upon one side: but when I tell you that it is a piece of one of those bodies which drop from the sky on to the earth—a part of another world, in short, that has come to us from the planetary abyss—I think it will have for all of us a new and peculiar interest. The stone of which this is a fragment fell in 1857, at the village of Parnallee, in Southern India. The Rev. H. S. Taylor, a missionary of the American Board, who was then stationed at that place, visited the spot a short time after the fall. Of the two stones which fell at the time, he obtained one and sent it to the Western Reserve College. This body, which was somewhat larger than a man's head, was broken up for distribution to different cabinets, some being reserved for the college cabinet there, and other pieces being sent to the British Museum. Mr. Taylor gives the following account of its fall, and it is so good an account of what usually happens under such circumstances that I will read it to you. 'Two meteoric stones fell on the twenty-eighth of February from a clear sky, about noon, near the village of Parnallee, where some of our Christian people live. The smaller one weighs thirty-seven pounds, and the larger one is three or four times as heavy. The larger one fell first, the smaller one two or three seconds later, and two or three miles south of the first one. The larger, falling into tenacious and hard earth, sank into the ground but two feet five inches: it came from the north, making an angle with the vertical of about fifteen degrees. The smaller one fell nearly perpendicularly, and sank in the ground two feet eight inches. As there had been no rain since they fell I was able on going there three days ago' (the letter was written early in April), 'to measure their depth, to see just the impression they left when taken up, and to assure myself by inquiry and observation as to the stones having really fallen there. Some children were picking cotton within a few rods of the first when it fell, and two women were standing near the place when the second struck. A cloud of dust was raised in each case, for the ground was dry, and before night the large stone was visited by crowds from the neighboring villages. The noise which the stones made was terrific to all in the vicinity, and was heard distinctly for a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. The people generally say that it lasted twenty minutes.' This last statement I will remark, in passing, is a very fair example of the exaggerated estimate of time which people make under excitement. It is not at all probable that the noise could have lasted two minutes, and it is not possible that it could have lasted five. At first it seemed so unlikely that stone and iron should fall out of the sky that it was quite pardonable for scientific men, up to the beginning of the century, to doubt the fact. In 1803, however, an event occurred which put an end to all skepticism. On the 26th of April, of that year, at about half-past one

in the afternoon a shower of stones fell within eighty-five miles of Paris, in Normandy. There were about two thousand of them, weighing from eight ounces to seven pounds, filling a space some seven miles long and a mile and a-half wide. The French Academy appointed a committee to investigate the matter, under the chairmanship of M. Blot, and they looked into the thing thoroughly. They got possession of a great many specimens. They talked with people who actually burned their hands and had sore fingers from having burned their hands in picking up stones when they were hot, and they saw marks on the buildings and trees where they had fallen. That very same year, a few weeks later, a stone struck a chimney in Yorkshire, England. That stone is preserved in a cabinet, and has been analyzed and found to be very much like those in France. In the United States there have been quite a number of cases of this kind. In Western Connecticut, on December 14, 1807, a most remarkable fall occurred. The meteor came down through Massachusetts, traveling a distance of eighty or ninety miles before the pieces struck the earth. There was about one thousand pounds weight in all, and some two hundred or three hundred pounds of the specimens are still in the Yale College cabinet. In 1843, a stone fell in South Carolina which was much like chalk, instead of being iron. In 1847 a stone fell in Iowa, another in North Carolina in 1849, slaty in its structure. In 1860 there was a shower of stones in Ohio, weighing altogether something like a ton. The largest, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, is now in the Amherst College cabinet. In Iowa, in 1875, there was a quantity of them, four or five hundred, and again in Iowa, in 1879, something like a thousand pounds weight of pieces fell—several hundred stones in all."

* *

A RECENT writer in the *China Review* exemplifies the difficulties surrounding interpretation from Chinese into English, or vice versa, by mentioning that the simple question, *Was he (or she) dead?* which occurs so frequently in inquests and other judicial proceedings, admits of a positive or negative reply according to whether the European or Chinese idea as to when death occurs be followed. We believe that a man is dead when he has ceased to breathe, and when his blood no longer circulates. The Chinese consider him still alive whilst a trace of warmth lingers in the body. The two estimates may thus differ by several hours; hence it was that in inquests in Hong Kong the time of death formed a stumbling-block in almost every Chinese case. The medical evidence would show that the deceased must have been dead when brought to the hospital, while the relatives would swear he was alive at the gate. Subsequent inquiry showed that the general view among the Chinese is that a person is considered to be dead when the body is cold, and not before. It does not speak very well for the Chinese scholarship of the officials of Hong Kong that it took about forty years to discover this important distinction.

* *

A GOVERNMENTAL decree has just been issued in France containing six articles relating to the employment of children in French factories. It is absolutely forbidden henceforth to employ children in the manufacture of certain dangerous chemicals, or to let boys under sixteen or girls under eighteen years of age do hard work at mills. It is also made illegal to allow boys or girls under a certain age to draw any trucks on the public streets or highways, or when inside the manufactories to draw any vehicles which, together with their load, shall weigh more than one hundred kilogrammes. Neither must children be employed in manufacturing bone, horn, or mother-of-pearl articles, the dust from which is injurious to the lungs; nor in business involving risk to life and limb; as, for instance, slating roofs. Proper ventilation of the factories is also made compulsory.

S. A. LATTIMORE.



Miss Smilax, loq.—“Recognize it? Certainly! A perfect likeness! But, my love, why don't you have the darling little fellow taken with his pretty collar on?”

Dem Charmin' Bells.

COME along, true believer, come along!
 De time is a rollin' 'roun'
 W'en dem w'at stan's a haltin' by de way
 Won't w'ar no glory-crown!
 Oh, de sun shine white, de sun shine bright—
 Year de news w'at de sperit tells;
 De angels say dere's nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!
 Almos' home! almos' home!
 We faints and falls by spells;
 Angels say ain't nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!

Come along, true believer, come along!
 De way is open wide;
 No use fer sinners ter be stumblin' 'roun'
 A-huntin' for de hev'mly guide!
 Oh, saints, slip thro': Oh, sinners, come too!
 En a-year w'at my Lord tells;
 De angels say dere's nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!
 Almos' home! almos' home!
 We faints en falls by spells;
 Angels say ain't nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!

Come along, true believer, come along,
 En walk in de hev'mly way!
 I rastle wid Jacob all night—all night—
 I rastle wid Jacob all day!
 My cross is heavy, en it's O my Lord!
 En I year w'at de sperit tells;
 De angels say dere's nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!
 Almos' home! almos' home!
 We faints en falls by spells;
 Angels say ain't nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Kitty.

I COULD not call her by the name
 Her Quaker mother gave her;
 Unwilling were my lips to frame,
 For one like her, a word so tame,
 With neither salt nor savor.
 But, somehow, as I dreamed of her,
 Neglecting Kent and Chitty,
 To mind and heart would still recur
 One name, and that was—Kitty.

A name some flitting fancy wrought,
 I know not why nor wherefore,
 It came to dwell with me unsought,
 Yet ever to my mind it brought
 One face and form, and therefore
 On many a marge of legal brief,
 In many a careless ditty,
 On tinted sheet and printed leaf,
 I scrawled the name of—Kitty.

I wrote to her one day, but why
 I do not now remember;
 I know I dared address her, “My
 Dear Kitty,” and, in swift reply,
 All in the glad September,
 Came friendly note, and, at the close,
 Than written word more witty,
 A pictured kitten in repose,
 The sign and seal of—Kitty.

This name I gave her to her face,
 Her lips did not reprove me;

It fitted her with dainty grace,
 And—strange the name should win the race—
 Thenceforth she learned to love me.
 And sweet the joy I find in this,
 While all the world I pity,
 That none with me may share the bliss
 Of calling her my—Kitty.

HOMER GREENE.

The Old, Old Story.

How doth the busy story scribe
 Indite from week to week
 His wonderful installments,
 Surpassing tongue to speak!
 The lover, in the frenzy
 Of Love's infatuation,
 Receiveth not his answer
 Till next week's continuation.

H. S. KELLER.



Once a Week. Digitized by Google

THE CONTINENT

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DELPHINE GAY DE GIRARDIN—FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS HERSENT.

"THE TENTH MUSE."

PERHAPS in the whole history of France, rich as it is in records of lovely and famous women, no one of them was ever so flattered, so popular, so idolized and at the same time so beautiful and gifted as Delphine Gay, who later became Madame de Girardin. Whenever she appeared, on the promenade, in the theatre, academy or salon, she was the one centre of attraction; and what was most remarkable was her freedom from vanity and affectation, her perfect simplicity, naturalness and girlish gayety. The adulation she received made her happy; the knowledge of her beauty was a delight to

her, and she accepted both as something for which she should rejoice and be glad. One of her earliest poems was upon the happiness of being beautiful—"Le bonheur d'être belle"—in which she sang her own charms, and with what delicious naïveté:

"Mon front était si fier de sa couronne blonde,
Anneaux d'or et d'argent tant de fois caressés;
Et j'avais tant d'espoir quand j'entraîs dans le monde,
Orgueilleuse, et les yeux baissés."

Of Sophie Gay, the mother of Madame de Girardin, Lamartine said that she had "flamme" enough to illu-

minate a dozen salons. She lived at the beginning of the present century, and was contemporary with that galaxy of women famous for beauty, wit and grace—Madame Récamier, Madame Talien and Josephine de Beauharnais: but she herself more beautiful, witty and heroic than them all. Divorced from her first husband, she afterward married M. Gay, an officer of the Empire, and was living at Aix-la-Chapelle when her youngest daughter, Delphine, was born. This was in 1804. The little girl was baptized on the tomb of Charlemagne, and grew up in the midst of luxury, so that her poetic temperament and ardent love of beauty were nourished in an atmosphere most favorable for their development. A few years later, however, Madame Gay, who was Parisienne, returned to Paris, bereft of husband and fortune. Her eldest daughters, charming and intelligent girls, were both married: her son had died from a wound in Algiers, so that only the youngest of her flock was left to her for comforter and friend.

Once in Paris, she installed herself in an humble entresol, and set bravely about eking out an existence with her pen. She wrote romances, comedies and music. For Delphine, she was all love and fear, hope and pride, as the little maiden grew daily more and more beautiful—a beauty like the realized dream of a fair statue, but abounding in rich, poetical life, full of *verve*, harmony, fancy, passion and feeling. She dreamed of a happier future for them both, when the genius of her child, allied to her own, should double their slender income, giving them ease if not opulence. But poor and mean as was her low entresol, with its few pieces of furniture that told of happier days, it was the resort of the most illustrious men and women of that epoch, so glorious in Parisian life. So it happened that Delphine developed into womanhood in the society of such minds as Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël. She thought and talked in verse, and amused herself in reciting in a peculiarly charming and half-dramatic fashion the popular poems of the time, as well as her own rhymes.

The first positive impression she made upon the literati of the day was when she was seventeen years old. It was at one of the reunions at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and Madame Récamier begged her to recite a poem which was then under discussion as to its merits. The young muse acceded to the request, reciting the verses with a voice, intonation and charm of gesture that placed the interpretation in value above the poem. When she had finished, her mother leaned toward Madame Récamier and whispered: "Ask Delphine to recite something of her own." As yet, but few knew of the girl's poetic talent, and much curiosity was aroused at hearing Madame Récamier beg her to favor them with something original. After much pleading, Delphine triumphed over her timidity and embarrassment, and began the recitation of a poem entitled "The Sisters of Saint Camille"—an episode of the pest at Barcelona, and which shortly after obtained a *prix extraordinaire* from the French Academy. As she recited she grew more and more radiant, so that when she had uttered the concluding words, the "literary church" was at first silent from surprise and then wild with enthusiasm. Among her auditors were the Queen of Sweden, Mathieu de Montmorency, the wife of General Moreau, and the painter Gérard, whom one remembers as the artist who painted that exquisite portrait of Madame Récamier reclining at full length on a couch.

From this time Delphine sang successively of the Greeks, the Romans, the French, General Foy, Charles the Tenth, and other prominent themes of the day. She wrote a poem called "La Fuite" in behalf of the Greeks

struggling for independence, the sale of which realized four thousand francs. An extract from her poem on the death of General Foy is engraved on his tomb, which bears also a medallion portrait of herself, sculptured by David. Her ode on the coronation of Charles X so pleased the king that he accorded her a pension of fifteen hundred francs out of his private purse. And she was at this time scarcely more than eighteen years of age.

Soon after this event, Madame Gay and her daughter made a journey through Switzerland and Italy, and it was during this journey that Lamartine first saw Delphine; and no better idea can be conveyed of her appearance at that time than the description he himself wrote of her years after. "The first impression Delphine Gay made upon me," he wrote, "after having heard much of her, was so vivid that the place, the day, the site, the persons have remained in my memory so that I could dictate to a painter the sky, the landscape, the features, the colors, the expression, except perhaps the brilliancy in her eyes, the inflexion of her lips, the blush and paleness of her cheeks, the undulations of her hair. . . . I was passing from Rome to Florence, and halted for a night at Terni. As it happened, Madame Gay and her daughter were stopping in the same hotel. I learned the fact the following morning after they had taken a carriage to drive to the Cascade. I hastened to join them, and approached them quite nearly without being perceived. Delphine was leaning on a parapet of rocks, contemplating the fall. A painter could not have chosen an attitude, an expression and a day more suited to her great beauty. She was half seated on the trunk of a tree, which the poor children had rolled there for the convenience of visitors; her arm, white and admirable in shape,肘bowed on the parapet, supported her pensive head; from her left hand, which hung at her side, as if weak from the excess of sensations, dangled a small bouquet of periwinkle and water flowers, tied by a thread which the children had probably given her; the outlines of her tall and pliant figure were revealed in the carelessness of her pose; her hair, abundant and silky and of a perfect blonde, was blown about by the breath of the tempestuous waters like that of the sybils loosed by ecstasy; her eyes, the same color as her hair, drowned themselves in space; her profile, slightly aquiline, was like that of the women of Abruzzo. She resembled them also by the energy of her structure and by the graceful arch of her neck. In her face, pride struggled in admirable equilibrium with sensibility; her brow was manly, her mouth feminine; upon the mobile lips lay the impression of sadness; her cheeks paled by the emotion of the spectacle, and, somewhat deprived of roundness by the precocity of thought, had the youthfulness but not the plenitude of the spring-time. It was the character of her face which attracted most of attention and of interest. With more color she would have been too dazzling. The soul, passion, piety, enthusiasm and grief are pale. I saluted the mother, who presented her daughter. The sound of her voice completed the charm; it was the tone of inspiration. Her conversation had the suddenness, emotion and accent of poets, with the decorum of the young girl. She had, to my taste, but one fault—she laughed too much. Her head and the carriage of it recalled, feature by feature, feminized, that of the Apollo Belvidere."

The sojourn of the Gays in Italy was a repetition of triumphs for Delphine—adoration for her genius and beauty and thrilling experiences. Like "Corinne," she made a pilgrimage to Cap Miseno. At Rome she was

present at a dinner given by the French Ambassador, Laval Montmorency, to the equipage of the French corvette which had ransomed and brought back from Algiers to Civita Vecchia certain Roman captives held by the Musselmans. The occasion inspired the muse of Mademoiselle Gay, and she recited a poem upon the event which won her the hitherto unparalleled honor of being received at the Capitol a member of the Academy of the Tiber by the *élite* of Italian men of letters, and in the presence of the French nobility then in Rome.

Upon their return to Paris, the mother and daughter established themselves in a low and gloomy entresol in

beauty and charming talents. At one time the effort was made by her friends at the court of Charles X to effect a secret marriage between her and that monarch. Of course their plottings were quite unknown to the young muse, whose entire innocence of the matter rendered her only the more naïve and charming. Her beauty had greatly attracted the king, and he often met her in the Tuileries at the residence of the Duchess de Duras, where she was often invited, and where, before brilliant assemblages, she was persuaded to recite her own verses. But whatever the feelings of the king may have been regarding Mademoiselle Gay, he had pro-



MADAME SOPHIE GAY—FROM AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT BY AMBROISE TARDIEU.

the Rue Gaillou, a street full of noise and movement. On the table in the salon lay the poems of the daughter and the romances of the mother, which, with corrected proof-sheets, revealed the industry of the two women, whose beauty—*brune* in the case of the elder, and *blonde* in that of the younger—afforded one of the pleasant contradictions of this humble home of genius.

Notwithstanding the mediocrity of their style of living, now that the daughter had been crowned with the laurel, their salon became more than ever the resort of Parisian notables. Although without fortune, which is so essential to a girl in France who expects to receive a suitable husband, a thousand rumors were rife concerning Mademoiselle Gay's marriage. Aspirants for her hand were legion—Italians, Swiss, Germans and Englishmen, as well as Frenchmen, eager to give their titles and their fortunes in exchange for her marvelous

mised the last mistress of his affections, upon her death-bed, that no other woman should ever occupy her place in his heart; and to this singular vow he remained unexpectedly faithful.

One has only to imagine this beautiful girl at a grand *soirée* at the Duchess of Duras' or a *matinée* at the Chateau de Lormois, whither she often went, clad in a robe of white, with her profusion of curling, fair hair, at one moment a laughing, careless child, and then suddenly summoned into the presence of the most exclusive society, and reciting her own verses with a serious air, the light of inspiration upon her brow, her voice ringing out with a tone and inflection that touched in turn every cord of the heart; with gestures full of force and grace; and, more than this, her statuesque, wonderful beauty—and cease to wonder that she was called the "Fourth Grace," the "Tenth Muse"!

That she did not lose the charm of modesty might have been in part due to the extravagant worship of her mother. Madame Gay's head was turned with the phenomenal popularity of Delphine; and her daughter, often embarrassed and humiliated by her mother's unconcealed and irrepressible vanity, was frequently at her wit's end to know how to bear it.

While young men exalted her charms, old men pitied a celebrity which seemed to them sad, as it must destroy all domestic happiness for her; and everybody wondered if such a woman, accustomed to the adulation of the world, could be content with the worship of a single heart, and, perhaps, an obscure place at the hearthstone of her husband. Intellectual as she was, the tenderness of her heart seemed to be in no wise affected by it. To her poetic temperament love was a devotion, and she naturally aspired to a husband worthy of her affection in the highest sense.

Lamartine, whose admiration and affection for her remained ever unabated, was, whenever in Paris, an assiduous visitor at the famous entresol. He relates that one afternoon he observed there a young man standing at the back of Delphine's chair, who was short in stature, but had a charming face, and who in years seemed hardly to have outgrown adolescence. He spoke little, and his name was not mentioned. He seemed to be on terms of intimacy with the two women, and his eyes were fixed incessantly upon Delphine. He talked to her in a low voice. She carelessly turned her beautiful face to reply to him or to smile upon him over the back of her chair. There was that in his expression that denoted a remarkable character. Lamartine was curious to know who he was, and asked Madame Gay. She replied that he had asked for the hand of Delphine, and that his name was Emile de Girardin.

Although so young a man, Girardin had achieved a notable name in the literary world by the publication of a novel, "Emile," in the previous year. It was the romance of his own life. Born of parents legally unknown, he bore the name of Emile de Lamothe until 1827, when he assumed the name of *de Girardin*, declaring himself to be the son of General Alexander de Girardin. This step on his part was bitterly contested by his reputed father, who forbade him to assume his name, and the matter was for a long time contested. Ten years later the general acknowledged Emile to be his son, and his mother, instead of being the "Demoiselle de Lamothe, *lingère*," proved to be Madame Dupuy, a daughter of an eminent financier attached to the court of Louis XIV, and wife of a royal counsellor. She was a woman of great beauty, and her portrait is to be seen in the young girl in Greuze's charming picture known as "Jeune fille à la Colombe."

The story of the babyhood and childhood of Emile de Girardin is one of the most pathetic on record. Secretly supported by his father and tearfully visited by his mother at only rare intervals, the boy grew up isolated and saddened by a sense of his strange and unnatural position. But his parentage is still questioned by some incredulous Parisians, who believe him to have been a son of Napoleon I. The date of his birth, which was first placed in the year 1806, was later found to have been four years earlier, in 1802. It was in 1831 that he was married to Delphine Gay, she being at that time in her twenty-seventh year.

This marriage was a turning-point in the career of both the husband and wife. It was the beginning of a career for de Girardin that eventually placed him at the head of French journalists, and directed the talent of Madame de Girardin into a style of descriptive and dramatic writing that gave her a far more extended and enduring fame than had any of her previous work. At the time of her marriage, her published poems numbered several volumes. The titles of a few, chosen at random, will convey an idea of the themes she sang: "Hymn to St. Genevieve," "The Vision" (an apostrophe to Joan d'Arc), "The Return," "The Pilgrimage," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Disenchantment," and "Repentance," and various others heretofore mentioned of a purely patriotic character. Two years after her marriage she published "Napoline," a poem in which she put perhaps most of feeling. "Napoline" is an al-

leged daughter of the First Consul, who attends a dazzling embassy ball, where she meets a warrior, who is young, handsome, wounded, pale. She loves; is deceived; has a rival; is abandoned; consoles herself. Meantime Madame de Girardin also wrote a bitter satire against General Cavaignac, and an epistle addressed to the Chamber of Deputies on the occasion of her husband's rejection by it. With these her career purely as a poet may be said to have ended. Poetic greatness she never, in the true sense, possessed. Her life, training, surroundings, all the influences that could reach and act upon her, prevented her being a great poet. Her style is of marked elegance, very rhythmic and harmonious, but the flavor of her poems is that of the salon. Although her verse is strong and nervous and rich in fancy, she did not reach to the bottom—to the soul of things. Her youth ripened with no loss of freshness, so that at thirty-five she was at the apogee of her beauty as well as of her fame. In the first year of her married life she published her first romance, "Le Lorgnon," a charming story, and regarded by many as her best. This was followed by "The Cane of M. de Balzac," "One Must Not Play with Grief," "The Marquis of Pontanges,"



LAMARTINE.

and "Marguerite," a novel that excited the liveliest interest because of its paradoxical character, "Margaret" having two lovers, and loving both, but unable to tell which one she loved with the *vrai amour*.

In romance writing Madame de Girardin displayed her

Theatre Français. "When one perceived her inspired head," he poetizes, "her brilliant eyes, her magnificent blonde hair tied on the top of her head in one large curl, her white dress, her blue sash, rendered celebrated by the portrait of Hersent, a triple salvo of bravos broke



EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

skill in portraying society scenes. Her observations are fine, sometimes forced, paradoxical, overcharged with emotion, but revealing a remarkable science of fashionable society, so to speak, the art and even the trade of elegance. A leader in society, her salon the centre of fashion and wit, one can imagine the interest aroused in the Parisian world at the appearance of a new book, a new poem, a new tragedy or comedy from her pen.

In the columns of her husband's journal, *La Presse*, she began a series of articles under the title of "Lettres Parisiennes," under the signature of "Le Vicomte de Launay." The letters appeared regularly from 1836 to 1848, and were read all over the continent. They greatly extended her renown, and made the fortune of her husband's journal. They pictured the fashions and follies; events grave and gay; the persons who figured on the horizon of the political, literary and artistic world, in a spirit and style, with a piquancy, originality, frankness and keenness of appreciation the like of which has seldom been equaled. Lamartine said they were veritable pages of the *Spectator*, although in no degree an imitation of them. It was a doubly happy circumstance that with Lacordain and Ravignan in the pulpit of Notre Dame; Thiers, Lamartine, Guizot and Berryer in the Chamber of Deputies; and Duprez, Lablache, Mario, Mars, Garcia and Rachel in the theatre, Madame de Girardin was the chronicler of the epoch.

Theophile Gautier has written of the enthusiastic impression produced by her appearance in her *loge* at the

forth from the people. Happy moment when the crowd, impassioned with nature and art, thus applauded talent and beauty."

In her *feuilletons* in *La Presse* (she is accredited with being the originator of the *feuilleton*, which soon became a feature of the French journals), she often wrote grandly and nobly. She was not always in political harmony with her friends—whom she bravely defended—for at one time she attacked Thiers, who was inclined to sneer at those of noble birth, and Lamartine was noble. The large, grandiose eloquence of Lamartine possessed great attractions for her. In olden times, poet and prophet were called by the same name, and in 1841, in the Chamber of Deputies, Lamartine is said to have predicted the Commune of 1871; while Henri Heine, in the same year, in the columns of the *Augsburg Gazette*, predicted the same thing and the razing of the Column Vendome.

But partisan as the "Vicomte de Launay" may at times have been in *La Presse*, the salon of Madame de Girardin remained neutral ground, where the warriors of all parties met to wage battle or arbitrate for peace. Lamartine lived in it as in a temple. There incense was burned for him, and he in turn burned it for the presiding muse. His unbounded admiration for her and interest in her were often misinterpreted, and whenever the opportunity seemed to demand it he cautioned his friends against interpreting his friendship for her as love.

In 1841 Lamartine wrote to Madame de Girardin: "In your place I would make a grand book of human, or mundane philosophy, of the kind of Madame de Staël's 'Germany.' You are now at her height, plus poesy. Become thoroughly serious and in earnest; touch no more the semi-serious cord of feeling. Gayety is amusing, but at the bottom is a petty grimace. Really, what is there gay in Heaven or upon the earth? Happiness itself is sad when it is complete, for the Infinite is sublime, and the sublime is not gay."

Whether from the encouragement of Lamartine or from an impulse of her own heart, she decided to essay a more serious and profound field of composition. The genius of Rachel acted upon her as an inspiration; so, after writing a vaudeville, "The School of Journalists"—a play in five acts, with the study of journalists made from life—she wrote two tragedies for Rachel, which were played at the Theatre Français. The first of these, "Judith," was the first creation of Rachel. It was a biblical study of great merit, admirably adapted to the Jewess that interpreted it; but its popular success was not marked, and it was soon withdrawn. The second, "Cleopatra," presented in 1847, was a double triumph for author and actress. Rachel was sublime in the beautiful tableau of the second act, where, surrounded by a court of soothsayers and magi, she complains of the implacable azure of the sky, and in the magnificent apostrophe to the sun, where she cries:

"Oh, African sun! God of day! God of fire!"

the effect was indescribably majestic.

"Cleopatra," pronounced by Lamartine to have the solidity and polish of marble in style, was his favorite of all her works. While writing it she was invited by him to come to his country place at Saint Point and spend some time with him and Madame de Lamartine. At the last moment she received a note from him saying, "Be sure to bring 'Cleopatra.' Don't forget it. Do not come unless you know how to endure *ennui* and go to bed with the hens," a trace of fun rarely seen in Lamartine. She seems only to have begun "Cleopatra" at this time, for she worked upon it during her visit, reading to the poet and his wife every morning what she had added to it the previous evening. When the drama was produced Lamartine wrote her: "No woman ever had this triumph, all virile, since Victoria Colonna, whom you resemble in features, in genius, and also, I think, in heroism."

In 1851 Madame de Girardin wrote a short play in one act, "It is the Fault of Her Husband," which was played at the Theatre Français. This was followed two years later by "Lady Tartufe," in prose, in five acts, in which Rachel quite excelled herself. After this appeared "La joie fait peur" (Joy makes fear), a remarkable production, in which the maternal feelings are portrayed with extraordinary power. A sailor is lost at sea (or supposed to be), and is mourned by three women—his mother, sister and betrothed. Suddenly he returns, is received with transport by the two women, but the mother's sorrow had so affected her that it was feared she could not bear the joy of finding her son alive again, which necessitated the greatest care and diplomacy on the part of the sister and fiancée. This play, which bathed all Paris in tears, was the result of a dream she had, and was clothed in words born of her own strong maternal feelings. This production was followed in 1854 by the "Watchmaker's Hat," which was of altogether a different character, convulsing audiences with laughter.

As a writer, it would be difficult to accord to Madame de Girardin her just place in the literature of France;

but, as a woman, she was the most charming of her time. Her greatest genius was in her conversation, her face, her voice, her manner. With what enthusiasm her friends still recall her salon in the Rue Lafitte, a room hung with sea-green rep, with bands of velvet of darker green, forming such an admirable background for the splendor of her fair beauty. In the morning she wrote, her hair floating over her shoulders, and the folds of her large white *peignoir* falling about her like those of a Greek goddess. In the evening she wore a robe of black velvet, with her exquisite arms and shoulders, fine as any ever sculptured by Phidias, uncovered. Her conversation was varied as nature herself. She was amusing, pathetic, fascinating. She seemed never to be affected by envy or jealousy of others, and her life passed apparently untouched by those unhappy passions. She had the peculiarly happy faculty of creating a success for a good work or protecting a meritorious person from the coalition of his enemies.

As the Girardins prospered in worldly possessions they removed (in 1844) to the Champs Elysées, where their salon became more and more the resort of the eminent men and women of the time—Hugo, Balzac, the two Dumas, Georges Sand, Jules Sandeau, Soumet, Prince Augustus of Prussia, Rachel, Meyerbeer, Charles Nodier, Jules Janin, Theophile Gautier, and scores of others.

But, with all her glory, was this woman happy? Lamartine once wrote her: "Are you happy? I do not mean through M. de Girardin. I know him. He loves you. But from exterior circumstances. Do you see your way and his clear in the future? Will literature give you peace? Write me often of you three. Send me some bribes of your verse, pages of your mother's romances, to cheer me. I find nowhere your mother's flow of spirits, so piquant, gracious, inexhaustible. To my mind, she ought to write without form, hour by hour, in the style of conversation, or monologue, of a woman of society. Such a book written by her and read by us would be charming." He rarely wrote her, except in a mood of sadness, and then he would add, "I am the more sad because I fear you are not happy. I shall be doubly glad the day you write me, 'I am happy.'"

That she ever wrote the desired three words to Lamartine is doubtful. With all her strong maternal feelings children were denied to her. A child she adopted proved only a source of trouble; the persecutions, imprisonments and other unhappy political events in the life of her husband destroyed her peace. In 1851 he was exiled from France, and soon after this her mother died. A poem from Madame de Girardin's pen, in which she poured forth her sorrows, touched all hearts; and, thanks to that and the intervention of Prince Napoleon, M. de Girardin was allowed to return.

Early in the spring of 1855 she seemed less strong than usual, and went to Saint Germain for country air. Nothing seemed to announce a decadence in her life. Her hair was full and blonde, her arms as beautiful, her features as delicate, her expression as radiant with soulful light as ever. But returning soon to Paris, the announcement of her death came almost with the news of her illness.

M. Méry thus recounts one of the last dinners at which she presided in the "Athenian Temple," as her house in the Champs Elysées was called. It was built upon the model of the Erechtheon, with its caryatides, its lawn-fountain, its large chestnut trees, half shading the front, seeming peculiarly fitted for the abode of the woman who had been so justly named the Tenth Muse.

"Her noble face was slightly emaciated," writes Méry, "and her great blue eyes burned with the fire of fever. She ate nothing. Carried away with a flow of feeling, she seemed inspired as none of us had ever before seen or heard, neither will again. She passed from one subject to another, leaving upon each a luminous trace. We were all filled with admiration, and when we rose from the table, Georges Sand, who remained silent during that wonderful improvisation, exclaimed in a low voice, 'Ah, what beauty! What a mind!'"

But after such gleams of inspiration reaction followed, and, although she loved her husband and espoused all his journalistic battles, and had won all the glory, success and fortune that can make one love life, she seemed to desire the end. The evening before her death (she died of the same disease as Napoleon I), some of her friends chanced to meet about her couch, which was drawn out into the open air of the court; two of them were Lamartine and Georges Sand. "She died standing, so to speak," says Madame Sand, "full of courage even to the last hour, and in all the radiance of her mental and physical beauty. It seemed to me in this last interview that her beauty of body and of soul had never been sufficiently praised; perhaps neither before had been so complete. By a strange result of her malady, her form, face and hands bore no traces of advancing years. She was slender, she was pale, but she seemed to have no more of age. It was not the freshness of youth, but the transparent whiteness and the clear, pure look of immortality. It is the most beautiful and durable souvenir of her that she could have left in the souls of her friends. It seemed as if she wished to put her heart and her spirit in unison in this ideality, for she seemed never before to have risen in so high a sphere, rising there of her own self, with the same candid simplicity which often formed in her a powerful contrast with the charming exuberance of her witty sallies."

Because of her own personal misfortunes Madame Sand seemed especially to have appreciated the spiritual nature of Madame de Girardin, her ardent sensibility and tenderness of heart that the life of the world covered with a veil of discretion and sprightliness. Madame de Girardin once complained to her of her deprivation of children, when an idea occurred to Madame Sand, which she expressed—"Had you been a mother," she said, "three-fourths of your life had been lost to your mission. You would have been obliged to sacrifice either literature or the relation of which you are the soul. Time would not have sufficed for you to be both."

"With what joy I would have sacrificed society!" she cried. "Society has only served to distract me from my loneliness." Her friend assured her that Providence occupies itself with us not in view of our personal satisfaction, but in that of our general utility to humanity.

That she was beautiful, rich, free from cares and intense fatigues, brilliantly surrounded, admired and appreciated was what she ought to have been. And still she suffered because she was too complete a being not to desire a life complete. She felt herself too much sacrificed to exterior relations; she confessed, as did Madame de Staël, that she dispensed too much of her soul fire, and that she sometimes felt herself broken by it.

The best portrait made of Madame de Girardin is that engraved by Blanchard from a drawing by Chasarian. It best combines the two types of beauty known as Delphine Gay and Madame de Girardin—the young

girl in the first bloom of her inspiration, and the woman of genius in the full possession of her *éclat*. She was at one time both these types at once, blended in an aureole of sweet melancholy.

After her death a letter was found directed to Lamartine, in which she prayed him to finish her poem, "La Madeleine," which she regarded as her best work. But the poet never fulfilled her request. "Only the hand that began it could finish it," he said. She lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. The marble slab which marks her resting-place bears this inscription under a cross cut in bold relief:

"ON METTRA SUR MA TOMBE UNE CROIX POUR SEUL ORNEMENT.

8 AOUT, 1854.

DELPHINE GAY DE GIRARDIN (ÉMILE),
MORTE LE 29 JUIN, 1855."

She had requested in her will that only a cross should ornament her tomb, and that extract from her will was also placed upon it. It was nearly six and twenty years later, in April 1881, that this tomb was opened to receive the remains of Emile de Girardin, whose domestic career after her death was in strange contrast to that which had preceded it. Their beautiful home in the Champs Elysées, where Delphine Gay had reigned as queen for thirty years, was torn down, and de Girardin went to reside in a palatial dwelling which he had built at the corner of Rue La Perouse in the Champs Elysées. This establishment was fitted up in the most luxurious style, and as the years rolled by it was greatly enriched with works of art of extreme interest. In the vestibule of the rez de chaussée, or first floor, were Clésinger's *Lucrèce*, the *Angelica* of Carolus Duran and a bust by Colonna. From this vestibule, on the left, opened a great salon. Above the mantel was a portrait of Montaigne. On the walls, hung with red cloth framed with black bands, were four mythological pictures by Delacroix. On stands of great height with onyx pedestals, were portraits of Sara Bernhardt, of Parot, of Rachel, of Madame O'Connell; aside from these were a bust of Delphine de Girardin, statuettes in white marble, a grand piano, large divans and two large stands loaded with books. From the end of this room opened the dining-room, finished in mahogany. From the opposite end of the salon, through a small apartment, M. de Girardin's library was reached, where he had twenty thousand volumes—a great many dictionaries and encyclopedias. At the foot of the stairs that led to the next floor stood Carrier Belleuse's superb statue of *Andromeda* chained; following this were works by Duran, Courbet, Rubens, Hébert, Benjamin Constant, Corot, Clésinger, Van Hove, etc., with modern bronzes; a beautiful bust of Prince Napoleon, of Delphine de Girardin, one of his second wife, of Georges Sand, and a portrait of his daughter who died at Biarritz, and whose death was rendered memorable by the kindness of the Empress Eugenie. Girardin's work-room was on the floor reached by these stairs, where he worked from seven until ten every morning. Much of the house was hung in black, for which Girardin had a special liking, and the effect of black curtains drawn back with great yellow cords was very striking.

Emile de Girardin's second marriage, contracted a year following the death of his wife, was altogether an unfortunate affair. The lady was very young, of noble birth, of unusual beauty and attractiveness, and a blonde like Delphine Gay. She had three children, two of whom died, and one of whom, born at Brighton, England, during the war, Girardin disavowed, and was sustained by the courts. At the same time he divorced his wife, giving her an annuity for her support.



LA JEUNE FILLE A LA COLOMBE.*

Emile Girardin had, however, a son, whom he recognized, and who, by "imperial decree" was authorized to bear his name; and this son, Alexander de Girardin, with his wife and child, occupied a part of the father's superb house, and is his successor and heir. It is alleged that there is also a daughter, who at the time of Girardin's death was nineteen years old, whom he did not acknowledge—but it is to be hoped that this allegation is unfounded. Girardin's journalistic life was a stormy one throughout, and his life was often in peril. He fought three duels, killing one of his opponents and sustaining a terrible wound himself, from which he ever afterward suffered. He was a man of remarkable method and business exactitude. He replied immediately to all letters and telegrams, allowing no letter to go unanswered to which a reply was requested. He saw all callers who sent him a card. He kept no secretary. He

was very fond of horses and had one of the finest turn-outs in Paris. He was greatly beloved by his servants; he had the same coachman for thirty years, and his valet de chambre died in his service. To his valet who was with him when he died he left ten thousand francs. As a journalist, he was really the founder of what may be called modern journalism in France. He believed in the liberty of the press, and was the first in Paris to publish a first-class daily journal at a low rate. He cared little for the society of men, but was very fond of that of women, especially brilliant women. He proposed that the woman should be the head of the family, that the children should bear her name instead of the father's, and that the dower should replace the *dot*.

MARY WAGER FISHER.

* From Greuze's portrait of Adelaide-Marie Fagnan, afterwards Madame Dupuy.



THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

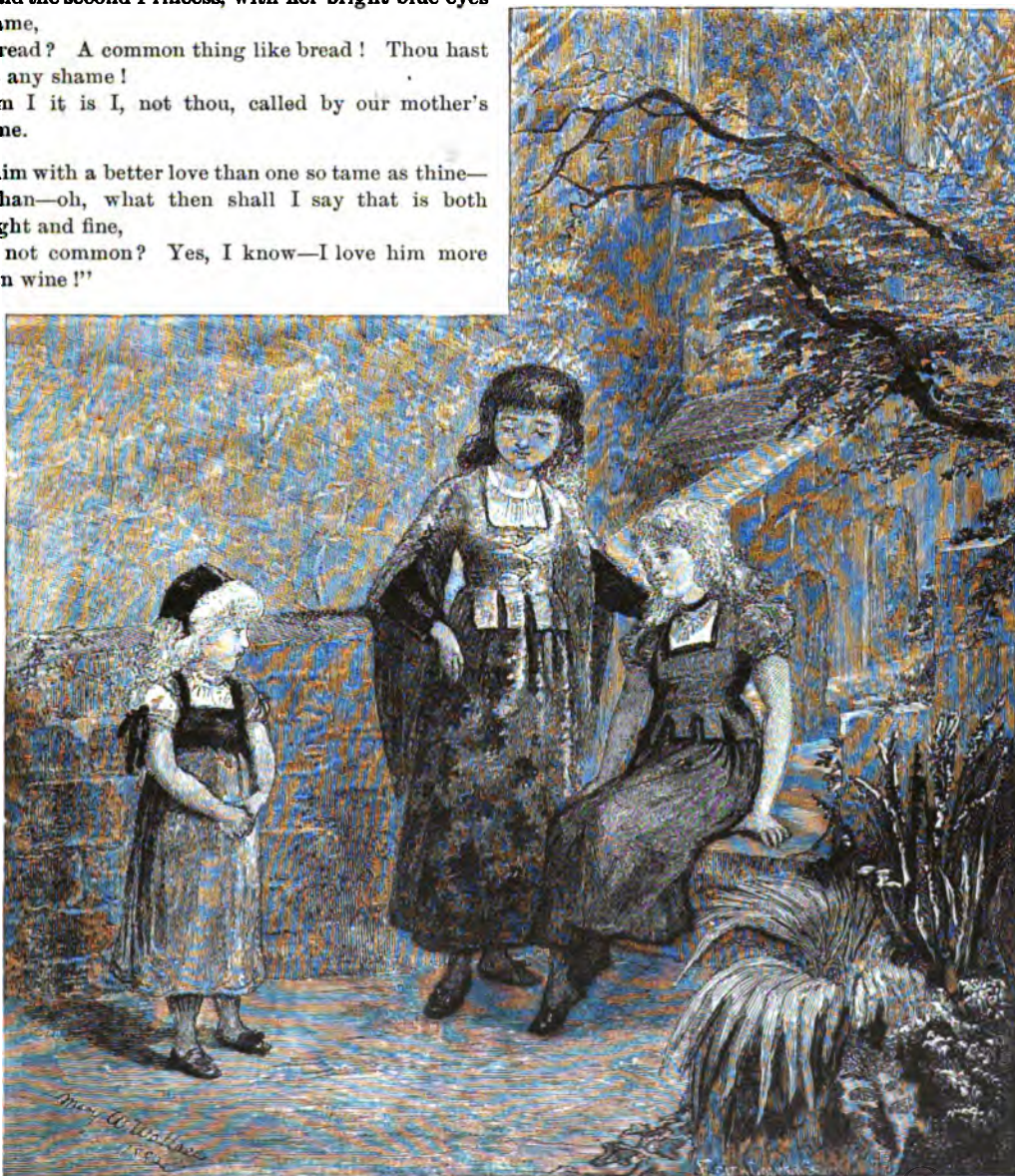
THE King's three little daughters, 'neath the
palace windows straying,
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end
to playing,
And the weary King smiled once again to hear what
they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best!" the eldest daughter
said;
"I am the oldest Princess!" and her pretty face grew red;
"What is there none can do without? I love him more
than bread!"

Then said the second Princess, with her bright blue eyes
afame,
"Than bread? A common thing like bread! Thou hast
not any shame!
Glad am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's
name.
"I love him with a better love than one so tame as thine—
More than—oh, what then shall I say that is both
bright and fine,
And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more
than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would
sometimes halt
For her dreamy way of thinking, said, "You are both
in fault,
'Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than
salt."

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest word,
As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "But this is most
absurd."
And the King, no longer smiling, was grieved that he
had heard.





For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of steady gray,
 Could always move his tenderness, and charm his care away.
 "She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered,
 "day by day."

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault
 That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me exalt,
 She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the spring;
 He winked and nodded to himself, "That little quiet thing
 Knows more than both the others, as I will show the King."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit to eat;
 The King turned, frowning angrily, from soup and fish and meat,
 And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered, musing, "I cannot find the fault;
 Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of malt."
 Said the youngest Princess, shyly, "Dear father, they want salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the King's dark face,
 As he set his little daughter in the dead Queen's vacant place;
 And he thought, "She has her mother's heart—aye, and her mother's grace."

"Great love through smallest channels will find its surest way;
 It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or may;
 It comforts and it blesses, hour by hour and day by day."



AT EVENTIDE.

If sometime, when the day was wearing late,
 And stars were coming in the darkening sky,
 As once for you I might in rapture wait,
 And feel your presence surely drawing nigh;

Could I but hear your quick and happy feet
 Come up the pebbled pathway as of yore,
 And hasten with a beating heart to meet
 And welcome you before you reached the door,

And draw you in beside the household fire,
 And sit beside you, looking in your eyes;
 To read within them, as the flame burned higher,
 The love that answering love alone describes—

I think—but no! the past is far away:
 Its dear and mournful memory is mine;
 And in the gladness where you walk to-day
 I would not have you know that I repine.

For if again you sat beside me here,
Your eyes would read the lines made deep by pain,
And see the cheeks whose youthful bloom was dear,
Like flowers grown pallid in autumnal rain.

And I, perhaps, should fear to meet those eyes
That in the light of Heaven had grown so clear,
Lest in their love should be a sad surprise
At what had worn my soul from year to year.

I will not let my longing soul grow wild
With useless visions of what may not be;
While in the glory, radiant, undefiled,
You stand and stretch your angel hands to me.

AMELIA D. ALDEN.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"NONSENSE!"

"But I'm in earnest."

"Oh, no! you could not be gravely in earnest about such a trifle."

"But I tell you I *am* in earnest, and if it be such a trifle, why refuse to gratify me?"

"Because I can't conceive of a reasonable man making a point of so small a matter."

"And I can't conceive of a reasonable woman making a point of what she treats so lightly."

"Well, then, as the thing is so petty, let us hasten to drop it out of sight once and forever."

"No; the motion of a feather may indicate the direction of the wind."

"I tell you then, my good Professor, that the current of my will sets decidedly against the abandonment of my curls." And the lovely speaker archly gathered up the shining masses of ringlets that shaded her glowing cheeks with both hands. "Nature gave them to me just so, and just so I mean to keep them."

"Is nature always infallible? Red hair, for instance? Beside, my taste is positively against curls—"

"Taste! As if a man who breakfasts on Greek roots and flavors his dinner with spices from the Zend-Avesta, and sips on quotations from Sa-koontalâ—as if he should know anything about hair-dressing!"

"Well, not to provoke a discussion on the canons of taste, I at least know what pleases me."

"But a scholar is supposed to be ignorant of the existence of such things as curls, unless, indeed, it be the hyacinthine locks of Apollo."

"No; I think I have as keen an eye for external, mere personal beauty, as your Beau Brummel friend, Forrester, to whose judgment, you tell me, the ladies often refer mooted questions of taste for adjudication; and, if you allow me to say so, from the first moment my eye was arrested by your face, I felt as if you had not studied its contour aright—as if those clusters of drooping curls somehow marred its beauty and lowered its sweet dignity. It seemed to me like hanging French frizzes over the forehead of one of Raphael's Madonnas. Just imagine the 'Della Sedia' with bunches of little tendrils like these." And the Professor gently touched one of the multitudinous wayward curls that swept around the fair face beside him. "Think how they would—well—vulgarize her—"

"Is that objectionable word intended for the Madonna or me?"

"Oh, neither! I am only supposing a case."

"There is no supposition about it: the case itself is before you."

"What! a befrizzed Madonna?"

"A 'vulgarized' one."

"Come, come, my darling; you are suffering yourself to become fretted, and it is too minute a matter for that."

"Let us have done with it, then."

"Yes; the moment you tell me that you mean to gratify my expressed desire by smoothing back these French tresses. You have never seen yourself, perhaps, with your hair arranged with the classic simplicity which would so become you."

"You never saw me so, and therefore your opinion is based on nothing but a whim of your own; and my 'French tresses,' as you see fit to call them, have a right to be French-like: wasn't my mother's blood Gallic? But this aside—your words argue dissatisfaction. Why did you not object to my appearance when you asked me to become your wife?"

"A true lover likes to know that the slightest wish to which he gives utterance has its weight with the woman whom he loves."

"Yes, in all important matters."

"Who is to be judge as to their importance?"

"In this instance, I am. It is simply absurd for you to insist upon being my hair-dresser, Professor Fenton."

"Marion, you know you are the very core of my heart, and nothing connected with you is matter of small moment to me;" and he made a gesture as if to draw his companion on the sofa beside him closer, but with a little impatient, repelling motion of her pretty white hands, she resisted.

He went on as though he had not observed it.

"I do want to see you willing to gratify me in a trifle that costs you nothing."

"Ah, a change of base, I see! You want me to bend my will to yours. The question of taste is set aside. I suspected as much."

"No, it remains the same: from the first I asked you to *gratify* me."

"Then I am not to your mind just as I am?"

"Why, my love, the Angel of the Flowers thought it possible, once on a time, to add to the perfections of the rose."

"So I remember! and therefore hung myriads of infinitesimal mossy curls about her!"

"You are not your own reasonable self to-night, Marion."

"Just as reasonable as I ever was; I insist on nothing."

"Indeed! not on having your own way, then?"

"I don't wish anything to be different from what it has always been since we have known each other. You do; and I own I don't like your being so *exigeant*."

"But if your love was as deep as mine you would not hesitate an instant to gratify even what you are pleased to call a whim. True love is ever and always self-nunciative."

"Then prove it so by dropping this disagreeable topic, on which we have been foolishly sparring too long already."

"You don't mean, then, to meet my wishes by smoothing back your curls?"

"I assuredly do not," said Marion, with a certain graceful haughtiness so very becoming to her that it heightened the fascination of her manner.

Her companion rose with an air of marked dignity, and, walking to one of the windows, parted the curtains and gazed out, half abstractedly, upon the lighted street, as if meditating what further course to take with his refractory lady-love. Coming slowly back, he paused before her, as she turned over, with seeming preoccupation, the leaves of a book, and said quite emphatically:

"I don't like to hear such expressions of downright willfulness."

"Do you mean your own?" And she looked up with a sort of audacious archness of inquiry. "Nor do I."

"I mean, plainly, *your* defiance of my wishes."

"I do not defy your wishes; I merely choose to judge for myself in this matter."

"I claim no *right*, but, to the loving heart, *wish* is *law*."

"You bring the question, then, to this test: *your* will must yield, or *mine*. All the laws of chivalry require that *you* should yield."

"Is this to be the life principle that is to guide us two months hence—after our wedding-day is over?"

"It is *curls*, not *principles*, we are discussing."

"But a principle underlies the matter."

"So I now perceive; but that is one you have no right to press upon me now; nor to press upon me ever, for that matter, in regard to such a trifle. I have not yet promised obedience—"

"I never could," interrupted the Professor, proudly and with emphasis—"never could thoroughly respect as my wife a woman who could be so unwise as deliberately to match her will against mine—"

"I trust, sir," broke in Marion, rising, with much warmth of manner, while her eyes flashed and her cheek paled with repressed emotion—"I trust, sir, your capacity to do so will never be put to the test;" and with her head erect, and her slight form drawn to its fullest height, she swept, without another word, from the room.

II

MARION WARDOUR was a girl of unusual loveliness of person and of character. Among her friends she had always been singled out as the model of all that is fairest and truest and sweetest and most gracious in womanhood. She was well-born and well-bred; and the fact that she was closely connected by blood with some of the high names familiar in English art and literature, gave her a sort of prestige among her companions, and a feeling of pride in her and homage toward her seemed a perfectly natural thing on their part. She was the most feminine of women. An English author, speaking of Leonardo's Mona Lisa, says that "She is the embodi-

ment of all modern female life: in her ten thousand experiences are compressed into one." So Marion Wardour's friends said of her, "She is the impersonation of all femininity." With her lithe, buoyant figure, her step, which always called to mind Charles Lamb's "Hester:"

"A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of hope and joy no common rate
That moved her spirit."

Her finely-cut features, her floating masses of rich, light-brown hair caught away in silken clusters from her faintly-tinged cheeks, her airy vivacity of speech and manner, which came to her as an inheritance with her mother's Huguenot blood, she was a creature to impress and charm even those who carelessly passed her on the street. Like the little Savoyards of whom Madame Récamier speaks, they all turned to look upon her.

She had the loveliest trip of the tongue imaginable, which could not be called a lisp in any respect, and it gave an added fascination to everything she said. One of her peculiarities was that, with any embarrassment—and it was not hard to embarrass her—this pretty trip grew all the prettier; so that her admiring companions loved to see her lose her poise a little sometimes, just that the charm of her talk might be thus increased. She was one of the highest-mettled persons we had ever known. Not in the least impatient of contradiction, and in argumentative discussion, of which, with her bright mind, she was exceedingly fond, she never lost her temper in the hottest banter of wit. She was not in the slightest degree willful; but if any one attempted to trench on what she deemed her prerogative, or aimed to force her to a conclusion contrary to what was calmly her own, it was soon discovered that there was some stern stuff in the making up of that exquisite womanliness.

Miss Wardour had been born to large wealth; but some sudden misfortunes connected with her father's English possessions—for the family was American only by one generation—caused great reverses, and the proud old man, who had never known anything but a life of easy luxury, could not endure the altered state of affairs, and, within two years after the fortune was lost, died, leaving his four daughters to provide for themselves as best they could. Miss Wardour became a teacher of French in the great girls' seminary in the university town of —, not a hundred miles from the city of her birth.

Here she became at once a centre of attraction with both sexes. The girls whom she taught adored her as the type of womanhood which they were accustomed to look for only in poetry and romance. The cultured society of the little city looked up to one who, without a conscious effort, so readily impressed her superiority upon it. Among the bevy of unmarried professors and their assistants who swarmed at every social gathering, and helped to give a certain classic flavor to the society of the place, various were the victims who were caught in the meshes of those floating curls.

It grew to be a matter of the eagerest interest with her pupils as to who should be the successful suitor for their liege lady's favor. That it must be a professor in the university they were not long in settling. Work-a-day people, such as lawyers and physicians and business men in general, were not considered, in their critical eyes, worthy to occupy the same plane with their "heavenly Una." So a professor it must be—a man of books—a man who concerned himself with culture and sweetness and light; and such a man they thought

they had found out during the second year of their dear Miss Wardour's residence at the seminary.

Professor Fenton was the ideal of a gentleman and a scholar in the eyes of the romantic girls. He was tall, dark, of the most delicate courtesy of manner—a little severe, perhaps, though their opportunities of judging were of the narrowest kind, as they only saw him in the street, or at church, or at a concert, or some such public place. They rather liked his somewhat lofty reticence—thought it grand, and after the pattern of some of the Sir Alfreds and Honorable Messrs. So-and-so with whom the English novels they were so fond of were crammed. It seemed so superior to them—something that separated him from the inelegant society chatters about him—and they soon got to think that Miss Wardour was of the same opinion.

Often and often, in their mischievous prankishness, would they try the effect of suddenly springing upon her the name of the Greek Professor, just that they might have the delight of seeing the lovely auroral blush creep up over neck and cheek and brow, as their teacher would begin to trip in her charming way over the impertinence of their talk.

They had been keenly watching. They knew of the long twilight walks; of the occasional boatings on the river; of the constant interchange of books; of the daily votive offerings of flowers; for Miss Wardour was never seen without a rose in her hair. It was just as much a part of her daily toilette as the gorgeous crimson flower was a part of the personality of Hawthorne's Zenobia. They were aware of the showers of notes—what school-girl's vision was ever blinded to things like these? They agreed that matters were tending to a crisis, and they were awaiting with fervid anticipation the *denouement* of their romance.

Sure enough! It came in due time, and Miss Wardour's engagement was announced, the news leaking out no one knew precisely how, until every one was aware of it.

III

"AND now, girls, for the bridal present," said Edith Strother, a few days afterward, as they were all assembled in the garden alcove at the conclusion of afternoon lessons. "It is just three weeks till the close of the session, and you know that a month or so after that Miss Wardour said she was to be married. We must have it ready for presentation before she leaves the seminary."

"We have not much time to lose then," said Mary Styles. "Here's the subscription list—it is complete, I believe. Now, what shall it be?"

"A handsome bracelet," cried Annette Hayes; "just such a one as a cousin of mine had given to her last summer when she was married. A series of gold chains, forming a broad band, with a centre oval locket, whose lid, set with a circle of pearls, opened with a spring, and showed the loveliest ivory miniature—"

"Hear her!" interrupted Harriet Gwinn. "She talks as if we had five hundred dollars at our command."

"Yes, such a bracelet would cost a round sum, I'm sure," said Edith Strother, quickly and decidedly quashing the idea of a bracelet. "Besides, Miss Wardour does not love jewelry. I've seen sets and sets that belonged to her mother in her ebony jewelry-case, none of which has she ever worn here. And how absurd to give her her own likeness!"

"Oh, but we wouldn't have hers—we would have Professor Fenton's," eagerly explained Rosie Pratt.

"And, pray, how are we to come by Professor Fen-

ton's, I'd like to know?" asked Edith half contemptuously.

"Why, I'll ask him for it the next time we meet him in that narrow path by the River Rocks," said Rosie, not willing to be suppressed so unceremoniously. "I'm not afraid!"

"You will, indeed? Why you would waddle away, if he threw one of his lofty looks at you, as fast as a duck would if a clod was pitched after it."

"I've got it!" exclaimed Fanny Shaw. "Let's have the artist, Mr. Strong, paint an oil picture of the view from the River Rocks: there's where we used so often to pass Professor Fenton, you know."

"No, no," said Harriet Gwinn: "there is not time enough for that. Besides we only have sixty dollars in hand, and artists like Mr. Strong don't paint pictures for that."

"Well, if you'll all listen," broke in Edith decisively, "I think I can propose something more reasonable. When I was at home, I saw on Appleton's counter one day an exquisite set of French classics, bound in Russia leather, in a case—Corneille, Racine, Molière—and I asked the price; just sixty dollars. How would they do?"

"Admirably!" "Just the thing!" "So appropriate for our French teacher!" was heard on all sides. So it was agreed that the case of French classics should be ordered without delay, and Edith Strother was chosen by acclamation to write to the importer for them.

Not half a dozen hours after this parley of the school-girls in the garden alcove, the conversation which has been related between Marion Wardour and Professor Fenton had taken place in the seminary drawing-room.

After her abrupt leave of him, she advanced with a more elastic step than was her wont, even, along the corridor that led to her chamber. Not till she had shut the door behind her, and walked up to her mirror and pushed back from her face the innocent curls that had been the cause of the little quarrel just over, did she at all realize what she had done. That Professor Fenton was very seriously offended she well knew; but she quieted her agitated heart by saying over and over to herself: "To think he should be so unreasonable—so unreasonable!" She was not cool enough, as yet, to be conscious of any unreasonableness in herself.

Her nature had been a proud one, and she had not readily yielded to the first advances of love. But when she came to know and understand the depth, strength and worth of the love offered, her well-entrenched heart began to falter, and when its maidenly reserve was once beaten down it gave itself up, an utter captive. His strong character had been the first thing that had attracted her about Professor Fenton. Before she ever saw him she was predisposed in his favor, by hearing the praise lavished on him for his resolute courage in the case of a high-handed rebellion in the university, which his unflinching firmness and courage had alone been the means of quelling. And when she came to know him personally, his chivalrous sense of honor, his elevated, unworldly-like principle, his pure-heartedness, his fine attainments and handsome presence, worked their natural result. She loved him with a woman's first passionate love. She gave him what a woman can give but once in her life.

"For never woman,
Fashioned a woman, heart, brain, body, soul,
Ever twice loved. False gods there be enow—
But o'er the altar of her worship, see,
Highest and chiefest of her decalogue,
That First Commandment written—No love but one!"

That Professor Fenton's will was a strong one, Marion had had occasional little evidences in her own experience; but she had no complaint to make that it was so. Resolute men were to her mind, and she had no fear that in his case it would be pressed unreasonably. "To-night," she said to herself, "he *was* unreasonable, because he was exercising his will out of his own domain." She excused her own anger at first; but by-and-by, as hour after hour wore away, her excited heart grew calmer, and a doubt of her own wisdom, in acting as she had, began to subdue her. Mechanically, as she still sat in the low chair she had drawn up before the mirror, her fingers began to twirl the plain gold band on her left hand; the touch had magic in it; a sudden rush of arrested feeling overflowed her whole nature, and her fortifying pride gave way and was swept clean out of sight, as a breakwater built by childish fingers out of flower-stalks and rushes goes down before the oncoming torrent that swoops down from the hills. Covering her face, as if to hide her confusion from her own sight, she said half aloud, "What a weak, unwise creature I have been! I, who so pride myself in rising superior to the petty vanities of my sex. Marion Wardour, I am ashamed of you!"

She rose and stood before the glass and brushed back the offending curls. "I would cut them every one off should he ask it; I would coif my face like a nun if that would please him. Well, well, when we meet again he shall see that my disregard of his wish was only a thing of the hour."

IV

BEFORE Miss Wardour passed into her French room the next morning she summoned a servant and put into his hand a book to deliver to Professor Fenton. It was a volume of Dante which he had lent her, and which they had been reading together; and her only object in returning it now was that she might slip within its leaves one of her own engraved visiting-cards, on which she had written in pencil only the words, "*A riveder-la.*" Then, with a light heart, she went her way to her morning tasks.

The day wore on, the evening came, and Marion did not forget that in the public concert-room of the town there were to be that night some fine renditions by celebrated artists of a few of Beethoven's arias, of which she and Professor Fenton had spoken as a thing to be enjoyed together. There had been no positive engagement to go to the concert, but certainly a tacit one.

The little white flag of truce despatched in the morning brought nothing back in answer, to Marion's surprise and dismay. She did not know that the careless servant had unconsciously dropped it on his way to Professor Fenton's rooms. She could not, therefore, know that the sending back of the volume was construed into an iterated insistence of her words and actions the night before. All her penitent pride began to rise up again, in face of this discourteous silence, as she conceived it to be; and when the foppish resident graduate, Forrester, who had often been the mark for Professor Fenton's sarcastic arrows, presented himself and offered himself as her escort, she accepted, with a desperate feeling that she might there chance to meet the Professor, and with one glance melt away all misunderstanding.

"Oh, dear! just see Miss Wardour!" shouted out Rosie Pratt from amid a group of girls who were sauntering in the corridor, as Marion, bonneted and gloved, advanced along it toward them.

"What *has* become of her curls?"

"I declare I hardly knew you, Miss Wardour," cried Mary Styles. "Why *did* you smooth them back? Please don't do so any more!"

"No, don't! don't!" exclaimed one and another. "You are not your dear self at all without them."

"You weren't meant for a Madonna, Miss Wardour; you're a St. Cecilia!"

"A Madonna!" The word hurt her, and, with a forced smile, she escaped hurriedly from the curious and questioning eyes that still continued to follow her inquiringly.

The concert was half over before she discovered the face she was almost afraid to search for. Professor Fenton did not see her, and was not sending any anxious glances around the hall; instead, he was engaged, with a vivacity unusual with him, in easy chat with one of the gay society girls of the town, with whom he had apparently come to the concert. Only as they were passing out of the crowded room were they jostled within touch of each other in the doorway. Marion *felt*, rather than saw his presence, and if his swift glance held her in its sweep, it was for such a mere instant that the smooth bandeaux were unnoticed, and, therefore, made no mute appeal. He was conscious of nothing more than that she was on the arm of "that crack-brain, Forrester," whom she knew he considered beneath his scorn; and, with that thought in his mind, the noisy, chattering crowd closed between them.

A day or two after this Marion happened to stand with half a dozen of the school-girls at the counter of a book-store, turning over engravings. She felt little Rosie Pratt nudge her elbow, and following the direction of the child's glance, she saw Professor Fenton at another counter, bending over an open volume.

"See here, Miss Wardour!" one of the group cried out in no softly modulated voice. "Judge for us between this beautiful 'Notte' of Correggio and Raphael's 'La Belle Jardinière.' We girls are going to get one of them for our drawing-master, M. Pélot, before school breaks up."

"Ah, here is something prettier still!" said another, holding up before Marion a *genre* picture by a modern French artist, and giving the title of it for the benefit of the entire group. "See! 'Will he Never Come?' Oh, Miss Wardour, isn't it lovely? Just look at the despair in her face! She has hurt her lover in some way, and she's afraid he's not going to come back. Girls, isn't it beautiful?"

"Hush, Annette! Who wants a Frenchified thing like *that*? Now, here is something like—this 'Reconciliation' of Bouguereau's—"

"Oh, let those modern pictures alone!" interrupted another girl. "We all want something from the old masters. Now, here are three of the finest. Miss Wardour, you shall be our umpire."

It was not possible that Professor Fenton should not have heard the whole of this noisy conversation, in which Marion's name was so bandied about by her thoughtless companions; but he never turned his head or gave any more sign of having heard than the bust of Plato which stood in a niche above him.

Marion acceded with all haste to the children's request about the picture, quieting them with a whisper that did not cross to the opposite counter; and when, dropping her veil over her face, which she felt was paling strangely, she passed out of the shop, a side glance, which was unavoidable as she turned to reach the door near which he stood, showed him still bending in apparent absorption over the book before him.

"Curious—wasn't it?" whispered Edith Strother

when they were fairly in the street. "He's not good enough for her!"

"What's curious?"

"Oh, Harriet Gwinn! you're such a piece of matter-of-factness! Didn't you see Professor Fenton? He's a bear! he never said a word or threw a look toward Miss Wardour."

"That's the right way for engaged people to do, my dear."

"Nonsense! To forget he's a gentleman?"

When Marion came down to tea that evening, the shining braids had been replaced by the loosened tresses, and the cheek which even the girls had noticed as having lost its color, brightened painfully as one and another gave way to their satisfaction at the change.

"Now we've got you back again!" cried Rosie Pratt, reaching up her chubby arms to clasp them about Marion's neck. "You've been away for all these days: that smooth-headed lady wasn't our darling Miss Wardour. Promise us you'll never tuck up these pretty, pretty curls again."

"I certainly never will."

The last evening of the session at ——— Seminary drew on. A grand concert was to crown its close, and Marion was obliged, though feeling utterly unequal to the task, to take a conspicuous part in it. She was standing before the glass, placing the only ornament the merry girls who were talking and laughing about her could persuade her to wear in her hair—a delicate rose.

"Your cheek used to be that color," said the outspoken little Rosie Pratt, who was watching the process of the toilette, "but it isn't now. What's the reason?"

Before Marion could reply to the child a card was laid upon her dressing-table, which the merest glance showed her was Professor Fenton's. Her face flushed suddenly: "The roses! the roses!" cried Rosie, *sotto voce*, behind her hand. "Don't be vexed, Miss Wardour, at his coming just now when you have to go to the concert-room. We'll run and tell him you are engaged;" and without waiting for permission, off flew a couple of the officious little maidens.

Another was sent after them in all haste, who met them returning out of breath with their rapid run. "Betty told him you were busy; but he didn't wait a minute, she said; see, Miss Wardour, it's a P. P. C. card," and the speaker pointed to the letters in the corner.

How Marion ever got through her part of the evening's entertainment she did not know, and cared not to inquire. She turned the key inexorably on the waiting heart that throbbed beneath her bodice, and threw herself into the music with an abandon that excited the wonder and admiration of the assembled guests. And when she sang one of Schubert's songs, full of wild pathos and heart-break, there were eyes that had tears in them, as one auditor said to another: "Why, I didn't know that music was her *forte*; she's a St. Cecilia!"

Late that night, after the concert was over, Marion returned pale and weary to her room; and as she tore from among her curls the one rose now wilted, and threw herself with an air of utter hopelessness into a low chair, she saw on the table beside her the case of beautiful French classics, and lying on top of them a card from the effusive school-girls:

"FOR OUR DARLING MISS WARDOUR.
A Bridal Present from her Devoted Pupils."

This was the over-brimming drop. The aching eyes closed; and when a servant came to her room a little after on some trifling errand, she found Marion lying in a swoon upon the floor.

The vacation passed away; the seminary resumed its regular duties, but a new French teacher sat in Marion Wardour's chair. A long spell of violent illness set in very shortly after her return home, and for several months she was unable to take up any occupation. No one at home guessed the trouble that weighed down their usually so buoyant Marion. Occasionally there was an eagerness in turning over letters which the post brought, and two or three times, when the post-mark of the university town turned up, a swift flash would cross the pallid cheek, and the thin hand held out for them would tremble. But a subsidence of all emotion would follow as she would say, with a little faint panting: "Ah, yes; Edith Strother's handwriting:" or, "Dear little Rosie! she remembers me still."

But youth does not so easily succumb; grief does not kill out the sweet life so soon. By-and-by, health came back, and with it the necessity for exertion. So when a charming position as governess in the family of a wealthy planter in South Carolina offered itself, Marion thankfully accepted it, and for years did not return to her northern home.

One cool, starry night in October found her on her way back to her friends after this long period of separation. She was traveling alone, and on this particular night was speeding along on a night train between two of our principal cities. She was worn with her long, solitary journey, and lay, half-reclining, with her head supported by her traveling wraps. The seat immediately in front of her had been unoccupied the early part of the night, and she had not noticed when it was filled; only when she raised her head to peer through the window and see if there was any indication of dawn she observed that two gentlemen occupied it.

Suddenly the distinctly pronounced name of the university town, so linked with her happiness and her sorrow, arrested her ear. Her heart stood still; for, notwithstanding all the hard and reiterated tutorings of womanly pride, it was but a rebellious heart after all.

"How long since you landed?" she heard one of the gentlemen ask the other.

"Only ten days ago."

The words were nothing, but the voice—not a vibration in its tone had been forgotten, although she had not heard it for nearly three years. It went to her heart with the clean thrust of a sharp stiletto.

"You were two years abroad, I think?"

"More—almost three."

"And did you like Bonn?"

"Yes—as much as I could like anything in the mood in which I then was."

"What sort of mood—eh?"

"Well, one of desperate chagrin and disappointment."

"Disappointment? Why, old fellow, I never heard you own to disappointment about anything."

"What's that the conductor sung out?" asked the other, interruptingly, as the aforesaid official startled all the sleepers with his stentorian shout: "Our station, is it? Yes? Well, gather up your traps, Fenton; or shall I help you? You seem to have as many as an old maid."

V

TEN years after the date of this new engagement, which had been succeeded by others of a similar nature, there sat, one brilliant summer afternoon, on one of the seats facing the grand ruins of the old castle of Heidelberg, a lady, busy with her sketching materials. All tourists will recall the beautiful, well-preserved window

overlooking the shrubbery below, with its pointed arch overrun with fine stone tracery, as though the vine had been once green about it, and had been fossilized through the action of centuries. The sketcher—it was Marion Wardour—was wholly absorbed in transferring this lovely window into the pages of her scrap-book in its picturesque beauty.

Her companions were running over the castle, examining the Big Tun, peering into the ancient rooms, trying the stone stairways, making the hoary walls echo with their young merriment, and calling occasionally down to Marion as she sat over her work.

Three of the party were young girls who were Marion's peculiar charge. A kind family friend of hers, who had watched with concern the paling of the delicate cheek and the too sad expression of the drooping eye—which he declared to his wife had no business to be intruding to her detriment at thirty-three, when a woman should be in her richest prime—settled it to his own satisfaction that her devotion to her duties as governess to his children had much to do with this apparent failure of Marion's health and spirits.

"Marion is too lovely to be allowed to droop to so little purpose," he said one day, after watching her somewhat languid movements. "Now, here she has been teaching these girls of ours for five years without taking a holiday worth speaking of, and she's plainly running down. Don't you think, my dear, the best thing we could do would be to carry her with us in the spring when we go abroad? In your delicate health, she could relieve you of a world of anxiety, if you had her at hand to turn over to her these three spirited young things, who will want to drag you everywhere. Such a traveling governess is not easily to be secured."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd with eagerness. "I wonder it had not occurred to me without your suggestion. Apart from all thought of relief to me, she would augment so greatly the pleasures of travel for us, for she is a better reference than Murray and Black and Bédaker all rolled into one. Let us speak to her about it at once."

Consequently the arrangement was brought about; and when the Floyd family—father, mother and three daughters—started on their two years' tour, Miss Wardour was one of their party.

They had only arrived at Heidelberg the day before the one of which we speak; and, of course, one of the first "lions" they determined to seize by the mane was the famous old castle, whose history Marion took pains to make her pupils familiar with prior to their investigations. She had just gone the rounds of the picturesque ruin with Mr. Floyd and his daughters, and as they had not fully satisfied their curiosity, she descended and left them to farther search while she put upon paper her reminiscences of the fine exterior.

As she dashed in with rapid hand her India-ink drawing, she allowed herself to be so absorbed by the thought of the old historic associations over which she had been going that morning with her pupils, that she ceased even to hear the echoing laughter, or note the coming and going tourists, some of whom, like herself, were busy with pencil and sketch-book, or to observe the occasional occupants of the benches beside her. Only once, when a sudden movement caused her sketching materials to roll from her lap, and spin beyond her reach on the smooth walk, a stranger, who had been loitering somewhere near, gathered them up, and, with a low bow, but in entire silence, restored them to her. She did not look up, but, with a kindly-spoken "Thank

you," received them. She had not been aware till that instant of his proximity. He had immediately stepped aside after having done her the small service; and when, on the conclusion of her work a few minutes later, she looked around, she saw no trace of him.

As they sat at the *table d'hôte* that evening, Mr. Floyd's youngest daughter, a bright child of twelve, suddenly turned to Miss Wardour and said:

"If it wasn't always happening to us to run against people we know at home, I should think it odd to find an acquaintance of yours here, Miss Wardour. He came up to me in the balcony, after we returned from the castle, and, very politely introducing himself, said he had heard me, in speaking to my sister, name a familiar name, and he *thought* he had one whom he used to know long ago in our party. I asked him who it was, taking for granted that it was papa, who knows everybody. But, no; he said it was 'Miss Wardour.' And then he took out a card—I declare, dear Miss Wardour, I forgot it till this minute; pray, forgive me. I have it here in my pocket," and she searched for it, but in vain. "Well, I'll go this minute and get it, for I know I must have left it in my Bédaker, for I had it in my hand when he came up to me."

Miss Wardour said it was of no consequence, and would have detained Emily Floyd, who rushed without farther word from the table in search of the missing card, and in a few moments laid it beside the plate of her governess. She took it up carelessly and turned it over. A sudden, unaccountable added paleness overspread the always pale face, and, without seeming to know exactly what she did, she laid the card upon the table again and slightly pushed back her chair.

With the familiarity of long established friendship, Mr. Floyd, who sat next her, took up the card, and, merely saying, "With your permission," read aloud the name:

"MR. F. H. FENTON,
Ezmoor University,
U. S. A."

"Dear me, Marion! I never dreamed Fenton was an acquaintance of yours! I've been seeing his name half a dozen times in the hotel registers since we have been on the Continent, but never thought to mention it, as I supposed him a stranger to everybody but myself. He was just entering the academic shades of Harvard when I passed out from them into the busy world, and I've seen but little of him for years past. We'll have him with us at once. It will be a delightful addition to our party, eh, Marion? Emily, as you brought the Professor's card, carry Miss Wardour's back to him—"

But before Mr. Floyd had gotten to the end of his sentence Marion had hastily risen and disappeared from the *salle-à-manger*.

VI

"My dear," exclaimed Mr. Floyd to his wife, breaking suddenly, two days after, upon her afternoon siesta, "pardon me for disturbing your slumbers, but the prettiest little romance has spun itself about us. You can't think how charmed I am!"

"What is it? You're not thinking of taking a suite of chambers for us in the old castle, I trust, and trying to resuscitate for our enjoyment some of its old life."

"Oh, no! nothing so old or musty, I assure you, but a fresh, living romance of to-day, such as we read of in novels often enough, but something that does not occur so readily in real life; in short, such a thing, which when we meet with it even in novels, we are apt to designate unreal, unlikely, clap-trap—"

"Pray, enlighten me at once, without farther commentary," said Mrs. Floyd, rising from her sofa with a look of unusual animation. "Whom does it specially concern? You haven't made a matrimonial alliance for our Jeannette with that Bavarian Count who has so taken your fancy?"

"Not quite; but there's a 'matrimonial alliance' in the case. You see Marion Wardour has not come to Europe for nothing."

"It's Marion's romance, then?"

"Yes, it's Marion's romance; for I have always suspected she had one hidden safe away somewhere in that self-contained heart of hers. She has just sought an interview with me, and, as being *in loco parentis* to her, she has asked my advice, and, what's more to the point, I've given it with unction."

Mr. Floyd then sat down beside his wife's sofa, and recounted Marion's story of her early engagement with Professor Fenton, and the sudden and irrational breaking of it. For ten entire years their paths had never happened to cross. Again and again had the Professor gone to the place which he had heard of as Miss Wardour's temporary abode, and failed to find her. Once, twice, even thrice, had he addressed letters to her; either they had never reached her (which proved to be the case), or, as he supposed, she had treated them with silent indifference. The fates seemed in league to prevent them from ever meeting. Three days before he had sauntered into the grounds of the old castle, with not the remotest thought of Marion in his head. He observed a lady sketching. She dropped her pencils. From mere gentlemanly instinct, he returned them to her. She received them without lifting her head, but her "Thank you!" thrilled him very strangely, and on a second look he recognized the woman he had been chasing through the world for ten long years. Overcome with the unexpectedness of the whole thing, he had hastened away without revealing himself. "You remember Emily's handing Marion a card at table two or three evenings ago?" added Mr. Floyd. "Well, he sought her out at length; one interview led to another; the misapprehensions of years were cleared up; explanations were made, and the upshot of the whole affair is—"

"That he has told her he wants to marry her on the spot; have the Big Tun filled with wine, in which we are all to drink to their health and happiness, and—he has consented!"

"Bless me, but you women are keen in your scent where love and marriage are concerned! Why, the very thing! barring the filling of the Tun, and I dare say the Professor would like amazingly to do that, too. Everything, it seems, has been made perfectly satisfactory to both parties."

"What was the difficulty?"

"Oh, some trifle, as is always sure to be the case, which a word would have set right; some quarrel, I believe, as far as I could understand, about *curls*—Marion's curls, which must have been the prettiest curls in the world. But the curls and everything else are straightened out now."

"Yes, after ten years."

"But you see he tried to find means of explaining things before. Anyhow, Marion declares that she is the only one who has been to blame."

"Oh, I dare say! That's a matter of course. Marion wouldn't be a real woman of the approved pattern if she didn't take all the blame to herself."

"Just as you would have done in like circumstances, my dear," laughed Mr. Floyd, as he took his wife's delighted face between his hands and kissed it.

"Well, now for the denouement of the romance; what did you advise?"

"That, as we are going to remain a whole month at Heidelberg, she should send Professor Fenton off to Southern Germany till she should get up her *trousseau*, and be ready at the month's end to let him come back and claim her as his bride. She's coming to hear what *you* think, after I have prepared the way for her by telling her story, which she declares it impossible for her to repeat."

"Yes—yes; it is a nice little bit of romance to weave into our German summer," exclaimed Mrs. Floyd with unwonted excitement. "Jeanette and Annie and Emily shall be her bridesmaids. It's really delightful! But to think that her pretty curls should have lost her ten years of happiness!"

LOVE'S GREETING.

"HOW WOULD YOU GREET ME, DEAR, IF I SHOULD COME?"

You ask how I would greet you;
Love, why ask?

Can I paint rapture in mere words,
Count heart-beats as a task?

I only know the sight of you would be
The glad surprise
That the first glimpse of light and flowers would be
To long blind eyes.

But ah! what words are deep enough to hold
The raptured hush
In which they'd watch the sunset's gold
Or rosebud's dewy blush?

I only know the sight of you would be
As dew to flowers,
That drooping on their stems have hung
Through noontide hours.

But, yet, I cannot paint in words
The joy that thrills
Throughout each fragrant heart as drop by drop
Each chalice fills.

And so my joy at meeting you
Would pass the reach
Of words in any tongue that's known—
All powers of speech.

But though I cannot *tell*, I think perhaps
That I could *show*
Just how I'd greet you if you came,
So if you care to know:

There stretches out between us, dear,
No bridgeless space,
And your question were best answered
Face unto face!

THE CHILDREN OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

THAT splendid world which Shakspeare imagined for us contained certain characters which we at once classify as types of humanity. His kings, jesters, philosophers arrange themselves with a singular clearness, and we readily contrast and criticise them with reference to each other. But the children of Shakspeare's plays seem to escape general notice; and it may be safely asserted that few of his readers ever bring them consciously together.

Yet they have all a positive individuality, and the English historical dramas contain some lovely types of boyhood—clear, single characters, whose feelings have a child-like sincerity, uninfluenced by complex motives and divided duties, and, for this very reason, not likely to attract metaphysical comment or detailed criticism.

All readers of Shakspeare must have observed his fondness for taking some master passion as a text, and then heightening and strengthening his argument by the grandest and most superb contrasts. Thus, the prevailing characteristic of "King John" is craft and cruelty, and against the baseness of the king's dastard soul, full of shuffling sophistries and mean subterfuges, he places the clear, gracious innocence and boyish loveliness of the little Prince Arthur.

The character of Arthur is not only unique in Shakspeare, but also in dramatic literature; for he is not a precocious child, astonishing us by a display of feeling and intelligence beyond his years. The charm of Arthur's character lies in his unconscious childishness and helplessness, his inability to comprehend the facts by which he is surrounded. The presence of quarreling kings, and the sight of warriors who fight for or against him, terrifies the child; and when his mother and grandmother come to words as sharp as blows, he cries, with tears of alarm and sorrow:

"Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

Historical accuracy could not be scrupulously regarded in the play of "King John." A time in which England was "baffled and affronted in every enterprise" would necessarily be an unpleasant subject for an English public and an English court; and Shakspeare, therefore, concentrated the interest of the drama upon Arthur, whose unhappy fate is the link binding every action together. We know, also, that at the time to which the tragedy refers Arthur was older than Shakspeare represents him; but the poet knew how much more interesting weakness and innocence in the power of craft and cruelty would be if exemplified in the person of a little child.

From his very birth Arthur was the object of England's rapacity or fear. Henry the Second and Cœur de Lion coveted the duchy of Brittany, which he inherited through his mother, Constance. John boldly seized the English throne, which he inherited through his father, Geoffrey. Then Constance placed her son under the protection of Philip, King of France, who pledged himself to maintain the child's rights. It is at this point in Arthur's history the play opens, and in all the Shakspearean drama there is no bolder and more

effective introduction. In plain and rapid words Arthur's "most lawful claim" is asserted, and the defiance given and returned.

The second act brings us into the very heart of the conflict, and the spirit of the Middle Ages is upon us. Arthur, indeed, appears only as the guileless child of all times, but the men of six centuries ago surround him, and in their gothic grandeur make a most effective background to the little child who stands so helpless among them. Vowing hollow friendship or stern defiance; "gone to be married, gone to swear a peace;" gone to keep the feast "with slaughtered men;" defying spiritual power and sovereign authority; swayed by every passion, yet ever willing to defend the right, we cannot but feel the superb contrast which Arthur in his unconscious and perplexed simplicity makes to them.

The third act reveals the boy to us through his mother's terror and anguish. She has realized that her child is but a puppet to be played by the rival kings for their own benefit; and when at last the fate of battle throws him into John's hands she abandons all hope. Is he not in the power of men "fit for bloody villainy?" A mother's presentiment assures her that "never, never" shall she behold her "pretty Arthur more," and in words of passionate sorrow she appeals to Cardinal Pandulph for spiritual consolation:

"My poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday aspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born."

No more pitiful lament was ever conceived, unless it be the one sorrowful cry of Arthur, as he stands among his wolfish enemies in the English camp:

"O this will make my mother die with grief!"
For Shakspeare well understood that this "gracious creature" would, in such extremity, feel more for those he loved than for himself. In his mouth he puts no words of entreaty, and no reply to John's pretenses of affection. A child of such rare spiritual sensitiveness doubtless divined the bloody thoughts already in his uncle's heart—thoughts which John furtively translates to Hubert de Burgh in three muttered words, "death" and "a grave," and then retires from the deed he has prompted.

The fourth act gives us the incomparable scene between Hubert and the child, and, in a few beautiful lines, the little prisoner reveals himself to us in all his winning nature. "So he were out of prison and kept sheep, he could be merry as the day is long;" and yet he "would to heaven that he were Hubert's son, so that Hubert would love him." If it were not that these first words make us feel that Hubert never can burn out the child's eyes, the horror of the situation would surpass the limits of tragic emotion. But with every fresh appeal Hubert visibly relents, and before he utters the words,

"I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes,"
we have anticipated them. The boy's desperate at-

tempt to escape from prison and its fatal result speedily follow :

"The wall is high ; and yet I will leap down :
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones."

And these, his dying words, make us feel that "the bloody fingers'-ends of John" have all the taint of Arthur's murder on them. Therefore we welcome with eager satisfaction that poetic justice which annihilates time, and makes the death of John rapidly follow the death of Arthur. Fourteen years really elapsed, but Shakspeare rouses at once the stern anger of the dis-tempered lords for the "ruin of that sweet life," and then hurries forward civil revolt and foreign invasion, treason and treachery, until John expires, not like the brother of Cœur de Lion, but writhing and moaning with a monkish poison in his veins.

The beautiful and amiable Prince Arthur has little resemblance to the gallant Edward Plantagenet. His father, Henry the Sixth, was indeed more fit for a pope than a king; but he inherited through his famous mother, Margaret of Anjou, the beauty and spirit of her great ancestor, Charlemagne. Shakspeare has dealt hardly with Margaret; still she undoubtedly had an overbearing, impetuous disposition, and Philip de Comines, who knew her well, attributes the overthrow of the House of Lancaster to her rash interference in the quarrel between Warwick and Somerset. Henceforward her life was a weariful watch and battle for the rights of her husband and son; for Henry was not only strangely indifferent to his own rights, but also quite willing to give up those of his son, if by so doing he could win the peace he craved but never on earth reached. The incident is in the first scene of the third part of "King Henry Sixth," and it is impossible in it not to sympathize with Margaret and the young prince, nor wonder that, when Henry urges, "Be patient, gentle queen," she should answer :

"Who can be patient in such extremes !
Ah, wretched man ! Would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father !
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus ?

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me, sweet son :
The Earl of Warwick, and the Duke, enforce'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee ! Art thou a king, and wilt be forc'd ?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
And spread they shall be.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace ; till then, I'll follow her."

The prince was then only seven years old, but he had been familiar from infancy with battles and flight and exile ; and, being Margaret's son, nourished amid the clashing of swords and the hate of rival claims, we cannot wonder that he elected to follow her, and win back

on the battle-field the crown which his father had resigned in the council chamber.

All the gentlemen and barons of the great northern counties had a local interest in the House of Lancaster, and they rushed to arms at the call of Margaret in behalf of her son's rights. But, noble as Margaret was under defeat, she could not bear victory, and her triumph at Sandal Castle was sullied by the murder of "sweet young Rutland," the little son of the Duke of York, who was seized while flying with his tutor.

The sketch of this little York is but a slight one, yet it is a masterly portrait of the terror of a child who had been all his short life under priestly dictation, and who could have no conception of the scenes in which his Lancastrian cousin Edward learnt how to defy his enemies, and receive their daggers without flinching.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?

Ah, tutor ! look where bloody Clifford comes !

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. Ah, Clifford ! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

Clif. How now ! Is he dead already ? Or is it fear

That makes him close his eyes ? I'll open them.

Rut. Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel, threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die :

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath ;

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :

To thee I pray, sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm—why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son ; for his sake pity me ;

Lest, in revenge thereof—sith God is just—

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,

And when I give occasion of offense,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father, therefore die !"

And whispering his last words in Latin, the boy falls.

Shakspeare makes Margaret offer the Duke of York, Rutland's father, a handkerchief dipped in his child's blood, to wipe away the tears he sheds for his untimely end ; and it is certain that her immoderate laughter and brutal triumph over York was such as, in some measure, to justify the tragic death of her own son under the daggers of the three remaining sons of York—Edward, Clarence and Richard.

Soon afterward Margaret rescued her husband from his Yorkist jailors, and with exultation presented to him the young prince, who had shared with her all the perils of the war, saying :

"You promised knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;

And learn this lesson : Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death."

The Lancastrian nobles had, however, so little respect for Henry that they urged him to leave the field to the conduct of Margaret ; and Shakspeare, by a subtle touch of filial respect, at this juncture adds the noblest grace to the young Edward's character :

"Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defense :
Unsheath your sword, good father ; cry *Saint George !*"

The battle of Towton, fought on Palm Sunday, "with lances instead of palms," made Margaret and her son again wanderers and exiles. They fled from Scotland to France, and from France to Scotland, finding in every place misery and danger. An inflexible evil fortune followed the mother and son ; their bravery and devotion could not propitiate it. Treachery, shipwreck, hunger, cold and weariness were familiar to them. Poverty manacled them, defeat after defeat dogged their footsteps. Year after year the struggle was continued, until on the "bloody field" of Tewkesbury the house of Lancaster buried its last hope of sovereignty with "the gallant, springing young Plantagenet."

Here Edward was taken prisoner with his mother, Margaret, and brought before King Edward the Fourth, and his brothers Clarence and Richard. This, the final scene of his short life, was not unworthy of the stormy years which it closed. Unterrified by the cruel York faces which glared upon him, he fell beneath their daggers asserting his rights to the last moment, and dealing out to his enemies quick, angry speeches, full of poignant sarcasms and reproaches.

The assassination of Henry the Sixth, which speedily followed that of his son Edward, ended the civil war ; but we should close the historical dramas at this point with a sense of injustice and incompleteness. The play of "Richard the Third" is the legitimate sequel to "Henry the Sixth," and Richard himself the terrible Fate who, destitute of pity, love or fear, fills for others the cup of retribution which he also had to drink. This idea is distinctly prominent. Margaret is brought forward to keep alive, by her frantic prophecies, the past in the present ; and in that night so full of "fearful dreams" and "ugly sights" which foreboded to Clarence his own murder, he tells, shudderingly, how there

"Came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud :

'Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field of Tewkesbury.'"

The murder of Clarence produces the affecting scene between his mother and two children. The sketch of Clarence's son is very slight, but full of character. He had been told by Richard that his uncle the King, "provok'd to 't by the Queen," had caused his father's death. He had been kissed by Richard, and told to rely on him as a father, and when his grandmother dropped a hint of his uncle's treachery, the child, with that sweet credulity that can see no guile beneath a kind demonstration, answered, "I cannot think it."

The death of Edward soon after the murder of his brother Clarence placed Richard so much nearer the throne. Only Edward's two sons barred his right. These princes are drawn with exquisite skill. With scanty means he indicates in the Prince of Wales, then thirteen years of age, a disposition promising a most perfect manhood. Dignified, earnest and clear-seeing, there is an air of pensive thought about all he says ; while his younger brother of York is spirited, quick-tongued, almost malapert, but yet just the keen, observant child that might be expected as the growth of a court full of hostility, hypocrisy, and jealous, quarreling women.

Richard, as Protector, wishes the brothers to go to the Tower pending Edward's coronation. The young king does "not like the Tower of any place ;" but he gracefully consents, asks questions about its builder,

Julius Cæsar, and makes reflections on his life. But the bold little York protests :

"I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Rich. Why should you fear ?

York. Marry, my Uncle Clarence's angry ghost.

My grandam told me he was inurther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Rich. Nor none that live I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear."

The son of Clarence was incredulous as to his uncle's falseness ; the young York had that boyish quickness which instinctively discerns the danger it has no power to ward off. His pert, sly taunts to his uncle of Gloucester are very natural, and very skillfully contrasted with the delicate caution and acuteness of the little king's remarks. "O 'tis a parlous boy," says Richard to his creature Buckingham.

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ; and from that moment we know that Richard will have no relettings.

The plot deepens rapidly ; the mother and grandmother of the princes—the latter woefully counting her "eighty odd years of sorrow"—are forbid access to them ; and there are few more touching lines in all the Shakspearean dramas than those in which the fearful mother addresses the prison of her boys :

"Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude, ragged nurse ! Old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !"

King John incited Hubert to murder Arthur with trembling, cowardly innuendoes ; Richard, with cynical indifference, summons Tyrrel to his presence and asks :

"Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?"

And receiving Tyrrel's ready assurance, exclaims exultingly : "Thou sing'st sweet music !" Yet if there is any scene conjured in wondrous words to abide all time it is Tyrrel's description of the two children "girdling one another within their alabaster, innocent arms." Endless repetition has not made it stale, nor do artists ever seem to weary in interpreting the tearful words in lovely forms.

The wailing for their murder is worthy of their tragic fate. Margaret of Anjou, hungering for revenge, had appeared in the early part of the play despair-crowned and breathing curses ; and after their death she comes again, to add her note of gratified hate to the lamentations of three generations, and to forbode the despair and horror and death waiting for Richard on the field of Bosworth.

An admirable contrast to these English boys is the Roman son of Coriolanus. How charming is that scene in the house of Marcius, in which his grandmother and mother, as they sit sewing, talk of the boy to their morning caller, Valeria ! "He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster," says the proud grandmother ; and Valeria adds :

"*Val.* O' my word, the father's son. . . . I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together ; he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; caught it again ; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it—O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it !

Vol. One of his father's moods,"

is the grandmother's proud admission ; and we see in this boy who "mammoocked" and tore his butterfly prey the epitome of the father, who "fluttered the Volscians about like an eagle in a dove-cote."

"He has such a confirmed countenance" is Valeria's description of the child's appearance, and the simple phrase conveys the perfect idea of a sturdy child and a self-willed character. He appears again with Volumnia and Virgilia, when they plead for the safety of Rome. The women declare that Coriolanus must tread upon their bodies if he "march to assault his country;" but the young Marcius, mimic of his father, cries out:

"He shall not tread on me.

I'll run away till I am bigger; but then I'll fight.

If we take up the play of "Macbeth" after that of "Coriolanus," we are in a new world. It transports us from the sunshine of Italian cities to the mists and glooms of the Scotch Highlands. Everything is tinged with the supernatural. Men are credulous and excitable, and their ordinary speech is poetical and full of grand images. The mighty forms of Macduff, Banquo, Siward are of very different aspect to the downright, hard-headed, hard-fisted Roman nobles; and the preternaturally wise son of Macduff, vainly trying to form a conception of a traitor, tyrant and murderer, is a very different child from the young Marcius, to whom difficulties would only suggest fighting. The little Scot dreams and wonders; but withal, when the time for action comes, he is no coward. Dimly comprehending from his mother's irritable complaints that a traitor "swears and lies," when the murderer sent by Macbeth calls his father "traitor," he at once, with childish passion, answers, "Thou liest!" and being instantly stabbed, uses his last breath to urge his mother, "Run away, I pray you!"

From the gloom of the Scotch Highlands, "Love's Labor Lost" takes us to the sunny plains of Navarre. Here all the men are idle, and the women, too; and we may laugh with Costard over the tricks and speech of that "nit of mischief," that "half-penny purse of wit," the little page, Moth. Shakspeare has in this comedy imitated the pedantic style of conversation affected by the witty and learned of that time, an excellent description of which he puts into the mouth of the critical Holofernes as "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were—too peregrinate, as I may call it."

None of Shakspeare's contrasts are more decided and amusing than that of the stiff, affected, melancholy Armado with the page Moth, who, light as his name, is all jest and playfulness, versatility and cunning. Armado is a great coiner of words, and the alliterations, antithesis and Latin phrases of the curate, schoolmaster and knight are a perpetual joy to Moth and his admirer, the clown Costard. "They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," whispers Moth to Costard.

"Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*,"

answers Costard, who had also picked up the fashion of big words, and stolen the longest in the comedy. We may find Don Adriano de Armado dull, and the curate's and schoolmaster's disputes on the golden cadences of poesy very tiresome; but we shall always be ready to say to that handful of wit, the tiny Moth, "An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread."

Shakspeare gives to the pages of his plays as decided an individuality and as national a flavor as he does to far more important characters. Thus Lucius, the page of Brutus, touching his instrument in his master's tent

at midnight, and dropping away into the irresistible sleep of boyhood, is as far apart as time and race can put him from the mannikin Robin whom Prince Hal sets to walk behind the fat knight Falstaff, for the pure fun of the contrast; a merry little rascal, killed at Agincourt, with "the poys and the luggage, expressly against the law of arms," as Fluellen decides. And when Henry, in retaliation, cut the throats of his prisoners, perhaps some memory of this pet boy mingled in his revenge.

No sketch of child-life could possibly differ farther from Moth than the tender, sensitive Mamillius of "The Winter's Tale." The petted darling of the ladies of the court, he is half ashamed and half resentful of his baby honors, fearing they will "kiss him hard, and speak to him as if he were a baby still." How easy it is to imagine the solemn little face with which, when begged to tell a tale, he asks:

"Merry, or sad, shall 't be?"

And then adds:

"A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of sprites and goblins."

And what mother would not have answered:

"Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down—come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it."

And then the tale that was never to be finished began:

"There was a man—dwelt by a churchyard—I will tell it softly—"

In this little scene, so familiar to every parent, Shakspeare got at the very heart of child-nature. But the tale is rudely interrupted by the wicked and unjust arrest of the queen, his mother, by whose side Mamillius is sitting, and we are left to infer the grief and suffering of the child by the few lines which close her trial:

"Servant. My lord, the king, the king!

Leontes. What is the business?

Servant. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leontes. How! Gone?

Servant. Is dead."

It may be observed of the children which Shakspeare draws that their ideality is generally preserved, either by an early death or by some strange fortune. Arthur of Brittany and the unfortunate princes of Lancaster and York have in his pages an eternal childhood. Again, over the early years of some of his most exquisite and noble characters he throws a romantic glamour that is made to glorify their whole after life. He shows us Miranda, and leaves us to imagine her childhood in that enchanted isle. We meet the lost princess Perdita at the sheep-shearing, sharing her daffodils and violets, and we know in what sweet, innocent content she has grown to such exquisite maidenhood; or among the wild Welsh mountains we see the stolen princes of Cymbeline drinking in the free air and offering morning salutations to the rising sun, and are certain, from their generous manhood, that the breath of the old innocent world was about their youth.

And if the child-world of Shakspeare is sad, it is always pure and sweet. We cannot enter it without feeling that Heaven lies nearer to us. Perchance some memory of his own lost son touched every child he drew; at any rate, we cannot doubt that Shakspeare revered childhood and tenderly bent over its joys and sorrows.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

THE administrator of George Eighmie was very far from being a bad man. He considered his cousin's relation with Alida, and the attempt to free his slaves and devote the proceeds of his estate to the benefit of the children resulting from that union, an outrage, not only upon society in general and the peculiar institution of the South in particular, but especially upon his own kith and kin. This feeling at least was but natural, and simply represented the general sentiment of the community in which he dwelt, intensified somewhat by that feeling of personal resentment which the heir-expectant always feels when his hopes are blighted by unanticipated claimants. He bore no ill-will to Alida or her children, but he believed them to be legally and justly the slaves of his long-deceased relative, and, as such, rightfully subject to the claims of the heirs. This belief was an inherited one. He had been little more than a boy when his cousin died, and the sentiment had grown stronger and stronger in his breast with every succeeding discussion of the subject in the family councils. He had been selected for his present position, after the long years of litigation, because he was cool, courageous and intelligent. He was a man of substance, though not of great wealth—thrifty, energetic and respectable. He was a member of the church, consistent, earnest and devout. He would no sooner have committed what he deemed a wrong than the saintly-faced Miss Hunniwell herself. Nay, he would have resisted what he thought to be injustice just as stubbornly, and with the same immutable conviction that he was doing right thereby. He was a law-abiding man; upright and fair in his dealings with others, and no more desirous of securing his own rights than of rendering righteousness to others. It was his duty, as he was instructed and believed, to reduce to possession the assets of the estate he had sworn to administer. It was especially his duty toward the rightful heirs to reclaim Alida and her children, because they had been advised that it was possible that complications might arise through the suit already begun by Jared Clarkson, as the guardian of Alida, which would be entirely avoided if the children of Eighmie were brought within the jurisdiction of the courts of the state in which he died. He had no doubt that Hilda was the daughter of Alida, and he had determined to obtain possession of her person, and bring her to Carolina before Clarkson or others of her friends could have an opportunity either to place her beyond the reach of the law or to interpose any legal barrier

to her removal. He did not regard Hilda as having any rights at all, except the slender one of personal defense which the law allowed the slave. He was ready to admit that it would be hard for her to come down from the luxurious position she had occupied as the petted daughter of a wealthy and refined gentleman to a state of servitude, and he would have felt no little pity for her on that account. Were her state of subjection once clearly acknowledged, and her claims as the heir of Hargrove abandoned and extinguished, he would willingly have consulted her happiness by consenting to release the claims of the estate upon her person for a nominal consideration. In short, Sherwood Eighmie was an honest, upright, Christian gentleman, who had no more doubt of the righteousness of slavery than of any other tenet of his faith. He did not wish to secure the girl from any motive of cruelty or revenge. He would have treated her kindly, according to his ideas of kindness, had she fallen into his hands; but he did not regard it as any injustice or inhumanity on his part to perform to the letter the duties his position devolved upon him. He was a just man even to his own slaves, treating them fairly rather than indulgently. He expected and exacted service, and he held himself bound as a Christian master to give good support, attention in sickness, and a reasonable amount of relaxation to those who served. He would have fought for one of his slaves only less readily than for his children, and would have resented their ill-treatment by another to the limit of the law or the extent of his power. He would have done this, however, not so much out of consideration for the slave himself, as because he regarded it as the duty of the master, and also because any interference with his servant was an infraction of his right as master. In short, he was a good, fair, average man, shaped and fashioned by one set of ideas, as Harrison Kortright had been by another. Submitted to the same influences, the two men would not have been unlike in character. Growing up as they did, they seemed to stand at the very antipodes of thought.

The fact was well known both to himself and his lawyer that Miss Hunniwell was not inclined to the extreme doctrines of the Abolitionists, and from this it was inferred that perhaps the best method to secure his end was to speak her fair, and obtain if possible her co-operation in getting possession of the "person held to service or labor" whom he sought. He could not understand, nor could his counsel, why any one not a rampant Abolitionist should object to rendering to him what the law not only gave him the right to have,

but commanded him to take and keep as a part of the estate of his intestate. He had arranged it so that his attorney's letter should reach her just at the time it did. In fact, he had himself brought it the day before and mailed it in the village. He had been at slight pains to conceal his identity, and had brought with him from Baltimore two men who were ready to perform his bidding in all things. They were men of experience, too, for they had more than once been engaged in the recapture of slaves in several of the border states.

As regards Miss Hunniwell, both he and his legal adviser had made the common mistake of the Southerner in estimating the Northern character,—by supposing her to be entirely mercenary in her impulses. That anything beside her material interests would affect her action in the matter he never once dreamed until he stood in her presence and heard her indignant refusal to accede to his request. Even then he was unable to appreciate the motive that controlled her action. He accounted her show of indignation as resulting from a careful balancing of profit and loss, and sought to convince her that refusal would be far more disastrous to her school than assent to his demand could possibly be.

When her soft cheek flushed and her clear blue eyes flashed at this, and she requested him to leave the premises without delay, he simply thought he had blundered in the method in which he had broached the subject. It was not until his second visit, when he came armed with his proofs, which were merely received as evidences of a wicked purpose by the mistress of Beechwood, that he mistrusted that her refusal arose from the fact that she, too, had imbibed the pestiferous notions of the Abolitionists. When she openly avowed not only her purpose to harbor and maintain the slave without regard to his demands, but also declared that she would do all in her power to prevent his getting hold of his property at all, then he first perceived that, like all the rest of "the Yankees," she was at heart an enemy of "the South," and thoroughly determined to obstruct the execution of any law designed to protect the interests of her people. Thereupon he had at once determined to use any means short of actual violence to secure possession of his slave. He had a good idea of Hilda's appearance, for she had been pointed out to him in the town that morning as "the daughter of that poor Captain Hargrove that was killed by the slaveholders lately."

He at once took measures to apply for a warrant, and set his men to watch the institution to prevent the escape of the fugitive. He had strolled restlessly about the building, not so much with the idea of securing the prize as to see what avenues there were for her escape. The note which Amy had thrown at his feet first put in his mind the idea of forcibly seizing and carrying away his slave. He knew he was in a community intensely hostile to his purpose, who would spare no pains to outwit, delay and thwart his plans. In a legal struggle he dreaded their activity, shrewdness and fertility of resource, especially aided, as he saw it would be, by an almost universal public sentiment; but he thought that a bold, quick stroke would meet with little or no resistance, and estimated that he would be able to remove the girl should he once get her in his power without serious inconvenience. Like most Southern men of that time, he counted all Northern men as cowards, and had no doubt that himself and his two assistants would present a show of force that would effectually prevent all attempt at a rescue.

Upon mentioning the matter to these worthies he

found them entirely of his opinion. They at once proceeded to reconnoitre the rear of the seminary, and announced their readiness to undertake the enterprise that very night. Their plans were quickly matured. One of them had noticed a ladder lying beside the carriage-house which was all that was needed to give access to the roof below Hilda's window. A carriage was easily obtained, which one of the assistants was to drive, while the other, with the aid of Eighmie, was to secure the girl. It seemed a very simple matter. None of them had any fear as to the result. Indeed, they thought it more than likely there would be no resistance or pursuit, but Sherwood Eighmie hardly relished the idea of a stealthy entrance into the house. He would much have preferred to go in by the front door, regardless of all remonstrance, and carry away what he was entitled to take. The entry by the window smacked to him of burglary; but his two assistants, with whose lives this method was more in harmony, overruled his objection by dwelling on the obstacles he was likely to meet with from a hostile community and the very slender prospect of obtaining justice by strictly legal methods. Besides, they argued that a bold and dashing movement of this kind would greatly increase the prestige of the South, and as they could easily be beyond the state line before any pursuit was made, there was really only a show of danger in it—just enough to make it enjoyable. This advice was not altogether disinterested, since these worthies would be able, as they well knew, to demand a much greater sum for engaging in such an adventure than if they should merely follow their employer about as an unnecessary body-guard while he awaited the slow process of the law to put him in possession of his own. To climb a ladder, crack a window or forcibly remove an unwilling slave-girl from a harbor of refuge, were none of them acts that they regarded with any especial horror. So they ridiculed the hesitancy of their principal, made light of his objections, piqued his vanity and appealed to his prejudice until they carried their point, and it was decided that the capture should be made an hour after evening prayers at the seminary.

A little after dark two vehicles moved out of the village toward the seminary. In the first of these was the worthy pastor, whose face glowed with the anticipation of doing a good act. The man and horse were oddly matched, and yet there was not lacking a sense of fitness between them. The divine, a great broad-shouldered, Saxon-visaged man, sat in the light, covered buggy, his soft felt hat pulled well down over his ears, the robe tucked close about him, and urged forward the staid, shambling bay with an occasional cluck, which had no effect upon that animal, which merely kept on at the same steady pace. Yet a close observer could see at a glance that there was good material both in man and horse. The broad, firm jaw and cool gray eye bespoke a man who, if somewhat slow in making up his mind, would never waver from a decision once made. The firm grip of the bare broad hand that grasped the reins showed that even in a physical contest he would be no mean opponent. The horse was a dark blood-bay, whose powerful shoulder and long, sloping quarters showed that his stride was capable of being quickened until it reached a rate by no means despicable even among frequenters of the turf. In his careless way the dominie was a horseman, and, despite his seemingly careless driving, was not accustomed to take anybody's "dust" on the country roads he traveled. His horse knew all his moods, and would not only endure his perpetual nagging, but when his master was in serious earnest, pricked up his ears, stretched

out his long neck, and threw the dirt in a style that made urging superfluous. He was a sagacious beast, too, and at the word of command backed from the stall into the shafts, and, with the buggy attached, out of the barn into the little yard behind the parsonage. He was even trusted to trot round to the front door without a driver, there to wait while the dominie changed his clothes and prepared for the road. Left unfastened by his absent-minded master on the highway for a time longer than he deemed needful for a pastoral call, he sometimes trotted leisurely home and waited at the stable-door for his master's return. In short, Mr. Amory and his horse were well suited to the plan he had devised, which was nothing less than to take Hilda twenty miles and more across the country before sunrise to a state that had never felt the foot of a slave except on his way to freedom—the only state of the North from which one never was returned to bondage.

He had laid his plans with great care. The man-of-all-work at the seminary was a good and true man, and a member of his church. To him he had revealed just enough of the facts to enable him to understand Hilda's danger and his pastor's desire to avert it. Through him he had conveyed to her the note she had received, but he had neglected to inform him of the means he intended to take to thwart the designs of the enemy. For this reason he had received no intimation of the change of heart of the Principal, and the change of the plan of escape through her co-operation. The coachman thought he was simply carrying out the design of his pastor when he drove through the town, in open day almost, with the prize which the slave-master coveted. So the good-natured 'divine's eyes shone with the warmth of benevolence behind his gold-bowed glasses as he clucked to his bay horse, and imagined himself a knight-errant bound to the relief of a sore-distressed damsel.

As he drove on down the river road that ran in front of the seminary, he heard the rattle of wheels behind, and looking around he saw a two-seated carriage containing three men. He could not see very well at a distance, but he knew the team with a horseman's instinct, and wondered where it could be going in that direction at that time of day. Half unconsciously, he drew rein, and scanned the occupants of the carriage more closely as they came near. He recognized them instantly. They were enemies—enemies of all that was good and tender in humanity—traffickers in human flesh—man-slayers, women-stealers—the enemies of God, because they were the enemies of His poorest poor.

These thoughts went through the good pastor's mind as he looked through the little window at the back of his buggy into the face of his brother in the church, Sherwood Eighmie, deacon of the church at Rawdon, in Clayburn County, Carolina. Strange that a few degrees of latitude should put honest men so far asunder in belief as to what constituted righteousness!

The dominie did not think of this, however, but began to wonder what their mission in this direction could be. Little by little the essential elements of the plan of the kidnappers dawned upon him. Both were after the same game, he thought, but he had the advantage—he knew them and they did not know him. He would foil them. Then it occurred to him to wonder how they expected to get possession of the prize. It did not take him long to conclude that she was to be betrayed by the teacher. It was common report that Eighmie had been twice to the seminary on that day, and as nothing was known of the result of his visits, this conclusion,

though it seems to be harsh to us who know the truth, was by no means unnatural to one in his state of knowledge. That Hilda was to be betrayed he felt assured, and that he must save her he felt still more convinced.

It was now quite dark, and they were more than a mile beyond the seminary. Once or twice the party behind had halted. Then the dominie had stopped, too, and watched them through his little window. The others had not been unmindful of this maneuver.

"That old duffer's a-watching us, Colonel," said one of the assistants, speaking to Eighmie.

"What makes you think so?"

"Think? I know. When we go fast, he throws out a leg and gits away from us; when we slow up, he shuts off steam, and when we stop altogether, he anchors just ahead of us."

"Oh, pshaw! you're too suspicious, Barnes. How do you suppose that man knows any more about us than we do about him?"

"I don't know *how*, Colonel; but I'll lay a fiver that he knows us, knows our business here, and guesses, if he don't know for certain, that there's some sort of devilment brings us this way at this time of night."

"Really, Barnes, you're getting nervous. You seem to think these Yankees know everything."

"Don't you have any trouble about Jim Barnes. He never showed no white feather yet, and he ain't likely to now."

"But you were so eager for this plan—"

"So I were, Colonel; so I were—not exactly as hot for it as Bill Marsden, but I thought it a heap better 'n the one you had in mind."

"Of course it is," said the one called Marsden, sullenly. "I'd rather have a hundred men after me than a lot of screechin' gals at my heels."

"There ain't no doubt about this bein' the best way," said Barnes; "but they ain't neither of 'em clear of difficulty. You see, Colonel, I've been on this sort of expeditions before, and I tell ye what it is, these Yankees are mighty knowin' folks."

"They are said to be very inquisitive," said Eighmie, laughing, "but they haven't troubled us yet."

"That's just where our Southern folks make a mistake about the Yankees," said Barnes oracularly. "It ain't so much the number of questions they asks as 'tis the amount of things they'll find out without askin' questions, thet makes the Yankee different from the rest of mankind. Now, here we've been in this little town two days, and there hain't hardly been three questions asked all on us, but you can jest bet your bottom dollar there hain't a boy in Bloomingdale don't know who we are, where we come from, and thet we're after that gal they call Hildy Hargrove up there at Beechnut Seminary, or whatever its name is."

"That's so," said Marsden. "You can read that in their faces, men, women and children, when we go 'long the street. Ye see, Colonel, we're three strangers in a little 'huddle,' as they call it, where strangers ain't over-abundant as a rule, so they put things together and find out all about us while a Southern man 'ud be gettin' an introduction."

"That may be," said Eighmie; "but that's no reason why the man in that buggy ahead should be watchin' us now."

"It may not be any reason," said Barnes, doggedly; "but they're nigh about all against us here, an' when you've got sech a thing on hand as we have to-night, it's well enough to be looking out for accidents."

"Well, what do you propose?" asked Eighmie.

"We've got to throw that fellow off his guard some

way, and I think the best plan is to go by him. It may make us a little late, but we've got to chance that; and, mind you, we ain't any worse off if this plan falls through in that way than if we hadn't started out on it."

"Well, go ahead," said Eighmie.

Barnes touched the horses with his whip, and almost at the instant they broke into a trot; the dominie's horse did likewise, and for a quarter of a mile, despite a constant acceleration of speed, the two vehicles kept at about the same distance apart, until finally the bay turned sharply into a lane leading up to a farmhouse on the hill-side, in whose window a bright light was burning.

"What do you think now?" asked Eighmie with a quiet laugh.

"Mebbe you're right," said Barnes; "but I'm always suspicious of a Yankee, and you'll find, Colonel, that the safest way of dealing with 'em is to credit them with knowing all that you know and a little more besides."

The others laughed at Barnes' justification of his caution, and dismissed all farther thought of its cause.

Hardly had the other vehicle passed the opening of the lane, however, when the bay horse again slackened his speed to a walk, and the dominie, peering out at the side, watched the carriage until it disappeared from sight around a little hill that effectually hid from view the road along which they had come. Then he stopped the bay, listened a moment to make sure that he was not mistaken, reined his horse to one side of the narrow lane, backed until the near wheel touched the wall, gave the bay the word, and in a moment was whirling along the road they had come at a gait anything but ministerial. In five minutes he was in front of the seminary. It was considerably past the hour when he had hoped to arrive. The evening prayers were over, and the pupils had dispersed to their rooms. Many of them had retired, as the darkened windows showed. It would not do to drive up the frozen avenue. Still less would it do to go on a hundred yards and take the wood-road that led up to the rear of the building. He knew every inch of ground. The wood-road was narrow and rocky. If he had abundance of time, the sagacious bay would pick his way along it almost noiselessly, but haste was necessary now. Hilda must be waiting. At any moment the enemy might return. He passed through the gate, turned out of the avenue upon the lawn, crushing an *arbor vitæ* beneath each wheel as he broke through the scanty hedge, drove noiselessly along the turf until he reached the opening between the carriage-house and the kitchen, looked hastily about, and, seeing no one, let the horse take its way to the rear of the premises, and turned him down the wood-road to a clump of evergreens half a dozen rods away. By this thicket the horse and buggy were completely hidden. He lowered the top of the buggy, threw the robe over the dashboard, twisted the reins about the whip, stepped quickly down, and hurried back toward the house.

The night was a cool one, and he swung his arms and stamped cautiously upon the turf by the roadside to restore the circulation as he went. The stars shone brightly, but there was no moon. As he neared the rear of the building he moved more cautiously. He fancied he heard a step in the bushes at his left, and thinking it might be Hilda waiting for him, he stopped and called her name softly. There was no answer, but he was sure he heard a suppressed breathing.

"Hilda—my child—Miss Hargrove—don't be afraid. It's I, Mr Amory. Are you there?" he said in a half

whisper. Then he listened. No answer. He could hear his heart beat. The stars seemed blinking in mockery at his anxiety. He was sure a human being was crouching near him. A thrill of terror swept through his frame. Could it be that the kidnappers had an accomplice watching outside? Had the poor girl been seized because of his delay? A thousand possibilities occurred to him ere he had breathed twice. Then a touch of fear came. It was a strange position for him, a minister of the Gospel, to be in. Suppose he should be set upon and overpowered? Suppose he should get into a conflict with these Southern desperadoes? Suppose—He shook his broad shoulders and threw away his fears. He would suppose nothing. He had come to do right—God's right—and he would do it whatever the result. His hands shut tight and his teeth met under his tawny beard like the jaws of a vise. He was no child to be frightened at a shadow. He marched with the step of a grenadier to the corner of the carriage-house and stood there listening. A solitary pine growing just at the corner of the stable screened him from view in all directions. There was no light at the back of the house except in Amy's room, and a soft flickering one in Hilda's. Presently the former was extinguished. Then he watched the door expecting Hilda to appear. He was afraid to approach the house and knock lest he should destroy her chances of escape. Then he remembered her girlish escapade of climbing down the roof, and thought perchance she might have recourse to the same method again. He heard the horses munching their food in their stalls, and wondered if it could be that, not finding him at his post, she might not have saddled her horse and fled without waiting for his aid. It was like her to do so. She was not the girl to sit quietly and meet an evil fate. The cold stung him as he waited and speculated on his strange position. Should he go or stay? He had forgotten those whom he had come to circumvent; he thought only of the girl whom he meant to succor. He had almost lost hope, but still he waited. Something had evidently gone wrong! He did not know the time, but it was past nine o'clock, for the lights were all extinguished. He had just decided to wait no longer when he heard a sound that put all thought of leaving out of his mind.

There was a step upon the gravel walk beyond the carriage-house—soft and stealthy, but a man's step—then another. Then two men came from beyond the carriage-house bearing something between them. Very cautiously they passed through the open gate within a yard of where he stood, and went round the rear of the building to the other side of the wing. What was it they were carrying? He could not imagine. He waited till they had passed out of sight, and then stole softly along and peered around the corner of the house. Not twenty feet away two men were raising a ladder to the roof beneath Hilda's window. The whole scheme flashed upon him at a glance. The other man was waiting in the carriage. These were to bring the girl, and before morning poor Hilda would be on her way to servitude without hope of rescue. It all depended upon him. He was one to two—aye, one to three, and unarmed at that. But then he had been a champion wrestler at old Bowdoin in his youth. He had grown up a fisherman's son on the coast of Maine, and had matched his muscle against wind and tide in many a storm. He would do what he could. But for his remissness Hilda would have been beyond danger now. He had no idea what he would do. A thousand plans flashed through his mind. He did nothing—only waited.

One man was half-way up the ladder when a stone

fell from the orchard wall not a rod from where he stood. There was a rustle in the bushes, too. The man upon the ladder paused. The watcher at the corner could hear their words as they whispered to each other in the chill night air.

"What's that, Colonel?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Nothing, I reckon—a stone loosened by the frost, or a cat, maybe."

They waited a moment more, then the man ascended. "Now," thought the minister, "is my time," and yet he hesitated. He felt a stone beneath his foot, and reached down and picked it up. He clutched it eagerly in his right hand. It made a deadly weapon in that brawny fist. He felt himself a match for the man at the foot of the ladder, however he might be armed. He took a step forward, then paused, holding his hand before him irresolutely. "No," he thought, "I will not subject myself to temptation. Only as a last resort will I use a weapon." He dropped the stone in the pocket of his overcoat.

There was a low, tremulous moan. The man at the foot of the ladder ran quickly up to the eaves. The minister sprang forward and saw the other one step out of the window of Hilda's room with a limp, white figure in his arms.

"She's all right, Colonel," he heard him say. "She won't make no more fuss. You jes' stiddy the ladder while I bring her down."

The minister stood spell-bound. The horror of the scene overpowered his faculties. He could neither move nor cry out. One man was at the foot of the ladder and the other half-way down before he awoke to the necessity of instant action. Colonel Eighmie heard a step, and turned his head quickly over his shoulder, still keeping his grasp upon the ladder. The minister took five steps like a whirlwind, and his fist fell with the force of a sledge-hammer at the base of Eighmie's ear.

"Scoundrels! Kidnappers!" he hissed through his set teeth.

Eighmie staggered and fell, half overturning the ladder as he did so.

"No ye don't," said the voice of Barnes, as he sprang up the ladder with his limp burden.

It was too late. Hardly had he reached the eaves when the ladder, disturbed by the fall of Eighmie, slipped, turned, and the top began to slide slowly along the tin gutter against which it rested. Barnes saw that he must drop the girl or fall with her to the ground and into the hands of he knew not how many enemies. It did not take him long to decide between a negro girl and himself. In an instant his arms were free; and, clutching the ladder with one hand and the spouting with the other, he threw his feet against the upright portion of the building and swung himself lightly upon the roof which he had lately quitted. Gilbert Amory, looking upward, saw the white figure as it fell, and springing forward, caught it before it reached the ground. The shock brought him to his knees, but he rallied and started to run toward where his horse was waiting. As he did so, Barnes, who began to realize the weakness of the attacking party, and who, even when engaged in an unlawful enterprise, was, as he had quietly declared, "no part of a coward," swung down from the eave-spout and dropped to the ground. Amory had just turned the corner when he started in pursuit. He was a little shaken by his fall, and not noticing the ladder which lay in his way he stumbled over it, and fell heavily to the ground. By the time he reached the corner of the house Amory was almost out of sight.

Only a flutter of white down the lane served to guide him in his pursuit.

Even with the burden which he bore Amory would have found it easy to outstrip his pursuer had he gone up the hill instead of trying to utilize his buggy as a means of escape. The time occupied in placing the half-unconscious girl in the vehicle enabled Barnes, who had no idea of yielding peaceable possession of his booty, to approach almost within striking distance before Amory could back his horse out of the bushes and take his seat in the buggy. He stood holding the reins in his left hand, which also supported the young girl upon the seat. His right hand clasped the stone in the pocket of his overcoat. He could just see the outlines of the man's figure as he stood in the shadow of the pines. The right hind wheel of the buggy was between them.

"Halt!" shouted Barnes. "Give up that gal or I fire!"

The hand flew from the pocket; the stone whistled through the air; there was a flash, a shriek; the minister sprang into the buggy, and the sparks flew out of the cold rocks along the wood-road as the frightened bay sped homeward. The figure that lay across his lap, hidden by the robe, moaned and shivered, but never once replied to his repeated assurances of safety. When he reached the highway Amory raised the cover of the buggy but did not check the speed of the excited horse until the wheels rattled up the entrance to his own barn. Then he sprang out, looked carefully around, and, taking the girl in his arms, he bore her into the house. As he laid her upon the lounge in the cosy sitting-room his wife saw that his hands were stained with blood. As he stood looking at the ominous stain she sprang forward, and, lifting the bowed head, they gazed into the thin, pinched face, now bloodless and pallid, of Amy Hargrove.

"Why, husband!" cried the wife, "this is not Hilda! What does it all mean?"

"I—I—don't—know!" said the minister in amazement. Nor did it matter. A physician who was soon called pronounced the wound dangerous, and prescribed silence, darkness and the strictest care. The bullet of the slave-catcher had just missed the heart of the informer.

Ten o'clock brought the southward train and the full moon. Other strangers came likewise to Bloomingdale. The battered sign that hung at the door of the unpretentious inn creaked on its hinges in surprise as they passed beneath it. The rooms were full for once, and the smiling landlord thought to himself, as he looked over his register, that a fugitive slave was almost as good for an inn-keeper as a circus. Two of the newcomers were evidently officials. They had that unmistakable uniform of self-importance that leads one to consider whether life would be worth living should reform at length fix the limits of life as the measure of official tenure. They inquired for Mr. Eighmie, and when told that he was not in looked knowingly at each other.

They were the United States marshal for the district and his deputy. They had a warrant under the broad seal of the District Court running in the name of the Chief Justice of the United States, commanding them to take the body of a certain slave-girl Hilda, otherwise known as Hilda Hargrove. They evidently understood the situation, or thought they did, for after some refreshment they started out on foot toward the seminary. A young man had taken the same direction a few minutes before. He turned off into the wood-road; they

advanced straight on, and, turning into the grounds, walked up the avenue to the house. Just as they reached it they met Marsden and Eighmie. There was a hurried consultation, not altogether pleasing to the officer of the law as it seemed. After a moment he said angrily:

"So it seems, gentlemen, that instead of waiting for the assistance of the law you have attempted an abduction and been roughly handled."

"We found the girl was about to escape, sir," said Marsden.

"Very likely," said the marshal, incredulously.

"Oh, but we did, sir!" said Eighmie seriously.

"Well, even if you did, it is no excuse for your violation of the law. I can have nothing to do with it."

"But the girl, sir," said Eighmie, "and the rascals who set upon us?"

"I understand you took the girl out of the house, and she was then taken from you?"

"Yes; and there was a shot fired, and we believe Barnes must have been killed."

"Very likely. People who will insist on being kidnappers must expect to get their necks broken. I will have nothing to do with it. There is no use of disturbing the seminary people any more. Indeed, you have disturbed them too much now for your own good. I should advise you, gentlemen, to make yourselves scarce before morning."

"Just what I've been telling him," said Marsden quickly, "but he won't take any advice."

"I will not go until I know the fate of Barnes," said Eighmie stubbornly. "I may have acted imprudently. If I have violated the law, I am ready to suffer for it; but I will not desert a man who shared the danger at my request."

"Help! Murder! Help!" came from the wood-road as he spoke.

They all ran quickly in the direction of the sound. In the middle of the lane, by the little clump of evergreens near which the minister's horse had stood, a man was kneeling and supporting on his arm the head of another. The moon was shining full upon the face of the prostrate man. They scrambled over the wall, the marshal and his deputy ahead, the others following.

"Barnes!" said Marsden, as soon as he caught sight of the face. He knelt down and put a hand upon his breast. "Dead!"

The man who was supporting the other had no hat. His face was pale, and his teeth chattered as he looked from one to another of the observers.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"It means murder, young man—that's what it means!" said Eighmie excitedly.

"Murder?"

"Yes, murder."

"Who could have done it?"

"You were the first that found it out it seems," said Marsden, with a sneer.

"I?"

"Yes, you!"

"But I know nothing about it. I stumbled over him as I came along just now."

"Just now?" said Marsden, still sneering. "This is a pretty time of night for a stroll, ain't it?"

The young man laid the dead man's head carefully

upon the ground, and, rising, folded his arms, and said with dignity:

"Gentlemen, if any one has any suspicion of me, I am willing to answer to the law; but I will not endure such remarks from any but an officer of the law."

"You are right, too," said the marshal. "I am an officer—the United States marshal. When did you find this body?"

"Just a moment ago."

"What were you doing here at this hour?"

The young man's face flushed, and he stammered as he tried to answer.

"Tell the truth," said the marshal, "or do not speak at all. Where is your hat?"

"I don't know," he answered confusedly. "It must have fallen off when I stumbled."

"Quite likely," said Marsden, with a sneer. "Perhaps this is it?"

He drew a crushed and battered hat from under his knee beside the dead man as he spoke. The other assented silently by taking it, brushing off the dust and striving to restore it to its original shape. It was sodden on one side. His hand was moistened as he brushed, and he carelessly wiped it against his sleeve.

The marshal watched him keenly.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Martin Kortright."

"That is he," said Eighmie excitedly. "I knew he was one of her friends. He did it, you may be sure. He's her lover, sir."

"Hers—whose?"

"Hilda's—the girl we're after—the one we had when we were attacked."

"What of her? Where is she? What do you mean?" said Martin, striding over the prostrate form and clutching the arm of Eighmie.

"Stand off!" said Eighmie. "Stand off! Oh, you know where she is! And you know about this, too," pointing to the body of Barnes. "Why don't you arrest him, Mr. Marshal? Are you going to let him escape?"

"I am sorry to say I must arrest both him and you, gentlemen. This is a matter for the state courts; but, as a felony has been committed, if not two, I must take you into custody and deliver you to the state authorities. Come."

As he turned there was a rush into the undergrowth at the road-side, and Marsden fled up the mountain-side.

"Never mind," said the officer to his deputy, "we will hold these two. The fool thinks he can get away, but he hasn't a ghost of a chance."

He laid his hand on Martin's shoulder as he spoke, and the deputy in like manner took hold of Eighmie.

"You need not hold me," said Eighmie. "I will go wherever you wish."

"So will I," said Martin.

"Come on then, gentlemen," said the marshal; "but let us see if this poor fellow is really dead. Take hold, and let us carry him to the seminary."

The officers and their prisoners bore the inanimate form carefully around to the front of the building, and laid him down upon the broad, white steps just as a carriage drove up, and the mistress of Beechwood alighted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





A Statistical Criticism.

THIS is the age of statistics. It is also the age for pitching into the novelist, Henry James. The statistical may not be the most finished form of criticism, but there are times when it reveals truths which would otherwise remain hidden. Let us apply the process to the famous little story, "Daisy Miller." The reader will have observed that the young lady of this name is addicted to the use of the conjectural expression, "I guess." Upon her first introduction she uses these words at least once upon every page of the book, and these pages are exceedingly small. In her first conversation the phrase occurs seven times. But as the story advances, she gradually abandons this form of speech, so that in part second of the volume it occurs but twice.

This little census affords us the key to Mr. James' literary construction. Desiring to sketch a representative American girl, he found himself in lamentable ignorance of that class of people, owing to the fact that he had lived so long abroad. In this emergency he drew upon the English book of travels for the desired information. We have all seen the Englishman's record of his observations in the United States. It is in two volumes. The first of these is devoted to the country at large; the second to Utah and the Mormon religion. In the first volume Mr. James found what he wanted—a description of the American people. The American, says the Englishman, is known by a nasal twang, a profuse expectoration, a habit of resting his feet on the table, a passion for pie, and the use of the shibboleth, "I guess." To the credit of Mr. James be it said, that he chose the least unlady-like of these characteristics as an endowment for his heroine; and having, by its frequent repetition at the opening of the story, duly impressed us with the fact that the girl was undeniably American, he kindly spared us the infliction in the subsequent portion. The reader may have also noticed that Daisy Miller's mother, from whom she learned her language, and her younger brother, whose vocabulary might easily have been corrupted by her example, are not guilty of guessing; it was not necessary, since the author did not intend that they should stand out as types of the American.

Perhaps it is improper, as a matter of language, to guess; perhaps it is vulgar; perhaps it is even immoral; but, without discussing these momentous questions, let us, as statisticians, discover if it is as common among us as English authors and their imitators would make it appear. Let the reader note for several days the conversation which goes on around him in the mixed society into which he may be thrown; if his luck be not different from that of the writer he will hear the offensive expression, on an average, about twice in three days. If, therefore, there is anything improper in guessing, the American woman has new grounds of slander for proceeding against Mr. James.

Mr. Howells, in his celebrated remarks upon Mr. James, makes one quotation from the latter's writings. It is from the "Pension Beaurepas." Let us quote the quotation, with so much of Mr. Howells' notes as naturally cling thereto:

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"These are my ideas," says his (Valentin Belgarde's) sister-in-law, at the end of a number of inanities. 'Ah, you call them ideas,' he returns, which is delicious, and makes you love him."

We do not have to ransack our memories very deeply in order to find a parallel to these words—so close a parallel, indeed, that there seems to be imitation somewhere. Said Falstaff to Poins in the olden time, "Call you that backing? A plague upon such backing!" Would Mr Howells think of calling these words delicious? Evidently not, as they were spoken in Falstaff's bluff, hearty, earnest manner, which, if you are a modern *dilettante*, does not "make you love him." The deliciousness of Valentin Belgarde's gentle sarcasm lies in the preliminary "Ah!" the implied drawl and the superciliously benevolent smile which, it is safe to infer, accompanied this speech. Without doubt, also, the speaker added to the effect by twiddling his thumbs, crossing his legs, lifting his eyes to the ceiling, or performing some other act of posturing which, in the new style of novel, is supposed to be so pregnant with meaning.

The "Ah," whether preliminary or interjectional, is rarely found in the American language. The American, like the Frenchman, says "Well," when he hesitates. "Ah" is English. Those who ought to know say that the Englishman, in the intercourse of the drawing-room and other places where refinement prevails, is constantly catching himself on the verge of using some dreadful slang of the club or the stable, and supports himself with an "Ah" until he can think of something proper to say. At any rate, it is not an Americanism, and yet, in the conversation of the three or four Americans in Mr. James' little book called "Confidence," there are—blessed be statistics for the straightforward story they tell!—seventy-five sentences introduced by this unnecessary monosyllable. Captain Lovelock, the Englishman of the book, does not use the word; he says "Gad!" "By Jove!" and other mild oaths from the cigarette-smoker's vocabulary. But our countrymen out-Herod Herod. "Ah, we'll all go," says one. "Ah, my dear Gordon," Longueville "murmurs." "Ah, my dear fellow, you are ridiculous," says another. Nothing could be more unnatural than such speeches as these. They are debilitating to the reader. Doubtless there are foolish Americans in Europe—and perhaps in New York—who affect the "Ah," but fortunately they are rare, and are not representative by any means. There are communities in the United States where a man would be mobbed without delay for saying "Ah, my dear fellow!" Nor does the able-bodied American "murmur" to his comrade as a rule. Brooks murmur, and lovers murmur, but the American tourist is of sterner stuff, and does not murmur, except over a slow train or an exorbitant bill. If Mr. James wishes to establish a reputation for drawing character true to life, he should stop the printing of his "Confidence" immediately. When the Englishman misrepresents us, we can forgive him, and, pardoning much to international jealousy, ignorance, and foreign ideas of what constitutes fun, we can even laugh at his burlesque of us. Thus we find great amusement in the characters of Senator Goto-bed, Jefferson Brick and Mrs. Henry V. Clams. But when a man who is almost an American produces an overdrawn

caricature of the American girl, and makes her stalwart brother murmur, "Ah, my dear fellow!" there is righteous cause for indignation.

SOMEWHERE in these United States there is a fortunate young artist waiting to have the sum of three thousand dollars placed to his or her credit on the books of Harper & Brothers, in New York. The said sum will be subject to the order of the artist in question, as it may be needed for the prosecution of artistic studies at home and abroad during a period suitable for the expenditure of the sum named. The sole conditions are that the artist must be under twenty-five years of age, must be an American, and must take for the subject of the drawing offered in competition the Christmas hymn of Alfred Domett, a printed copy of which will be sent on application to the Messrs. Harper. This generous offer was made, with full particulars, in *Harpers' Weekly* for March 17, and no doubt many a deft pencil is already at work making studies for the tempting prize. It is rather appalling, when one thinks of the amount of human vitality that will be set at work by this proposition, and how much of it must of necessity result in the bitterness of disappointment. What weary hours of toil and thought will be spent by hundreds of young and hopeful aspirants for fame! None of it will be wasted, however; the practice will all go to the benefit even of those who have not a chance to win. It is to be hoped that the victor in this honorable strife will be every way worthy of the coming triumph. It would be pleasant to have the good fortune fall to the lot of some one whose artistic life must otherwise be an uphill struggle. Fortune, however, cannot be trusted to make such an equitable arrangement, and just as likely as not the prize will go to one who needs it least of all. It is too much to hope that should such be the case the fortunate winner will magnanimously pay the sum over to a brother or sister artist who is less favored of fortune.

THE penning of the foregoing paragraph recalls a very clever exposition which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year or two ago, setting forth a grievous lack of the English language in the matter of pronouns. The paragraph in question is an instance in point. How much simpler it would have been could the competing artists have been referred to in one word, instead of by the awkward phrase "he and she," "him and her," "his and hers," etc. Every writer of English is frequently confronted by this dreadful dilemma, which always arises when (alas, here it is even now!) *he or she* wishes to circumvent a possible complication of the sexes. Suppose, for instance, that the pronoun *who*, with its natural modifications, were adopted to meet the exigencies of the case. It would not take us long to become accustomed to hear the minister say at the close of an appeal for a generous contribution: "I hope each member of the congregation will give liberally according to *whose* several ability." The teacher in a co-educational establishment will not be liable to stumble after this manner, after the new pronoun has won popular favor: "Let each scholar put away their books—that is to say, his or her books—and leave the room quietly." He will substitute "*whose*" for "*their*," and all the *he's* and *she's* will go on their way rejoicing. In the eye of the law, of course, "*his*" and "*their*" include both sexes, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition, but in the colloquies of everyday life a new combination pronoun is required, and the sooner the philologists come to the rescue the better it will be for all concerned.

ONCE more the American woman abroad finds place on the dissecting-table, and Mr. Henry James, graceful, self-possessed and more than master of the situation, uses his scalpel with his accustomed directness and his accustomed

success.¹ It is another bit of morbid anatomy that he serves up to us, however, and not even his delicate touch and airy style can make it anything but morbid anatomy. Mr. George W. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair" of *Harpers' Magazine* for April, speaks, with all his peculiar grace and courtesy, a word in defense of both Mr. James and Mr. Howells, who find various indignant American critics arrayed against them. "The Europeanized American," he declares, "in whatever form he may be viewed, is as distinctive an American figure, and as legitimate a study for the satirist, the novelist or the philosopher as Billy Bowlegs, or Leatherstocking, or a party boss." Certainly, no one will contest the right, but every one may question if the analysis has not gone far enough. Vivisection undoubtedly serves certain scientific ends, and results in the benefit of the race in general; but when a point is proved, the experiment ceases to have interest or justification, and if the operator persists not only in probing and cutting, but in salting the wound as well, disgust takes the place of toleration.

In "The Siege of London," first printed as a serial story in a popular English magazine, the type is in some points a new one, and sufficiently amusing to reward the reader for the time spent: it is a Mrs. Nancy Headway, a Western woman of many marriages and many divorces, handsome enough to attract all men, and with skill enough to veneer easily when brought into contact with the right surfaces. She is good natured and kindly, too, and avows openly that she wants and will have a chance to be "respectable." Her marital experiments have been always a search for something better, and the best at last appears in the shape of an infatuated young Englishman, Sir Arthur Demesne, to whom she has told as much of her story as he can be made to understand, and who values her brightness and beauty sufficiently to ignore all that he cannot. In fact, he regards a succession of sudden marriages and more sudden divorces as an American trait—a national peculiarity—and Mr. James, as a whole, encourages the belief, and sighs his own pensive regret at the tendency. Sir Arthur's mother, to whom the story has not been told, scents some mystery, and appeals in all directions for confirmation of her suspicions. Waterville and Littlemore are two representative Americans, in whom culture has wiped out all natural instincts of genuine delicacy or honor, and whose perceptions are not keen enough to make them know respectability from its opposite. They posture through the various scenes, Littlemore, the elder, whose fortune is the result of a lucky game of poker—as is the supposed case with all cultured and desirable Americans—finally telling the unfortunate Nancy Headway's secret, too late to be of use, but early enough for infinite harm. He is right, of course, in asserting that she has no place in a decorous English household; and, pity her as the reader will, the skillfully-drawn portrait gives fullest evidence that she was not a naturally good and delicate woman, trying to get back to the place she should have been born to; but an inherently coarse woman, trying to steal a place she could not honor. But the whole thing is depressing—even humiliating—and in the two sketches that fill up the remainder of the volume, "The Pension Beaurepas" and "The Point of View," there is nothing to alter the impression. It may be very real life, but it is the life of a vacuum. Not an honest heart-throb, not one drop of generous blood makes itself felt. Mr. James has never, since his "Passionate Pilgrim," made man or woman wholly worth loving, unless, indeed, we may except Isabel in "The Portrait of a Lady;" and it is certain that whatever his art may represent, it has no fellowship with the noblest and deepest facts of life. Till some gleam of spirituality is added he must remain artist, but can never become creator.

(1) THE SIEGE OF LONDON, AND THE PENSION BEAUREPAS. By Henry James. 12mo, pp. 299, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.



MACMILLAN & Co. are soon to issue an edition of the "Essays of Elia," edited by the Rev. Alfred Ainger.

SWEDEN is to have a series of translations of English novels, the first being Mr. Anstey's burlesque tale, "Vice Versa," which will soon be issued at Stockholm.

THE next Round Robin novel is to be called "Fanchette," and introduces the American rajah of an East Indian province, a Russian Nihilist prince, a Buddhist priest and a French actress.

DR. RITTER's book on "Music in England and America," is soon to be brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, who will also issue the late Sidney Lanier's lectures on the English novel in book form.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS are to publish in this country Renan's "Recollections of My Childhood and Youth." Both the Roman Catholic Church and the priests are said to be treated in it with entire respect.

A DESCRIPTIVE illustrated catalogue has become a part of the advertising system of every large seed house, there being an apparent rivalry as to neatness of make-up. Elwanger & Barry, of Rochester, have issued a very attractive one, and Alfred Bridgman, of New York, is also in the field.

A ROMANCE written by Kong Ming twenty-two hundred years ago, "The Fan Yong, or the Royal Slave," is to be translated into English by Wong Ching Foo, editor of *The Chinese American*. The novel is a popular historical one, and Kong Ming's style is said to greatly resemble that of Victor Hugo.

A COMICAL little play, forming No. 1 of a series for amateur performance, has been received from C. B. Vaux, of No. 27 Rose Street, New York. It is entitled "Rebecca and Rowena; or, the Triumph of Israel," and is based on Thackeray's "Sequel to Ivanhoe." No. 2 of the series will be entitled "Royalty at Home; or, Henry VIII's Four o'clock Tea." (25 cents).

PRINCE BISMARCK has dropped butchering and taken up general philanthropy, having lately sent an earnest letter to the officer of a German anti-vivisection society, in which he says that were he not so overburdened with other business he would use all his influence for the passage of a law imposing upon every person convicted of vivisection a fine so heavy that he would be likely never to repeat the offense.

THE second number of *The Art Student*, which appeared in December, and which is to be issued twice a year, is fully as attractive as the first. It is designed as a record of progress, and the number contains various figure studies, all from the life, and reproduced by a new process. The sketches are full of life and vigor, and there is a very pleasant impression of hard work, and of very positive growth of the art feeling, which augurs well for future work from the same sources.

THIRTY years and more have passed since the first appearance of the "Widow Bedott Papers," but they are still the source of many of the humorous dialect studies that have taken their place. A new and cheap edition lately issued by A. C. Armstrong & Son, puts them once more within the reach of all, and time in this case has detracted nothing from the interest and value of the sketches,

which are as laughter-provoking to-day as in their first appearance. (12mo, pp. 403, \$1.25).

IN its issue for March 31, *The Critic* made a valuable and interesting contribution to the literary history of Washington Irving, in view of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, which fell on Tuesday, April 3. Mr. George William Curtis contributes a paper on Irving's "Knickerbocker," Mr. S. H. Gay on his character as a historian, Dr. Holmes and Charles Dudley Warner touch upon the humorous side of his works, and Mr. Edmund W. Gosse offers an essay on his life in England.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS" afford a theme for W. E. Winks, who has made a book on the subject. Fifty shoemakers, or thereabout, are enumerated as illustrious, and of these more than half achieved fame through the medium of their pens. It will be something of a surprise to most readers to find Noah Webster, John G. Whittier, Roger Sherman and Henry Wilson named among American shoemakers. Among the foreigners are William Gifford, Hans Sachs, Richard Savage and John Kitto.

THE English "Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature" makes the following rather astounding announcement: "We propose to get up cases, as our funds will allow, against Professor Huxley, Dr. Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' the publishers of Mill's works, the publishers of Strauss' works, Leslie Stephen, John Morley, the editor of *The Jewish World*, Dr. Martineau and others who, by their writings, have sown widespread unbelief, and, in some cases, rank atheism, in cultivated families."

THE author of "John Inglesant" has an article in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Humorous in Literature," in which he speaks of Washington Irving as perhaps the most genuine humorist that ever lived. "The charm of humor," says Mr. Shorthouse, "consists not merely in laughter, or even in joy, but in the stirring of those sympathies and associations which exist invariably in the race, for we inherit a world-life and a religion, the earth's springs of whose realities lie, perchance, too deep for laughter, but not, Heaven be thanked, too deep for tears."

ROSE PORTER's sensitive and delicate touch has lost none of its early qualities or grace, and anything new from her pen is sure of welcome from many readers. Her standpoint is that of quiet observer, and while her books hold little of the hearty and joyous side of life, they are full of spiritual insight. In "Our Saints: a Family Story" it is the soul-life of the brothers and sisters that is given, and the only fault to be found is in the over-analysis of spiritual phases. These "saints and their bodies" are too far apart, and a little more earthliness would make them more real; but in purity of tone and a fine literary quality there is nothing to ask. (12mo, pp. 264, \$1.25; A. D. F. Randolph, New York).

SPECULATION will go on, no matter how conclusively a question may seem to be settled, and thus one need feel no surprise at the title of a book lately issued by Fowler & Wells—"A New Theory of the Origin of Species," by Mr. Benjamin G. Ferris. Mr. Ferris has written a thoughtful and well-considered argument against the theories of development held by Darwin and his school. He accepts evolution in a general sense, but insists that "creation as it goes on under our observation is by the ordinary process. From this we are able to evolve not merely the general, but the invariable rule that every living organism, within historic times, has required a receptacle or matrix for its conception, gradual development and final birth. Surely from what we thus see we should be able to find a general law for the production of new species. If species are reproduced by this ordinary process, then it is fair to conclude that they must have originated, not by an un-

usual birth, but by an *extraordinary generation*, and herein I apprehend may be found the key to the whole mystery." He claims that this *extraordinary generation* is brought about by a fresh "influx of life" from the Creator, "whenever, in the orderly progress of changing circumstances, a new species becomes necessary;" and his argument will be accepted by many who would reconcile biological science with belief in an over-ruling Providence. (12mo, pp. 278, \$1.50; Fowler & Wells, New York).

In the preface to Mr. Sala's new volume, "America Revisited," he makes very open confession of certain past offenses. "When I first went to the United States," he writes, "in the year 1863, I was, comparatively speaking, a young man—very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now. When I landed in America, the country was convulsed by one of the most terrific internecine struggles that history has known. I took, politically, the wrong side—that is to say, I was an ardent sympathizer with the South in her struggle against the North. In so taking a side, I was neither logical nor worldly wise—in short, I approved myself to be what is commonly called a fool; but my partiality for 'Dixie's Land' was simply and solely due to a sentimental feeling; and at thirty-four years of age it is permissible to possess some slight modicum of sentimentality. My heart was with the South, because I came, on my mother's side, of a West Indian family—and a slave-owning family ruined by the abolition of slavery in the British colonies; and although I know perfectly well that I was altogether wrong in what I wrote politically concerning 'America in the Midst of War,' my heart is still in the South, with her gallant sons and her beautiful daughters; and the song of 'Maryland, my Maryland' yet stirs that heart like a drum, and will not so cease to stir it, I hope, until it ceases to beat for good and all."

THE many who have enjoyed the brilliant work of De Amicis in the various translations issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will need no recommendation to read this latest book, "Military Life in Italy." "Latest" applies, however, only to the order of issue, its composition having preceded that of the travels. It is the record of the author's own military experience, lived through in his early manhood; but the same quick observation and humor, keen insight and sympathy are as noticeable here as in the later work. There are many strongly dramatic situations, the sketch entitled "Carmela" being not only dramatic, but full of pathos, the story being told with a simplicity that distinguishes De Amicis, who instinctively avoids the melodramatic element a Frenchman would have been likely to infuse. In the preface De Amicis gives the motive of the volume, in speaking of one of the sketches it includes: "A workingman said: 'When I had finished reading it, I would have gladly pressed the hand of the first soldier whom I happened to meet.' A soldier said: 'It is a story full of consolation, which inspires a man with good-will for his duties.' Let the one wish well to the soldier and the other be a soldier from the heart. Should I succeed in obtaining these two results in any of my readers, I should feel well repaid for my pains, and my liveliest and most earnest desire would be fulfilled." (12mo, pp. 440, \$2.00).

MISS BRADDON'S school, which has ceased to mean all the objectionableness that the phrase implied fifteen years ago, and which now includes not only highly wrought incident but much real knowledge of life and a style much more finished than of old, has no more charming follower than the author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," and sundry other society novels. That they are a little stagey and improbable, and that everybody's doll is not only stuffed with sawdust but losing it as fast as possible must be taken for granted. Aside from this mournful tendency they are

excellent pictures of some phases of English life, and in the present case, "Portia, or 'By Passions Rocked,'" the author's latest venture, shows considerable dramatic power. The scene is laid in an English country house. The hero, Fabian Blount, the nephew of the owner, lies under suspicion, having been accused of forging his uncle's name on a check five years before. Sir Christopher, the uncle, who cannot believe him guilty, has shielded him, and he has the unquestioning loyalty of a pretty sister whose complicated love-affairs are first amusing, then rather tragic, with a final return to the first lover, the only one she has really cared for, but whom she jilted, believing him indifferent to her. Portia is a half cousin, beautiful and cold outwardly, who believes Fabian guilty and who from pride crushes out her growing love for him. He in turn, when finally cleared, will not forget the doubt, and flings away his life in rescuing sailors from a wreck. Portia dies of a broken heart, and the two leave the world almost together. Morbid, pathetic, melodramatic, it is still in many points an unusually well-told story. Among the minor characters, Dicky Browne, though a little too much given to telling old stories, is yet very amusing. (12mo. pp. 299, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

EBERS is more at home on Egyptian soil and in the time of the Pharaohs than in more modern scenes, and his latest novel, "Ein Wort," which has been translated by Mrs. Mary J. Safford, under the title of "A Word, Only a Word," and recently issued in their excellent series of translations, by William S. Gottsberger & Co., is in some points a failure. The historical interest is very perfectly preserved, and there is the sense of absolute accuracy in every detail that makes Ebers' work so satisfactory and valuable. This alone is sufficient to make the book a desirable possession, and there is much picturesque and vigorous description of the life and manners of the time, which is that of the seventeenth century. The word is first given by a scholar and recluse, a Jew, under the ban, who has a Christian wife and whose child becomes in the end the wife of Ulrich, the boy who appears with her in the first chapter; who is educated in part by the Jew, and receives the impression that the knowledge of "one word" will give him success in life. "Art" appears to him the only word holding power enough to sway a life, and he studies painting under a Spanish master, till disappointed in his own capacity in this direction, when he substitutes "power," and becomes a Spanish soldier. At this point the book is extraordinarily vivid, and the campaign in the Netherlands is given almost with a Motley's vigor. Wounded and left for dead after a battle he is found by Ruth and his father, the latter having previously refused to recognize a son who had given his allegiance to the Spaniards, and as he slowly recovers, owns that "love" is the only word that has power for both this world and the next. Ruth is a delicate and beautiful portrait, and the book fails only in making its characters really alive, too much of the feeling of puppets being about them all. (1 vol. 18mo, pp. 348, 75 cents).

NEW BOOKS.

L'EVANGELISTE. A Parisian Novel. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. 16mo, cloth, pp. 304, \$1. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

EMERSON AS A POET. By Joel Benton. With Portrait. 16mo, pp. 134, \$1. M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE. By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A. With Maps and Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 484—567, \$5.

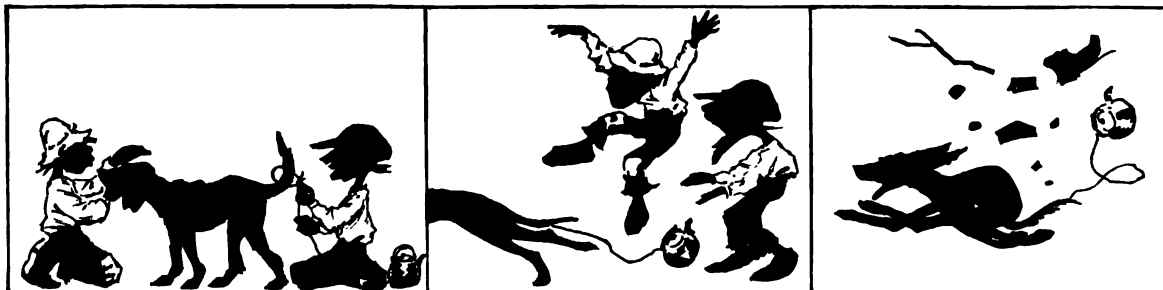
THE FRIENDSHIPS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. As Recorded in Letters from Her Literary Correspondents. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 12mo, pp. 460, \$2. Harper & Brothers, New York.

HOW TO FEED THE BABY, TO MAKE IT HEALTHY AND HAPPY: With Health Hints. By C. E. Page, M. D. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Paper, 50 cts.; pp. 160; cloth, 75 cts. Fowler & Wells, New York.

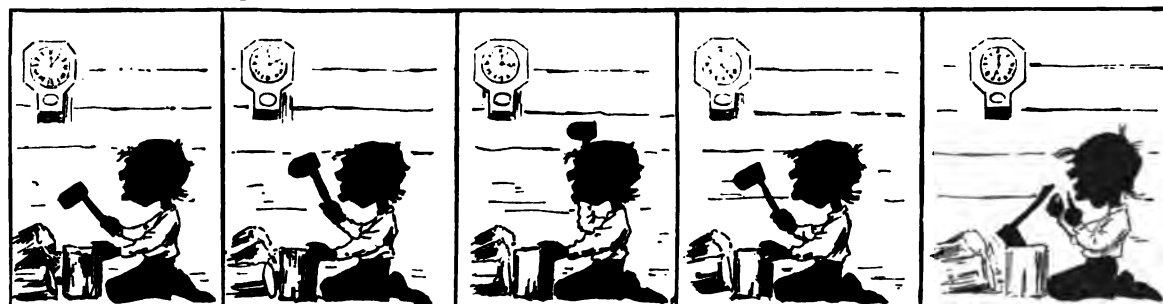
PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANIMALS IN MOTION, TAKEN BY PROFESSOR ABRIDGE'S INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.



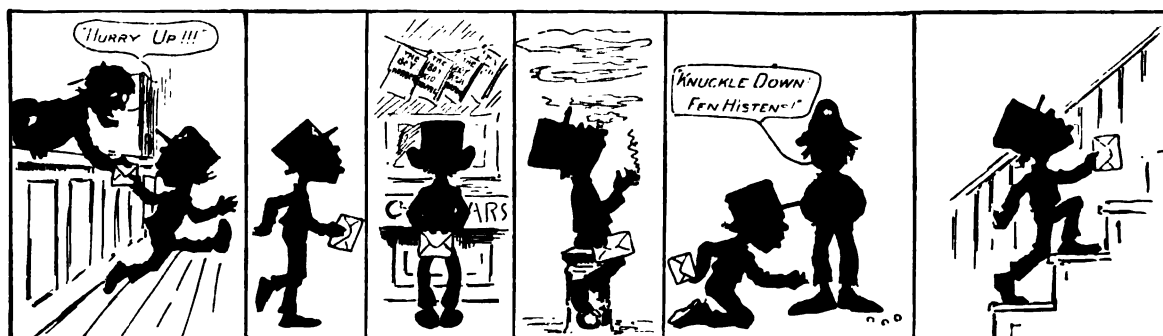
1. The Mule.—The Animal which posed for this Series is of the breed known as "The Paragrapher's Extra," and is capable of anything possible to an individual of his Species.



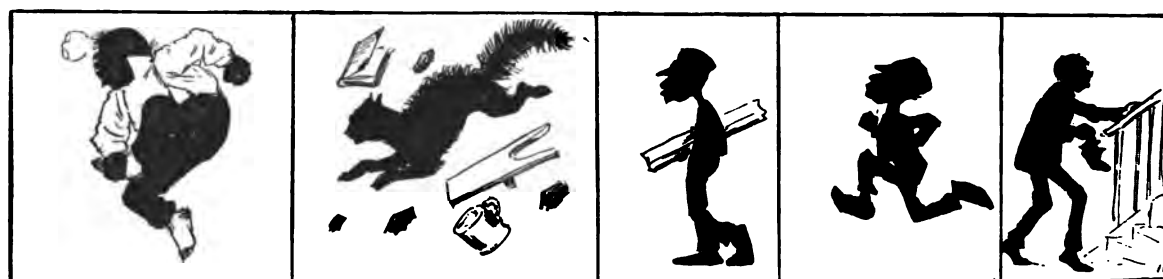
2. The Dog.—As complicated with two Accessory Boys. Misplaced Confidence and Rapid Motion.



3. The Boy.—As he appears chopping Wood for his Mother. The Clock is included in this Series for Scientific Reasons, and not merely for the Picturesque Effect.



4. The Boy.—District Telegraph variety. Instances of Slow Motion.



Involuntary movement of a heavy body.

The Thomas Cat in motion, with accessory causes.

The Boy—office variety. 1—Going on an errand. 2—Going to a distant fire.

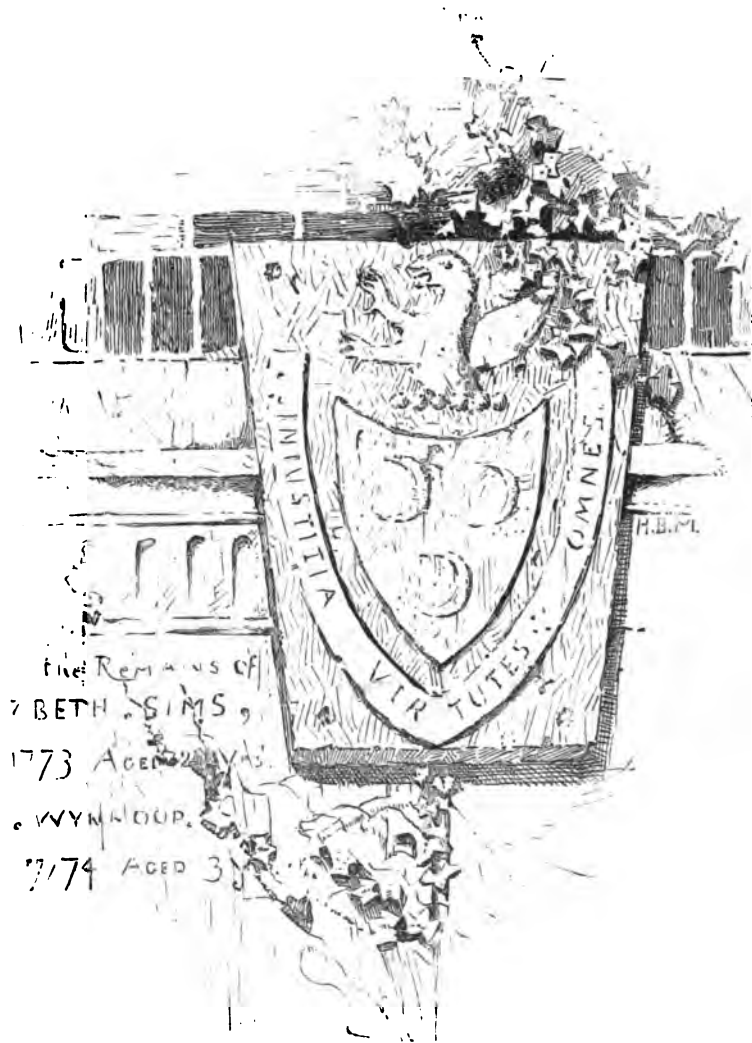
Cautious Motion. Time, 2 A. M.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 17.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1883.

Whole No. 63



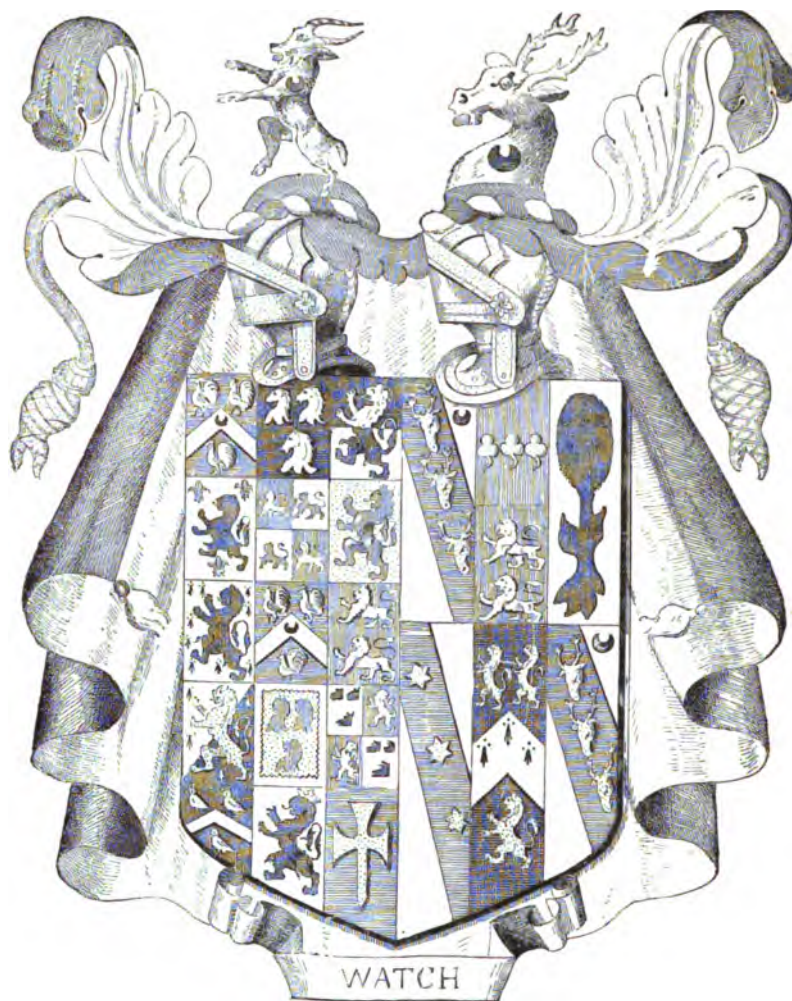
(1) THE SIMS ARMS, FROM A TOMBSTONE IN ST. PETER'S CHURCHYARD.

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS.

"UPON his entrée into Boston society the stranger is met with the query, implied if not spoken, 'What do you know?'—into New York society with, 'What are you worth?'—and into Philadelphia society with, 'Who was your grandfather?' " The journalist who let slip from his pen this familiar criticism, epigrammatic if not axiomatic, was something of a cosmopolitan; and that fine old master of sententious Saxon, slightly Americanized, Dr. Holmes, has indulged in a bit of witticism equally as pungent in referring to the Quaker City

as "the genealogical centre of the United States." This paper, therefore, while having to do for the most part with Philadelphian crests, is really of very general interest.

Those Philadelphians "to the manner born" who claim the ancestral distinguishment, for the placid burgh of their nativity, by way of explanation and corroboration, cite the fact that, while the intrepid Puritans who landed from the *Mayflower* at Plymouth Rock had come from the lowlier walks of life, and that while



(2) LLOYD-STANLEY.

the sturdy Teutons who, under the guidance of the explorer Hudson, disembarked upon Manhattan Island, had also occupied humble estates in the fatherland, yet the Quaker compeers of the founder of Pennsylvania, who in 1682 landed upon these sylvan shores from the *Welcome*, comprised many men of high position—descendants of English and Scottish sovereigns, relatives of British nobles, representatives of the landed

gentry of the Mother Isle, collegians and men of letters. Just how many of these distinguished emigrants had sought America's broad shores to escape hanging, local chronicles magnanimously refuse to disclose. That,



(3) GRÆME.



(4) CASSHETON.

however, one of the early members of the Provincial Council had left England because of the provoking existence of a superfluity of wives, and that the daughter of another early councillor—who was also at one time



(5) DICKINSON.

chief magistrate of the province—married a pirate, cannot be authoritatively denied.

A distinctive element of that phase of society popularly known as "aristocracy," whether monarchical or democratic, is heraldry, which, in encyclopedical language, is defined as "the art of arranging and explaining in proper terms all that relates or appertains to the bearing of arms, crests, badges, quarterings and other hereditary marks of honor." As a rule, in European countries and in Great Britain all distinguished families, not only those belonging to the nobility, but to the landed gentry as well, bear distinctive coats-of-arms. This of course is a matter of common knowledge. It may not be as generally known, however, that during the last century, especially prior to the war for Independence, arms were frequently borne by Americans, particularly by Philadelphians and Bostonians, and by



(7) PENN.

the leading families of South Carolina, Virginia and Maryland. Yet such is the fact. For many years subsequent to the war of the Revolution, however, the use of heraldic devices remained in ill favor, everything that savored of royalty being rigorously tabooed. For this Spartan sentiment, however, nature soon provided a reagent in that love of ceremony which wealth and ease are sure to call forth. Within the past half century the ante-bellum custom has been revived in this country to an astonishing extent, until we have become altogether accustomed to the sight, in polite circles, of



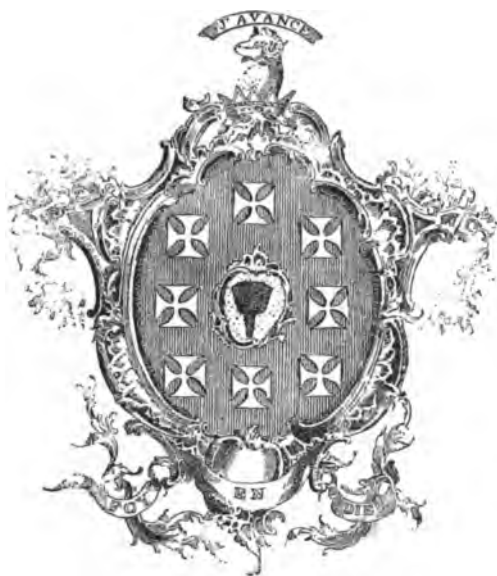
(6) BUSHROD WASHINGTON.



(8) LOGAN.

coats-of-arms and crests upon stationery, plate, furniture, coaches and the like.

In favor of this armorial revival it is urged that the custom, if properly understood, is not at all a concomitant or an evidence either of snobbishness or of social exclusiveness. But, it is maintained, heraldry is an invaluable aid to biography and genealogy. Says an



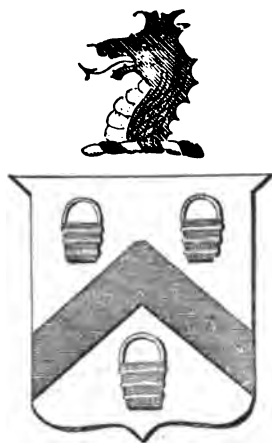
(9) BARTRAM.

American writer, "Arms are worthy of preservation, since they are valuable evidence for the genealogist."

On the other hand it is maintained with equal vigor that the indulgence in heraldic devices evidences a monarchical tendency, altogether out of place among republican institutions; and that, while heraldry may have been an aid to the genealogist in semi-feudal ages, in these days of comprehensive journalism and a super-



(10) SHIPPEN.



(11) PEMBERTON.

abundant literature practically there is no need to resort to armory in the making of genealogical investigations; and, farther, that while some American families are undeniably entitled to bear arms, the great majority of those who do bear them are mere usurpers, who audaciously assume the arms of certain English families of the same name, in whose veins flows not a drop of kindred blood; unless, perchance, the two families happen to be, in common, lineal descendants of Noah.

This last objection is unquestionably a tangible and a truthful one. It has been asserted with much positiveness that, of the many Massachusetts families now bearing arms, only eleven have a technical, *i. e.*, an hereditary right to them. To a more or less extent the same thing can be said of Pennsylvania. There are scores of families in Philadelphia to-day whose station-

ery is gorgeously illuminated with armorial insignia, to which they have no more right than to the castles and estates of the nobility and gentry whose arms they have filched. There is no question but that this is a species of combined robbery and snobbery which is unpleasantly common.

The mode of procedure is as follows: Mr. Michael Patrick McLarry has recently "struck oil"—or a "bonanza." Mr. Michael Patrick McLarry having settled himself in his brown-stone front, and having decked his



(12) JANNEY

mansion, his family, and his person with all the approved accoutrements of wealth, wends his way to the Professional Pedigree Preserver and Armorial Artist, and informs that individual that he desires a coat-of-arms, "as foine as innny in the market." The astute and urbane P. P. P. A. A. inquires the customer's name, which is given. He then opens, at the letter M, a massive tome, very nearly as large as the "Philadelphia Directory," known as Burk's "General Armory." He turns the leaves backward and forward, hesitates with some little concern for a moment, and then suddenly exclaims: "Ah, yes! Do you think you are descended from the Mallories, of Mallorie Manor, County Surrey?" "I think so, sorr," replies Mr. Michael Patrick McLarry, with a look and in a tone which give conclusive evidence that he doesn't think anything of the kind; and the ratio of probabilities to possibilities is as a thousand to one that he would have made precisely the same reply if the Molarries, of Molarrie Castle, County Sussex, had been cited, instead of the Mallories, of Mallorie Manor, County Surrey.

This method, however, is by some fastidious individuals deemed to be entirely too vulgar. Their mode of procedure is somewhat more genteel—at least it is



(13) CHEW.



(14) LARDNER.

more expensive. A trip to Europe, and a visit to the Herald's College, in London, are essential to the carrying out of this more select plan of action. To obtain an assignment of arms it is customary to present a petition to the Earl Marshal, and the applicant is required, nominally, to produce evidence that he can sustain the rank of gentry. The fee for a general search is £2 2s.; for an ordinary search 5s.; and for copying and registering 6s. 6d. for the first, and 5s. for every other generation. The officials are very affable, and the search clerks not critically captious; and the customer carries away with him the arms of his newly-acquired forefathers, which are thereafter cherished with much



(15) WILLING.



(16) MORRIS.

solicitude—i. e., with emotions somewhat akin to those entertained by the eccentric Major-General in the "Pirates of Penzance," who sits in pensive melancholy in an old chapel, upon his recently-purchased estate, and indulges in that plaintive colloquy which, though familiar, is worth quoting :

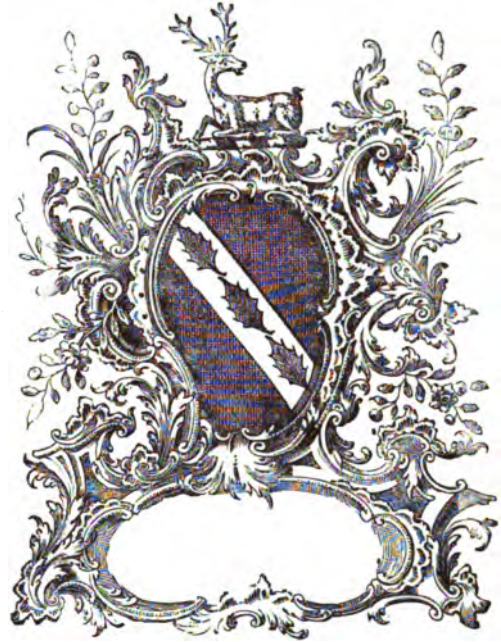
General. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches I described myself as an orphan, and I am no orphan. I came here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for the disgrace I have brought upon them.

Frederick. But you forget, sir. You only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco on your baronial castle is scarcely dry.

General. Frederick, in this chapel are ancestors; you cannot deny that. I don't know whose ancestors they were, but I know whose ancestors they are, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so

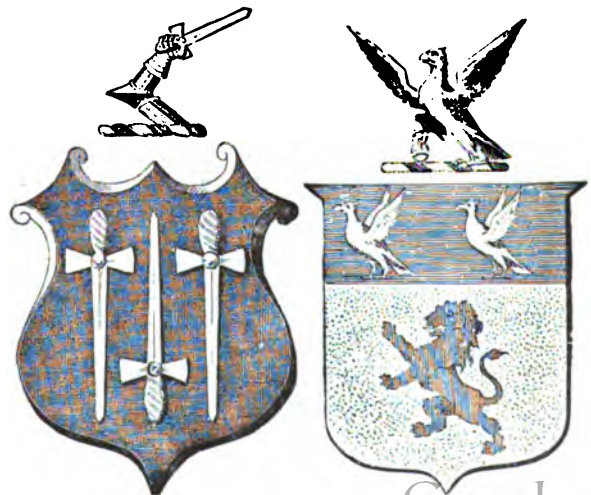
describe myself) should have brought disgrace upon what I have no doubt was an unstained escutcheon."

There are, however, in the United States many old families who bear arms, not ostentatiously, but modestly, which have been borne by their ancestors before



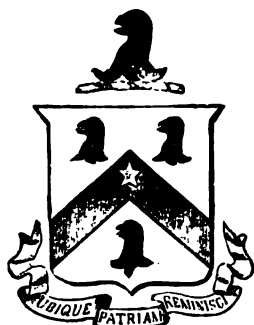
(17) HOLLINGSWORTH.

them for a century and more. As to how these heraldic emblems, individually or as a whole, came to be originally borne the writer declines to express an opinion. That a very large percentage of those whose coats-of-arms are referred to in this sketch are lineal descendants of fine old families belonging to the English, Welsh, Scotch or Irish gentry, and that they, therefore, bear their armorial insignia by right of heredity, the writer is firmly convinced. That, however, some few of them bear their arms without such right cannot be questioned; for no less a personage than the eminent and cultured James Logan, Chief Magistrate of the Province from 1736 to 1738, has left a manuscript—recently published in Keith's "Provincial Council-



(18) RAWLE.

Digitized by (19) WILLIAMS.



(20) NORRIS.



(21) TILGHMAN.



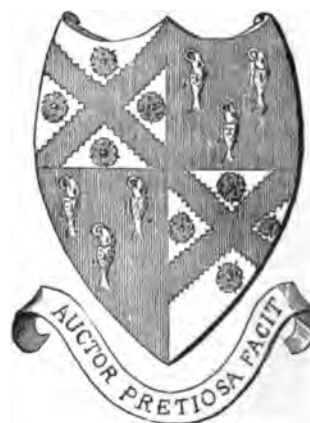
(24) GILPIN.

lors"—to wit., a letter to Cornal George Logan, dated September 9, 1713, in which he frankly says :

"N. Griffiths informing me that thou desirest ye coat-of-arms belonging to our name, I here give thee in wax



(22) POWEL.



(25) LENOX.

what I have on my seal, but believe neither of us have any very good right to it, being what the English Logans of Oxfordshire carry ; but those of Scotland, I have been told,



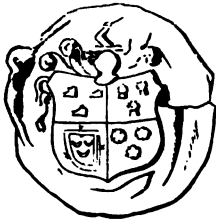
(23) MCCALL.

have a very different one (and yet a good one), wh. I have never seen ; however, having occasion for a seal, and finding only this in my way I made use of it, nor do I fear a citation to ye Herald's Office for my presumption."

Before going farther it may be well to premise a brief statement of the significance attached to the more common of the heraldic lines and symbols.



(26) ALLISON.



GORDON.



HAMILTON.



MORRIS.



DENNY.



JOHN PENN.

(27) THE SEALS OF FIVE EARLY GOVERNORS.

The "shield," or the leading feature of an armorial coat, is distinguished by certain colors, called "tinctures," which are separated by division lines. The tinctures used in heraldry are metals, colors and furs. They are often expressed in their natural colors, but in drawings and engravings are represented by certain

picted by horizontal lines; *gules*, or red, shown by perpendicular lines; *vert*, or green, indicated by parallel lines from the dexter chief to the sinister base—i. e., from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner; *sable*, or black, designated by cross lines, horizontal and perpendicular; and *purpure*, or purple, rep-



(28) BIDDLE.



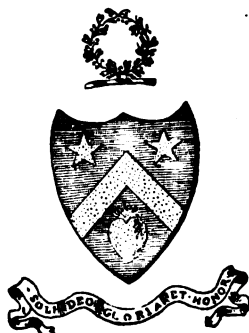
(31) THE SMYTH HATCHMENT AT CHRIST CHURCH.

lines and points—an invention of a noted Italian herald, Sylvester Petra-Sancta. The two metals employed are: *or*, or gold, represented by little dots in a plain field; and *argent*, or silver, expressed by the shield being entirely white. The five colors used are: *azure*, or blue, de-

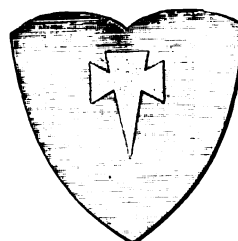
resented by lines from the sinister chief (upper left-hand corner) to the dexter base (lower right-hand corner). The furs most frequently employed are: *ermine*, depicted by a white field with black spots of a peculiar shape; and *ermine*, indicated by a black field with simi-



(29) WATMOUGH.



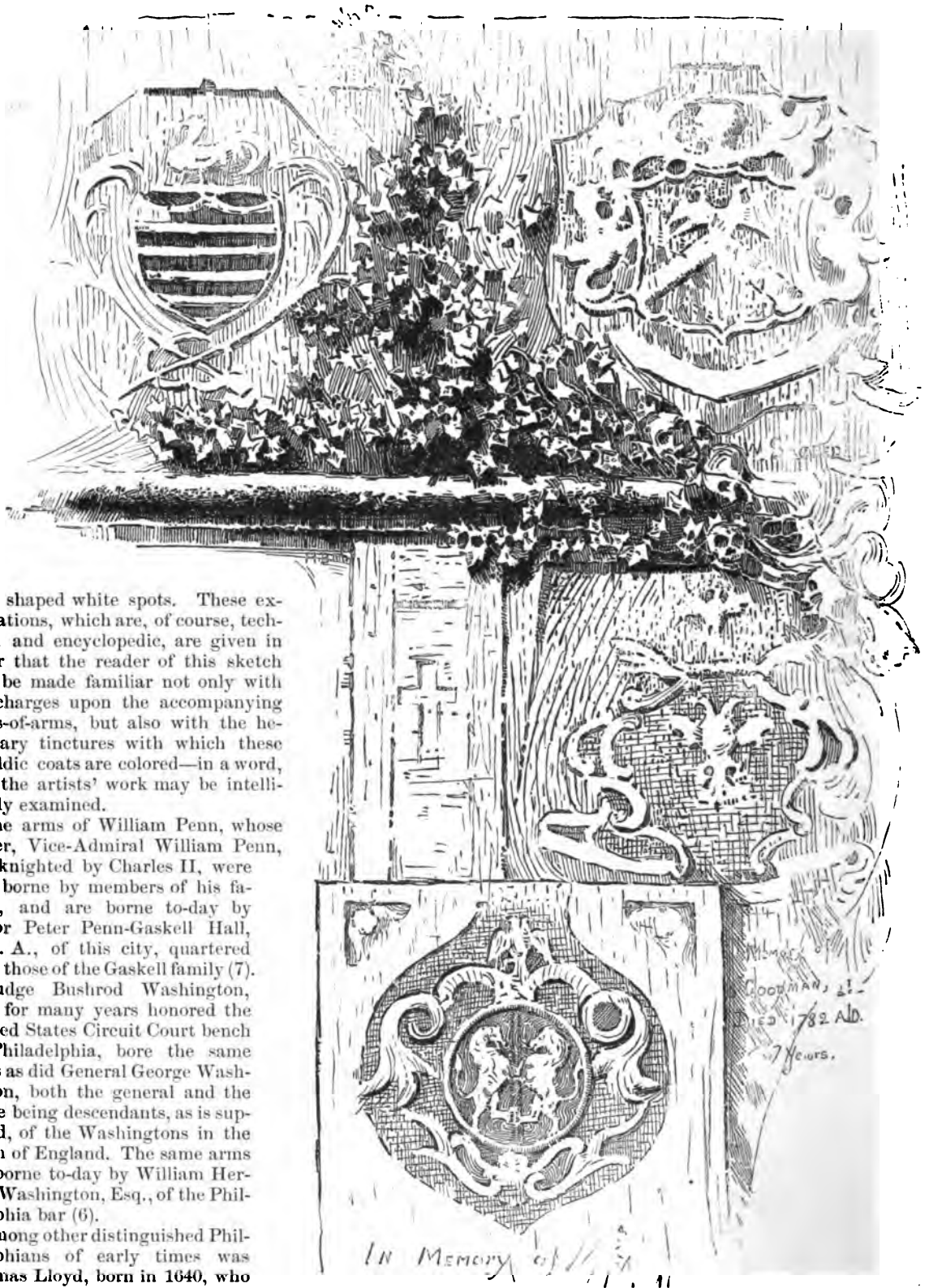
(30) BOUDINOT.



(32) CADWALADER.



(33) ABERCROMBIE.



(34) VAULT COVERINGS AT CHRIST CHURCH BURIAL GROUND.

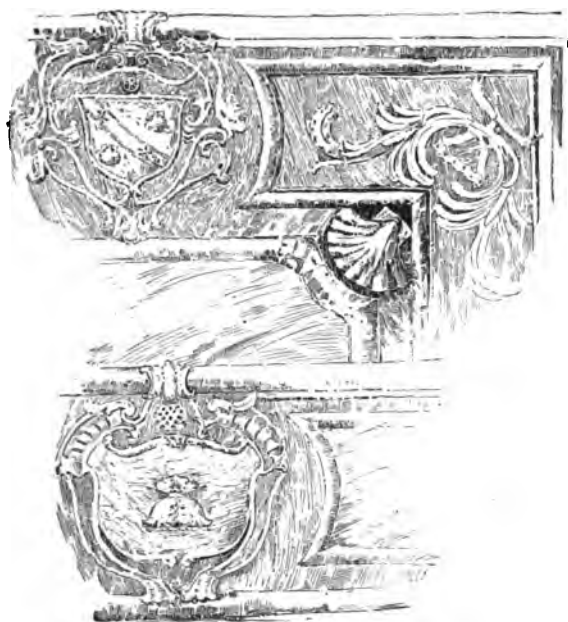
larly shaped white spots. These explanations, which are, of course, technical and encyclopedic, are given in order that the reader of this sketch may be made familiar not only with the charges upon the accompanying coats-of-arms, but also with the hereditary tinctures with which these heraldic coats are colored—in a word, that the artists' work may be intelligently examined.

The arms of William Penn, whose father, Vice-Admiral William Penn, was knighted by Charles II, were long borne by members of his family, and are borne to-day by Major Peter Penn-Gaskell Hall, U. S. A., of this city, quartered with those of the Gaskell family (7).

Judge Bushrod Washington, who for many years honored the United States Circuit Court bench at Philadelphia, bore the same arms as did General George Washington, both the general and the judge being descendants, as is supposed, of the Washingtons in the north of England. The same arms are borne to-day by William Herbert Washington, Esq., of the Philadelphia bar (6).

Among other distinguished Philadelphians of early times was Thomas Lloyd, born in 1640, who was the first Chief Magistrate of the Province under Penn. His ancestry can be traced back through "the fair Maid of Kent" to the latter's grandfather, Edward I. Many of Lloyd's descendants, through the female branches, are now living in Philadelphia, who bear the Lloyd arms, impaled with those of Thomas

Lloyd's mother, *née* Elizabeth Stanley. The accompanying illustration is that of a coat-of-arms on an oak panel formerly at Dolobran Hall—the Lloyd estate—Dolobran, County Montgomery, Wales (2).



(35) THE PETERS ARMS IN STUCCO, AT BELMONT.

Dr. Thomas Græme, another early member of the Provincial Council, was also of royal lineage, his ancestor being Sir Thomas Graham (or Græme) who married a daughter of King Robert III of Scotland. None of his descendants are now living in Philadelphia, but the Græme coat-of-arms, as borne by the famous Elizabeth Ferguson, *née* Græme, his daughter, is given herewith (3).

Robert Assheton, who was likewise a Provincial Councillor early in the last century, descended from Sir John de Assheton, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Henry IV. None of Robert Assheton's descendants now reside in Philadelphia; but so long as any members of the family remained they bore the Assheton arms as given above (4).

James Logan, born in 1674, besides being a Provincial Councillor, was Penn's private secretary, Mayor of Philadelphia, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Pre-

sident of the Council, etc. His coat-of-arms, referred to above, as borne by himself and by his descendants of the present day, and as used by the Loganian Library, is also given herewith (8).

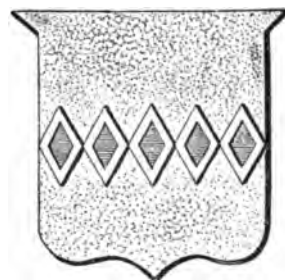
Likewise will be found above the arms of John Dickinson, born in 1732, author of the famous "Farmer's Letters," founder of Dickinson College, and, successively, President of Delaware and of Pennsylvania. His brother, General Philemon Dickinson—both being sons of Judge Samuel Dickinson, of Kent County, Delaware,—bore the same arms (5).

Benjamin Franklin's brother, John Franklin, bore a coat-of-arms, as given above, although it is stated upon very excellent authority that it was borne without right, being of spurious origin. That Benjamin Franklin brought this heraldic insignia with him when he emigrated from Massachusetts is not clear. It is very probable that he did not (36).

Among other distinguished members of the Provincial Council was Thomas Hopkinson. Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey, was a son of his, while a son of the signer, Joseph Hopkinson, was a distinguished judge, and the author of that familiar song, "Hail Columbia." The name is still a reputable one in Philadelphia. The Hopkinson arms are given herewith (38).

Accompanying this sketch will also be found the arms of John Bartram, born in 1701, spoken of by Linnæus as "the greatest natural botanist in the world." His grandfather John Bartram, came from England with Penn, in 1682 (9).

Among other distinguished Philadelphians whose descendants bear their arms, which are given herewith, may be noted the following: Edward Shippen, born in 1639, a member and the president of the Provincial Council, Speaker of the Assembly, and the first Mayor of Philadelphia (10); Thomas Janney, born in



(37) PENINGTON.

1633, for many years an esteemed minister of the Society of Friends, and one of the earliest members of the Provincial Council (12); Benjamin Chew, born in 1722, member of the Council, Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, President of the High Court of Chancery, etc. (13); Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, an eminent physician in his day, who was also a member of the Provincial Council (32); Valentine Hollingsworth, who accompanied Penn in the *Welcome*, in 1682, and who was a member of the first Assembly in 1683, and one of the first grand jury impanelled in the province (17); Isaac Norris, who came to Philadelphia in 1692, who was President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and, for upwards of thirty years, a member of the Provincial Council (20); Charles Willing, born in 1710, twice Mayor of Philadelphia, whose son, Thomas Willing, was the senior partner in the famous firm of Willing & Morris during the Revolution, and president of the first United States Bank (15), and Francis Rawle (18), Anthony Morris (16), Phineas Pemberton (11), Lynford Lardner (14), and James Tilghman (21), who, besides holding other offices of honor, were members of that distinguished body, so often referred to in this sketch, the Provincial Council.

There are still other Philadelphia families who have borne arms since some time in the last century, among



(36) FRANKLIN.

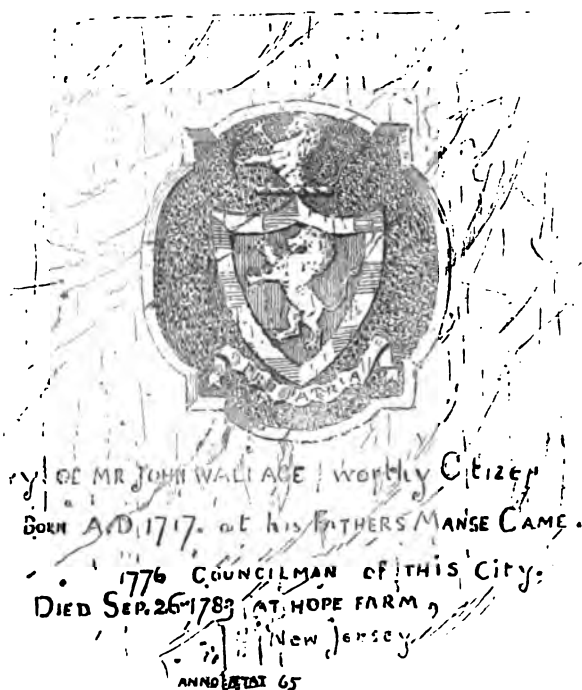
them the following: Biddle (28), Powel (22), Gilpin (24), Lenox (25), Allison (26), McCall (23), Penington (37), Williams (19), Boudinot (30), Watmough (29), and Abercrombie (33).

Most of the illustrations given are *fac similes* or reduced copies of book-plates—that is, engravings of family arms placed upon the inside of the front cover of the books comprising a library, as a distinguishing mark of ownership, for books will be borrowed. Arms were chiefly used upon seals, however, in olden times, when pretty much all correspondence was fastened with sealing-wax, the envelope of the present being a thing not dreamed of. Accompanying will be found copies of the coats-of-arms, taken from the individual seals of five of the early Governors of the province, to wit., Patrick Gordon, 1726-36; James Hamilton, 1748-54, 1759-63; Robert Hunter Morris, 1754-56; William Denny, 1756-59, and John Penn, 1763-71, 1773-76 (27).

Coats-of-arms have long been utilized also upon stationery, silver plate, furniture and family coaches. This latter custom, a common one at the present time, was in vogue so early as the time of the first Isaac Norris, who came to Philadelphia in 1692. From a manuscript now extant, we find that in ordering his carriage he directed his family arms, "three falcon heads," to be quartered upon it.

Armorial coats have also for many years, and indeed for centuries, been made an important element in architecture, in the shape of wood carvings, stone sculptures, and metal castings. Upon the grating covering each of the two lower front windows at the present rooms of the Historical Society, on Spruce Street above Eighth, is an iron casting of the arms of William Penn, the Founder, the appearance of which is indicated by the illustration (7). Coats-of-arms were likewise painted in panels upon the walls of many residences, and, in the form of stucco work, were placed upon the ceilings of family mansions. The arms of the Peters family, in this latter form, can be seen to-day upon the ceiling of one of the lower rooms at Belmont Mansion, in Fairmount Park, formerly the historic residence of Judge Richard Peters, of Revolutionary fame (35).

In early times coats-of-arms were also occasionally cut into gravestones and vault-slabs. At St. Peter's



(39) FROM THE WALLACE VAULT AT ST. PETER'S.

Church, Third and Pine Streets, there are two such heraldic devices, one on the Sims slab (1), on the eastern end of the church, and the other on the south side of the Wallace vault, near the Third Street end of the churchyard (39). There can also be found at the present time, in the burial-ground of Christ Church, Fifth and Arch Streets, a number of coats-of-arms cut into old tombstones and vault-coverings; but they present so crumbled an appearance as to be practically illegible (34). An old custom, still much in vogue in Great Britain, was practiced in this country to some extent seventy-five or one hundred years ago. Reference is made to the use of hatchments upon the occasion of the death of some distinguished personage. Hatchments are lozenge-shaped frames charged with a shield-of-arms—a sort of inescutcheon—usually affixed to the front of a house upon the decease of one of its principal inmates, and, upon the day of the funeral, carried to the church and hung upon the wall, or upon some convenient pillar, there to remain for all time. There are but two hatchments positively known to be in existence in America at the present time. One of these, containing the arms of Frederick Smyth, a former Chief Justice of New Jersey, hangs beneath the belfry of Christ Church, where it has remained since 1806. The only other authentic hatchment in this country is one known as the Ralph Izard hatchment, hanging in the quaint Church of St. James, at Goose Creek, S. C. The Izards are related to the Draytons of Philadelphia, formerly a South Carolina family also. They are likewise related by marriage to the Shippens, George Izard, a son of Ralph Izard, having married the relict of Thomas Lee Shippens.

The older we grow as a nation, the more heed we naturally give to matters historical and antiquarian; and as genealogical research lies distinctively within the domain of the historian and paleologist, so the subject of heraldry, which is, according to the argument of the armorial enthusiast, an important adjunct of gene-



(38) HOPKINSON.

alogy, grows upon the attention of the careful student, and, to some extent, of the public as well. There is no doubt but that we have made more or less progress since the benighted days, some years ago, in which an English diplomatist in this country underwent so painful an experience. While in New York he sent his London chariot to a certain coachmaker's, and upon calling shortly afterwards was somewhat astounded at discovering his ancestral shield and crest upon half a dozen Yankee gigs and dog-carts, and having asked for

an explanation was informed that "the pattern seemed to be very much admired." We have gotten beyond that stage of blissful ignorance, however, and we may well speculate with Mr. William H. Whitmore ("Elements of Heraldry") as to whether or not, "with this increase of familiarity with the science, we may also expect a more scrupulous attention to its laws, and a decrease of the ridiculous assumptions which have thrown an undeserved stigma upon American Heraldry."

FRANK WILLING LEACH.

RAND KENNEDY'S WOOING.

BY ELIZABETH OLMIS.

To observe a fine example of contrast, one should walk through the upper end of Duke Street, in the thriving city of Exeter.

Upon the right stand long rows of cheaply finished tenement houses, of a light dust color, with trimmings of imitation brown-stone, thin bay-windows extending from basement to attic, and flights of wooden steps leading to the front doors. Upon the left are the grand old trees of Kennedy Park, extending in an unbroken line for more than half a mile along Duke Street, as far indeed as the river.

Years and years ago the whole country for miles around had been owned by Gilchrist Kennedy, and had formed a portion of his only daughter's marriage dower. Upon her death it had reverted to her brother, and remained in the family ever since. It was for her that the quaint, rambling, roomy old mansion had been built which was to become the cradle of so many Kennedys, and at last the gloomy, cheerless home of the sole survivor of them all.

Rand Kennedy's mother died almost before he was old enough to retain more than a dim memory of her gentle caresses, and he lived for years after alone with his father. When he had grown to manhood they spent a few years abroad, and almost immediately upon their return Rand found himself orphaned by a sudden accident. He found, too, upon examining his father's papers that there had been for years an outstanding debt to a considerable amount against the estate of which he had never dreamed. Himself the soul of honor, and open as the day, he could not help feeling strangely hurt at what seemed to have been a lack of confidence upon the part of the parent he had idolized, and whose loss he mourned almost inconsolably. His family pride was touched too by the thought of obligations so long unfulfilled.

Just at this time, while depressed by his recent bereavement and this unlooked-for burden, he was waited upon by a committee from the City Council and informed of the decision reached by that body to extend Duke Street through to the river. This would cut the Kennedy property nearly in two and bring the street but a few feet from the rear of the mansion, if either side could be so called, when each was equally handsome. The project had been contemplated for some time, but no one had ventured to propose it during the lifetime of the elder Mr. Kennedy. Many expected opposition as it was, and it became a matter of equal surprise and congratulation that Rand so quickly allowed them all they asked, and even more. They hardly knew what

to make of the quiet, dignified young gentleman who met their proposition without a protest.

"By Jove!" said one worthy to his companion as they found themselves outside the lonely house; "he can't be a Kennedy in anything but the name. There never was one before who didn't hold this place dear as the apple of his eye, and who wouldn't have cursed us out of our boots for such an errand as ours."

He little dreamed of the suffering concealed beneath Rand's calm demeanor. His home, and the home of his ancestors, a grand old place still, was dearer to him than everything else life held, and a month before he would have believed anything sooner than that he would ever part with an inch of it. But having at once determined to cancel his father's indebtedness to the uttermost farthing, he had discovered that the only way of doing so lay in the sale of a goodly portion of the estate. And herein was to be found the secret of his ready granting of the roadway. A few feet more or less mattered not, and it appeared only a fitting climax to the general upheaval of things he had always regarded as fixed as the eternal hills, that a new, noisy, dusty street should run through the primeval shades of Kennedy Park. But, although the thoroughfare was duly laid out, it was some years before it became more than a country road. Then rows of tall, pale tenement houses sprung up, long stretches of pavement were laid before them, milk-wagons rattled out there before dawn, babies sprawled and bawled upon the wooden steps, hucksters made the air hideous with their yells, and everything was in the most rattling, bustling, spick-and-span contrast to the ancient elegance and dignity of the grand old trees and mansion just over the way.

Meanwhile Rand had grown into a prematurely middle-aged man. Though scarcely more than thirty-five, he had the appearance of fifty, with his thick, long beard, already turning gray, and his silent, forbidding manner. He had never thrown off the depression consequent upon his father's death and the swiftly following events of that fateful spring. In truth, he had made no great efforts to do so. And the years as they passed found him leading a lonely, cheerless, monotonous life. Every morning he went to the office in town, where an unbroken succession of Kennedys had preceded him, and went faithfully through the routine which there devolved upon the head of the family. Invariably punctual and diligent, and not unkind, he often passed days without addressing those about him. At night he walked alone to his home, and spent a solitary evening with his books in the dim old library.

An aged negress, formerly one of the chattels of the place, and her equally aged husband constituted the entire corps of servants. The former never left the dusky recesses of the kitchen Rand had not visited since his boyhood; the latter combined in his dignified and infirm person the valet, the butler, the steward and the devoted worshipper of "Massa Rand."

The old house was fast falling into decay from non-use and negligence. Only three rooms were kept open, and they were cheerless and forlorn. No one ever came there, and for years Rand had crossed the threshold of no other home.

Such was the state of things upon either side of upper Duke Street one wet and dismal November evening. Mr. Kennedy had returned from town rather later than usual, and was still lingering over his last cup of coffee, when a loud peal from the door-bell rang through the house, startling both master and servant from their musings, and re-echoing through the wide old halls long unused to such a sound.

"'Fo' God, Massa Rand," chattered the old negro, not stirring from his place behind Rand's chair, "nuffin' human ain't rung dat do'-bell dat way such a dub'us night as dis is! Don't yer go, honey, don't," he pleaded, his toothless old voice growing strangely tremulous as Rand, humoring the superstitious fear of his aged servitor, had himself arisen to answer the summons. His only reply was to take the lamp from the table and proceed toward the door; and 'Demus, bravely resolving that his beloved master should meet neither man nor spirit alone, followed closely after, rolling his great eyes and quaking in every limb.

It was with some trouble that Rand succeeded in unfastening the bolts. At last they yielded to his efforts, and the door swung open, only to admit a dash of rain and a gust of wind which nearly blew out the light.

"Who's there?" asked Rand, peering forth into the darkness. "Who's there?" he cried in louder tones as no answer came. Still no one replied.

"I dun tol' yer, Massa Rand," whispered 'Demus; "tain't nuffin' dat kin speak wid mouf and tung. Ole 'Demus ain't live all dese yeres fur nuffin'. Come in, honey, out de wet."

But Rand was not yet satisfied. He took a step forward, and his foot struck against something. Looking down, he saw a dark object lying on the porch. Bending lower, he discovered it to be a basket covered with a thick shawl.

"Set it inside out of the rain, 'Demus, and I'll call again for the owner. Some miserable fellow who wants a night's lodging, I suppose."

'Demus obeyed, grumbling audibly, in no wise pleased with the whole matter. But in a moment or two he had the satisfaction of seeing Rand come in from the porch, wet and blown, and close the door behind him.

"It's as dark as Egypt," he said, catching his breath between the words. "Let the basket stay there, 'Demus. Some one will call for it by-and-by, perhaps." And they returned to the dining-room.

An hour or more later, as Rand was comfortably seated in his big leather chair before a rather dim fire in the library, he was again startled by an unusual sound. This time it was not a pealing bell nor any ghostly call, but the unmistakable cry of a baby. And it did not come from any of the houses across the way, where babies grew and multiplied, but from some place very near the amazed and mystified gentleman.

For an instant he listened incredulous; then he sprang to his feet, irresolute; then, as the cries grew louder, and evidently came from the hall, he went

quickly thither. There could be no doubt of it—a baby was crying lustily in the old house where no baby had been for thirty-five long years, and Rand by instinct understood that language of imperative demand. Hastily returning for a lamp, and looking vaguely about the shadowy spaces, his eye fell upon the forgotten basket.

A long, low whistle escaped him as he gingerly lifted the noisy burden and deposited it upon the floor before the library fire. Awkwardly throwing back the various wrappings which covered it, he came at length face to face with his uninvited guest, and it would be difficult to tell which of the two regarded the other with the greatest curiosity and wonder. Quite reassured by the evidence that measures were being taken for her relief, Miss Baby had ceased her cries and lay calmly looking up at her new-found friend with the brightest of blue eyes. Presently there was a dimpling of the round cheeks, upon which the tears were not yet dry, and the rosy lips curved into a confident smile as she stretched out her arms with the mute invitation, "Take me."

But Rand was not yet prepared to extend hospitalities so far as that. He had never, to his recollection, held a baby in his arms, and knew about as much of their ways and wants as he did of the habits of young penguins.

Slowly the bright expression faded; this time the lips curved sorrowfully, and the blue eyes were overflowed again. And very soon, finding that her neglectful attendant was not to be moved by pathos, the wee damsel brought temper to bear upon the vexed question, and long and loud were the screams, which at last aroused Rand from his contemplation of infantile beauty, and brought him to his feet.

Acting upon the principles of homeopathy, in which he was a firm believer, he seized the poker and tongs and beat a lively tattoo upon the coal-scuttle. This produced a temporary lull, but baby soon discovered that she was still upon her back, and began again more vehemently than ever.

Then a bright idea occurred to him.

"That basket is too small," he reasoned with an air of conviction. "No wonder the child cries."

So he took hold of the basket and proceeded to roll Miss Baby out. It was not until he succeeded and she lay, silent for the moment with astonishment at this new experience, in a queerly tumbled heap upon the floor, that he remembered how hard and uncomfortable such a bed might be. And the young lady herself seemed to think of it at the same moment, judging from the decided way in which she gave vent to her feelings. His next move was to pick her up very hesitatingly and at arms' length, and set her up in his arm-chair. But that being covered with very smooth leather, and baby having no strength to speak of in her back, she immediately slipped down, and would probably have prevented the finishing of this narrative by the breaking of her neck if Rand had not caught her just in time.

For a minute or two he held her by her clothes, and gazed at her helplessly over the top of his gold-bowed spectacles. Could it be possible that this kicking, squirming, screaming, scarlet bit of humanity was the same innocent, lovely little creature who had looked up at him so smilingly but a short time before?

And, still more startling question, could it be that he, a man in his prime, fairly well endowed with good sense and ability, was puzzled out of his wits to know what to do with a specimen of flesh and blood that he could crush with his hand? Rand was fond of philosophizing in his own way, and the present problem seemed an interesting one, both from its novelty and its import-

ance, too. But he soon decided that it were wiser to discuss it at some future time. The query of the moment was: "How shall I stop this infernal racket?"

He dropped the baby, face downward, in the basket, put his hands over his ears and tried to think. Strange to say, it never occurred to him to rouse old Aunt Cleo. Indeed, nothing seemed to occur to him. He sat in despair, half deafened by the still continuing cries. Then he grew excited. The perspiration stood upon his forehead. He pulled out his handkerchief to wipe away the drops.

"Eureka!" he cried, as a crumpled paper fell to the floor, and he recognized it as an advertisement a boy had handed him, which he had read and mechanically placed in his pocket. It was a notice of a lecture to be given in a day or two for the benefit of a new foundling's hospital about to be erected, and upon it—happy chance—were the names and addresses of some of the prospective lady directors and physicians. He looked them over in eager haste. Here at last was a loophole of escape, and he drew a long breath of relief as his eyes fell upon the following:

"MISS BERTHA ADAMS, 1425 Upper Duke Street."

"Who would ever have believed such good fortune could come from one of those miserable houses?" he said aloud, throwing down the paper, and picking up "baby and cradle and all." To decide was to act in this case, and he was soon splashing his way across the street in the darkness and rain.

By the aid of the flickering gaslight he made out the right number, and gave a vigorous pull at the door-bell. The summons was answered almost immediately by a gentleman in hat and ulster, followed by a lady enveloped in rubber waterproof, with a veil tied closely over her hat. They were evidently upon the point of leaving the house as Rand ascended the steps.

"I wish," he began, "to see Miss Bertha Adams, the lady who has—who is—who—who knows about babies."

The sentence was ended hurriedly, and it cannot be denied that the dignified representative of the ancient and honorable line of Kennedy felt as guilty and confused as he looked while making his errand known.

"Sir?" the gentleman replied somewhat sternly, bending a keen gaze upon his visitor and half shutting the door.

This significant action roused Rand from his embarrassment, but before he could explain farther, a series of muffled sobs and cries were heard from the depths of the basket upon his arm. They increased in volume with such rapidity that the lady who had up to this time remained a quiet looker-on, rushed forward, saying quickly:

"Where is it? Give it to me."

Without a word, Rand deposited the basket at her feet. He never forgot the single upward glance of mingled indignation and dismay which she gave him as she pulled away the shawl and discovered the poor, struggling, half-smothered child, flat upon its face. In another instant it was lying in her arms and being soothed and comforted in a way entirely acceptable to her small ladyship, and which seemed nothing short of magic to its nurse of an hour before. From very exhaustion the child fell asleep, and then the gentleman turned toward Rand as if for some farther remarks on his part, and in a few words the whole story was made known.

"How very unfortunate," said Miss Adams, for it was really she, when Rand had finished, "that everything has just been moved out of the house. The last

load has been gone but a few minutes, and we were about leaving as you came."

"And we shall miss the train if we wait any longer," remarked her brother significantly, eyeing the baby and Rand, too, with no favor. "Come, Bertha!"

"We were going out of town, you see," she explained in a frank, straightforward way. "I am almost a stranger here, and I do not even know where my landlady has moved to; and one couldn't take a baby out in this storm. It is hard to decide just what can be done with her."

By this time Rand had so far recovered his self-possession as to hand his card to Mr. Adams, and that gentleman's grim countenance relaxed visibly at sight of the well-known and honored name.

"Perhaps, as Mr. Kennedy lives so near," he suggested, more courteously than he had yet spoken, "we might go over, and you could fix the—it, somewhere, and then it would give no more trouble, and to-morrow it will be easy enough to find an asylum."

"Oh, if you would be so kind!" cried Rand beseechingly, once more rescued from the brink of despair at the thought of being left with the child upon his hands again.

It was not until baby was well wrapped up, the house-door locked and the muddy street re-crossed that Rand bethought himself of his position as host. In his delight at being relieved from his troublesome charge, he had quite forgotten the fact of his aversion to other companionship than his own meditations. However, there was little time for reflection. They reached the gate, and his guests followed him with uncertain steps along the stone walk which led to the mansion. Here they found the outer door wide open and the hall flooded. In his haste Rand had forgotten to close it, and the rain had been pouring in. Then the library fire had burned low, and, to add to the general discomfort, the innocent cause of all this extraordinary commotion awoke from her nap, and announced in unmistakable tones that she was hungry.

"The poor child must be half-starved," said Miss Bertha compassionately. "Mr. Kennedy, will you please bring some milk and sugar and water?"

Had she asked him to produce the sacred cow of India, Rand could hardly have been more at a loss what to do. But there was a goodly supply of pluck under his mild, elderly exterior; moreover, something in the quiet, pleasant, decided tones compelled obedience to their requests. So, after a moment's indecision, he picked up the lantern, and left the room quite as if it had been his nightly task for years to fix baby's milk.

"Well, Bertha," remarked Mr. Adams, after a silent survey of the musty old library, "your love of the antique seems in a fair way to be gratified. Everything appears to have come down from Methuselah—not excepting the queer old cove himself."

"Hush, George," said Miss Bertha reprovingly. "He has a kind heart, and—"

"Judging from the remarkable way he stuffed that child into the basket, I think he has myself," interrupted George gravely. "The only thing to be regretted is that it did not succumb to treatment."

"George!" again cried his sister, though she could not help smiling at the remembrance, "you are incorrigible." Then, after a long silence, during which the young man took another journey around the room and baby manifested much impatience at the long delay of her supper, "Do you suppose you could find the kitchen?"

"And leave you here to be carried off by Google"

knows what ghosts and goblins? No, thank you. Of the two, I prefer to lose the infant if either must be sacrificed. But starvation is not imminent, my best of sisters. Such vigorous lung powers testify to abundant vitality."

This time Miss Bertha laughed outright, a hearty, sweet little laugh. And she made no more suggestions to her brother, but devoted herself to quieting the baby.

In course of time Rand was heard returning, and an extraordinary appearance he made as Mr. Adams opened the door for him. His clothes were covered with cobwebs and dust, a dozen or more straws stuck at all angles in his hair, and one cheek was ornamented with a long smut mark. That he had been prosecuting his quest under difficulties was evident; but it was also to be seen that he had come off victor, for he carried an immense tin pail, holding about three quarts of milk, and one nearly as large filled with water. These he gravely deposited on the floor at Miss Adams' side, and then produced a small box of sugar from his pocket and laid it on the table.

It required all Bertha's self-control to repress a smile as she glanced at the bountiful supplies and their bearer, particularly as she saw her brother apparently examining a cabinet, but really shaking with laughter.

"Thank you. Now, I shall have to trouble you for a cup and spoon," she said pleasantly, after a minute.

Rand turned to the cabinet, and, after unlocking a few doors and drawers, brought forth a cup of dainty egg-shell china, of veritable baby blue, with a large gilt K delicately traced upon it; also a case of gold-lined spoons with the Kennedy monogram.

"By Jove, Mr. Kennedy!" cried the irrepressible George, drawing near, "you don't do things by halves, do you? That set out is fit for a princess!"

Rand glanced up in surprise.

"It is for my guest," he began with some haughtiness; and then, with a sly twinkle in his eyes and a broader smile than his face had known for years, he added dryly: "One visit to the lower regions is enough."

By this time baby's supper was ready for her, and as she was quite ready for it, the meal was soon dispatched. But she did not go to sleep again, as Bertha had expected. She seemed restless and feverish, and required constant soothing. So an hour passed, and it soon became evident that the little thing was very ill. Once more Rand made an expedition out into the storm to bring a doctor, who pronounced the trouble scarlet fever, aggravated by exposure and the milk to which it was unaccustomed. It was not until the next afternoon that the weather allowed of the baby's being taken to the hospital. Rand accompanied Mr. and Miss Adams and saw that every possible care should be given to the little waif. Then, having expressed anew his obligations and gratitude to both brother and sister, he bade them adieu, and took his way back to his home.

It was not yet twenty-four hours since that ringing peal of the bell had startled him, but it seemed a lifetime almost, so much of new emotion and experience had been crowded in. He could define nor explain nothing; he did not even attempt to philosophize on the matter; he only knew that he seemed to be living in a dream, a pleasant, alluring dream, and he dwelt again and again upon each little incident of the lately passed hours.

In such a mood he reached the house and entered the library. His glance rested upon the deep old rocker which had been brought down from some long unused chamber, and in which Bertha had sat with the child upon her knees; at the screen which she had made of

some shawls which had been his mother's; but the memories they awoke in him extended no farther back than that very morning, when Bertha's hands had pinned them there; at the cups and bottles which disordered his writing-table; at the pillows heaped upon the lounge; at the tiny sock which must have been dropped from baby's foot at the last minute. I think the master of Kennedy Park had never before seen just such a looking room, but he made no attempt to arrange it. He put on his dressing-gown and drew his own easy chair nearer the fire, and sat there trying in vain to convince himself that it was not lonely and desolate.

Suddenly his eye fell upon a strange object lying across his sleeve—a long hair of a soft golden brown color. Staid old bachelor that he was, he blushed like a girl as he took it gently in his fingers. Then he fell to remembering how sweet and womanly Bertha had looked, sitting in the deep old chair with the baby in her arms; how gentle and tender she had shown herself to the poor, little forsaken thing; how bright and charming and capable she had been in a thousand little ways. He never knew how long he dreamed there, still holding the brown hair as tenderly as though it could feel his touch, and 'Demus hardly knew whether to be most alarmed or distressed when his master bade him, next morning, leave everything just as it was in the room.

"'Pears like Massa Rand done got right smart 'fobulated wif all dis yer 'motion 'bout dat misabul pore white trash. He ain't nebber ben hisself sence old massa died, do'! Praise de Lord! in his marcy he done spare ole 'Demus to tend on de dear boy—and he need tendin' now fur shore." And the faithful old creature hobbled down to confide to Aunt Cleo his dread suspicions that their beloved "young master" was slowly but surely taking leave of his senses. And "confirmation strong" was not wanting within a week.

Going to call Rand to dinner one evening, 'Demus found him forever disappeared, and in his stead a fine looking gentleman some fifteen years younger in appearance than the late master of the place.

The long straggling beard and the bushy hair were trimmed quite short, the gold-bowed spectacles replaced by eye-glasses which it seemed need not be worn constantly, and so allowed a good view of a pair of keen, kindly, dark gray eyes; the rusty old clothes had been superseded by a quiet, stylish suit. But the greatest change of all, and the one which poor old 'Demus felt most surely, was in the air and bearing of the man himself. He seemed to have awakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep and to feel once more the youthful blood coursing in his veins. A new interest in life, a consciousness of his own needs, and bright hopes for the future, showed themselves in every movement.

'Demus waited upon Rand in silence, though his heart was full to bursting. But at length the younger man felt something breaking in upon the brightness of his own musings, and looked up quickly to see great tears rolling down the black, wrinkled cheeks beside him. He sprung up in alarm.

"Why, 'Demus," he cried, "are you suffering? What can I do for you?"

'Demus gave a mighty gasp and made a brave effort to control himself. But it was of no use. He broke down utterly, and clasping Rand in his arms as he had done many a time when he was a little fair-haired lad, he sobbed forth all the misery and pity and loving sympathy of his faithful soul.

At first Rand was bewildered and utterly at a loss to

comprehend ; but as 'Demus became calmer, and was able to speak more coherently, he came to know the full weight of the burden his devoted old friend had been carrying. His own eyes were dim with tears as he gently disengaged himself, and holding both the hard black hands closely in his own, said affectionately :

"No, dear 'Demus, your 'young massa' has not lost his mind. Think rather that he has found it, and that the long years of darkness and desolation in this home are at an end. For though it may not be for me to win the brightness I covet, thank God I have been awakened from my selfish living, and we shall all be better and happier henceforth I trust."

It was not long after this that Miss Bertha Adams received a call from Rand Kennedy. Of course she was surprised to see him at all, still more so at the change in his appearance, but most of all at his errand ; for Rand was exceedingly straightforward, and so, with manly frankness, and withal a certain chivalrous delicacy, he told her the story of his life, its sudden clouding, its loneliness, its morbid selfishness, and his recent awakening to the need of something nobler and sweeter.

Then, having laid his heart open before her, he begged her to allow him to become her friend, and, if he might, win her for his wife.

It was all so unexpected, so strange, so unlike anything which had occurred in Miss Bertha's quiet life, that she sat quite overwhelmed, unable at first to reply. But that she did so in time may be inferred from the fact that Rand made frequent journeys from home during the next six months, and one lovely September evening he did not return alone.

This all happened several years ago. Kennedy Park is now beautifully kept, and the old house has come to be a happy home. And almost as dearly loved as his own two little ones is the blue-eyed damsel who creeps into Rand's arms when her long play-day is over, and falls asleep there.

"Our Theodora," he sometimes says softly to Bertha as he kisses the dimpled cheek. "Truly she was to me a 'gift of God' which, being accepted, brought all other blessings."

But to 'Demus, loving and faithful still, the old, silent, quiet years seemed best.

HYLAS.

Oh, Hylas ! pretty Hylas, call aloud !

Behold the summer comes ! awake ! awake !

And bid the willow hang her golden lamps,

And crowding alders all their tassels shake !

Spread out the tapestry of bud and flower

Along the arches of the forest old,

And call the sunshine through their swaying leaves

To braid the mossy floor with green and gold !

Unfold the ferns, and bid the larches swing

Their perfumed censers ! Call the swallows home !

In the deep grass for snowdrops white and blue

And saxifrage and violets make room !

Call, oh, my Hylas, call aloud

On all the pretty things that slumber late,

While swiftly fly the birds from o'er the seas !

For lo ! the summer-time is at the gate !

L. A. MILLINGTON.

FIRSTLINGS OF SPRING.

PRETTY golden dandelions,

With your seeds of feather,

Starring all the country-side

In the sunny weather ;

Violets, filled with dewdrops,

Delicate and sweet,

Giving out your fragrance

Underneath our feet ;

Daisies in the meadow,

With your silver frills ;

Roses by the wayside,

Kingcups on the hills ;

Star flowers and innocence ;

Windy, cloud-swept clover ;

Lovely little blossoms

All the wide world over—

When I see you crowding

I know that summer comes ;

Soon, I know, the bird sings,

Soon the wild bee hums.

When I see you blooming,

All a honeyed crew,

Into songs and gladness,

My heart blossoms too !

G. HALL.





Here Cupid hammers out his darts—
His roguish eyes of jet a-twinkle—
And here, from his long slumber, starts
The poor old dreamer, Rip Van Winkle.

And so throughout the varied tale
Of carved groups, and forms and faces
Of man and brute and elfin frail,
From ancient myths and modern races ;

Long pipes and short ones, straight and curved,
High-carved and plain, dark-hued and creamy ;
Slim tubes, for cigarettes reserved,
And stout ones, for Havannas dreamy.

But when you've seen them, turn you here
To this plain box, and in it shall you
Find treasures that my heart holds dear
Above the sordid count of value.

Not half so rare they are, you say,
As those to which your eyes still wander :
Quite true ! And yet my *friends* are they,
While those are but fine strangers, yonder !

This cricket, on an amber spear
Impaled, recalls that golden weather
When love and I, too young to fear
Heartburn, smoked cigarettes together.

And even now—too old to take
The little papered shams for flavor—
I light it off, for her sweet sake
Who gave, with it, her girlish favor.

And here 's the mighty student-bowl,
Whose tutoring, in and after college,
Has led me nearer Wisdom's goal
Than all I learned of text-book knowledge.

“**A** HOST of meerschaums !” did you say ?
Well, yes, it is a fair collection ;
Though valued chiefly in a way
Not plain to casual inspection.

You 'll see some dainty carving there
Upon those shelves, some curious fancies,
And many a color, deep and rare,
That well may tempt a stranger's glances.

Titania and her long-eared love
Are here beside a Venus lying ;
And wan Mazeppa, just above,
Before the wolfish pack is flying.

“It taught me.” Aye, to hold my tongue,
To keep alight, and yet burn slowly ;
To break ill spells around me flung,
As with the enchanted whiff of Moly !

There was a lesson in its smoke
Too volatile for earth to fetter :
Its fire, which ashes could not choke ;
Its worth, which age but made the better !

This narghileh, whose hue betrays
Perique from soft Louisiana,
In Egypt once beguiled the days
Of Tewfik's dreamy-eyed Sultana.

And this strange stone, whose mystic lines
And hieroglyphs the eye bewilder,
The love and patient art enshrines
Of some pre-Adamite mound-builder.

Speaking of color, do you know
A maid with eyes as darkly splendid
As are the hues that, rich and slow,
On this Hungarian bowl have blended?

Can artist paint the fiery glints
Of this quaint finger here beside it,
With amber nail—the lustrous tints
A thousand Partagas have dyed it?

“And this old silver-patched affair?”
Well, sir, that meerschaum has its reasons
For showing marks of time and wear;
For in its smoke, through fifty seasons,

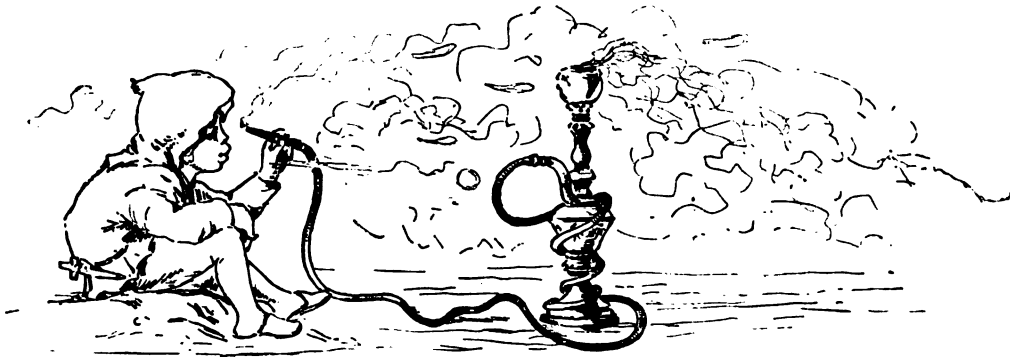
My grandsire blew his cares away!
And then, when done with life's sojourning,
At seventy-five, dropped dead one day,
That pipe between his set teeth burning!

“Killed him?” No doubt! it's apt to kill
In fifty years incessant using—
Some twenty pipes a day. And still,
On that ripe, well-filled lifetime musing,

I envy oft so bright a part—
To live as long as life's a treasure;
To die of—not an aching heart,
But—half a century of pleasure!

Well, well! I'm boring you, no doubt.
How these old memories will undo one!
I see you've let your weed go out—
That's wrong! Here, light yourself a new one!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER III.

AND what was it Mrs. Forth saw over Bellairs' shoulder? What is the sight that, now that the temporary call upon her attention is withdrawn, is riveting into such an agony of search the lovely cold eyes, to which so few things seem worth looking at? Fortunately for her, a new batch of undergraduates has hurried up to be presented to Sarah. Never since the days of Dresden and the German army has Miss Churchill had her hands so full. Belinda is free to send her gaze unnoticed round the hall, in a silent, breathless, passionate quest. Quest of what? She does not ask herself how much the better off she will be if she succeeds in finding the object of that quest. To find it! to find it! Come what may of the finding, to find it! Most people would feel sure that she has been deceived by an accidental resemblance to Rivers in some stranger; men of his size, complexion and bearing being, though unhappily in a minority, yet still numerous among two thousand youths of the English upper classes. But Belinda would laugh to scorn the suggestion that at any distance, or in any glimpse, however momentary, she could have mistaken any other for him.

There exists in her mind no smallest doubt that the

face seen in that one lightning flash, and then instantly hidden by twenty other intervening faces, was his—his or his angel's! Perhaps he is dead, and that he has come to tell her. A mute sob rises in her throat. Whether in the spirit or the body, she must find him! At intervals of every few minutes she is interrupted in her search by the greetings and observations of passing acquaintances. She answers them politely and connectedly, but with a brevity that does not encourage a prolongation of their civilities; a brevity that will the sooner leave her free.

The room is thinner than it was, or rather the crowd is distributed more evenly over its whole area. Since the supper-tables sprang into sight—even loyalty giving the *pas* to hunger; the uncertain hope of a bow from the Duke, to the sober certainty of lobster-salad—the packing about H. R. H. is less dense. The guests are extended along the line of tables. Of Sarah, indeed, scarcely a vestige is to be seen, so closely is she hedged in by a wall of boys. At something she has just said they all laugh rapturously; those who did not hear it—so firmly assured already in her character as a wit—as well as those who did.

The signalman's biographer has descended from his

estrade, and is talking as commonplacely to his hostess as if he wotted nothing of parental agonies or points, and as if the rosy babe had been sent to bed with the whipping it deserved. Through the slackening of the press it has surely become easier for one seeking to discover the person sought; and yet for a while she seeks in vain. How many heads there are! heads bald as Caesar's; heads thickly clad as Absalom's; heads white, heads brown; sandy heads, pepper-and-salt heads, gold heads; long heads, round heads, knobby heads! And how they shift and move! Will they never stay quiet for a moment? And among them all, he is not! He must have gone—gone without ever conjecturing her nearness!

Again that mute sob rises chokingly. Why should he not be gone? Why should she wish that he were not gone? Why should she wish to see him? What has she to say to him when they meet? But she pushes roughly aside Reason's cool pleading. *Why* does she wish it? *Why—why?* There may be no *why*, but she *does* wish it; wishes it with such a compelling frenzy of wishing, as seems as if it must produce the fulfilment of that wish. And it does. Its might prevails. Ah—h—h! For in a moment she has seen him again. He is nearer now; so near as to be recognizable past mistake or mis-giving, even by eyes less acquainted than hers with every trick of lip and brow. If he continues to advance in the direction at present taken by his steps, it is impossible but that in one minute or less—in perhaps fifty seconds, perhaps forty—she will come within the range of his vision. He will be aware of her as she is aware of him.

"Are you ready to go home?" says a voice at her elbow.

She turns suddenly; eyes alight and heart madly bounding, to find her husband at her elbow. The revulsion is so hideous that speech wholly fails her.

"I should be obliged if you would tell me where I am likely to find your sister," he continues, taking her silence for assent, since she is never very prodigal of her words to him; "so that I may let her know that we are going."

But at that she finds voice.

"*Going!*" she says, flashing one look of passionate dissent at him. "Why should we go? Impossible!"

"I see no impossibility," he answers captiously; "we have already amply satisfied the claims of civility. The impossibility, as you are perfectly aware, lies in combining such late hours with early rising in the morning."

"Then why should you rise early?" answers she, with tremulous rebellion. "It is no use talking—I cannot come away. You forget Sarah; it—it would not be fair upon Sarah; I have neither the wish nor the right to spoil her enjoyment."

"I should imagine that nothing would be easier than to find a chaperon in whose charge to leave her," rejoins he persistently; "if indeed," with a slightly venomous look in the direction of his sister-in-law, "she considers one necessary."

But Belinda only observes a silence which he divines to be mutinous. He is accustomed in her to sullen compliance, uncheerful acquiescence, loth obedience; but to open revolt he is not accustomed, and, on the spur of the moment, and in so public a place, he is not prepared to deal with it.

"Since you manifest such an avidity in the pursuit of pleasure," he says resentfully, "I will indulge you with another half hour, at the end of which time I must beg that you and your sister will be prepared to accompany me without farther remonstrance."

He does not await the answer, which perhaps he knows he would not receive; but turns on his heel and leaves her—leaves her free to pursue that feverish search which his coming had so rudely interrupted.

It is some moments before she again finds the object of that search; moments long enough for her to tell herself in heart bitterness that she has pushed against her fate in vain. But then, all in a moment, she has found him again. He is farther off, indeed, than he was: some trifle must have diverted his steps from the direction then pursued by them; and he is still, in his unconsciousness, slowly widening the distance between them.

Is it possible that he is tending toward the door? that she, unable by word or sign to arrest him, will see him go? Oh, but life is a hard thing! Knowing as she does that at one lightest cry from her he would turn; to be no more able to utter that cry than if a real material gag were choking her utterances! Can it be, then, that her soul's cry has reached his soul's ears? for he does turn suddenly and smiling. Has he seen her, that he smiles? Ah no! Would he indeed smile if he saw her? She has not given him much cause to smile at the sight of her. Well, he is wise. He has again averted his look. And the half-hour, the inexorable half-hour is passing! How much of it has already gone? Ten minutes, at least, must by this time have passed.

There are only twenty minutes for hope to work upon. Twenty minutes!—and then the close fly, the Early English Villa, Professor Forth, and the Fragments of Menander! To the end of time Professor Forth, and the Fragments of Menander!

Again her thoughts are broken in upon by a voice—Sarah's this time; Sarah having shaken herself free of her disciples; Sarah with a solicitous look and an anxious eye.

"I think it best to tell you," she says hurriedly, and narrowly watching the effect of her words upon her sister's face; "I was afraid lest you might hear it suddenly from some one else—some stranger. I suppose you have not seen him yet, but *he* is here!"

"I know it," answers Belinda shortly, and very low.

"You—you are not going to faint?"

"*Faint!* why should I faint?" with an accent of intense impatience, her eyes still riveted on the now again approaching figure; "do I ever faint?"

"Would you like to go home?"

"Go home!" echoes Belinda, in an accent of fierce desperation; "why do you all sing the same song? why are you all determined that I must go home?"

"I thought you would wish it," replies Sarah anxiously. "I should if I were in your place. Do you not think it would be better?"

But she speaks to deaf ears. Her eyes, still fastened on her sister's face, see that face's lilies suddenly dyed with a most happy and loveliest flush.

The sun has risen; he has touched the sunless snow on the Jungfrau's crest, and all the world is rosy red. So then he has seen her! There is now no longer any fear of his departing unintentionally ignorant of her neighborhood.

There is indeed time for one short pang of alarm lest he should do what in her heart she knows if he were wise he would do—and who knows how much of wisdom these two years may have lent him?—turn away, and knowingly avoid her! But apparently he is not wise.

In a moment he has pierced the small portion of

crowd that still separates them; pierced it with a goodwill that would not have disgraced Miss Watson. She has one instant of such blissful anticipation—only a thousandfold intensified—as used to be hers in the Lütichau Strasse, at the sound of Tommy's childish foot pattering up the stone stairs, and her love's firm and eager tread behind it.

The next moment they have met. Their unfamiliar right hands lie in one another; and they say—nothing. Of what use to have mesmerized him hither by her eyes, and the insanity of her voiceless prayers, if she have nothing to say to him now that he has come? But happily, though she and he are speechless, Sarah is not.

"So it is you, is it?" she says in a dry voice; "now what eccentric wind has blown you here?"

He does not answer at once. Evidently, as of old, he has forgotten her presence.

"I see that you still have your old trick of not answering me," pursues she, running quickly on with a flightiness that conceals a good deal of real nervousness; "but never mind: there are places where I also am admired," as Goldsmith said. Belinda, do you know that twenty-five young gentlemen of different colleges are going to be so good as to call upon you between the hours of three and seven to-morrow?"

Belinda is struggling to rouse herself out of her intoxication; already so far unintoxicated as to know that it is intoxication.

"Are they?" she says, with a weakly laugh; "I am sure that I am very much obliged to them."

"And meanwhile, what has brought you here?" asks Sarah persistently, carrying on her determined talk as a shield to her sister's emotion.

Her speech has the effect of making Rivers, too, put down the wine-cup; of bringing him also back to the bald, sober morning prose of life.

"I have come to take my degree," he answers; "I have been prevented by—by circumstances from taking it before."

So now she has heard his voice! To have touched his hand; to have met his eye; to have heard his speech! Is not this to have had her wish? Surely now she is content. Surely now she will go home at ease and satisfied. But who was ever satisfied with one wish? What wish ever died barren, without engendering a hundred more?

"The half-hour is expired!" says a voice.

The Dresden quartette is complete. Perhaps it is this thought that, rushing simultaneously into three out of the four minds, strikes them momentarily mute. Sarah is, of course, the first to recover herself.

"What a mysterious utterance!" she says, with a rather forced gayety; "*what* half-hour? any particular half-hour? You remember Mr. Rivers, do you not? Mr. Rivers, you know Mr. Forth, my—my brother-in-law?"

There is a slight unintentional hesitation before pronouncing, and a perhaps intentional slight stress in pronouncing the last word. Rivers has stepped back a pace or two, isolating himself from the augmented group; but at this summons he again advances, and except by the two signs of a sheet-white face and set teeth, is not to be distinguished from any other well-mannered young man making a bow. But the Professor would be slow indeed to mark the hue of any undergraduate's or ex-undergraduate's face, or to note whether his mouth were open or shut.

"The fly is waiting," he says, returning Rivers' salutation with cursory indifference. "Belinda, I must beg you to accompany me at once, and not keep it waiting."

As he speaks, he looks at his wife, as one expecting and braced for fresh rebellion. But he meets with none.

"Come along!" cries Sarah with alacrity; "we are quite ready, are we not, Belinda? Enough is as good as a feast; and we have supped full of pleasure. Good-by!" nodding with cool friendliness over her shoulder, and taking her sister's hand.

Belinda offers no resistance; flaccidly she complies, and without one look at Rivers, with only a faint bend of her head in his direction, begins to follow the Professor of Etruscan out of the room. Rivers stands stupidly looking after them. The tart imperativeness of her husband's tone; his employment of her Christian name; her own dull docility—which of these is it that makes him feel as if some one had given him a great blow over the head with a club? Presently he begins, mechanically and purposely, to follow them.

The crowd is thick at the entrance and on the stone stairs—the departing crowd. The quadrangle is full of vehicles. Footmen are few in Oxbridge; but such as there are, are shouting their mistresses' carriages: the humbler multitude are pushing, asking, struggling for their flies. Lucky ones are finding them and driving off; unlucky ones are vainly striving to identify horse or driver. Among the latter are the Forths. In coming out, they have been parted by the press—that is to say, the sisters have lost each other—the younger loitering in injudicious dalliance with some of her new sweethearts; the elder plodding on in dull and woolly oblivion of all but the iron necessity of following that cap and gown ahead of her.

It is not till the elusive fly is at length found—till her foot is on the step, and Professor Forth is sharply urging her in by the elbow from behind, that she becomes aware of having mislaid her junior.

"Get in—get in!" cries he crossly; "what are you waiting for?"

"But Sarah!" she says, awaking from her unconsciousness and looking hastily round; "what has become of Sarah? we cannot go without Sarah?"

He makes an irritated gesture.

"No doubt she has joined some other party; no doubt she will do very well: at all events, in this confusion it is impossible to attempt to find her?"

"It is much more impossible to go without her!" replies she firmly, withdrawing her foot from the step; "I wonder that you should propose such a thing!"

"She is perfectly well able to take care of herself!" retorts he, recurring to his old and spiteful formula; "she will find her own way home!"

"Then I will find *my* own way home, too!" answers she indignantly, and resolutely turning her back upon him and the open fly-door. She is too indignant even to deign to observe whether he takes her at her word.

The crowd is still issuing, issuing; crossing the moonlit square on foot; nodding good-night out of carriage windows; away they go! She retraces her steps to the stair-foot. It is not pleasant work pushing against a human tide; and so she finds. It is bewildering to be staring into every face; peering under all the hoods and mufflers. And among all the faces, under all the hoods and mufflers, is no Sarah to be found. It is obvious that the Professor is right. She has found her own way home.

The company is melting away so rapidly that, unless she wishes to be shut into the college for the night, she must needs follow her example. Well! there is no great hardship in that! She is in the mood when the abnormal, the unusual, seems more tolerable to her

than the accustomed, the everyday. Half an hour of solitude and midnight! Half an hour in which to be Belinda only—not Belinda Forth at all! Half an hour in which to reckon with this night and its work! She has already made half a dozen steps along the stone flags of the quadrangle, when some one comes up behind her. Had she known that he would come up behind her, that she makes no sign of surprise, nor any pause in her walk?

"You are alone?" he says with agitation.

"It seems so," she answers. It is the same dry voice with which she had so often galled and chilled him at Dresden.

"You have lost your—your party?"

"I have lost Sarah."

"And your—and Professor Forth?"

"He could not wait, and I could not go without Sarah."

"And he has left you behind—alone?"

She is silent, still speeding along in the moonlight.

"And how do you propose to get home?" he asks, keeping up with and determinately addressing her.

"I am getting home as fast as I can."

"You mean to walk?"

"It looks like it."

Her tone is brusque and dogged; but if she hopes by its means to rid herself of her companion she is mistaken.

"In evening dress?"

"Pooh!" she says, with a hard laugh; "we are not so fastidious here, *nous autres*; I walk out to dinner every night of my life!"

"But not alone?"

Her face darkens. "No, not alone."

They have reached the gateway and Wren's dome tower. She has stopped in her resolute walk; but in the stopping there is as much resolution as there was in the hurrying.

"Here we part," she says shortly; "good-night!"

"You must allow me to see you home," he answers firmly.

"I have already told you that it is absolutely unnecessary," retorts she roughly.

There is an instant's interval before his rejoinder. They are putting out the lights in the hall; the great building is greedily devouring half the moonlight in the quad, with its raven shadow. It has embraced the fountain in the middle. It is not much of a fountain, but how pleasantly its little voice pierces through the noise of rolling wheels and human shoutings! For how many centuries could she gladly stand here listening to it!

"You *must* allow me!" with perfect respect, but obstinately.

"I *must* not!" Is the night-wind heady, like wine? Her tone changes to one that is almost entreaty. "I had rather you did not; I *ask* you not!"

Her incivilities had left him iron; to her pleading he is as wax.

"It shall be as you wish," he says, gravely bowing.

There is nothing now to detain her, and yet she lingers an instant, as though expecting him to say something more. But he adds nothing. She turns out of the gateway and into the street, and walks fast and steadily up it. There are not many towns through which it would be judicious for a young and solitary woman to take her way, bare-headed and in flimsy ball-gown, at midnight; but about Oxbridge, Una, without her lion, might have strayed unassailed from sunset to sunrise. Involuntarily she slackens her speed a little,

from the almost run with which she had begun her course, though still keeping at a moderately rapid walk. What cause is there for hurry? There is nothing now to hasten from; and Heaven knows there is nothing to hasten to!

She did well to be peremptory; but after all, he was not very much in earnest; he did not press the point. It is much better that it should be so; but still, as a mere matter-of-fact, he did not. She looks up at the sky, which is spreading out the jewels it has kept hidden through the staring day, spreading them out for

"The fair city with her dreaming spires,"

to look up at and admire; all its bright belts and bears; its gods and goddesses. Then she looks suddenly round. There are still a good many people about, but no undergraduates; for the University mother has gathered her curled darlings to her bosom for the night.

The man, then, who is keeping pace with her, foot-step for footstep, twenty yards behind, is no undergraduate. She redoubles her speed again! Pooh! his presence has no reference to her. He is only taking the natural road to his hotel. But she does not look round again until the more bustling streets lie behind her; until she has reached the broad still thoroughfare where a range of gray colleges and a row of sentinel elms hold quiet converse with the stars.

Then, as if the muscles of her neck had been moved by some one else, she not consenting, once again she turns her head. The hotels are long passed. If he is still following, it is she whom he is following. And lo! twenty yards behind her, there he is, stepping through the moonlight!

She gives a low, excited laugh. Well, they have both had their will then: he has not walked home with her; she has not walked home alone. It is a compromise. Again she looks up to the heavens. What a lovely, lovely vault! What seed-pearl of constellations! What great planet-diamonds!

The clocks have just begun to strike midnight; the city's innumerable clocks, cathedral, college, church; the booming bell, the sharp strike, the melodious chime! How nobly their loud wedded harmony floods the night! And is there one of the gardens—she has reached the suburb of villas and gardens by this time—that has not contributed the breath of its gillyflowers to make the boon air so sweet?

She walks on with her strong elastic tread. After all, it is good to be young: to have a fine ear for sound; a nostril sensitive to fragrance; and—the consciousness that behind you there is one protecting you where there is nothing to be protected from—guarding you where there is nothing to be guarded against.

She has reached her own gate, and at it halts, her hand upon the latch. Here surely, under the ægis of her own roof-tree—here, where that twinkling night-light shows the exact spot where her husband is addressing himself to his slumbers—she may abate a little of her rigidity.

Seeing her arrived, he too has halted; nor is it until by a faint motion of her hand she gives him leave to approach, that he ventures to draw near her.

"Thank you!" she says with a smile; to which it is perhaps the moonlight that lends its quivering uncertainty; "but it was not necessary."

He neither disclaims nor accepts her acknowledgments. Gravely he unfastens the iron gate for her; while above his gold head the laburnum droops her gold curls. The moon has taken her color out of both, and substituted her own. Is he then still going to say nothing? But as she passes through, he speaks:

"I—I—am not leaving Oxbridge to-morrow. I shall be in Oxbridge all to-morrow."

"Shall you?" she says faintly.

"I have not done anything to forfeit your friendship, have I?" he asks, while in the moonlight she sees his right hand tighten its nervous clasp on one of the spiked iron uprights of the gate.

She is quite silent.

"Have I?" he repeats, in a tone as of one who, though patient, will not go without his answer. (Is truth always the best to be spoken? Then let it be spoken!)

"Nothing!"

"Is there then any reason why I should not come and see you to-morrow?"

Silence again; her look wandering undecidedly over her flower-bed.

"Is there?"

Her eye has caught the Professor's night-light again—that ill-favored Jack-o'-Lantern that is to dance forever across the morass of her life.

"None!" she answers firmly; and with that firm "None!" she leaves him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NURSERY EPISODES.

NEARLY all mothers must meet, sooner or later, the problem of how to rebuke or punish a sensitive child without wounding or destroying his self-respect. (The term self-respect here includes that mild form of self-esteem which often fortifies a child against discreditable acts). With different temperaments entirely different methods are necessary. Two children in the same family often need opposite modes of treatment. I therefore attempt to lay down no general rule, but venture to give my own successful solution in one difficult case, hoping that it may prove at least suggestive in other and similar ones.

I early found self-respect to be the basis of all good manifestations in my little daughter—the corner-stone upon which alone I could build firmly. If I made the mistake of correcting her fault in such a way as to lessen her self-respect, everything seemed to give way beneath us—I had nothing left to build upon.

When she was three years old, I was startled into deep consideration of this matter. Up to this time she had been so habitually and cheerfully obedient that I rarely corrected her, and she lived in a joyous atmosphere of approval very sweet to her soul. From the height of conscious rectitude she obeyed with the air of *noblesse oblige*, and her prompt and loving acquiescence led us to believe that no difficulty lay in the path of her development. But one day, in a sudden freak of temper, she did wrong, very wrong, and I, amazed and shocked, rebuked her quickly, little thinking how wrong it was for me to say, "You naughty girl! Mamma does not love you when you do so!" Instantly my loving little daughter was transformed. She screamed, pushed me away, and sobbed herself into quiet at last in a far corner. Even after comparative cheerfulness was restored she repelled all my advances, and carried a strange, hard look in her face while she played with her dollies, ignoring my presence.

Within a few hours she disobeyed me again, and, in reply to a gentle rebuke, said sullenly: "I not care—mamma not love me!" From that time, for two days, she showed a dogged, hateful spirit, willfully disobeying me, and always saying, "I not care; I not want to be good!" or, "I not good girl; mamma not love me!"

I saw, too late, that by calling her naughty, and making her think my love withdrawn, I had brought the sensitive little soul to despair. Self-respect and public respect were lost. She had no motive for good behavior. The three-year-old desperado was equal to any villainy. She despised the blandishments of the

mother who did not love her. Her lips were unresponsive to my kiss. She was absolutely cold and unapproachable, yet with a most pathetic look of misery haunting her eyes.

Finally, I knelt on the floor beside her, and very tenderly explained that, however naughty she might be, mamma loved her just the same; that nothing she could ever do would stop mamma's loving her. An incredulous, hesitant look was her only response. I then dilated on my theme, saying always that I should love her "just the same." "*Just de same?*" she repeated wonderingly. So, at last, I won my rebel. She clung to me convulsively, and kept asking in a soft, delighted voice such questions as these: "If I *strike*, does oo love me *just de same?*" And when I said that it would make me sad that I might be compelled to punish her, but that I should love her just the same, she would hug and kiss me in an ecstasy. For the next twenty-four hours she continued to propound, with wistful look, new conundrums of childish infancy, always ending with, "and oo'd love me *just de same?*"

At last she was fully reassured, and ever since, through all vicissitudes of discipline, she has had perfect confidence in my unshaken love.

Out of the exigencies of this occasion was evolved the scapegoat, which has ever since proved a brilliant success in our family. I saw that so long as she felt herself a "good girl" she was loth to do anything unworthy of her lofty ideal of herself, and that I must discover some way of correcting faults without discouraging her and lowering her self-respect.

Knowing that children enjoy personification, I vividly personified her cross, naughty, impulses as a naughty spirit who delighted in making trouble. "When he sees a dear, good little girl like you he thinks, 'Now I'll get her into trouble;' so, when mamma tells you to do something he whispers, 'Don't do it,' and if you listen to him all sorts of bad times begin." This struck her imagination forcibly; the "Naughty Cross," as she named him, became a foe to resist on every occasion. "I won't be cross, I will mind my mamma," were often her audible answers to secret impulses. I always looked tenderly at her when she inclined to disobedience, and said: "You good, sweet little girl, the Naughty Cross is trying to make you do wrong." Often I would apostrophize the Naughty Cross, saying sternly: "Go away! leave this good girl!" This spirited address frequently served as a diversion and ended all trouble. Sometimes she would join with me in exorcising the tempter, even

giving herself a rousing slap in moments of righteous wrath, saying, "Go away! I *won't* be naughty!"

Under cover of rebuking the Naughty Cross I was able to be far more severe and make more telling points than would have been possible in addressing her; yet she herself—the ultimate core of her—never was wounded or depressed by it. It was always, in her mind, a struggle between an upright little girl and a tempter. Her sense of honor and rectitude grew and blossomed, in spite of frequent episodes of discipline.

Gradually she took the matter more and more into her own hands, and often came out triumphant from severe personal struggles. One day she turned away with a sullen frown in response to a maternal suggestion, and went to the window. I watched and waited. In a few minutes she came back with sweet, upturned face: "Is dis a pleasant 'ittle face, mamma?" And when I kissed her she explained: "De Naughty Cross tried to come in, but I went to de winner and asked Jesus to send him off."

She felt that she had a strong ally in Jesus and appealed to Him for help with perfect confidence.

Before she was five years old self-discipline was established; she wrestled with and subdued her own bad impulses, and who shall say that her prayer of faith

was not directly answered? Of course, this refers to her interior condition. Outwardly she was no paragon. She was robust, noisy, liable to mistakes of all sorts, full of social atrocities and altogether childlike.

The best and sweetest phase of this development was that we never antagonized each other; even in our most tragic moments all my energies seemed directed against the Naughty Cross, and she felt that we were comrades in warfare with a mutual enemy. She has a tremendous will, but she has never found it out, because it has never been opposed to mine. She has a capacity for obstinate defiance that would have been a dreadful element in family discipline, but she has had no chance to develop it. Now, her will and obstinacy, if developed, will be used against the temptations of life, never, I believe, in opposition to her mother.

I found that to forewarn her often averted trouble. If she came in hot, tired and dirty from play, I would exclaim, "The Cross will be here in a minute! He sees you are hot and tired, and he knows you hate to be washed; he thinks, 'Now I'll catch her! Now I'll make her naughty!'"

"He *won't*!" would be her heroic response, as she patiently underwent the penance of the wash-bowl.

MARY H. BURTON.

THE HOUSEHOLD—BEFORE THE HOUSE-QUAKE.

AMID the domestic epochs of the year, what is so formidable as the spring upheaval? After enduring the premonitory pains, then sustaining with what fortitude is possible the successive tremors of the shock itself, and, lastly, recovering by slow stages from the after-effects, one is almost ready (happy if only almost) to "go to boarding." But by many repetitions of this discipline one learns to soften its rigors.

Nothing does this so effectually as a thorough preparation. There is, especially in country homes, a variety of "odd jobs," such as only come once or twice a year, that are commonly left to be done "when we get through house-cleaning." Nearly all of them may be done to better advantage at the outset. Let me assume that these hints are offered to the intelligent housekeeper who takes upon herself the actual administration of her small kingdom. Wise woman that she is, she will wish in the spring to repair the ravages of time, and even to advance a little the whole line of her fortifications.

She may begin with her linen-closet. We all know how much faster house-linen wears in winter than in summer. It is usually an unpleasant surprise to find, upon a full and careful examination, that there are not actual deficiencies, but points that need unexpected reinforcement. Perhaps we need not put ourselves in the place of the young German countess, who envied her American friend her immunity from darning kitchen-towels; but, without going to extremes, dainty darning is not by any means to be despised, if, perchance, there is any one in the household capable of it. Everything in this department should be put in absolute order, those articles past wear condemned and given away or put to baser uses; and, on some weekly cleaning-day, a perfect cleansing given to closets and presses, and a fresh and orderly disposition made of new and old stores. To those who have family sewing done at home, the late winter or early spring—least tempting for out-door employments—is a most favorable time for this work. The new table-linen, then,

beautifully hemmed by hand, marked with pretty etched designs in indelible ink, if one of the daughters has a gift for such things; the new sheets and pillow-slips all finished and laundered to perfection, the blankets cleaned and re-bound with a broad ribbon, the silk coverlet done at last, perhaps one or two new mattress-covers made, thin quilts of soft unbleached muslin, much pleasanter next the sheets than the mattress, with its hard tufts, and much easier changed and cleaned; the mattresses, bolsters and pillows thoroughly examined, and whatever repairs or renovations are needed accomplished, the housekeeper has an excellent piece of work to think of with satisfaction as *done* rather than with uneasiness as a burden in store.

Where there are children, the spring review of the family wardrobe should come either a little earlier or a little later, as convenience dictates. Everything should run the gauntlet, restorations be planned, and purchases decided upon. Who knows how much more can be got out of a certain allowance by judicious planning? Closets, camphor-trunks and cedar-chests, or whatever takes the place of them, must be carried over from winter estate to summer estate.

Then the store-room proper, the preserve-closets, the china-closets—all these demand the same severe scrutiny and energetic yet prudent reconstruction. When all this is done, with the extra washing which it always involves, you will be surprised, if it is your first trial of the method, to find how much of the terror of house-cleaning has departed. If you have the housekeeping instinct, you have found much satisfaction in your unhurried work as it went on, and you think of your closets with great complacency as you marshal your forces for the short and sharp campaign which must begin with the actual tearing up of rooms.

But even in this it is best to conquer by small installments. Before the final rush, have everything in readiness, so that, without too much disorganization, a large

portion of the regular household work may be skipped for a fortnight. Lay in stores for a grand family picnic—plenty of appetizing edibles, such as may be set forth at a moment's notice; a boiled ham, a large joint of roast beef, some mince pies, canned meats and fruits—whatever suits your taste and purse that can be eaten without much immediate care of preparation. Above all, being well provided with cheerfulness, good temper and health, a speedy triumph is certain.

D. H. R. GOODALE.

A FAMILY DINNER.

Vermicelli Soup.

Oyster Fritters.

Roast Turkey.

Potatoes mashed.

Salsify.

Stewed Cranberries. Apple Pudding. Hard Sauce.

Tea or Coffee.

VERMICELLI SOUP.—One knuckle of veal, about four pounds; half a pound of lean ham, four quarts of water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, a bunch of sweet herbs. Boil very slowly for five hours and then strain into a jar to cool. When ready to use, take the cake of fat from the top and put over the soup to heat. Boil quarter of a pound of vermicelli twenty minutes, using just enough water to cover it, and then put in tureen, straining the soup on to it and serving very hot.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—One pint of oysters; bring them to boiling point in their own liquor; skim out at once and cut each one in three pieces. Strain the liquor, and if there is not enough to make a large cupful add water. Beat three eggs light. Stir in to the oyster liquor a large cup of sifted flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; add half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water, then the eggs, and last the oysters. Stir well, and drop by spoonfuls into boiling lard. Drain on brown paper, and serve hot.

ROAST TURKEY.—Dress and carefully wipe out the turkey. Make a stuffing of a quart of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of salt pork or sausage chopped fine, an even tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper and a teaspoonful of thyme or savory. Moisten with half a cup of hot water, and a spoonful of butter melted in it. Truss neatly. Pour a cup of boiling water into pan, and allow three hours to an eight pound turkey, basting very often. Twenty minutes before serving, dredge thickly with flour, and baste with a little melted butter. Skim off all the fat from the gravy, thickening it with one tablespoonful of browned flour.

STEWED CRANBERRIES.—One quart of cranberries, one cup of water, one pint of sugar. Stew slowly, *without stirring*, half an hour, then pour into dish.

SALSIFY.—Scrape the roots and throw them into cold water with a little vinegar in it. Let them lie an hour; then cut in pieces and boil till tender, about one hour, in well salted water. Drain off nearly all the water, and add one cup of cold milk. When it boils, add a large spoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cracker dust. Boil five minutes and serve hot.

APPLE PUDDING.—Three cups of fine bread crumbs, three of chopped apple, two cups of sugar, juice of one lemon and the grated peel, one teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and mace, two cups of boiling water, one large tablespoonful of butter melted in the water. Put a layer of crumbs and a layer of apples till a deep dish is full. Pour the water in which the sugar, etc., has been dissolved over the whole, cover with a plate and bake an hour; then remove plate and brown.

HARD SAUCE.—Half a cup of butter worked to a cream, two cups of powdered sugar. Flavor with half a grated nutmeg and the juice of a lemon. Beat very light, and pile on a butter plate. Set in cold place till used.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Is coffee-drinking as unhealthful as many physicians insist, and has it any virtue in intermittent fevers?"—D. M. L., Scarsdale, N. Y.

Ans.—The question has had lately some very vigorous discussion, and here are two conclusions: The arraignment of coffee-drinking by the noted Dr. Bock, of Leipsic, as one of the chief causes of nervous diseases now so prevalent, is vigorously combated by the eminent Dr. Segur. According to the latter, it is a mental and bodily stimulant, assisting to convert the blood into nervous tissue, and thus recruit the nervous moving and thinking

faculties; it lessens the waste of tissue, and thus diminishes the amount of food necessary to support the system. Again, Dr. Segur declares that it will often cut short and cure attacks of intermittent fever; in typhus fever it increases the excretion of urea, and so far purifies the blood without increasing tissue metamorphosis; it tends to lessen coma and low delirium; it is a diuretic in cardiac dropsy; in opium-poisoning its efficacy is well known; and, adds Dr. Segur, it is his chief reliance in yellow fever.

"What is the proper pronunciation of the word tomato? With us there has been a perpetual controversy since we saw 'The Colonel,' and heard Mr. Coghlan's method. What is the real American method.—C. L. Y., Philadelphia."

Ans.—The answers given by Americans are as various as those of English folk who have been in the United States. Everybody knows that, although pronunciation is far more homogeneous in the United States than in the United Kingdom, there are distinct dialects even in the former favored country, that of the West varying widely from the accent of New England, and both from the curious snoring twang of the rural districts of the South. We have heard the love-apple called "tomahto" and "tomato," with the "o" sounded very distinctly in both cases, and also "tomatter" in the States by persons from different districts and of different degrees of culture. In Boston, which city, by the way, is called "Bawston" by the inhabitants, the accent is of the broader kind, or "very English," as other Americans say. A Bostonian says "tomahto," or, still more accurately, "tomahtah," the exact pronunciation of the original word.

"Can the 'Household' give any form of preparation for shampooing the hair, and can it tell me if headache is helped by the process, and oblige, B. B. M."

Ans.—The *Druggists' Circular* gives the following recipe for the "dry shampoo," considerably used by barbers, now generally known as "sea foam." Alcohol, eight ounces; water, sixteen ounces; ammonia, one ounce; cologne, one ounce. It is rubbed on the head until the liquid evaporates. No subsequent rinsing is necessary. A distinguished physician, who had spent much time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the hair thoroughly in weak soda-water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and not exposed to draughts of air for a little while.

"Is there any perceptible interval between the actual contact of a touch or a blow and the consciousness of it by the person touched or struck?—R. Y. T."

Ans.—The *American Journal of Arts and Sciences* said recently in a learned discussion of this subject: "Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about one hundred and eighty feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention."

"I WOULD very much like to know how to preserve, pickle or candy fresh limes. If you can give me a recipe for either or all through THE CONTINENT, I shall be very grateful. And in answer to K. I would be Oracle No. 4. Put glycerine papers over, instead of brandy, and seal as usual. It is tasteless and harmless, and I find it effectual in the warm climate of California. This year, for jelly that has a smooth surface, I shall paint over with a light brush in glycerine, and seal; for jam or rough surface, rub both sides of the paper, then seal.—L. F."

"EDITOR CONTINENT: Neither tea nor coffee should be bottled for one moment. Boiling brings out certain acrid and unwholesome properties in both leaf and berry. The one should be steeped, boiling water dripped through the other. The almost universal use in this country, and this country alone, of such elaborate barbarisms as are indorsed by the editor of your 'Household Department,' makes, to that extent, a decent cup of coffee an unknown thing to our people. The darkeys of San Domingo are ahead of us, and civilized, in this.—A TRAVELER."



PETER COOPER was one of the few wealthy men of his day who did not, from the simple fact of his wealth, provoke the hatred of the "irreconcilables." "Few" is perhaps the correct term, but in point of fact it is not easy to name *one* other equally rich man who was less an object of envy to his impecunious fellow-citizens. The position of Justus Schwab and his fellow-reformers has not been publicly announced regarding this particular case of accumulated wealth, but presumably they hold that Peter Cooper ought to have "divided" after the manner prescribed by them for other mortals. Divided! Where will you find a man who has, upon the whole, divided more judiciously than he? The Cooper Union, in New York, is his monument. Costing near a round million, its free schools are devoted to the advancement of the useful arts and sciences. A skilled mechanic and inventor himself, the aged millionaire knew how hard it is for a poor boy to gain the instruction necessary for the best development of his talents, and from early forenoon until late in the evening the lecture and class-rooms of the vast building are thronged with students in all branches of technical and artistic learning. Mr. Cooper was literally a kind of patriarch in the great Babel of New York life. His ninety-three years weighed less heavily upon him than do threescore on most of us, and his familiar and venerable figure, with its accessory wraps and cushions, will be sadly missed for many a day by frequenters of the Union. It has been said that few begrudged Mr. Cooper his great wealth, and the reason perhaps was that even in the commercial metropolis few had the moral audacity to credit themselves with truer views as to spending money than were possessed by this genuine philanthropist. On no one point are human beings so perfectly in accord as upon that of riches. Every man thinks that if things were as they should be he would be among the wealthy ones of earth, and a great many, it is to be feared, look with envious eyes upon the full coffers of richer men. How should it be otherwise when every one of us honestly believes that he ought to be richer than he is? Mr. Cooper was never the object of the envious hatred engendered by this almost universal feeling. He never received threatening letters, save from the insane; he never found it necessary to be escorted by armed attendants, as is the case to-day with some of our moneyed magnates; and, though there are no doubt wretches who would violate his grave if they could hope to claim a ransom, it is safe to say that his ashes will be suffered to rest with such guard of honor only, as is vouchsafed by popular esteem.

THE department of "Notes and Queries" introduced on page 539 of the present number will be a regular monthly feature of THE CONTINENT, and will include such subjects as may be thought of general interest to our readers, or any considerable class of them. In the conduct of this we shall not be limited by any fixed or definite line. All sorts of inquiries will be published and answered, provided only they are of a character which seems suited for our pages. It is not intended to make it merely a bureau for private information—a substitute for an encyclopedia—nor a simple puzzle-column for literary ruminants. Questions

touching all subjects will be welcomed, provided they possess the one essential—general interest; but the editor reserves the right of decision without appeal as to which questions are to be answered and which omitted. A record will be kept of all questions received, and such as may be deemed especially adapted to the department will be selected for answer and comment. As the selection of a title for one of our editorial departments—Migma—has been criticised by certain of the wise men who invariably know just what others ought to do, we have chosen a double heading for this new department which will perhaps suit everybody. The meaning of the point of interrogation is plain, and if any find trouble with the Latin let them be heard from. The design is especially adapted to this use, because, like good Dame Eleanor,

"Each queer feature asks a query."

The following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published.

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.

HAD the little book, "Emerson as a Poet,"¹ by Joel Benton, no other excuse for being, sufficient might be found in the beauty of its make-up. A new and very excellent portrait of Emerson, from a photograph owned by Theodore Parker, is the frontispiece; the cover, with its pine tree, Æolian harp, and "burly, dozing humble-bee," is especially attractive, and the broad margins and clear type make a book which must satisfy alike both publisher and reader. A portion of the matter given was read at Concord on the day set apart to Emerson by the School of Philosophy; but few alterations have been made, and the whole stands as an argument, or rather an impassioned appeal, for full recognition of Emerson's place as poet. Mr. Benton is an ardent lover, but he is appreciative and critical also; and while many will question some of his verdicts, none will deny that his claim is in great part vindicated. That the poet must be studied to be understood is to be counted no more against his power than against that of Robert Browning; and while it may be doubted if the truest poetry is that which requires such mental effort, there are enough passages whose beauty impresses itself at once and forever to entitle him fully to the name of master here as everywhere else. If Mr. Benton's tone is

(1) EMERSON AS A POET. By Joel Benton. 12mo, pp. 134, \$1.00. M. L. Holbrook, New York.

a little exaggerated, it is no more so than is demanded in the attempt to make plain something that has been denied, and its effect will certainly be to give a new and truer view to many who have refused to admit its claim.

PROFESSOR RASMUS B. ANDERSON'S notably well-performed task is ended, and the final volume of his translation of Björnstjerne Björnson's works is now before the public. "Magnhild"¹ can hardly fail to attract attention, possessing, as it does, not only many of the author's most striking merits, but also very pronounced and aggressive defects. It is a fashion at present to discourse at length on the singular purity and unworldliness of nature which is the birthright of these far northern nations, and critics insist upon the divine simplicity of Björnson's heroines. In part they are right. Imagination is exalted by the solitude and silence of those wonderful valleys, and the deep blue waters of the fiords, in which nixies still frolic and the water spirits still lure bewildered boatmen to destruction. Dogged fidelity and a deep and impassioned power of feeling are part of the northern inheritance, but conditions are all against a genuinely harmonious development. The shepherd maiden, singing like a seraph on the height where her flocks are feeding, and whose eyes are blue and deep as the water below, descends at night to a supper of black bread and cabbage soup; a home where herding is the only word that effectually covers the family life, and a grossness of thought and expression that make her prematurely wise with a one-sided knowledge that holds no real education, but simply leaves her the more open to the wiles of the first attractive stranger.

Magnhild is the child of a Norwegian farmer, who sees her home and family swept away by a land-slide, and who is cared for and practically adopted by the village pastor. Her strange, irresponsive, unawakened nature is powerfully drawn, and her girlhood and the life in the pastor's house are filled with the insight and picturesqueness that are inseparable from Björnson's work. She marries a traveling saddler, a dissolute and frightfully unpleasant-looking object, whose power to fascinate is meant to be a mystery, and who guards and provides for Magnhild with devotion, seeking to preserve in her the innocence which has charmed him. Her voice has been trained during her life in the pastor's house, but she ceases to use the gift, and is sinking into a mere household drudge, when roused by the advent of a famous musician, who brings his piano, and is soon followed by the wife of an officer, whose relation to him is very evident. Some morbid freak causes her to resolve upon waking up the soul of Magnhild. She bends every effort toward bringing her to the notice of Tande, the musician, with the speedy result of making him unfaithful to herself. Then ensues a series of unwholesome experiments, not only among the characters of the novel, but quite as evidently in the author's mind, and the whole atmosphere is so befogged, the smell of sulphur so strong, that one prays for a keen wind out of the north that may, with one blast, disperse these mephitic vapors. Skarlie, the husband, who watches the whole with a half-cynical curiosity, has really more honesty and genuine human nature than any one, save the fat pastor, with no suspicion of his own solid value. The musician dies, Magnhild returns from travel with an old friend, and takes up work in a healthier fashion, and the lady, whose share in the general discomfort has been much to her mind, disappears with her unsuspecting and stolid husband. Altogether, in spite of very charming pictures, much intimate knowledge of character, and the charm of a style which loses little in the careful translation, "Magnhild" is the least desirable number of the series, and should have no permanent place in literature.

(1) MAGNHILD. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Author's edition. 16mo, pp. 223, \$1.00. Houghton & Mifflin, Boston.



A NEW club in London, semi-literary in character, has chosen the singular title of the "Sette of Odd Volumes."

THE British Museum has bought the beautiful copy of Petrarch, purchased by Mr. Pickering at the Sunderland sale for \$9750, paying for it \$10,250.

MR. EDWARDS, the inventor of the heliotype process, has printed a richly illustrated book, the record of a yachting trip, only ten copies of which are published.

"FIGURES OF THE PAST," by Josiah Quincy, one of the most delightful sets of reminiscences ever published, has gone into a fourth edition, which is selling rapidly.

THE beautiful memorial edition of Irving's works published by the Putnams, is limited to three hundred copies, each set of three volumes being numbered before delivery.

DR. HOLMES is to write the life of Emerson for the "American Men of Letters" series, and this seems to refute the assumption of many, that his work hereafter would be found only in the pages of the *Atlantic*.

THE letters of the late French critic, Paul de St. Victor, are being collected for publication by his daughter, and will soon be issued in Paris. Another more celebrated correspondence is also to appear there—that of Armand Barbès, the revolutionist.

THE beautiful little "Parchment Series" of which D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers for this country, has in its latest issues, Keble's "Christian Year," "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, and "Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." "French Lyrics," selected by George Saintsbury, will soon follow.

MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS has published a few of his poems in a tiny book of birch bark, which may be had for twenty-five cents, by addressing him at Chillicothe, Ohio. The bark was gathered in the White Mountains, to the permanent injury, it is to be feared, of a number of valuable trees, and the poems are on various aspects of mountain scenery.

THE *May Century* contains a supplement to Dr. Washington Gladden's "The Christian League of Connecticut," in which he describes the overcoming of certain practical difficulties that arose. The articles have attracted wide attention in this country and in England, and deservedly so, Dr. Gladden being one of the most earnest and successful workers in such fields, while his power of literary expression, always graceful and readable, has increased steadily.

AN American reprint of Professor Jowett's edition of "Thucydides" has been issued by D. Lothrop & Co., in a finely printed and handsome octavo. The original edition was in two volumes as printed by the Clarendon Press in 1881; the first containing the translation of the Greek text, and the second, elaborate notes on the text and the Bodleian MS. Rev. Dr. Peabody writes an introduction to the American edition, for which Professor Jowett's name is sufficient guarantee, and the volume will undoubtedly find many readers. (8vo, pp. 724, \$3.50).

It is unfortunate for Mr. A. B. Muzzey's "Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution and their Families," that it must inevitably be compared with Mr. Josiah Quincy's "Figures of the Past," one of the most

delightful books of the year. Mr. Muzzey's book is an exceedingly faithful and minute chronicle, which will be of great value to all local historians, and there are many amusing bits of anecdote, but as a whole it fails to excite interest, and is not likely to attain popularity outside the circle of which it treats. (8vo. pp. 423, \$3.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston).

THE problems which arise in the study of natural science, more and more popular with every year, are a stimulus to renewed philosophical investigation, and though the general reader is inclined to resent any demand for keen and long-continued attention, a pamphlet will be tolerated where an elaborate treatise would fail. Dr. McCosh is known as a powerful and vigorous thinker, and in the "Philosophic Series" he has condensed this thought and freed it from every particle of irrelevant matter. "Energy, Efficient and Final Cause," is a discussion of the doctrine of Causation. His views appear to be a mixture of Chalmers and John Stuart Mill, with more than a suspicion of Jonathan Edwards, but the argument is an interesting one and will stimulate discussion and investigation. (Paper, pp. 55, 50 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons).

AT a meeting lately held in Baltimore by the subscribers to a fund for a memorial to Sidney Lanier, Mr. J. R. Tait said of him: "I remember his describing, when very ill himself, the condition of a brother poet of the South, with a laugh in which were blended sympathy and tenderness, with a certain sense of the grotesqueness of the situation. A poet who lived at a place—no, not a place, but a pump in the pine barrens, where thirsty locomotives stopped to drink, and where in a log cabin of smallest dimensions, tapestried with pictures from the illustrated newspapers, the poet, an invalid, dwelt and wrote and cared for his family. The laugh ended in something like a sob, and there were tears in his eyes of admiration for the pluck and sympathy for the lot of one so much worse off than himself. And yet Paul Hayne has lived to write his elegy."

THE readers of *THE CONTINENT* who have followed Mr. Julian Hawthorne's brilliant romance, "Dust," through several months will welcome it in its present form, the third number in "Our Continent Library," which has already made many friends. The title is the least suggestive point in the book, which deals with the opening of the nineteenth century, and a set of characters all sharply defined, though at times it is the sharpness of a faithful painting and not of real life, a suspicion of melodrama being encountered here and there. The story is exceedingly complicated, the plot hinging on the hidden relationship of Perdita, Marquise Desmoines, to several persons in the story, and on the fortunes of Bendibow Brothers, a great banking-house, owing its origin to a fortune made in the South Sea Bubble period. The story opens with a picturesque description of English society at that time, and an accident to the Brighton coach, by means of which the hero, Philip Lancaster, is introduced to the reader. He meets Marion Lockhart, who, with her mother, lives in an old London house, part of which they let for lodgings. In time Philip and Marion marry, but there are many complications, resulting from Perdita's love for Philip, her suicide at the last being the solution for all. A fine portrait of Mr. Hawthorne is the frontispiece of the volume. (12mo, pp. 402, \$1.50).

MISS ANNA BUCKLAND, in "The Story of English Literature," has done a work having no kinship with the average compilation, but full of suggestion as well as fact. In her modest preface she writes: "We shall not in this story of our literature attempt to deal with the philosophic history of thought, nor venture into the critical examination of special works, nor enter upon a search into the hidden meanings and explanations of early texts; these branches of a higher study are left in far more able

and scholarly hands, of whose labors this little book is gratefully content to avail itself. This is only a story of English literature, and it is only told to those who come quite freshly to the subject, not as critics, nor even yet as students, but who, with awakening intelligence, are ready to have their eyes opened by literature to the beauty of the world around them, the sweetness of that love which fills our homes with blessedness, the nobleness of faithfulness to duty at any sacrifice and the glory of faith and patience, enduring all things with hope and courage to the end. And through it all we shall endeavor to catch a glimpse of the hand of God, leading mankind onward and upward from age to age." The difficult task is accomplished with great skill. Miss Buckland writes easily and gracefully; her estimates are, as a whole, exceedingly just, and the critic or student for whom she has declined to write, will find the book well worth careful reading, giving a far more coherent and intelligent idea of the subject than any mere manual has ever held. (12mo, pp. 519, \$1.50; Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London and New York).

IN one point Mrs. Dahlgren has shown much wisdom in the plan and arrangement of material in her "Memoir of John A. Dahlgren, Rear-Admiral United States Navy," in that she has let journals and letters tell the story. Properly speaking, this is rather a history of the United States Navy than genuine biography, and as history it has a very positive value, the journals holding a carefully-written yearly record which gives progress, or, more often, the want of it, in a very faithful, if exceedingly uninteresting manner. For a life which held so much valuable work, and so conscientious a devotion to duty, there is an almost inconceivable lack of real human interest. Mrs. Dahlgren's very feminine comments, interjections, italics of disgust and capitals of amazement when appreciation is wanting, are the only entertaining feature. Her style is Southern in all its characteristics, and its occasional grandiloquence a reminder of the once popular Miss Evans. Even in the final pages her description of some of his last words might have been written by the author of "Beulah." "As he took the goblet in his hand he said, *with that ineffable elegance of diction* he was wont to use," etc. There are many reasons why a wife should not become her husband's biographer, and they operate more strongly even than usual in the present case. It would be well-nigh impossible to make the life deeply interesting save in its connection with the civil war, and elements that in other hands might have been used to advantage are by their handling rendered often almost ludicrous. But it is a valuable record, and a less voluminous but far better likeness of the real man may by-and-by be given. (8vo, pp. 660, \$3.00; James R. Osgood & Co.).

NEW BOOKS.

THE EPIC OF KINGS. Stories Retold from Firdusi. By Helen Zimmern. With two Etchings by L. Alma Tadema, R. A., and a Prefatory Poem by Edmund W. Gosse. 12mo, pp. 339, \$2.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES: From the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. In five vols. Vol. 1, 8vo, pp. 622, \$2.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SELECT LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Garrett. Parchment Series. 18mo, pp. 255, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

GEORGE ELIOT. By Mathilde Blind. Famous Women Series. 16mo. pp. 293, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO IN ROME. By James E. Freeman. 12mo, pp. 357, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINES. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 325, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers.

THUCYDIDES. Translated into English. With Introduction, Marginal Analyses and Index. By E. Jowett, M. A., Edited, with a Preface to American Edition, by A. P. Peabody, D. D. 8vo, pp. 724, \$3.50. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.



1—WHY cannot the Government of the United States be sued for debt?

Will some brother, learned in the law, please furnish a brief authoritative answer?

2—Who was the subject of the "Epipsychidion," by Shelley? Was she the lady of whom the poet wrote to his friend Peacock, in March, 1821: "I have made acquaintance in an obscure convent with the only Italian for whom I ever felt any interest?"—J. L. C.

3—WHY was it that John Milton suffered so much obloquy, public and private, during his lifetime?—BRESCHIA.

Professor Morley's stirring commentary on Addison's opening paper expounding "Paradise Lost" (*Spectator*, No. 267, Routledge editions, London) enumerates Milton's "critical neighbors." The poet was not acceptable either at home or abroad. One of his latest reviewers wonders that he was not sent to the scaffold at Charing Cross, or to the dismal prison which so speedily ended the life of Hutchinson. Milton, according to the phraseology of his Puritanic associates, was at once the railing Shimei, the blasphemous Rabshakeh, and the crafty Ahithophel of the Revolution. He had declared the marriage tie to be a nullity; he had discountenanced every form of religion; had abused Parliament, lauded Cromwell, cursed every one who attacked the Commonwealth; he had justified the execution of Charles the Martyr, slandered his memory, and allowed the newspaper which he edited to call Charles II "the young Tarquin," and "the thing called his majesty."—M. R. S.

4.—WHAT is the whole of the inscription said to have been engraved on an old watch, beginning, "Time is—the present moment well employ"?—THORA.

"Time is—the present moment well employ;
Time was—is past—thou canst not it enjoy;
Time future—is not, and may never be;
Time present—is the only time for thee."

LATHAM.

5—How did the custom originate of using stained glass in church windows, and of hanging pictures on the walls?—S. L. V.

A high authority says: "Besides constituting splendid ornaments, painted windows representing Scriptural subjects may serve to refresh the memory, to fix wandering thoughts, to place a familiar idea in a new light, to suggest some sentiment or awaken a spirit of inquiry. It was for instruction that pictures were anciently placed in churches. 'Picturæ ecclesiarum sunt quasi libri laicorum.'"—CH. A. COLE.

6—How and when did the following sayings, or set of sayings, originate? "That I spent I had; that I gave I have; that I left I lost."—M. A. Y.

An epitaph in St. George's Church, at Doncaster, England, on "A Charitable Man," runs:

"How now, who is heare?
I Robin of Doncastere
And Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost."

E. C.

7—I HAVE noticed recent allusions to the manufacture of glass coffins. Am I wrong in thinking that this is no new thing, as seems to be claimed?—H. K.

Coffins have been made of glass. In the Musée du Louvre there are several which were found at Persepolis. Strabo, according to Mr. Nesbitt, asserts that the body of Alexander the Great was deposited in a sarcophagus of this material.—CH. A. COLE.

8—WHAT are the most conclusive evidences of early Phœnician civilization?—A. C. H.

Phœnician civilization has its greatest glory and the plainest mark of its early existence in the invention of alphabetic writing. Besides navigation, architecture, metallurgy and embroidery, Professor Rawlinson reminds us in "The Origin of Nations," that the Phœnicians excelled also, at a very early date, in the manufacture of glass, in dyeing, and perhaps in music.

9—MAY I trouble some kind reader to refer me to any printed authority for the punishment of "one Andrew Low, junior," who broke into Mr. Ling's house at New Haven, in 1643, took thence some "strong water . . . and 6d. in money," and remaining "horrible obstinate and rebellious against his parents, and incorrigible," is ordered by the court to be as "severely whipt as the rule will bare, and work with his father as a prisoner, with a lock upon his leg so that he may not escape?"—SENEX.

10—WANTED—the date of the commencement of the construction of the great cupola of the Cathedral at Florence by Brunelleschi. The architect had for years, in the early part of the fifteenth century, a great deal of trouble to bring the civic authorities to a sense of his powers, and a host of envious competitors to obstruct him. Q. L.

11—"Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appeared."

This is the translation to a motto from Juvenal which heads one of Steele's papers on "Polite Behavior," where Sir Richard quotes the following pretty story, which I would very much like to trace to its origin: "It happened at Athens during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable for his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close, and expose him as he stood out of countenance to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked toward the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause, and the old man cried out, 'The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practice it.'" EDW. M. HENRY.

12—WHAT authority is there for the popular legend concerning skiagraphy as the origin of portrait painting? A. H. M.

There is a translation by Lodge of Winckelman's "History of Ancient Art," methodized into two volumes, and published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. No one disputes Winckelman's authority about the classic periods; but only a very small portion is devoted to painting in its earliest state. The legend by Pliny which relates the delineation of a shadow or a shade runs thus: The daughter of a certain Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, at Corinth, struck with the shadow of her lover, who was about to leave her, cast by her lamp upon the wall, drew its outline with such force and fidelity that her father cut away the plaster within the outline, and took an impression from the wall in clay, which he baked with the rest of his pot-

tery. But there are numerous other claimants, Dr. William Smith reminds us, to the honor of having invented skiagraphy.
LATHAM.

13—WHERE are these two stanzas, touching the execution of a French woman Communist to be found? Apparently she was one of a group sentenced to be shot:

"Powder and bread
Gave out together;
Droll! to be dead
In this bright weather!"

"Jean, boy, we might
Have married in June!
This the wall? Right!
Vive la commune!"

E. C.

14—WILL any one of your readers oblige me with a description of the piece of plate used by the French sovereigns and wealthy nobles in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries called a "neff"? The French metal work of the fourteenth century was highly prized throughout all Europe.
M. P.

15—(a) I AM, or rather was, a mechanic, and worked at my trade for nearly four years; but so many of my friends thought it such a degraded position, that I gave it up, and am now salesman in a wholesale store; but I find that in one thing the mechanic is on top of the ladder—he is comparatively independent. Now, I cannot understand why mechanics are looked down on in the United States, so that they are not so well received socially as clerks. I left school young, but have taken to reading, and have quite a library of my own. (b) What is the most suitable age for a man to get married? I am twenty years old, and would like to marry as soon as I can afford it. Do you think it advisable?
N. O. L. A.

(a) The tendency of people to separate into social classes, according to their several modes of earning a living, is so general that it may be termed universal. It is based on the great natural law that we become more or less like those with whom we associate, and find the companions of our leisure hours among those with whom we are thrown in our daily employments. That a clerk has a better chance socially than a mechanic has is probably true, and it is one of the many absurdities of which modern social life is full. The mechanic is often the better man of the two, morally, physically and intellectually, and it is to be feared that the true reason why society prefers the clerk is the very superficial one of clothing and personal appearance. The clerk can, if he likes, dress so that he will look nearly as well as a millionaire. This the mechanic cannot very well do without taking a deal of trouble. The reason is a very poor one, but its force is indisputable. (b) It is impossible to give a definite answer to this, because of the infinite differences that are possible in character and circumstances. Twenty-five years is commonly regarded as a good average for a man; but the one great essential is to know whether or no you have found the right woman. When she is found the mere question of age is of small consequence.

16—WHAT is the correct costume for a groom at a twelve o'clock (noon) wedding? Are gloves and white necktie admissible? By answering you will oblige a constant reader.

P. W. B.

Gloves and white ties are generally associated with evening dress, which is "inadmissible" before six o'clock P. M. or thereabout. For a twelve o'clock wedding the best taste would indicate a frock coat, plain tie or scarf, and either no gloves at all or such as one might wear in the street.

17—THERE is in Robert Burns' poems a sentence which reads thus: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Will you please say whether this sentence or idea is found anywhere else, and if the word "thousands" is changed to "millions"? It is claimed that it is so in either Shakespeare or Cowper, but we are unable to find it.
A. S. B.

Will some one who knows please answer?

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

March 7.—The envoys from the Queen of Madagascar to the Government of the United States were officially received by the President in Washington, having previously ratified the treaty as proposed by U. S. Consul Robinson two years since. At present there are indications that France will declare war against Madagascar, with a view to establishing her own supremacy.

[See "Three Visits to Madagascar," by W. Ellis, Philadelphia, J. E. Potter; "History of M., " Am. S. S. Union; J. Pfeiffer, "Travels in M., " N. Y., Harpers'; *Harpers' Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, p. 586; *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. I, p. 639].

March 8.—The funeral of Alexander H. Stephens, late Governor of Georgia, took place in Atlanta. It is estimated that eighty thousand persons witnessed the procession.

[The principal literary works of Mr. Stephens are: "A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States," "A Review of the War Between the States," "Reviewers Reviewed," "A History of the United States." See also "A. H. Stephens in Public and Private Life, with Letters and Speeches," *The Nation*, Vol. II, p. 519, and Vol. XXVII, p. 241. A sketch of Mr. Stephens will be published in No. 64 of *THE CONTINENT*, with portraits and other illustrations].

March 9.—A Socialistic outbreak occurred in Paris, and like disturbances threatened other parts of France and certain of the Spanish provinces. In Paris the military was called out and a number of arrests were made. It was resolved by the authorities that foreigners who were concerned in the riots should be expelled from the country.

[See *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XVI, p. 387; *Penn Monthly*, Vol. X, p. 285; *The Nation*, Vol. XXVII, p. 207; *Old and New*, Vol. VIII, p. 422-525; "Nordhoff's Communistic Societies of the U.S.," N. Y., Harpers'; "J. H. Noyes' History of American Socialism," Lippincott].

March 10.—M. Coumoudouras, a Greek statesman of worldwide repute, died in Athens. For twenty years he has been a leader in the affairs of modern Greece.

[See "The Greeks of To-Day," by C. K. Tuckerman, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.; "Modern Greece," by H. M. Baird, Harpers', N. Y.; *Contemporary Review*, Vol. XXXVI, p. 164].

March 11.—A great indignation meeting was held by the Socialists in Paris.—Prince Gortschakoff, ex-Chancellor of the Russian Empire, died at Baden-Baden. He was born in Moscow, in 1798, and has been engaged in the diplomatic service of successive Russian sovereigns ever since he came of age. He was a warm friend of the United States during the civil war.—The three days ending with March 11th will be remembered as the period assigned for a "planet-shaking" storm by a Canadian "weather prophet." Many millions of people put faith in his forecasts, and sought to assure their own personal safety in various ways. An ordinary March storm occurred within the limit named, but there was nothing of a generally terrific nature.

[See articles on "Meteorology" in *Nature*, *Popular Science Monthly* and *American Journal of Science*].

March 15.—A violent explosion, generally supposed to have been the work of Irish "patriots," occurred in the Local Government Board Offices in London.

March 17.—Lady Florence Dixie reported an alleged attempt upon her life by masked ruffians near London, whom she supposed to be Irish "patriots." She is generally believed to be the victim of hallucination.

March 19.—In the Canadian House of Commons, a resolution was carried favoring the re-enactment of a reciprocity treaty on the basis of that of 1854, the mover holding that the United States is the natural market for the surplus Canadian produce, and that the throwing open of the fisheries will furnish an equivalent for the balance of trade.

[See "Reciprocity Treaties," *Penn Monthly*, Vol. V, p. 529; *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, Vol. XII, p. 282].

March 22.—The body of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was landed in New York, and received with suitable ceremonies.

[He was the author of a number of dramas—"Ali Pasha," "Charles II," "Clari," etc.—which are published by E. S. French. His most important play is "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin," published by Munsell. [See *Every Saturday*, Vol. X, pp. 505-515].

March 25.—Postmaster-General Timothy O. Howe died.

March 28.—Gen. A. B. Buford died in Chicago, aged 76 years.

April 4.—Peter Cooper died in New York, aged 93 years.

April 5.—A number of arrests of Fenian suspects took place in England, and great excitement prevailed on account of alleged incendiary plots against the government.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE—AN EPISODE.

BY H. C. FAULKNER.

I.

(From Mme. Dougan, Milliner, to Mr. Wilson, Broker.)

MR. WILSON, 101½ Wall St.		NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1882.	
DR. to MME. DOUGAN, CR.,		Importer of Hats and Bonnets, New York and Paris.	
To One Bonnet.....		\$30	00
Delivered to Miss B. at her house.			
Rec'd Payment,			
MME. DOUGAN, per C.			

II.

(From Mrs. Wilson, New York, to her mother, Boston.)

1302 FIFTH AVENUE, Nov. 4, 1882.

Oh, mother, I am perfectly wretched! Robert is a villain! We were so happy, and now the canker-worm of—you know what the poet says the canker-worm does to the peaceful household. We were so happy; Robert gave me everything I asked for, and was the most indulgent of husbands—and now I am a forsaken wife. I feel, dear mother, just as Modjeska looks in the play when she sinks down with a stony stare and her dress drapes around her so beautifully. My dress won't drape at all, though I have sunk down lots of times. I must tell you all about it. You see Robert has been in the habit lately of staying down town on business until quite late; he said that important contracts were being decided and he would make lots and lots of money, and could sign his check next year for a hundred thousand dollars if everything went well; though I don't see why he should wait until next year to do that, for he has a number of check-books in the house which look the easiest thing in the world to fill out: he showed me how once. I'm sure I could sign one for as many figures as the line would hold, but he never lets me; he says I don't understand business, but I'm sure I understand an easy thing like that. I didn't think anything of this, until now; in the light of later facts, I can see that he does not love me

enough to let me keep a pretty check-book of my own. But as I was saying, I did not think anything of his staying away late, until yesterday, when he left his office coat at home for me to send to the tailor's to be made over or something—have a new breadth put in the back, I think. And speaking of breadths, mother, you ought to see my new Paris dress with the gold embroidery down the skirt, with *ever* so many flounces of lace and the *most lovely* buttons. Well, as I was looking at it (I mean his coat) a bill dropped out of an inside pocket—an *inside* pocket—just think of it! I don't know how it came to fall out, for I am sure I would not do such a thing as to rummage into my husband's pockets. A lot of other things fell out too from all the other pockets, but they were only money and things. I took the bill up, and the strangest thing is that it persisted in flying right open before my eyes without my ever touching it. And *what* do you think it was? Oh, mother! that I, your daughter, nurtured in the exclusive east wind of dear old Boston should be so disgraced. It was this bill from Mme. Dougan, the milliner, which I enclose, my husband's name as plain as can be; and only to think of it, a *bonnet* to Miss B. at her house. Oh, the shame of it! If it had been a diamond pin now, or a horse and carriage, it would not have been so bad—but a *bonnet*! Oh, the brazen huzzy! Miss B. indeed! I should like to scratch her eyes out! I know she is some insignificant doll-faced, long seal-skin-ulster girl. And, mother, suppose he knew her when we were engaged. Oh, I shall die! I know I shall! We have only been married six months. He *must* have known her. What shall I do? I have taken off all the jewels he has given me except my diamond ear-rings: they are too pretty to give back; he would only send them to Miss B., I suppose. Yes, I will keep them just to spite him. I have packed up all my dresses that he has bought for me, except my last new one, the Paris one—you *ought* to see it, mother. Now write at once and tell me what to do. Your own

LITTLE CARRIE.

P. S. It fits me beautifully, and of course I must have *something* to cover my back.

III.

(From Mrs. Armstrong to her daughter, Mrs. Wilson.)

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

NUMBER	SENT BY	REC'D BY	CHECK.
256.	H. J.	A. B.	Collect.

Received at 1791 BROADWAY.

Dated—BOSTON.

November 5th, 1882.

To—MRS. ROBERT WILSON, 1302 Fifth Avenue, New York.

He is a wretch. Come to me at once.

ELLEN E. ARMSTRONG.

IV.

(Mr. Wilson to Mrs. Wilson.)

101½ WALL ST., Nov. 5, 1882.

DEAR LITTLE WIFEY: I am very sorry that I cannot be home to dinner to-night. I must see some gentlemen on business and shall not get through until late. Don't sit up for me, and don't be nervous. I do not think you have been very well for the past day or so. Now be careful of your little self. With much love,

HUBBY.

V.

(Mr. Wilson to Dr. Brooks.)

101½ WALL ST., Nov. 5, 1882.

DEAR DOCTOR: Will you call and see my wife some time to-day. I am afraid her nerves are out of order; she has not been herself for a day or so. Perhaps she is not wholly well.

Yours,

R. A. WILSON.

VI.

(Mrs. Wilson, New York, to Mrs. Armstrong, Boston.)

Form No. 6.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Receiver's No.	Time Filed.	Check.
140	12.30.	Paid.

Send the following message, subject to the } November 5, 1882.
usual terms, which are hereby agreed to.

To—MRS. ARMSTRONG, 999 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

It is too much. Meet me at depot. It leaves at three.

CARRIE WILSON.

VII.

(A Leaf from Dr. Brooks' Visiting Book.)

Nov. 5th.—Called at Mr. Wilson's house at five o'clock to see Mrs. W. at request of her husband, who said she was ill. Servant said Mrs. W. had gone to Boston. She cannot be very sick. Item—five dollars for the call.

VIII.

(Found by Mr. Wilson on his Library Table.)

Nov. 5th.

MR. WILSON—

SIR: I leave your roof, which cannot shelter me any longer. I go to my dear mother who will protect her outraged child. More than widowed, and with a broken heart, I cast down the idol which was enshrined in my heart. Go to your Miss B.

Farewell for ever,

YOUR DECEIVED WIFE.

IX.

(Conductor's Report.)

N. Y. AND N. H. R.R.—CAR, "Governor Standish."
BUTTONS, Conductor. Trip—N. Y. to Boston, Nov. 5, '82.

Seat.	Name.	Destination.
1		
2	Mrs. Wilson.	Boston.
3	S. W. Onatrip.	Springfield.
4	Mrs. Onatrip.	"
5	Miss Onatrip.	"
6	Master Onatrip.	"
7	Maid.	"
8		
9	G. W. Spooner.	New Haven.
10	Mrs. Spooner.	"

(Over.)

X.

(Mr. Wilson, New York, to Mrs. Wilson, Boston.)

Form No. 6.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Receiver's No.	Time filed.	Check.
27.	8.05	Paid.

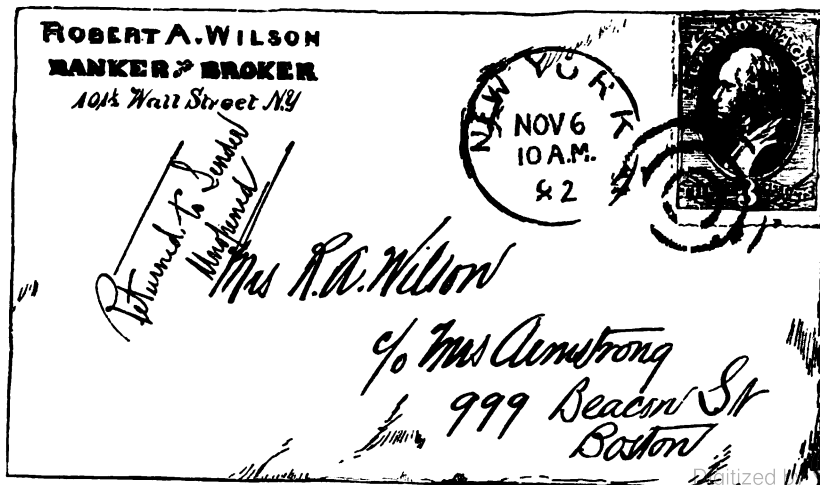
Send the following message, subject to the } November 6, 1882.
usual terms, which are hereby agreed to.

To—MRS. R. A. WILSON, care MRS. ARMSTRONG, 999 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

What is the joke? Keep me posted.

HUBBY.

XI.



XII.

(Mrs. Armstrong, Boston, to Messrs. Doem & Sharp, Attorneys, New York.)

999 BEACON ST., Nov. 6, 1882.

GENTLEMEN. I desire you to commence an action for the divorce of my daughter, Caroline Wilson, from her husband, Robert A. Wilson, of New York, alimony to be arranged for as large an amount as possible. I should desire matters to be expedited, and will place myself and daughter in your hands, to do whatever you may direct. We, of course, should desire the affair to be arranged without publicity if possible. I enclose the document, a bill from a Mme. Dougan, milliner, which will be our principal piece of documentary evidence, and I also enclose a short statement of the actions of Mr. R. A. Wilson which have compelled us to take this step.

Very respectfully yours, ELLEN E. ARMSTRONG.

XIII.

(From Messrs. Doem and Sharp, Attorneys, to Mr. Wilson.)

CAROLINE WILSON, of Boston,
vs.
ROBERT A. WILSON, New York.

Nov. 9, 1882.

ROBERT A. WILSON, Esq.—

SIR: In pursuance of the instructions of our client, Caroline Wilson, of the City of Boston, County of Suffolk, State of Massachusetts, we forward herewith the charges and specifications of an application for divorce and alimony for the aforesaid Caroline Wilson from Robert A. Wilson. We shall be pleased to be referred to your attorney, who will doubtless file your answer within the succeeding twenty days. We have the honor to be

Your most obedient servants, DOEM AND SHARP.

XIV.

(Mr. Wilson to Mrs. Armstrong.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1882.

DEAR MRS. ARMSTRONG: Have you all gone crazy? What infernal nonsense is this you are playing? My business presses me so that I cannot leave, or I should be in Boston. If this is a joke it has gone far enough. First, Carrie leaves me a most enigmatical epistle, in which she says "Go to your Miss B.," and saying she is going home to her mother. Perhaps it is a laudable desire on her part to wish to see her mother, but why does she insist on my going to see a Miss B.? What Miss B.? I fear Carrie is not well; be sure and have advice from your old family physician. I sent Dr. Brooks to see her the day she left on this remarkable trip, but he tells me he did not see her. Next, I received a letter that I wrote her, returned with "unopened" written on the envelope in her writing. Then some lawyer firm send a most astounding document for me to answer through counsel: said document being charges upon which are based an application for divorce by one Caroline Wilson, wife of Robert A. Wilson, etc., etc., which also bristles over with the remarkable "Miss B." Confound it, I can stand a deal, and I like a joke, but this suits me too well. What possessed Carrie to run off to Boston without warning, just on the eve of her birthday too? I had bought

her a bonnet of Mme. Dougan, and her friend, Miss Bond, was keeping it for me. I wanted to surprise her with it. For Heaven's sake, write or come home with Carrie at once. I am nearly crazy with anxiety about her and my business combined. It was the very worst time she could have chosen to launch out into the role of humorist, for I see my way clear to make a fortune if I can attend certain meetings for the next few days. Telegraph me or do something at once. Yours anxiously,

ROBERT.

P. S. I enclose a letter which came for Carrie the other day.

XV.

(From Miss Marion Bond to Mrs. Wilson, forwarded by Mr. Wilson.)

1200 FIFTH AVE., Nov. 6, 1882.

MA CHÈRE: I did not see you at Mrs. Bellows' ball last night. I hope you are not ill. Everybody was there—the Watkyns, the Bruyngies—everybody. Mrs. Watkyns wore a lovely shrimp pink satin with the skirt looped with diamond ornaments that were worth at least ten thousand dollars. I wore that new dress I showed you when you were here the other day. You remember, of course—the pale blue with the real Spanish lace, and I fear I have completely ruined it. That clumsy Dick Bellows was passing me a glass of wine, and he spilled it right down the front and made two fearful spots. He looked frightened to death—you know he is just from college—but I told him it was nothing, and waltzed with him afterwards to make him feel that I forgave him. They say he is very rich in his own name. No, there is nothing between Mr. Harper and myself. I perfectly detest him, and I wish people would stop talking about us. Even if he did dance twice with me the other evening (he is a beautiful partner), it is no reason why everybody's tongue should begin to run. I declare, my tongue is running. I sat down to write this to ask you to come over to my house to-morrow. I've got something wonderful to show you. It belongs to a friend of mine, and her husband is going to give it to her for a birthday present. It is the loveliest bonnet—oh! there now, I've told you what it is, and I know your husband would be very angry if he knew I had told—gracious! now I've told you who it is for. How stupid! I never could keep a secret. You remember at school I used to tell everything. But do come over and see it; it is just too lovely. You know Dougan does get the most stunning things sometimes. By the way, I met Elsie last night. You remember her at school. Well, you know she married that rich Tom Chamberlin last year, and had such a swell wedding and such a *trousseaux* from Paris. Well, as I was saying, I met her last night, and would you believe it—but of course you wouldn't—she had on precisely the same dress she wore last fall at Mrs. Howard's ball. I was never so much taken aback in my life. They do say he has failed, but Mr. Williams failed the other day and his wife has got a number of new diamonds, but I never did understand business, did you? How I do run on! Now don't forget to come over to-morrow early, and then we will go out to luncheon at Del's. Mother sends love.

Your own

MARION.

P. S. It is all covered with those new gold beads that have just come in.

XVI.

(Mrs. Armstrong, Boston, to Mr. Wilson, New York.)

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

NUMBER

110.

SENT BY

H. J.

REC'D BY

F.

CHECK.

Collect.

Received at 1791 BROADWAY.

To—MR. WILSON, 101½ Wall St.

Everything explained. We start at once. Meet us at depot.

Dated—BOSTON, November 10th, 1882.

E. E. ARMSTRONG.

XVII.

(Mrs. Wilson, Boston, to Mr. Wilson, New York.)

999 BEACON ST., Nov. 10, 1882.

DEAREST HUBBY: I shall see you before you get this, but I must write to tell you how absurd it all is and how foolish, and what a little goosey I have been. But you'll forgive me, won't you, my darling boy? there's a good fellow. You see it was all on account of that coat you left at home, and which had that horrid bill for my birthday bonnet. You naughty fellow, why didn't you tell me who Miss B. was? It must be lovely. Marion—just think of my not thinking that Miss B. meant Marion, when I have known her for all these years, and, indeed, we played together and went to school and the French convent together, and she was one of my bridesmaids, and I was to be one of hers only I was married first as you know—wasn't it absurd? Well, Marion writes that the bonnet is perfectly lovely, and no one of our set has anything like it, and I must send you a kiss right here at this moment for it, and will give you more when I see you, which will be, as I said before, before you get this; but I am so happy and glad that we are not going to be divorced, and that those horrid lawyers won't publish everything in the papers, so that I shall not be able to hold my head up for shame. I shall never be jealous again. I—but mother says the carriage is here—I was only going to say—but I shall see you before you can get this anyway.

With lots of love and kisses, YOUR LITTLE WIFEY.
P. S. Has it got lace strings?

XVIII.

(Mr. Wilson to Mme. Dougan.)

Mr. Wilson presents his compliments to Mme. Dougan, and will deem it a favor if she will request her bookkeeper to abstain in future from using any more abbreviations in his or her correspondence with Mr. Wilson or family than are required for a proper economy of his or her doubtless extraordinarily valuable time. The simple fact of having used an initial instead of a full name in account rendered November 5th, ultimo, has already cost Mr. Wilson some fifty dollars, more or less, and he has reason to anticipate an attorney's bill amounting to several hundred dollars more.

Nov. 11, 1882.

XIX.

(From the New York Clarion, Nov. 12, 1882.)

WANTED, a position as bookkeeper by a lady formerly chief accountant in a fashionable Millinery establishment. Salary not so much of an object as an employer who will appreciate a rapid worker.
Address ABBREVIATION, Clarion, Uptown Office.

XX.

(Messrs. Doem and Sharp to Mr. Wilson.)

S. T. Doem.

L. Sharp.

DOEM AND SHARP,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.
ROOM 100 SKIHI BUILDING, BROADWAY.
NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1882.

MEMORANDUM.

To Retainer, Wilson & Wilson,	\$200.00
" Preparing papers,	20.00
" Copying,	10.00
" Correspondence with principals and witnesses,	15.41
" Discontinuing proceedings,	100.00
" Sundries, Fees, etc.,	122.00
	\$467.41

Please send a Check.

XXI.

(A Page from Mr. Wilson's Expense Account.)

EXPENSES, NOVEMBER, 1882.

One Bonnet,	\$ 30.00
Mrs. Wilson's trip to Boston,	22.50
Telegrams,	4.50
Messenger boys,	2.20
Bill, Doem and Sharp,	467.41
" Dr. Brooks,	5.00

Cost of "Surprise," . . \$531.61

XXII.

(A Marginal Note on the above.)

I do not think I will surprise my wife next birthday.

XXIII.

ROBERT A. WILSON BANKER AND BROKER 1006 WALL ST. N.Y.	No. 305	NEW YORK Nov 16 th 1882
	Fortieth National Bank	
	Pay to <u>Doem and Sharp</u> or bearer <u>Four hundred and sixty seven and no/100 Dollars</u>	
	<u>\$467⁴¹/₁₀₀</u>	
INKEM & TYPESETTER PRINTERS 620 NASSAU ST.		

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 18.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1883.

Whole No. 64



MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

WHEN Michael Munkacsy's now world-famous picture of "Christ Before Pilate" was first exhibited in Paris, in June 1881, its appearance caused a veritable art sensation. No such fire of criticism had been aroused by any picture painted within our century. In its conception and execution, the "Christ" was a daring innovation. All foregone traditions were cast aside. It was an audacious handling of a subject hitherto attempted on any large or ambitious scale only by the great artists of the Renaissance. As a creation it was as novel and original as if Tintoretto had never dreamed or Rembrandt handled a brush. The dominant note of its originality was its modernness. Here was a picture at last which gave an entirely new and nineteenth-century rendering to an ideal subject. This "Christ" had the stamp of the century upon it. Such a work could only have been produced in an age of religious doubt and intellectual freedom. As such, it was claimed by radicals as the great picture which had finally appeared to typify

the naturalistic tendencies of the age. Realists hailed in Munkacsy the genius who had come to free art, ideal art, from classical and religious trammels and superstitions.

On the other hand, the "Christ" aroused a storm of adverse criticism from those who had neither admiration or even tolerance for the new school of naturalism; who attack from the highest standpoint of critical grounds the introduction of realism into the domain of art. To believers and idealists this new picture stood as the embodiment of the most demoralizing intellectual teachings of the age.

But whatever the verdict awarded the picture upon ethical grounds, there was no question as to its merits as a work of art. Its harshest critics and detractors admitted its greatness as a production. It was universally regarded, both by the press and the Parisian public, as one of the first pictures of the century, if not, indeed, the very first.

In France it is no idle boast that art has no country. Michael Munkacsy was Hungarian, having no claim upon French pride or French patriotism. He was only one among the thousands who have chosen Paris as their adopted home, drawn thither by the irresistible spell of its art fascinations. Yet, when through his new picture, the artist achieved the greatness of glory and success which crowns genius, Paris fêted the

fever, and exclaimed, amid the tumultuous applause of the three hundred guests, "This is my speech!"

But the greatest triumphs which greeted the artist were those tendered him by his own countrymen. After the close of the exhibition in Paris, the "Christ" was sent to Buda-Pesth on its way to Vienna. Shortly afterward Munkacsy determined to visit his native country. The story of his reception there reads like one of those



GROUP, FROM "THE CONDEMNED."

Hungarian as enthusiastically as if he had been born a Frenchman. It is this heartiness and generosity of response to creative talent which makes Paris the only Athens of our day—the true nursery and home of the ideal.

At one of the many banquets given to Munkacsy in those first days of his triumph, a little incident occurred delightfully characteristic, not only of that French emotionalism at which it pleases us to smile, but also proving the large generosity of French feeling. Jules Breton, the celebrated painter, was called upon for a toast. In response to the invitation, he rose, approached Munkacsy, threw his arms about him with true Gallic

beautiful old tales of mediæval enthusiasm—such a tale as comes down to us from the time, six hundred years ago, when all Florence joined in the procession which, with festal music and streaming banners, bore Cimabue's wondrous Madonna from the painter's house to its resting-place in the dark little Chapel of Santa Maria della Novella. For Munkacsy also, in these days of nineteenth-century prose, there was the poetic pean of music and festal pageantry. His entrance into a city was like that of a king. His advent was the signal for an ovation. On reaching Buda-Pesth, the whole city turned out to do him honor, municipal and clerical authorities preceding the brilliant *cortège* of young girls

who flung flowers in his path, and of citizens and art-students who rent the air with their "bravas!"

In the Palais des Arts, where his "Christ" was on exhibition, he was led, there to be crowned by the venerable archbishop, who addressed him in language which matched well with the old-time enthusiasm of his reception: "Great compatriot! illustrious citizen! we salute thee with respect! Thou art the great Magyar painter! Thou art the painter anointed by genius! We present to thee a crown for thy triumphal return to Hungary. Receive it as the homage of our admiration inspired by

as unknown to the throng of English, German and American visitors as it appeared unpronounceable to the French and Italian critics. But there was no mistaking the strength of the artist's genius. The "Milton" was declared to be, both by the press and the public, the picture of the exhibition, and the art judge ratified the verdict by awarding it the honor of the Grand Prix. With this sudden celebrity fresh interest was naturally enough awakened in the other pictures sent by Munkacsy to the exhibition. In these, "Les Recrues Hongrois" and "L'Intérieur de l'Atelier,"



GROUP, FROM "THE CONDEMNED."

thy genius." Certain episodes in Rubens' romantic career alone furnish a parallel to this picture of overwhelming adulation.

The interest in the history and career of the man who has evoked such a recognition of his genius deepens when it is known that no longer ago than 1878 he had barely been heard of by the great world. Previous to the Paris International Exhibition, where his "Milton" brought him into sudden fame, Munkacsy had been known among certain circles of painters and the *concenti* of Paris and Germany as an artist who had produced some clever *genre* pictures. But he ranked no higher than a dozen other clever *genre* painters. Among the masterpieces that filled the art galleries of the exhibition, however, there was one picture so striking in its power and originality as to excite universal admiration. It was signed Michael Munkacsy, a name almost

the artist displayed a versatility both of method and of fancy, and a breadth of scope which proved that the extent of his gamut was a wide one. No scene could be imagined in more marked contrast to the finish and poetic treatment of the "Milton" than the realistic figures dashed in with a *con furioso* touch composing the group in "Les Recrues." In "L'Intérieur" an equally distinct note of originality was struck. Here was an entirely new treatment of a *genre* subject, as unique in style and as novel in character as Fortuny's famous "interiors;" but this picture had none of that painter's rococo extravagances, recalling, on the contrary, the finish and the repose of those older masters whose methods were at once so simple and so subtle.

In a very marked degree Munkacsy's art has followed his fortunes. In the early days of his poverty and obscurity he painted those mournful figures and land-

scapes—reproductions of scenes from his native country—which won for him his first successes. But of late years, since his days of opulence, his canvases have reproduced, in a somewhat unusual degree, the splendor which characterizes his life. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the secret of much of Munkacsy's success in solving some of the difficulties of his art is due to the fact that latterly fortune has placed him in the midst of splendid surroundings. It is questionable whether if he had remained poor he would ever have risen to greatness, in the sense that Millet became great in despite of his poverty. Munkacsy has the orientalist's love of magnificence, and an actual need of it as a source of artistic inspiration. As Wagner composed best when seated in a room splendidly upholstered, Munkacsy has a like impressibility to surroundings. He paints best amidst gold and velvet; and rich stuffs and beautiful *objets d'art* are as stimulating to him as wine is to others. He does not possess the glowing, luxuriant imagination of Delacroix or Rubens. He is a realist; he is at his best with his subjects before him, and when his *milieu* is in harmony with his tastes. It is certain, for instance, that he could never have painted the gorgeous *mise-en-scène* of the "Christ" amidst poor or mean surroundings. The pictures which have made him famous, the "Milton" and this "Christ Before Pilate," are the products of his princely days, since he dwells in one of the most sumptuous of Parisian houses, and paints in a studio as beautiful as a page out of the Arabian Nights' dream.

Munkacsy's house is in the centre of the new Parnassus, which of late years has sprung into being as if by enchantment, in the Parc Monceau quarter. Painters and authors, actors and sculptors, have forsaken their classic haunts at Montmartre and the Place Clichy for the art-Canaan which centres about the Place Malesherbes and Avenue de Villiers. The Hungarian painter has bought a large brick dwelling on the latter boulevard. Outwardly the house presents no exceptionally imposing appearance, but inside it is a palace for princes to envy.

The studio proper is situated at the top of the house, and to reach it one passes a noble hallway and several flights of wide stairs, which, in the language of modern artist-upholsterers, are beautifully "treated;" the portières, stained glass windows, eastern rugs and armor forming a *mélange* of rich, subdued and most harmonious tints.

Upon first entering the studio one is neither conscious of the noble proportions nor of the admirable lighting of this beautiful room. The eye is dazzled by the gorgeousness of the decorations. A carnival of color meets the glance. If the Orient, with the richest treasures of its tints and stuffs, had been poured into Munkacsy's studio, no more thoroughly eastern effect, both in sumptuous splendor and originality of contrast, could have been produced. This is indeed the ideal studio, where profusion seems to beget a most artistic confusion, and where the useful and the splendid combine in unexpected picturesqueness.

The room, large and lofty in width and height, is fitted up in the style of the German Renaissance. There are splendid bits of carving in the great wooden fireplace in the oaken gallery which, five or six feet from the ceiling, runs along the south side of the room, and over the balustrade of which are thrown rare tapestries and Venetian rugs. In one corner of the room stands an antique carved pulpit, the rescued relic of some old monastery. There are also two beautiful twisted columns supporting the lintel of a great doorway,

interesting as specimens of early French carving. But the studio borrows its greatest splendor from the eastern stuffs which crowd every nook and corner. Over the Algerian tabourets, the inlaid tables, the divans and ottomans are strewn garments of strange hues and marvelous fashion—Chinese embroidered robes, silvered burnous, Japanese scarfs and caftas stiff with their gold and silver flowers and birds. Even from the ceiling depend delicate crêpes and dainty amber-colored gauzes. Silken draperies screen doors; and Chinese screens of all imaginable colors, dense with pictorial embroideries, crowd every corner of the vast apartment. To relieve the eye, which otherwise would become fatigued before such a world of opulence in color, the walls are dark, irregularly covered with sketches, portraits, ceramics and cabinets. On several of the tables are giant hot-house plants, spreading palms and stately *cacti*, or tall vases filled with flowers.

On the occasion of our first visit to the studio it chanced to be the painter's reception day. The room was filled with groups of richly-dressed Parisiennes, whose Worth costumes were in curious contrast to the oriental character of their surrounding, producing one of those *bizarre* effects the late craze for orientalism has brought into fashion. Critics and artists were there also in full force, hovering among whom, in the zeal of her hospitable spirit, was Madame Munkacsy, whose beautiful toilet of peacock plush suggested the plumage of some rare tropical bird. To this bouquet of color was added the rich liveries of lackeys, assiduously passing coffee, gorgeous in their crimson satin waistcoats and gold-embroidered coats. Such a scene might have tempted the brush of Paul Veronese, and one could wish that Munkacsy may be inspired to reproduce on a larger and grander scale than "La Visite à Bébé" and "Les Deux Familles," a transcription of the brilliant splendor of a similar modern scene, which recalls, by its opulence and elegance, the days of Venetian magnificence. The chief topic of discussion was the recently finished "La Fête à Papa," which was standing upon the large easel, and which one veteran critic pronounced to be "La perfection de la coquetterie." Then the talk turned to the "Christ," which was just then the great art sensation in Paris. Munkacsy himself was one of this little group, and listened with much earnestness and interest to all that was said. Then, after a little, when the conversation turned upon the figure of "Christ," and a discussion arose as to the precise meaning to be read in the attitude, he began to explain what he had himself attempted to typify in his creation.

"I wanted to paint a man, not a God. How can one paint a God? It is impossible. Besides, it was the human, not the mystic, side of Christ's character which attracted me. One can only paint what one feels."

This and much more was said with a simplicity and directness which are the chief characteristics of Munkacsy's manner. In conversation especially he possesses this first of personal charms. His simplicity is as unstudied as it is effective in putting others at their ease. Though neither a brilliant nor a particularly fluent talker, the rapidity of his speech perhaps hindered by his use of a foreign tongue, Munkacsy seldom fails to talk freely about what concerns his art. He displays an eagerness and naturalness, when such subjects are touched upon, we are apt to associate with the more youthful period of a man's enthusiasms; but, in point of fact, what artist ever grows old? Munkacsy, so far from being old, has not as yet reached the term of years appointed to a man's complete maturity. He is thirty-six, though both face and figure would suggest the



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.
Engraved after the original painting in the Lenox Library, New York, by G. P. Williams.

forties; for he has the rounded back of the diligent worker, and the face has the pallor that proclaims a severe strain on the vital forces. The face is itself of the pure Magyar type—high cheek-bones, bulging forehead, prominent lips, and eyes so small but of such tremendous shining qualities that they can alone be compared to the Mongolian. These are not the features of a dreamer nor of an idealist; they belong to the order of genius that gives us the radicals, the creators, the innovators. Munkacsy is all of these, his Magyar blood and ancestry bequeathing to him a heritage of daring courage and adventurousness in his aims and conceptions.

The story of the painter's early life has found its way into print, the various versions of which bear so little relation to the truth that a kind of Munkacsy legend has been invented. Yet the truth is romantic enough to have no need of biographer's embellishments. This truth we were fortunate enough to hear from Munkacsy himself. One morning, happening to call at the studio at an early hour—early, that is, for late-rising Paris—and taking advantage of a *tête-à-tête* freedom of talk to recount to him an amusing fabrication concerning his earlier career which had lately appeared in a Western newspaper, Munkacsy, after a hearty laugh, said:

"I presume you have never heard the real facts of my life, so many untruths are published; yet the truth is simple enough. My father was a Hungarian tax-gatherer, and I am one of five children. During the Hungarian Revolution he was thrown into prison, as were many others, by the Prussians. He had refused to give up the tax-money which he had in his cash-box, and suffered for his honesty. My mother died when I was quite young. We children were thus left adrift till five uncles and aunts charitably came to our assistance. One of us went to live with each. I was sent to live with an aunt at Czarba. One day a band of brigands entered our house, and, after pillaging and destroying everything they could lay hands on, they beat my aunt so cruelly that she died. I managed to escape. An uncle residing at Arad consented to take charge of me after this event. He was a farmer in a very small way, not rich enough to spend much money on my education, so that when I was ten years old he put me to work at a joiner's, where I spent seven of the most unhappy years of my life. While I was at the joiner's, I fell ill of a fever, and perhaps to this misfortune or chance I may attribute the change in my career. I was sent home to my uncle's to be nursed. The intermittent fever from which I was suffering left me intervals of comparative health. When I was not too ill I used to amuse myself by drawing and painting, and I developed a prodigious taste for writing execrable verses. In fact, I dreamed I was a poet. But fate decreed I was to be a painter; for my uncle, seeing one day some of my crude drawings, thought it just as well to let me have a few lessons—with a view to the joinery business.

"There happened just then to be a clever painter called Szamosi in the town. One day he saw some of my crude efforts and they pleased him. He advised me strongly to give up carpentry and try art. My uncle, of course, opposed the idea, but to no purpose. Szamosi and I left him one morning and went off to Arad, where for some time we lived and worked together, and where I learned of my good Professor the elements and some of the difficulties of art.

"Had I known the difficulties earlier," said Munkacsy here with a grave smile, "I question whether I should ever have become a painter.

"This happened in 1861. Szamosi taught me not only drawing, but literature and history. He was, indeed, as kind as a father to me. People often annoy me by saying that I was the pupil of an itinerant sign-painter, and so on. The fact is, Szamosi (who is still alive and doing well in Hungary) was and is a good painter and an excellent teacher. He is the only master I ever had.

"From Arad I went to Buda-Pesth (where I sent in some *genre* pictures to the Kunst Verein), and thence to Vienna. I had a hard life of it; working much and making very little. My intention in going to Vienna was to study with Professor Rath, but he died about that time, and I worked for some time alone at the Vienna Academy.

"On leaving it I spent two years at Munich, and thence proceeded to Düsseldorf, where I made the acquaintance of Kraus, and painted my first important picture, '*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*,' which, as you know, was sent to the Paris salon and carried off a medal. It was painted, I acknowledge, in the very dark manner with which I am often reproached. It was not until I came to Paris that I began to get rid of this fault. Paris has contributed much to my present success. Indeed, it has widened my views of art and rid me of my tendency to gloom."

It was not in this, but on still another day, that we learned how the painter came by his peculiar name. It was as Michka Liebs that he worked in the joiner's workshop, the latter being the family name; but upon his becoming an artist, he changed Munkacs, the name of the town in which he was born, to Munkacsy, adopting the latter as his artist appellation.

Among modern artists, perhaps none are more untraveled than Munkacsy. His own confession that, except of certain portions of Austria and Hungary, and a few of the Continental art cities, such as Munich, Düsseldorf and Paris, he had seen nothing, even of Europe, was surprising indeed—the more so, since in the "*Christ*" the grouping of the multitude suggests thorough familiarity and study of Eastern life and character. He has never even been to Italy, except for a single day passed at Venice.

His art has both suffered and gained by this loss. The "*Christ*," it is safe to say, would never had been given to the world in its present form had the artist had the originality of his conception in a certain measure impaired by a too intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of Italian religious art. On the other hand, the great painting would unquestionably have gained something in unity, and its defects been the less pronounced, had the painter been enabled to make a study of the great masters a part of his early education.

Michael Munkacsy, in the growth and development of his art and genius, has passed through several quite distinctly marked processes, for his genius is of an eclectic order. It is also of such vigor and scope that its fullest expression could only be attained with the maturity of the artist's powers. These processes can be very easily traced and defined. The works produced in what may be termed his earlier manner were those painted when under the influence of *l'école du noir*, when, fresh from the Munich and Düsseldorf schools, he had become infected with their tendency to gloom. Munkacsy, though perhaps the most distinctly original artist of the century, has by no means escaped either the art influences or the contemporaneous mannerisms of the time. While of late years no painter has cut his way through the traditions of the school with more superb indifference to their dictates, or a higher scorn of all that



FIGURE FROM "THE TWO FAMILIES."

fell short of original creation, still, like all other workers, he owes a large debt to his early training. His stay in Munich, and, more particularly, his study under the Munich painter, Kraus, tended greatly to develop his style, and his early "dark" manner is distinctly to be traced to these sources.

The pictures produced during this period—during his days of poverty, obscurity and even want—were "*Les Rodeurs de Nuit*," "*Le Héros d'un Village*," "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*," etc., being for the most part reproductions of scenes and incidents peculiar to the artist's native country. Coarse, half-civilized peasants, a wild, untamed landscape, straggling, bewildered-looking villages—such were the subjects of his brush in those earlier days, when the memories of his native land were fresh upon him. The chief qualities of these earlier pictures were their realism, the dramatic

force displayed, and the capacity of the artist for investing a subject with the charm of poetic feeling. The longing to give utterance to an ardent poetic impulse, which, as a boy, prompted him to seek comfort in the writing of bad verse, in the tragic pathos of these scenes from Hungarian life found its fuller expression. These pictures were poems, in a word—poems of passion, of heroism, and, oftener still, of despair. The most famous of these, "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*," which won a medal at the Salon of 1868, is replete with a truly tragical intensity. The picture shows the interior of a dungeon, filled with a gaping, curious crowd of townspeople and peasants, who, in accordance with an old Hungarian custom, which allows a condemned man, on the eve of his execution, to be exposed to satisfy public curiosity, have come to take a look at the prisoner. The condemned man, the very embodiment of a last hope,

with peculiar radiance against the blacks and deep browns with which they are contrasted. It is such effects as these which make the picture luminous. But for strong, deep color and a truly rich harmony, one turns from these more radiant lights to the warm tints of the Oriental draperies, to the sober splendor of the high-priest's robes, to the superb cloaks and tunics of the Jewish populace. Never, on a modern canvas, have such an orgie and tints and hues been presented to the eye; all the resources of a true colorist's palette have been exhausted in producing these varied harmonies, these delicate, tender tones, these deep, strong contrasts.

It may be because Munkacsy has reproduced for us, by means of these rich costumes and appointments, something of the accredited splendor of the East, that, in his creation, the Jewish character seems to have found a new expositor. Though the subject is as old as Christendom, we seem for the first time to make acquaintance with that Jewish people who crucified the Lord. No other painter has reproduced, on a single canvas, types so complete and individual as to embody all the complex characteristics of that strange people. Here are the elders, self-complacent, confident, disdainful; here the disputatious doctors; the sensuous Seducers, the arrogant and jealous Pharisees, and, as the very embodiment of the majesty and pride of a people "chosen of God," stands the high-priest, one of the noblest figures ever painted.

And then the people, the passionate, ignorant, excitable people, with their curiously wayward and impulsive natures: one day bearing Jesus in triumph to the city, with palms and branches, as the maker of miracles and the speaker of Divine prophecies, and the next, with furious clamor and the rage of hate, demanding his death as their right. These, in all the extravagance of their importunate anger and unfeeling cruelty, Munkacsy has admirably portrayed. All the varying notes of passion are to be read in these wild gestures, sneering lips and scornful features. Even the accent of pity is not forgotten. Above the mocking, brutal crowd, a little removed, stands the figure of a young and beautiful woman, holding her babe in her arms, eyeing the Saviour with tender, mournful look, as if, in the Divine compassion of her great woman's heart, she would fain save Him who had raised the fallen Magdalens and had preferred Mary to Martha.

But the main centres of interest in the picture are, naturally, the two figures of Christ and Pilate—Christ as prisoner, awaiting his doom, and Pilate in the act of listening to the accusations brought against him. Munkacsy, with fine dramatic instinct, has chosen the moment of conflict in Pilate's mind when, confronted with the undeniable proofs of Christ's guilt from the Jewish standpoint, he is yet unable to justify his own sense of justice in condemning him. This expression of mental conflict is finely rendered. But, it must be confessed, Pilate's face is one of the disappointments of the picture. It is the face of a Roman of the decadence, of the time of Nero and Caracalla, rather than that belonging to the first century of the empire, when the victories and heroic deeds of the republic kept the race still grandly noble. This Pilate is a cruel, licentious, tyrannical dictator, very different indeed from the man the Evangelists have painted for us—the man of subtle intelligence and real largeness of nature, whose "What is Truth" proved at least his belief in it, yet of such credulity he must needs listen to his wife's warning as she had related her dream, and who possessed so lively a conscience he could not bear the stain upon his hands

of an innocent man's blood, and when forced to condemn him, washes them publicly.

If Pilate's face does not agree with the generally received conception, the figure, attitude and drapery leave nothing to be desired. The attitude is singularly impressive, being remarkable for its simple dignity. And the drapery is sculpturesque. It has the breadth of fold the Greeks made use of when they wished to depict power.

It has been remarked by some critics that there is no indication in the surroundings or attire of Pilate suggestive of the magnificence and pomp of a great Roman functionary. But pomp may be shown in more ways than one. Simple drapery may be as stately in its way as jewels or cloth of gold; while the very absence of imposing soldiery attending Pilate is but a surer evidence of the existence and stability of his power. The Romans, like the English, ruled less by force and more by *prestige*. One single Roman soldier pressing back, with disdainful gesture, the encroachment of the crowd, is eloquently suggestive of the degradation, politically, to which the Jewish nation had fallen.

In his "Christ," Munkacsy has painted none of the types hitherto accepted as representative. His is neither the severe Byzantine, nor the mystic Renaissance, nor the sturdy Herculean Christ of Rembrandt's day. They who come to find the embodiment of the God-man in this conception will turn away in disappointment. There is neither nimbus, nor celestial aureole, nor concourse of hovering angels. In this pale, ardent, calm-faced man one seeks in vain for any sign or suggestion of Divinity, of the dual nature of Him who was at once God and man. This strange Jesus is all human—a man, indeed, of like sorrows as ourselves—but no Redeemer of the world, no Saviour sent to die that men might live. It is rather the face of a reformer, a thinker, a radical; a man possessed of a glorious conviction, thrilling with a sense of its importance, and sublimely scornful of an ignorant world that would defeat the purpose of his life. The glance with which he confronts Pilate is marvelous in its expression of these mingled emotions. He gazes at him bitterly but proudly, unflinchingly; for the loftiness of His spiritual nature carries Him to heights of heroism undreamed of by His doubting judge. In the eye—that wondrous, ardent, flame-lit eye—is also to be read the burning zeal of the fanatic, whose fanaticism carries Him into the desert to scourge the flesh, and whose enthusiasm aureoles martyrdom with glory. By this glance He proclaims His superiority over the intellectual *finesse* of Pilate. And He dominates the crowd of His brutal countrymen by His attitude of superb indifference.

It is because of the modernness of this conception that Munkacsy's "Christ" stands alone. For the first time in art the exegetical Christ of Renan and Strauss, the Christ of modern unbelievers and scientists is embodied in ideal form. Realism has found its painter.

Since the first exhibition of the picture Munkacsy has entirely repainted the head of his Christ. In the first modeling, the human character was even more strongly marked than in its present individualization; which reminds us that it was not in deference to criticism that the original head was altered. For this we have the painter's word. "I had always intended to repaint it," he said once, when we touched upon this delicate point. "There was a touch of—what I can only term *vulgarity* in the first that did not please me. *But—que voulez-vous?*—I was tired, overwrought, exhausted, and anxious to exhibit my work. So I sent it away with all its imperfections on its head, resolving to alter it later. The

present head has, I think, more nobility, though its general character is unchanged. Yes, it certainly is a man's head. Can we paint a God's? Yes, it is a realistic Christ! *Je ne veux plus d'auréole, moi.*" I could not help replying that he could hardly have found a fitting aureole for this Christ.

Perhaps, had Munkacsy repainted the entire figure, some of its defects would have been less noticeable. Anatomically, the drawing is far from satisfactory. It is difficult, for instance, to believe that actual bone and muscle are hidden by the rigid white drapery which envelops the figure. In attempting to invest his personage with repose, he has made the body of Christ inanimate. Even the drapery gives no hint of motion. And thus the figure, which, from the magnitude of its importance, should be the most impressive among the agitated and impassioned crowd of spectators and actors, becomes in reality the least so.

One of the main defects in the picture, as a composition, lies in the fact that the interest is not sufficiently concentrated. There are in reality two points of interest—Christ and Pilate. The eye wanders hesitatingly from one to the other, and cannot rest on either. This may be accounted for, to some extent, by the fact that the artist, with not altogether happy boldness, has draped both these figures in white, and in whites of equal values. Christ naturally should have been clothed in white, but had Pilate's robe been of any other color historically admissible, the eye would have been insensibly attracted to the proper centre of the composition.

Another most noticeable defect is the prominence given to the ruffianly-looking man, who, with uplifted arms, is giving utterance to the cry, "Crucify him!" The violent action expressed in those wide, outstretched arms and hands greatly mars the unity of the movement in the picture. The crowd is neither sufficiently excited or tumultuous to give an excuse for the introduction of such violence. There is nothing, either in the grouping, action or gesture of the multitude which serves as a *crescendo* to this loud climax. And Munkacsy has given us, by means of the wide-open mouth and the expanded chest of the man, the impression of a cry so deafening that it must have drowned both the high-priest's accusation and the clamor of the rabble. This figure is, on the whole, offensive; the more so as it destroys, in great measure, the harmony of the composition by its extravagance, loudness, and general obtrusiveness of action.

But criticise as we may its defects and shortcomings, the great picture stands unequaled among modern works of art. It is destined to take its place in the galleries of the future with such masterpieces as Paul Veronese's "Feast of Cana," and Rembrandt's "Ronde de Nuit." Like these, it will be taken as the typical reproduction of the age.

A great French painter, in commenting upon its remarkable qualities and its equally remarkable defects, assigned it its true value when he said: "But what would you have? In spite of all its faults, it is the picture of the country!"

ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE.

THE OLD WITCH IN THE CHIMNEY.

I LIVE in a little old-fashioned house,

Brown and wrinkled and crabbed and low;

It's behind the age, you can easily see,

For the clocks are always slow;

The doors have each some trick of their own,—

There's a turn of the wrist you can learn, if you try,

But you ought to have lived in it all your life

To know it as well as I.

'Twas a moral squint in the builder's eye,—

The panes in the windows are far too small;

There are twists in the very floors; there are beams

In the ceiling and bumps in the wall;

There are queer little cupboards tucked away,

There are fireplaces big enough for ten,

And the old brick oven, so long disused,

Would bake for a dozen men.

You may laugh if you choose, but I give you my word

That doors will ope with no one near;

In the dead of night there are noises heard

That, to say the least, are queer;

They may lay it all to a flapping blind,

Or the creaking limb of a door-yard tree,

But I know there's a spell on all these things,

And it will not let them be.

In a wide half circle on winter nights

We draw our chairs to the glowing hearth,

When a weird long call from the chimney's mouth

Strikes cold across our mirth;

Mixed with sharp sleet and whistling wind,

With the wild white storm we dimly see,

In those winding alleys, steep and blind,

The old witch brews her tea.

'Tis the blackest draught that ever was brewed—

Black with bitter, strange herbs in the pot;

And it's stronger and stronger the longer it's stood,

All seething and bubbling and hot;

The old crone smokes her old clay pipe,

And upward and outward curl the rings;

She steeps her tea, and she nods her head,

And the kettle sings and sings.

The snow purrs soft at the window-pane,

And the cat purrs close to my ear;

I have curled myself up on the rug a while

The purring flames to hear;

I heard the old witch crooning a song—

A song with a charm to keep;

It waked up things that had slept too long,

And it sent me fast asleep!

ELAINE GOODALE.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

CLEANSED FROM BLOOD-GUILTINESS.

"DEAD? Impossible!" was the exclamation of Miss Hunniwell, after a hurried explanation by the marshal. "Who could have killed him?"

"We have felt bound to hold this young man, who was found with the body," said the marshal almost apologetically.

The lady glanced keenly at Martin and asked, with that mixture of command and interrogation which the successful teacher is sure to acquire:

"Who found him with it?"

"Well, I and my deputy—that is, he gave the alarm and we ran to the place and found him supporting this man's head."

"And you—where were you when he called?"

"We were just entering the grounds."

"Just entering these grounds! Why, how long ago did this happen?"

"Only a short time—perhaps twenty minutes."

"And pray, sir, what were you doing on my premises at this hour of the night?"

"I am the United States Marshal for this district," said the official, somewhat pompously.

"Well?" ejaculated the unrelenting inquisitor, as she looked down upon him from the steps.

The moonlight showed a flush upon his cheek as he answered:

"I have a warrant for the arrest of a certain fugitive slave, and was directed by the claimant to meet him here upon the arrival of the train."

"And this young man—who is he?"

"I am Martin Kortright, ma'am," said he, answering for himself, and removing his hat as he did so.

"Ah! I am very glad to meet you," she said, stepping forward and giving him her hand. "You came upon the train in answer to my telegram?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"And you came out here—why?"

"I was somewhat alarmed by your dispatch, and thought I would come and look at the place without waiting for morning."

"I see; and in so doing you fell among thieves," said the lady severely. "I do not understand what has taken place in my absence," she continued, "but whether this man be dead or alive, this is not a fit place for him to remain. Bring him in."

She had rung the bell on her arrival, and a teacher with a pallid face that told of the terrors that had af-

flicted the gentle flock at Beechwood during the absence of the mistress, now answered her summons. Miss Hunniwell took the candle from her trembling hand, and, standing beside the open door, motioned to the men to enter. As they ascended the steps she directed her coachman to drive at once for a physician and an officer of the law.

The latter portion of her message was altogether needless. The anger of the good minister had grown into a flame when he learned the gravity of Amy's hurt. How the mistake should have arisen, or whether it was a mistake, he could not tell. The more he thought upon it the stronger grew his suspicion that Hilda was yet in danger. He lost no time, therefore, in letting certain of his neighbors, including the officers of the law in the village, know that a crime had been committed. The fear which he had entertained for a time as to the result of his own action had passed away, and he now only felt a renewed anxiety for the safety of Hilda and the capture of her abductors. The atmosphere of the little village was already charged with explosive material. The presence of the slave-hunters and something of the nature of their errand was well known in the town, and in many a household the evening prayer that night had contained an especially earnest petition for "them that are in bonds." The whole village seemed to rest in anticipation of exciting events. Men and women were awake and eager to know what had happened. Almost before he knew it the good minister found himself returning to the scene of the night's adventure with a band of resolute men, whose action was all the more significant because there were no threats or boasts to be heard among them. The constable had a pistol, or was supposed to have one, but except for walking-sticks and extemporized clubs wrenched from picket-fences or cut with the ever-ready pocket-knife from the overhanging elms that lined the streets, very few of them were armed. As they approached the place where the road leading to the seminary turned off to the left the sound of a vehicle rapidly driven over the frozen ground reached their ears. Then the hoof-strokes of a double team were heard upon the bridge. Some boys who had pushed on ahead of the main company gave the alarm.

"That's them!" "It's Bissett's grays!" "The kidnappers!" and other like cries were heard as the boys leaped the fences and sought shelter from attack. Instinctively the men formed a line across the road, and as the wagon rolled out of the darkness of the

covered bridge into the moonlight, Marsden, who was the sole occupant of the carriage, could distinctly see their earnest faces and the hurried preparations that were being made to obstruct his course. For an instant he half-checked the horses in their sweeping trot. Then he saw that it was too late. There was no room to turn. He might burst through. At all events it was his only chance. The obstruction was forty yards away, and once past that barrier it was only twenty miles to the state line. Behind him was—he knew not what of danger. He drew the reins tighter, and gave the lash to the sprightly greys. As he neared the line the men wavered. It was no light matter to stand in the way of the infuriated team. Marsden rose up, lashed the horses, and gave a shrill yell of defiance. Just before he reached the corner a new barrier suddenly arose across his way. Two men had lifted a white picket gate from its hinges, and now held it suspended between them above the roadway. Seeing their purpose, a dozen sprang to their aid. It was impassable, reaching high above the horses' heads, and shifting to this side and that as their course seemed to vary. The only chance was to try and break it down. He headed the horses square against it. The pole burst through the narrow palings. The men who held it were thrown down, but the frame of the gate was against the horses' legs. Their feet were caught between the slats. They stumbled and fell. A dozen hands seized the wheels before they had ceased to revolve. Marsden, thrown forward and half-stunned, was a prisoner before he had time to draw a weapon, and was marched off, with his hands tied, to the town-hall under charge of a trusty guard.

His attempt at escape had failed. After climbing the hill-side a short distance, he had realized the futility of trying to escape in that manner, and stealing back to the road, had sought to use the method which had been decided upon in case of success, without waiting to ascertain any more definitely the fate of his companions.

After this the company, now much diminished in numbers, moved on. Meeting the coachman from the semi-

nary, the minister asked him a few hurried questions, to which the man gave most confusing replies. All that he could gather from him was that some one was dead, or at least badly injured, at the seminary, and he had been sent for the doctor. Directing him where the physician might be found, they proceeded. Before they reached the grounds the carriage passed them on its return. Then they halted for consultation, and it was determined that the better way would be to quietly surround the building, after which the constable and a few others should go forward to reconnoitre. Nothing could be done, that worthy said, until a warrant was issued. This the justice would fill out upon the minister's information as soon as he could procure the names of the kidnappers from the register at the hotel. All they could do in the meantime was merely to prevent the escape of the offenders. So the mob waited in patient silence for the ponderous wheels of the law to move round.

While these things were occurring in the village an equally strange scene had been enacted in the seminary. Following the direction of Miss Hunniwell the men bore their unconscious burden along the hall and into one of the reception-rooms, leaving a row of crimson drops from the door to the side of a low settle on which she directed that he should be placed. Wondering eyes and pallid faces peered over the banisters above at this strange procession. Water was brought and a sponge; and Miss Hunniwell, tucking back her lace-edged sleeves, took the basin and washed the blood from the coarse pale face. As she did so she noted a soft, uncertain breath. The marshal found a dim pulsation at the wrist also. The left temple was crushed and torn. Out of the severed fibres came a slender, fitful stream of red. Martin pressed his finger hard upon a point just in front of and above the ear and it ceased. Then they poured a little brandy down his throat. His respiration became more regular and decided. Then the surgeon came—a gruff, fearless man, with the freedom of speech and positiveness of manner that the old country practitioner gets. He examined the wounded man



THE RUNAWAY.

The neighbors assisted the father to the house. He would not yield his son to any other arm.

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carefully; tried the skull, to find any fracture or depression; caught up the severed artery and dressed the wound.

"He'll get along," said he grimly, when his examination was completed. "A concussion of the brain with a considerable loss of blood. That's what saved him probably, though it has left him weak. It was a close call—would have killed most men; but these cattle never die when they ought to."

"Can he be removed?" inquired Eighmie anxiously.

"When, to-night?" asked the physician, looking keenly at his interrogator.

"Yes."

"No indeed!"

"When do you think?"

"Well, I should say fully as soon as his employer will be likely to have any use for him."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"You probably will before you are through with to-night's business."

"I am ready to answer for all my acts, sir," said Eighmie somewhat defiantly.

"Oh yes!" sneered the doctor, "we've heard of your Southern bravado before, but you'll need something more'n that this time, or I'm mistaken."

"Come, come, gentlemen," said the marshal, "this is no place to discuss these things. What we want to know and what Miss Hunniwell wants to know is, what we had better do with this man."

"If you ask my opinion as a man," said the doctor savagely, "I would say pitch the carrion out-doors and cheat the gallows by letting him die, before he has a chance to be hanged."

"That is the humanity of which the Yankee is forever prating," said Eighmie sneeringly.

"A fair match for the chivalry of which you boast," hissed the doctor in reply. "If I ain't mistaken you're the man that came here to drag a young girl into slavery after killing her father."

"The man who claimed to be her father was killed."

"Yes, shot in the back without being allowed to surrender."

"But that was in the heat of passion, sir. All our good people regret it now."

"And do you suppose that we have no heat of passion? Damn it, sir!" cried the doctor, white with wrath and striding toward Eighmie, "I'd be very glad to help hang the whole of your hellish crowd to a tree without judge or jury."

"See here, doctor!" said the marshal, stepping between them; "what is the matter? I never saw you in such a mood as this before. I thought you were a moderate, reasonable man."

"Don't talk to me of reason. Everybody knows I've never been an Abolitionist or anything of the kind, but I've seen that to-night that makes me actually blood-thirsty. I'm a law-abiding man, but, as certain as God lives, if the girl dies, I'm ready to make one of a crowd to hang every scoundrel that had a hand in this business higher than Haman."

"Doctor, you are raving," said the marshal, pushing him back.

"Oh, I am, am I?" said the doctor. "Well, let me tell you, sir, I mean every word of it, and I don't draw any distinction between a Southern slave-hunter and a Northern nigger-catcher, either."

"If you mean me, sir," said the marshal angrily, "I came here to perform a sworn duty. I am just as much bound to execute the law as you are to obey it. I have no more interest in this matter than you."

"Except double fees in case of conviction," sneered the doctor.

"I didn't make the law," said the other doggedly.

"No, you only volunteered to do the dirty work that was cut out for you."

"What do you mean by murder, doctor?" asked Miss Hunniwell, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking into his face with anxious solicitude.

"Where have you been to-night, madam?" inquired the doctor, turning sharply upon her.

She stammered, and her face flushed. She was not used to prevarication, and yet she dare not reveal the truth.

"I—I—have—been out with a friend—I have just returned."

"Oh, I see!" he said incredulously. "So you don't know what these gentlemen have been about here at Beechwood in your absence?"

"I can only imagine that it must be something very terrible."

"Terrible? Yes, I should think so. Well, I don't know all about it myself, but I do know that these nigger-hunting gentry have made it just about an even chance whether one of your girls lives to see the sun rise or not."

"Is it Hilda—Hilda Hargrove?" asked Martin, impetuously grasping the doctor's arm as he spoke.

"No, it wasn't Hilda—'twas the other one—the little black-eyed creature that was always with her."

"Amy?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, that's her name."

"But Hilda—where is Hilda then?" persisted Martin, keeping his hold upon the doctor's arm.

"That I can't tell you, young man, if you shake me all night. Perhaps this gentleman can give you some information," jerking his thumb toward Eighmie as he spoke. "Whether they made a mistake, or thought it just as cheap to kidnap two girls as one, I don't know, but I guess they'll have a chance to explain before they've done with it."

Martin turned toward Eighmie, but as he was about to speak he felt the teacher's hand upon his arm.

"Do not be troubled," she whispered hastily; "Hilda is safe."

While this was passing footsteps were heard advancing along the hall. The constable entered, and said:

"I have a warrant for Sherwood Eighmie."

"That is my name," said Eighmie, stepping forward.

"Also," said the constable, "for James S. Barnes."

Eighmie pointed to the wounded man.

"Not able to be moved?" asked the constable of the doctor.

"Not under a week—more likely a fortnight," said the physician.

"Well, come on, then," to Eighmie.

"Wait a moment," said the other. Then, turning to the doctor, he produced a roll of bills, and said earnestly: "Doctor, I don't know how this thing is going to end, but I want you to see that this man is taken care of. He was injured in my service, and I must not desert him."

"Oh, I will see that he is cared for," said the doctor, though he isn't worth it. Give the money to Miss Hunniwell, sir. She will need to get nurses and delicacies. Never mind me. I wouldn't work a bit better for all the money in your purse. After it's all over I'll put in my bill. But you may rest assured that I will do my very best for the poor devil professionally, though, personally, I honestly think no man ever needed hanging worse than he."



THE CHRISTENING OF "AMITY LAKE."

The Colonel steadied his little hand as it poured a wineglassful of water on the soil.

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"What he did," said Eighmie, "was at my instigation. I won't shirk any responsibility, whatever the result."

"Well, I will say that is a manly thing," said the doctor heartily, "and I do hope that we have seen the worst side of this night's work."

"Thank you," said Eighmie simply. "I would like to ask a favor of you if I might."

"Anything I can honestly do in your behalf you may rely upon my doing. Professionally, you need have no fear that I will not do my best for the patient."

"It is not that," said Eighmie hesitantly, "but would you mind—the young lady—I 'don't suppose you know how I feel about it. Of course, I am sorry for the hurt she has received, but I would rather die—I would even rather she would die—than have it thought—than have her think—that I would kidnap a free white girl in order to make her a slave."

"Yet you intended to abduct one as white as she."

"Yes, a slave."

"No," said the doctor, shaking his head solemnly; "I can't understand it. To my mind the evil that is done, even if the worst result, is less than the evil you intended. Nevertheless, I will tell Miss Amy how much you regret the mistake, though I doubt if she will understand your feeling any better than I do."

"Perhaps not," responded Eighmie; "yet I should be glad to have her know I did not intend her any harm."

Then they went away, leaving only the doctor, Martin, the mistress of Beechwood and the still unconscious man upon the settle.

It was necessary that the doctor should return, as Amy needed close attention. He had just begun to give directions for the care of Barnes to Martin, who consented to watch with him that night, when the minister entered and declared his intention of caring for the sick man, avowing his own responsibility for his condition. After this explanation, Miss Hunniwell gave Martin Hilda's letter, and he returned to the village only to learn that the shadow which had seemed to lift from

his pathway so unexpectedly had only closed about it more darkly than before.

For the teacher this eventful night had still another surprise. As she left the reception-room to go to the chamber a dark form stepped out of the shadow of the stairway and addressed her in tones of respectful entreaty:

"Please, ma'am, will you tell me where our Miss Hilda is, and if she's got safe away?"

"Who are you?" asked the startled lady, in a low, cautious tone.

"I'm Marse Hargrove's ole servant, ma'am. Jason they call me—sometimes Jason Unthank—'kase my ole marster's name was Unthank, you know."

"I have heard Hilda speak of you frequently, Jason."

"Of course yer has, honey. Why I brought her up, mostly—Marse Merwyn an' me—atter the young missus died."

"You knew Hilda when she was a child, Jason?" said the teacher, with a new interest in her tones.

"Knew her! Lor' bress yer, yis. Wasn't I down there in the Indies when she was born? I 'spect I seed her 'fore she was a day ole, an' hain't hardly hed my eyes offen her sence dat time—only when I 'se been off on a v'y'ge with Marse Captain, or something of that sort, yer know."

"Oh, Jason, if we had only known this before, all this trouble and bloodshed might have been avoided."

"Please, ma'am, what's it all about? What's Marse Eighmie an' his crowd a-pesterin' Miss Hilda 'bout, anyhow?"

"They claim she is a slave."

"Who says dat? It's a lie! My Miss Hilda a nigger! Bress her heart, dat she ain't. Jes' let me know who says dat, ma'am, an' ole Jason 'll settle wid him for it. Dam rascals! I couldn't understan' what 'twas all about, but I seed she war in a heap of trouble. So I waited roun', an' when dey tried to carry her off, yer know, I was jis' a gwine ter lay Marse Eighmie out wid a rock when in rushed dat other feller, grabbed Miss Hilda 'way from 'em an' run. Den I was all struck in

a heap, an' hardly knowed which one ter lite on; but I knowed that Marse Eighmie an' his crowd didn't mean her no good, an' 'lowed dat 'tother man couldn't be any wuss. Besides, I heard him callin' to her ez ef he wuz friends with her. So I didn't stop to ax no questions, an' when one of Marse Eighmie's men begun shootin' at him I jes' turned in on him myself. That 's the reason yer had to send fer the doctor fer him, I 'spect," he concluded coolly, with a sly nod toward the room where Barnes was lying.

"Hush, Jason, you must not speak so loud," said Miss Hunniwell, herself hardly able to control her conflicting emotions. "Come in here; I must talk with you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jason as he followed her with the peculiar noiseless tread of the well-trained body-servant, which, without being stealthy, seems always to come and go without any appeal to our consciousness. She opened the door of the little library or office that adjoined her own room. A fire was smouldering upon the hearth, which Jason deftly coaxed into a cheerful blaze. The mistress of Beechwood plied the old servant with questions until fully convinced that he was able to relieve Hilda not only of the fear of enslavement but of the still greater horror of a corrupted lineage. It was with no little difficulty, however, that she restrained his impatience to learn the whereabouts of Hilda:

"You see, ma'am, I'se got ter find her. Marse Captain jes dat las' minute 'fore I jumped abo'd de sloop, when he jes made me put him down an' leave him 'kase 'tweren't possible for both on us ter git off—though I'd a heap ruther staid an' died with him thar, I would, ma'am, an' no mistake—that very minute Marse Hargrove tuk out ob his bosom dis yer package I'se got here,"—striking his breast pocket as he spoke—"an' he says to me, 'Jason, don't you miss givin' dat into Miss Hilda's own han's yourself. It's my last words, my will an' test'ment, Jason; my last blessing to my darling, Jason, which she must have or she won't be happy no more as long as she lives.' An' I swar to him right thar, ma'am, jes' a minute afore I seed him shot dead, dat I wouldn't let no man's nor woman's han' tech dat ar letter till I give it into Miss Hilda's own dear han's; an' I won't nuther. So yer see I'se got ter see Miss Hilda, an' right away too."

The man's excitement had made him forget the better language of his later years and brought the dialect of his youth to his tongue.

"Why didn't you come and give it to her before?" asked the woman tearfully.

"I was afeared to, ma'am. You know this trouble I was in with Marse Merwyn, an' I was afraid de law might take hold on me, yer know. Some of de papers do say we'd all be took back dar to be tried yet—which jes' means hangin' straight out in sech a case yer know. Then thar was Marse Eighmie. I seed him a-hangin' round here, an' I 'lowed he was atter me, never once dreamin' he was tryin' to git my pore Miss Hilda to make a nigger on her. Ef I'd only knowed that, ther' wouldn't been no trouble 'bout him an' his crowd now. Jason would hev settled with the las' one of 'em a heap better 'n he did with dat mean white critter in yon, too."

"Jason, Mr. Amory thinks he is the one that injured that man? He feels very badly about it," said Miss Hunniwell.

"Mr. Amory—that 's the man that thought he was helping Miss Hilda. I remember hearing him speak his name now. He's a perfect gentleman, that man is; but, pshaw! that rock he threw wouldn't a-stopped that

low-down cuss a quarter of a minute ef Jason hadn't a tuk a hand in 'bout dat time."

"But you ought to let him know, so that he will not feel so badly. He 's nursing him now, because he thinks it his duty to help restore the man he has injured."

"Certain, ma'am, certain. I'll do that, and I'd be glad to do the nussin', too, after I've seen Miss Hilda, you know. I hain't a doubt I'd do it a heap better than Mr. Amory. I seed him when he come in, an' he don't look like he was cut out for a nuss, nohow."

"But I don't know where Hilda is," said Miss Hunniwell.

"You don't know? Didn't this man, Mr. Amory, take her away in his buggy?"

"No, that was another young lady they got by mistake."

"Then whar has my young mistis gone?"

"I took her away in my carriage just before dark."

"An' yet don't know where she is?" suspiciously.

"Just so, Jason. I took her to the depot, and saw her take the train?"

"Where was she goin'?" asked Jason, picking up his hat, that was lying at his feet, as if about to start in pursuit.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Don't know? Didn't she tell yer whar she was goin'?" asked the man almost angrily.

"She not only did not tell me, Jason, but she positively refused to do so."

"Den I mus' find her," said Jason, with a long-drawn sigh. "I promised Marse Merwyn, an' I'll do it ef I don't nebber hev any other day's rest while I live."

"But, Jason," began Miss Hunniwell.

"Don't talk ter me; don't talk," said Jason shaking his hand toward her and turning away his head. "I'll jes' keep a-trampin' day an' night till I find dat ar gal—dat Miss Hilda. Dat I will, an' dar ain't no use in talkin' 'bout it. I'm much obleeged to ye, ma'am, but I might jes' ez well be gittin' 'long. Dar ain't no sense in waitin' heah."

He started toward the door as he spoke.

"But where will you go, Jason?"

"Oh, it don't matter—anywhar. P'r'aps de Lord will kinder show me de way for de pore chile's sake. I don't take much stock in de Lord myself, kase it 'pears to me He's mighty onreliable. Take Him up one side an' down de other, an' I can't see ez it makes more 'n about a good average—fair to middlin' ez they say about coting."

"Jason," said the teacher sternly, "you must not speak in that manner."

"Can't help it, ma'am; I 'pintedly can't. What the Lord let that low-down, poor, way-off Eighmie crowd kill Marse Hargrove for?"

"I cannot tell, Jason; but you know He had some good purpose in it, and He will guide you in your search for Hilda if you will only follow where He leads."

"It may be, ma'am, but I don't see ez He 's a-doin' any leadin' now, nor anything else, only mixin' matters up so that it looks as ef they'd never git straight agin."

"That is because you will not wait and trust Him, Jason. You want everything done in your own way."

"I wants dat little gal got outen her trouble. Dat 's what I want, ma'am; an' I wants it done right away, too."

"That is all right for you to wish, Jason; but you must follow God and not try to lead Him. Just think, now. The whole world is before you. You don't know whether Hilda has gone east or west or north or south."

"I reckon *you* knows which way the train was goin' that she got on, don't yer?"

"I don't even know that, Jason. I was so fearful for her, and so flustered by the danger she was in, that I could do nothing but watch and see that she was safe upon the train, and then close my eyes in grateful prayer. There were two trains at the station. When I looked again both were going out. Which Hilda was on I don't know."

"She's done gone back to Sturmhold, dat's whar she's gone," said Jason, after a moment's pause.

"That's where she has not gone," said the teacher. "You forget that she was hiding—hiding away from Mr. Eighmie, and hiding away from Martin Kortright."

"What's she hidin' from young Marse Martin for?"

"Because she was afraid that—that what they said about her father might be true."

"I see," said Jason, "I see. She was afraid there might be jes' one little drap of colored blood in her veins, an' she'd rather die than see Marse Martin agin ef ther was. I don't blame her nuther—I don't blame her. It's the cuss of Cain, shore, an' it's no wonder that blessed chile should feel like hidin' away when she thought she hed it jes' like ole Cain hisself when he hear de Lord a callin' attar him. Yis, you're right. She's hid jes' ez safe ez a young partridge. Marse Martin'll try powerful hard, but he won't find her—never! Miss Hilda's too peart for dat. She's her pappy all over, Miss Hilda is, only she looks powerful like her ma, pore dear. He won't never find her ez long ez she keeps on hidin'; no mo' will Jason nuther. Ther ain't no give up in that gal more'n ther was in her pa—not a bit. When she's once sot her head on anything she'll stan' to it till the very last. We won't never find her, none of us, ma'am, unless the Lord *does* take hold an' show us whar she's hid. Pore gal! pore gal!"

The faithful servant sank down upon the floor, thoroughly crushed with disappointment. Miss Hunniwell arose, and, putting her hand upon his shoulder, said:

"There, there, Jason. Don't be cast down. There is a chance, a hope, which we must not lose sight of. She has promised to write to me."

"Yer don't say," said Jason, raising his head. "When?"

"At least within a year. Sooner, if she is in trouble or need of any kind."

"An' will yer let ole Jason know where de pore chile is?"

"Just as soon as I hear."

"Bless God, ma'am, I'll stay right here an' wait. Don't ye want ter hire a boy, ma'am?" said he, with a quick rebound from grief to joy, peculiar to his mercurial race, as he sprang to his feet and bowed laughingly before her, like a slave-boy seeking a home at the Christmas time. Though past middle life Jason retained the activity of youth and like all his race defied the closest observer to determine his age.

"Yes, I do," said Miss Hunniwell, entering into the humor of his request, and catching at once at this means of serving Hilda most effectually. "I want some one to nurse this wounded man, and after that to help about the stable and the house."

"Anywhar, ma'am, anywhar. There's mighty few things Jason can't do, and it'll need a power of work to keep him contented till he hears from Miss Hilda. But there's one thing I'd like ter know, ma'am."

"What is that, Jason?"

"Ef that warn't our Miss Hilda they were tryin' ter git away with, who was it?"

"It was a young lady that occupied the room next to hers," said the teacher, "Miss Amy Hargrove."

"Yer don't say?" exclaimed Jason in astonishment.

"Yes, and the man in yonder shot her, so that there is great danger that she may die."

"Yer don't say?" repeated Jason in open-mouthed amazement. "Yer don't say? An' it warn't our Hilda at all but that other one that was run off with an' hurt. An' yer say she's like ter die, ma'am?"

"So the doctor fears."

"Wal now, ma'am, p'r'aps I might as well take back what I said about de Lo'd a while ago. 'Pears like He must ha' knowed what He war about attar all," said Jason with a peculiar solemnity of tone and manner.

Gilbert Amory walking back to his snug home in the gray morning, with the sense of blood-guiltiness lifted from his soul, uttered the same sentiment in more refined language.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PROOF THAT HEALETH DOUBT.

JARED CLARKSON was greatly disturbed by the dispatch from Miss Hunniwell—"Come at once for Miss Hargrove's sake." Accustomed as he was to accept responsibility, he had somehow shrunk in an unaccountable manner from the trust imposed on him by Merwyn Hargrove. The sight of the sealed parcel lying in his safe had more than once filled him with apprehension. Every time that he had been required to act under the instructions Hargrove had given him he had done so with peculiar reluctance. It was as if he had a premonition of evil connected with them. More than once he had determined to shift this burden upon Kortright, and but for the invalid's condition would no doubt have done so before this time. Even as it was, he hesitated to comply with the teacher's urgent request, and instead of taking the train at once drove over to Sturmhold for consultation with Kortright, taking with him the sealed package and Hargrove's letter in regard to it.

The two men talked long and anxiously of the events which had occurred, and speculated not a little as to what the trouble that threatened Hilda might be.

"I am sure I cannot imagine," said Clarkson, "nor why they should have sent for me. That they should telegraph for Martin is very natural."

"I suppose to seek your advice because you were her father's friend, and are, in a sense, his representative now," answered Kortright.

"I have thought of that," said Clarkson, "but it seems improbable that her father would have intrusted her with the peculiar character of our relations."

"Well," said Kortright, with decision, "Hilda evidently needs your aid, and you must go, and go at once, too."

"Then, if that is settled," said Clarkson, "I think it best that this parcel should be opened, and I do not wish that to be done except in the presence of another trustworthy friend of the deceased besides myself."

He took the package from his pocket as he spoke. It was indorsed in the handwriting of Hargrove:

"This package will be opened by the person to whom it may be intrusted only when such person shall, in the exercise of a sound and honest discretion, believe that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary for him to know the exact truth in regard to the children of the late George Eighmie and Alida, his wife. If no such occasion arises previous to the marriage of Hilda, or before she at-

tains the age of twenty-one years, it is my desire that this parcel be placed in her hands with its seals yet unbroken.

Signed, MERWYN HARGROVE."

It was sealed with his monogram and the bristling boar's head crest which the old buccaneer had adopted as a boastful emblem of lowly origin and dangerous strength. Clarkson handed the parcel to Kortright, who read the superscription carefully, and remarked doubtfully as he returned it:

"You are sure the time has come?"

"I am very sure," answered Clarkson. "I cannot act intelligently in any matter touching Hilda without the knowledge this envelope contains."

"Perhaps not," said Kortright, "though I don't exactly see why. It doesn't impress me that her present trouble is in any way connected with the Eighmie children."

"Oh, it must be, directly or indirectly, else I should never have been summoned," said Clarkson.

"I cannot understand why you think so," Kortright replied.

"Well, let me show you," said Clarkson, settling himself for one of his favorite monologues. "You know that there were two of these children—the Eighmie children I mean. One of these Captain Hargrove, in conformity with the desire of his half-brother, deprived of her identity, hid, 'transformed' he calls it in his letter. The other he tells us he could not trace. The latter I have found. I am now, as I fully believe, able to lay my hands on the son of George and Alida Eighmie. He having been born before the emancipation of his mother and the second marriage of his parents in this state, even though formally legitimized by the father under our laws, it is somewhat doubtful what his legal *status* might be adjudged to be. This being the case, I have already taken steps to extinguish the title of the man who recently claimed him as a slave by taking a bill of sale to myself. You see," he added, smiling at his own conceit, "I am getting aristocratic. I come of a slave-holding stock and am now a slave-owner myself. It is no wonder that Southern gentlemen are partial to one having so much in common with them, despite my fearful reputation as an Abolitionist, is it?"

Kortright's only reply was a smile, and Clarkson went on:

"The proof that the young man to whom I refer is the veritable Hugh Eighmie for whom Captain Hargrove sought so long and unsuccessfully, is almost perfect. I had hoped to present him to Hargrove on his return, when, no doubt, he could very soon have made the chain complete. Before the opportunity came, however, he was stricken down in the performance of his duty. Ever since that event I have been in great trouble as to what I ought to do in reference to this young man. He and his sister are unquestionably the true heirs of George Eighmie, unless illegitimate. I am the more troubled because of the fact that I was enabled to identify Hugh by his mother's instant recognition of her son when she had but a passing glimpse of his features, and that, too, by a very imperfect light."

"Indeed, you surprise me!" said Kortright.

"Yes," said Clarkson, "we have been accustomed to regard Alida as a poor, feeble creature, whose wits are not to be relied on, ever since you brought her to my house in the big snow-storm—let me see, now just about ten years ago, isn't it?"

"Ten years and a few days," said Kortright, solemnly shaking his head. "Ah, Mr. Clarkson, there have been great changes in that time."

"Yes, indeed," returned the other, "wonderful changes. It is hardly possible that another decade can bring the like."

There was a moment's silence, full of thoughtful retrospect to these men to whom the sunset of life was drawing near. They were not old men, but the era which they spoke had taxed their lives with burdens and activities no other past had ever known. After a time Clarkson continued:

"Well, as I was saying, we have never looked upon Alida as altogether right in her mind since that time."

Kortright nodded, but made no other response.

"Hargrove himself thought her thoroughly demented even before, and attributed her insanity solely to grief at the loss of her children; but it was not until the recognition of her son in the person of a hunted fugitive, that she came to her present hopeless condition. Since that occasion I suppose she has manifested no evidence of sanity, or even of active intellection, at all."

Kortright glanced uneasily at the door, and said:

"I don't know about that. Would you mind turning the key in the door, Clarkson? I have something to tell you that I would not have Mrs. Kortright know for a good deal."

Clarkson opened his eyes with surprise, but did as he was requested. When he returned Kortright motioned to him to sit down in the invalid chair by the side of the couch so that he could lay his hand upon his knee, and said:

"Do you know, I cannot understand that woman—Alida? She has evidently always been given to hallucinations. No proof could ever satisfy her, for a great while at a time, that Hargrove, who literally sacrificed his whole life to carry out her husband's fancies, was really her friend."

"That," said Clarkson, sententiously, "was because he had no real sympathy with her or her race—at least with the race the taint of whose blood has blighted her life. Besides that, he never reposed any confidence in her."

"Whatever the cause, that was the fact, but it could not be for any such reason that she took an incurable dislike to us."

"Has she done so?"

"Yes, indeed. You see I am such a victim to this rheumatism now, that day and night have lost their normal relations so far as I am concerned. I wake by night and sleep by day, or *vice versa*, as the case may be. Sometimes I am awake for two or three days and nights in succession, and then perhaps I sleep almost as long. For this reason, I stay here in the library all the time. It's the only part of this great house that ever seemed home-like to me anyhow. I lie upon my couch here, or crawl into my chair, and think or read, sleep or wake, without disturbing any one. Martha occupies the bedroom adjoining, but she is a sound sleeper, and hears nothing unless I call her name. Well, it wasn't long after we came here that I found that this woman, Alida, was a very different creature at night from what she seems to be or is in the daytime. I was lying here on my couch one night when she came in, went straight to that desk there—the one the Captain used, you know—raised the lid, and appeared to be hunting around for something which she could not find. Then she went to the shelves there, took down one or two books, and seemed to be searching through them for something that she expected to find between the leaves. Failing in this, she came here to the grate, warmed her feet one after the other, in the meantime knitting her brows, and seeming to be in great distress, as if unable

to recall something she had once known. She paid no attention to me, not appearing to be aware of my presence. Of course I was very much surprised at this manifestation, and fully intended to have spoken of it the next day, but something drove it from my mind, and her visits soon came to be so frequent that I became interested in them, and even looked forward to the night, when my ailment was very painful, with a sort of enjoyment. It was not always the same, this novel entertainment, and I soon found great relief in trying to decipher the causes of her varying moods. By careful watching I came to understand much that she does, or, at least, to form a good idea of what it means to her. She rarely speaks, but now and then uses an exclamation that aids me in arriving at a conclusion with regard to her thoughts.

"It is very strange," said Clarkson. "She is evidently a somnambulist."

"No doubt," assented Kortright, "but do you not see this strange thing beside—the waking woman is weak and silly, almost dead to what is going on about her; but the sleeping woman is active, alert and evidently alive to circumstances, sentiments, antipathies and preferences which are of the past or which she fits into a past which is the present to her. She is not always unconscious of surrounding objects, but always mistakes them, when she does notice them, for something connected with the train of thought she seems pursuing."

"It is very remarkable," said Clarkson.

"The scene with the desk and books is the one most frequently enacted. I have been through the desk again and again, and turned over every book upon the shelf to which she always goes. A queer thing about it is that if I disarrange the papers at the left of the desk she seems at once worried and disturbed, and will not leave it until she has placed the packages back just as they were. Those at the right hand she seems to pay no attention to at all. It is queer, too, that one volume of the set of books she always examines is missing. One time I had them changed and other books put in their places. She was greatly excited thereby; pulled the books out, threw them on the floor, and finally seemed to half awake, or rather to assume her ordinary waking condition. There is this strange thing about her condition, she is most awake when she is soundest asleep. She sees, hears, thinks; but she sees and hears and thinks only with reference to a state of facts that exists in her memory or imagination. The silly, furtive leer she has in the daytime came into her eyes; she looked cautiously at me, and finally stole out on tiptoe, turning every now and then to glare back at me. It seemed to distress her so that I had the books restored the next day."

"You amaze me," said Clarkson. "Do you think it safe that she should wander about unguarded in this manner during the night?"

"Candidly," said Kortright, with an amused smile, "I do not, but what would become of my entertainment if she were confined? I assure you it is of great advantage to me. I always forget my pain while she is here, and usually fall asleep afterward trying to unravel the charades she has acted."

"Have you ever succeeded?" asked Clarkson curiously.

"Oh, yes, indeed; and I have learned some very strange things thereby," answered Kortright. "It was by that means that I discovered her antipathy to my family, especially toward Martin. When I am very bad, sometimes, one of the family will insist upon watching with me, as they say, which usually results in their

going to sleep and my watching them. As I am on this side the fireplace," he continued, "they naturally sit on the other, which brings them directly in her path when she comes to lean upon the mantel to warm her feet at the fire and recall what she has forgotten. Martin was the first one she found there one night when he was comfortably sleeping on his watch. When she had peered around the back of my invalid chair in which he sat, in the half-awake manner that any interruption of her wonted routine produces, and seemed to recognize who it was, she became so terribly excited that I really feared she would attack him. However, she left the room without awaking him, and that night, for the first time, returned again. It was perhaps an hour afterward. I had wakened Martin and sent him to bed, on the false pretense that I was more comfortable. When she re-entered the room the impression of his presence was evidently still fresh in her mind. She shook her fist at the empty chair, gnashed her teeth, and then suddenly burst into a laugh. I was afraid she would wake Martha, but fortunately she did not. Then she went through a pantomime that I could not understand, and which yet seemed to have a regular order, and to be connected in her thought with Martin, for at the end she ran quickly to the door, stopped and listened as if fearing pursuit, shook her hand at the chair again, and stealthily disappeared."

"This is really astounding," exclaimed the listener.

"Wait a moment," said Kortright. "The next night, as it happened, Martha had insisted on sitting up with me, and was asleep in that same chair. Alida discovered the intrusion as before. After a while she seemed to recognize my wife's identity, and for a time a look of hesitation, almost tenderness, passed over her face as she stood in the firelight gazing into the placid face of my watcher. Finally she exhibited toward her the same evidences of aversion, however, she had shown toward Martin the night before. As she went out, I made haste to awaken wife and get her to bed, so that I might have a good opportunity to watch Alida's conduct should she return. She did return, and went through the performance of the night before without varying a movement. After this she frequently returned, especially if anything interfered with the usual routine of her first visit, and went through this same mimicry of an event that has evidently left a most vivid impression on her mind, until I have learned to interpret every gesture, and know as well what she is thinking of as if she uttered articulate sounds instead of using this strange pantomime. She sometimes does utter a word or two, but even without that I think I should have solved the riddle finally since the subject of it was most intimately connected with my own life."

"No!" exclaimed Clarkson incredulously. "What is the subject of this strange hallucination, do you suppose?"

"She lives over again her own experience on the night of the burning of the factory and Paradise Bay."

"How can that be?" asked Clarkson; "she could hardly have seen the flames from here."

"She set the fire herself!" said Kortright earnestly.

"You do not mean it?"

"There is no doubt of it. She performs all the acts the incendiary must have performed: turns on the water; sets the fire under the stairway; watches the flame; turns the lever of the waste-gate; flees and turns in to do still another act of vengeance at Paradise Bay."

"Are you sure you are not mistaken?" asked Clarkson. "Is your brain in good working order, or do your own fancies color what you see?"

"I am not fanciful, and I have worked too long over this riddle to question its solution now," said Kortright.

"What could have been her motive?" asked Clarkson.

"It could only have been a blind jealousy of Martin," responded Kortright. "I have recalled since this began the fact of her aversion for him even as a boy. It was probably due to her insensate jealousy of all those for whom Hilda manifested any attachment."

"Well, what is your conclusion?" asked Clarkson after a moment's thought. "Do you think her an impostor?"

"Not by any means," was the ready response. "I am no scientist, but I have heard that the brain is really two brains and that certain parts of it may act without, or even in opposition to, the action of the remainder. Now my explanation is that the woman is crazy beyond all doubt. Every part of her brain is diseased and abnormal; but one part may be said to sleep during the day, and the other, weaker and duller, during the night. During her somnambulistic state the most active and positive elements of her nature are at work, and she loves and hates with all the intensity of her earlier days. I am inclined to think that she acted the incendiary in this half-unconscious state. Only a little while before Hilda had been home for her vacation. The young people had been together here a good deal, and had probably been very lover-like. This had fired her weak brain to frenzy, and had intensified all her former hatred for my son."

"What is her feeling toward you?"

"She has never seemed to recognize me fully. I could not account for this at first, but finally concluded that it was because of my reclining position on the couch. Then, again, I have sometimes thought that she half mistakes me for Hargrove, who was himself accustomed to occupy a couch here in the library a good portion of the time instead of the bed in the room adjoining. Indeed, it was that fact that first suggested to my mind the advisability of doing so myself."

"You think she has sane and lucid intervals, then?"

"Well, I would hardly want to say that, but I think she has intervals when certain past facts are very clearly recalled to her memory," answered Kortright.

"Ah! that indeed," said Clarkson meditatively, as he rose and pressing one hand upon his neck threw his head quickly back as if to relieve an accustomed pain. Then he walked up and down the room in deep thought, his hands behind him and his head bowed on his breast, but with a step as nervous and elastic as if the years had not touched his frame nor care bowed his spirit. Kortright, chained to his pillow by disease, followed the footsteps of his friend with a look akin to envy. Presently he stopped at the foot of the couch, and looking down at the wan, keen face before him, he said:

"Squire Kortright, do you know it is very strange that we should come to speak of this woman and her mental status at this time?"

"Why so?" asks the other.

"Because," answered Clarkson, "it is the strength of one of her impressions that makes me feel it incumbent upon me to open this package."

"How is that?" asked Kortright, with a languid interest.

"Do you know that she has always claimed that Hilda is her daughter?"

"Oh, yes," said the sick man, laughingly; "everybody here knows of that crazy notion. She even goes farther, and declares that her name is Heloise—sometimes Heloise and sometimes Marah. It seems that her own

child was known by both of these names—the first bestowed by the mother, and the latter by the father, who, at her birth, had begun to taste the bitterness of his folly. In her quieter days she will stand gazing at Hilda's picture, painted when she was a child, you know, and will go into a fearful rage if any one calls it Hilda."

"Well, Kortright," said Clarkson firmly, "I believe her."

"You believe her? You believe what? I don't understand," said Kortright, with a puzzled expression.

"I believe that Hilda is Alida's child!"

"The devil you do!" exclaimed Kortright, springing up with an alacrity he had not known in many months, and gazing into Clarkson's face in unfeigned astonishment. "I beg pardon," he said presently; "I haven't used such a word before in forty years, but will you allow me to ask, Jared Clarkson, if you are insane as well as Alida?"

A flush passed over Clarkson's face which Kortright was too much amazed to note. There had been rumors at one time and another afloat in the community that the brain of this gifted man was at times somewhat disordered. The inquiry of Kortright was therefore a barbed arrow, which struck home all the more surely because it was evidently not intended to do mischief.

"Nevertheless," he answered quietly, "I do believe it, and have long believed it. Alida has always asserted it with the utmost positiveness, and, so far as I know, Hargrove never denied it."

"Denied it? Of course he never did. Would you think it necessary to deny a crazy servant's claim to one of your children? The thing is too ridiculous even to be laughed at!" exclaimed Kortright with indignant scorn.

"And yet I do believe it," persisted Clarkson. "You must admit, Mr. Kortright, that it is hardly an argument to compare one of our quiet households with one so full of mystery as this at Sturmhold."

"Mystery? Yes, mystery enough; but none of his making, Mr. Clarkson. He was a man as open as the day save where others were concerned—so simple and faithful that he never once thought of peril to himself or his child in the trust he undertook for the sake of that miserable, slack-spirited half-brother that was enslaved by this woman's pretty face."

"You are warm in your praise, and it is commendable that you should be," answered Clarkson; "but if what you say is all true, why was Hilda so constantly mixed up with this mysterious trust? First, she is provided for by the contract with you. Why should that be when his will made her his sole heir?"

"That is easily explained," said Kortright.

"Explained! Oh, yes, I know. But why the need of explanation?" demanded Clarkson. "Then, too, this very parcel is to be delivered into her hand, under certain contingencies."

"Of course, in order that she may continue her father's watch-care and benefactions, no doubt."

"That is the most reasonable explanation that can be given, if we exclude Alida's claim," said Clarkson; "but the fact is that no explanation—no hypothesis of a probable cause—nothing but the plainest and barest proof can prevail, in my mind, over the maternal instinct of this woman, who, at all times, whether sane or insane, has steadily and stubbornly asserted the fact."

"Well, then, in Heaven's name, break the seal and have the proof!" exclaimed Kortright, pointing to the envelope on the table.

Clarkson lifted the envelope with a trembling hand.

Taking a sharp knife from his pocket he carefully cut around the seals, leaving them still unbroken, and after opening the whole length of the packet, drew forth two smaller parcels from within. He read aloud the indorsement of the first :

"To be delivered to Hilda, without delay, whenever the accompanying package is opened and examined by any person authorized so to do. M. H."

"That looks a good deal as if Hilda and the other were one and the same, doesn't it?" said Kortright in a sneering tone.

"Wait," said Clarkson, as he raised the other and read the superscription :

"The papers herein contained will sufficiently establish the identity of the daughter of George Eighmie and Alida, claiming to be his wife. They are all originals.

(Signed) MERWYN HARGROVE."

"Open it! open it!" Kortright exclaimed impatiently.

Clarkson did so and drew out a bundle of papers. Hastily glancing at the flings on the backs, he opened

them one after another. At first his face showed only surprise. Then it grew pale.

"Well, what is it?" asked Kortright, reaching out his hand.

Jared Clarkson made no answer, but extended the papers to him, and sitting down by the table, buried his face in his hands. A sob that was almost a groan escaped him. Whether his conjecture was right or wrong, what he had found occasioned him only sorrow.

Harrison Kortright took the package, searched about the pillow for his glasses, put them on and looked through the file of papers carefully, one by one. There were ten of them—all alike.

"Pshaw! what is all this nonsense?" he said at length; but his hand trembled and his voice quavered as he spoke.

The papers were term-bills, and read :

"CAPTAIN MERWYN HARGROVE,
In acct. with Beechwood Seminary,
To Board and Tuition of Hilda Hargrove."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHT PURSES ABROAD.

IN these days everybody wants to "go abroad," from fashionable "Mrs. Gill," who is so "ill"

"That nothing will improve her,
Unless she sees the Tulleries,
And waddles through the Louvre,"

to the country school-mistress, the sore-throated minister and the perennial bride and groom. How to go is a popular question every season, and I purpose giving definite instructions that will enable four ladies, under certain conditions, to travel for nearly five months in England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, having everything essential to comfort, and spending only six hundred dollars, exclusive of their steamer tickets. The writer knows whereof she affirms, for she was herself one of four ladies who made the trip a year or two ago. *Four* is the best number, easily managed, easily accommodated in one carriage, in two rooms; four divide the expense nicely—more make a "crowd"—fewer are likely to be lonely. It is well if one be a "madame," but if all are single, the party should not be too youthful. Each lady must be intelligent, good-natured, quick-witted and healthy. Some of the party should be able to speak French and German, and to understand both these languages when spoken. Women unaccustomed to travel, to human nature, to using money judiciously and to keeping an account of the same, ought not to join in the undertaking. When four suitable persons are agreed, it is best to map out a route, to study distances, dividing up the time to the places. Changes can be made later; forethought saves money and prevents vexatious mistakes. Read a little on art, architecture and what you expect to see of historical interest. Don't cram an excited mind all at once with that which you can learn in travel with keener enjoyment. Goethe says: "It is only in Rome you can prepare yourself for Rome." Carry across only one guide-book (we liked Appleton's). This, with local ones everywhere sold in Great Britain, will be enough until you buy "Baedeker" on the Continent as you go. Get without fail a list of good lodg-

ings or "pensions" for all large cities where you stay long. Secure in time staterooms on a first-class steamer. In buying the four tickets one can often get a large reduction from printed cost. Have your six hundred dollars in a letter of credit; keep it in a small silk bag hung around your neck, out of sight of course, and never put it anywhere else, or some day a ladylike pauper in Paris may be weeping for the fortune a London chambermaid has swept into the fire. Take five dollars each in English silver for steamer fees—enough, unless you require continual waiting upon. Secure nice rooms for your return passage when you land in Liverpool.

Now, the outfit. A steamer-chair for each person, and two moderately large trunks for the four. Arriving in Liverpool, you will leave your trunks there with your heavy wraps and everything carried merely for steamer use. Wear on the voyage a very warm dress. Leave it with your wraps, and start from Liverpool in a fresh traveling suit, plain, dark and handsomely fitted. If you can get along with but one heavy garment, an ulster is enough from May to October; in warm days it is easily strapped—everything superfluous causes sinful emotions. Shut up your bonnet from the dampness during the voyage. Let it be neat, close, pretty, but not large or wild in style, or you will hate it later. Have soft, warm head-gear for deck wear. Carry in a small compass remedies for ordinary ailments—for that particular one to which you are subject. It may be neuralgia. You will have an attack forty miles from a drug-store if you do not take precautions. Now comes a test of common sense; but rest assured if you follow the advice here given, you need never look travel-stained or untidy, but always can be well-dressed. Let each lady buy a strong, good-looking leather bag, such as is sold for about six to eight dollars. It has two compartments and a sort of portfolio between. It holds all one need carry for the trip, goes everywhere with one, and costs next to nothing as luggage. It is always seized by the omnipresent porter, who lifts it off and on cars or runs with it to carriages for a few pennies. Times

without number one man has snatched up our four, stowed them under car-seats or over our heads, and been off helping bewildered tourists hunt lost trunks—to find them after every good seat was taken. Our clean collars were admired and our ease-taking envied by many a worried countrywoman. Each of these bags will hold four changes of under-clothing (washing is done everywhere at short notice), one nice black silk dress (with few ruffles to be tumbled), and one stylish all-wool dress—you start with a new dress, so these, beside the one left for the steamer, will prove all-sufficient; slippers, an extra pair of walking-shoes, pretty breakfast sacque, and all other small articles required. For the steamer you want a loose flannel wrapper to wear at night, and if ill in the daytime. A light canvas school-bag carried on the arm is a fine catch-all. It holds guide-books, gossamer cape, and “tag ends,” which refuse to go in big bag as you journey, but for the sake of looks as well as convenience don’t get four just alike. Have a light umbrella, as small as is reasonable.

Go to Northwestern Hotel on landing, it is close to the trains, make your plans, draw ten pounds each to see “how far it goes.” Don’t be alarmed when you find that the first month’s expenses foot up more than you expected. Rest, drive out to Sefton and Prince’s Park if the sun shines. At night *sleep*; never travel at night if you want to enjoy the days. Next day, Chester; in the afternoon go to Leamington. Early next morning hire a carriage (a bit of extravagance that will pay) to take you for the whole day to Warwick, Kenilworth and surroundings, leaving you at Stratford-on-Avon for supper at “Red Horse Inn.”

Now as to hotels, fees, fares. Always go to first-class hotels when you go to any. In large cities patronize lodgings or boarding-houses. Do not hesitate to say that you want comfortable, low-priced rooms. They will be nice, but on upper floors probably. The “madame” and one lady can go up and see before closing the bargain; understand just what is included in the agreement—lights, service, etc. If too much is asked explain why you are not suited; if no reduction is made, a new arrangement will be proposed probably as good as the first. Fee persons who do anything for you, but not all who “stand and wait,” without it being true that they “also serve.” Begin with fees that seem small to you; if they are not large enough you will speedily find it out. Pay as a party, not as individuals; you cannot be lavishly generous, you need not be mean. Without a system in regard to your expenses adopted at the outset, in a few days you will have wasted time, and, in making change, have borrowed, lent and innocently swindled one another. We appointed each week a “Peter,” so named because of a stone in Melrose Abbey, on which is written: “Pray for the soul of Peter the treasurer.” Peter must carry the biggest purse; into it let each person put a pound every time funds run low, and out of it let Peter be constantly paying all common expenses. Let another of the party carry the tough “fee purse,” kept also replenished by taxes paid in the small coins always wanted in a hurry. Insist that each lady shall keep an exact account of her personal expenditures, and let Peter report nightly. Don’t borrow and lend small sums, unless it is unavoidable. Take your meals regularly, and eat plenty of nourishing food, but you cannot order recklessly everything you may happen to fancy on the bill of fare, if you are to go economically. At noon you will rarely be near your hotel. There are almost always to be found quiet, cosy places, as in Warwick, where, in a pretty bake-shop, a pleasant woman provided a chop,

hot tea and delicious cakes and pastry served in a coffee-room for half the hotel price. There are similar places in Scotland. When you can, without doing anything singular (as in many hotels), avoid a *table d’hôte* dinner, and order one simpler, but just as satisfactory, for yourselves; you fare as well, and, in the long run, save money.

From Stratford-on-Avon we went to the English lakes, stopping at Manchester for a night, and buying Cook’s tickets for that district. They save trouble about stages and connections with boats. Make frequent stops; don’t forget St. Martin’s Church, at Bowness, and the ramble from Ambleside to Stock-Ghyll-Force. When past Keswick don’t hurry that so you cannot stay in Carlisle long enough to see the cathedral and the castle, but get yourselves to Glasgow in about ten days from Liverpool. Run down to Ayr. We tried Caygill’s tickets from Glasgow to Edinburg, stopped at Dumbarton to visit its ruined castle, and on through the Scotch lakes and Trossachs to the Bridge of Allan, a lovely place in which to spend Sunday. Plan to get into such nooks on Sunday. Policy, if not principle, will prompt wise travelers to rest from all the labor of sight-seeing on that day. Stirling Castle Monday, and on to Edinburg; four or five days here, with one for Melrose, Abbotsford and Dryburgh; then on to London, with brief stops at York, Durham and Peterborough for the cathedrals. When you are in Liverpool write to several boarding-houses or lodgings in London, have answers stating terms sent to await you at Edinburg, then you lose no time hunting for a home, having already selected one of which you know something. We boarded for one dollar and a half a day. Plan London sight-seeing systematically. Take the places nearest together in succession; heavy work half a day, lighter the other half. Visit, without fail, Hampton Court and Kew Gardens; go back on the Thames to London Bridge. Go also to Windsor, and save a day at least for Oxford. Two weeks this time for London, a few days on return. Here we bought of Caygill, 371 West Strand, tickets for the next two months’ travel, with hotel coupons for about one-third of that time. Experience proved that we were wise in doing this. It takes time and practice to explain at a foreign ticket-office just what “*billet*” you want, to understand the rapid information of the agent who is talking volubly to others and rattling down change in francs, florins or lire. You will often make mistakes and lose money in these linguistic exploits. With one book of tickets we were never perplexed or hurried; we lost no connections; found Caygill’s horses and carriages always exactly as represented—excellent. His couriers are frequently to be found at the hotels that he recommends, and they were prompt to render us important services with the utmost courtesy. Sometimes we could order nice rooms and meals for a little less than we paid for the coupons, then we saved his coupons for another hotel, where it would be more economical to use them than to settle our own bills with money in hand. As a rule, we used them in the most expensive hotels, and never with any dissatisfaction. Going by Folkestone and Boulogne to France the Channel passage is short, and it may be sweet, or it may be the most demoralizing experience of your life. Once we found it a mill-pond; once—words fail. A delightful month in Great Britain is ended, but in no other month will you spend as much money.

In Paris, as in London, avoid a hotel. We had a delightful pension, with every comfort and attention, for eight francs (\$1.60) a day. Spend about eleven days this time in Paris, then leave for Brussels, Ant-

werp, Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne—about a week for these. You will be frequently hiring carriages, for in general it is best to ride between points in sight-seeing. Walk wastes time and saves only a little money at the cost of too much fatigue. Riding is rest and enjoyment, while it shows you a city as you cannot see it on foot. If a polite hotel-clerk calls your carriage and settles your bills you will pay what the polite clerk and the cunning driver fancy that rich Americans (rich, of course, *because* Americans) ought to pay. The affair will be so genteelly managed you will shrink from a protest. A wise, simple plan is to put on your hats and go out for a stroll. In a minute or two, if you do not attract drivers as so many separate pots of honey would attract flies, you will find plenty of cabs at a near stand. Ask for the printed rates, which the *cocher* often hides, and be sure to tell whether you take the carriage by the hour or the course. These drivers are usually very intelligent, and can suggest places well worth seeing; but for ours in Brussels we should have forgotten Antoine Wiertz's strange museum, or rather gallery. One never begrudges them their expected "*pour faire*." It is necessary to be clear-headed and quietly firm in all business matters. Europeans are so invariably polite, even in attempting impositions, or when caught in them, that an angry American, waxing uncivil, never appears to good advantage.

Long before this point in your journey you will have met agreeable traveling parties, and will perhaps continue to meet them, forming pleasant acquaintances. Be friendly, enjoy them, but keep yourselves a distinct party of four. If you do not do this, little difficulties and dissatisfaction will arise. You may have to keep explaining what you can or cannot afford to do, or be led into little extravagances that you will regret. You are not traveling in a style that you need be ashamed of, but you will come in close contact with tourists, seeing no more, doing no more, learning, enjoying no more (very likely less), yet who are spending two francs to your one. If they are sensible, and find out your affairs, they will regard you with unmixed admiration. If they are "shoddy," put a hotel between yourselves and them.

Speaking French and German, and having Baedeker, you will need to hire no guides to show you around cities. Local guides are always in palaces, ruins, etc., explaining everything for a reasonable fee. One of our party had sufficient knowledge of Italian (easily acquired) to hire cabs, to give directions, and to ask necessary questions. Another dropped into a new city as a cat enters into a familiar haunt. With her maps she could pilot us anywhere. Half an hour's study, and she learned Paris. Rome she entered as if she had left it a week before. But if one has not this quickness, just to call a driver, to say *Louvre*, *Dom* or *Borghese Palace*, as the case may be, is enough. You will be taken to the place mentioned.

The currency of the different countries is soon learned; but avoid taking small coin of one country into another. Taking florins from Prague to Munich, we were forced to change them for marks at a considerable loss in exchange. A good way to manage is to have each lady draw unequal amounts at the bank—one rather less than she calculates she may want, another more; then, on leaving the country, the one with the overplus can pay it out on the bill of any who fall short, and all be rid of small coin. Italian *paper* money is useless out of Italy. Try to spend your last *lira* before leaving there; but if you have a small amount left over, you can enclose it in a letter to Carlo Ponti,

Piazza San Marco, Venice, and for it have nice photographs mailed to your address.

But you are not near Venice yet. Starting perhaps about noon from Cologne, you glide up the Rhine, stopping at Königswinter for a climb to the Drachenfels and a good night's rest. Coblenz next day, visiting Ehrenbreitstein. Early next morning start for Mayence, seeing now the finest part of the river. Next day by rail to Baden-Baden. Two days here, with some little excursions; a day at Heidelberg, then Frankfort, Eisenach and Weimar (brief stops in these last, merely to see chief objects of interest); Berlin, four days; one for Potsdam. Don't go away without seeing Charlottenburg. Then three days for Dresden; a day in Prague, the quaintest place seen yet—cathedral, bridge, Wallenstein's Palace, Jews' quarter, a singular old synagogue, and weird old cemetery. Our driver talked only Bohemian—we, polyglot, with signs and wonders in the line of gestures, yet there was mutual delight and entire satisfaction with the means of communication. You find out "what's in a name" at such times. It was a very red-letter day. Plan to reach Munich about the end of your second month from date of landing. A week here, and a little trip to Innspruck. Across Lake Constance to Zurich and Lucerne, the Rigi Culm; by boat to Alpnach over the Brunig Pass; Lake of Brienz to Giessbach, and excursions; Interlachen, Berne, Fribourg (concert in cathedral at evening), Lausanne, Lake Lemman; stop at Chillon Castle; Martigny at night. Take Noir Pass to Chamouni, reaching Geneva about the end of the third month.

You may now have come to the end of tickets bought of Caygill or elsewhere, and are about to enter Italy, where there is a paper currency in use. Buy enough of it to get you as far as Turin after you cross the line. There, by exchanging gold for what you will need of this paper in Italy, you get a premium from gold. It is better to buy in Italy the round ticket for Italy, but you must know which ticket you want—there are many. Decide at what cities you will stop, the route to be taken, and, if you cannot state all this explicitly and rapidly in French or Italian, understanding everything said in return, you will do well to get some intelligent person from the hotel to buy it for you. One of Caygill's couriers happening to be at the Hotel Feder, saved us all trouble. Turin, two days; Milan, two; Verona, two; Venice, four; Florence, six; Rome, ten; Naples, four. Come back to start from Rome about the end of the fourth month: a day for Pisa; for Genoa, two or three; a night at Turin; leave early in morning for Aix-les-Bains, a charming watering-place, with most exquisite scenery and old Roman baths. From this place to Paris you have the longest ride by rail of your whole trip; but nearly all the way you must go "first-class" (there is no "second-class" on fast train), and if you have a compartment marked "Dames Seules" (ladies alone), you are very comfortable, getting into Paris before midnight. You have now two weeks to divide between Paris and London before leaving Liverpool for home. You may, of course, have already devoted a part of this time to any other places, as Rome or Florence—the programme is elastic.

Any other route covering as much ground can be taken, but this particular one has been tried and found easy and delightful. If you wish to go only half as far and stay longer your money will "hold out." To live in a single foreign city is much less expensive than to go continuously from one to another. But some one may ask: "Why not join a large party and have all arrange-

ments made for you?" We met several "personally-conducted tours." One was a party in the Alps of thirty people—thirty more had squabbled with these, and gone on ahead. In all the days of our lives we never before saw so much human nature to the square inch. There was a ravenous clique made up of those who had not had enough to eat since they started. There was the scornful clique, who said these last were "piggish." There was a virtuous, shocked clique, who exposed the follies of a youthful clique. There was the naughty ringleader of these youthful few who rashly declared that these censors were "sour old maids and deceitful widows." One of the special couriers said to us privately: "I am not mad, but soon shall be," or something to that effect. Again, like an invasion of locusts, one hundred tourists once swept by us in a palace at Munich. A guide at the head told his story to about twenty who could hear; the rest elbowed one another or yawned in ignorance or indifference. At Geneva a long-suffering hotel clerk, on seeing the end of another troop, exclaimed: "Good heavens! don't I dread them when they come in *droves*!"

Look carefully over all bills before you pay them. It is surprising how many mistakes are made in hotels, and more surprising that they are never to your advantage. Have the bills brought to your room before you are in the hurry of immediate departure, and where you remain long in one place have frequent settlements. One remark more: do not start with any person whose disposition and habits are not well known to you. One selfish or jealous or hot-tempered or sulky individual will ruin your comfort and pleasure. The right four must be a little careful not to "pair off" exclusively, but to keep up the *esprit de corps*. If A and B have best rooms or best seats on Monday, see that C and D have the best on Tuesday. Don't criticise or "talk one another over" unless by way of praise. Each will probably develop a talent for helpfulness, and will like it to be appreciated. Each one may (being human) betray some weakness; then remember wise old Thomas à Kempis: "If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?"

PIERRE QUATRIÈME.

MISS HILDRETH.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"I MUST have a peacock, John," said Miss Hildreth, as she met her man-servant on the lawn. "He would look so finely on the balustrade, with his feathers spread or trailing them over the green sward. I really must have one, John."

"They be an awful nuisance, marm," demurred John. "They'd never stick to the balustrade. They be as hard to manage as children, an' that's a fact."

"They keeps up an awful squalling, miss," put in Jane, the maid, when the matter reached her ears. "They'll be worse than Miss Noyes' guinea-hens, and Miss Dunn's parrot, or them children of Parson Miller's—I never *did* see such neglected plagues as they be," she added irrelevantly. "I wonder their mother don't rise in her grave. But the poor man—what does he know of the care of babies, with his sermons and his prayer-meetings, and his parochial visits and his poor? He's off to this wedding or that funeral, or he's reading the Word to the sick and blind. It's a shame there's no women folks, but hired help, to look after 'em. I see him myself one day a-tidying of them up, and pinning on their clean collars wrong side out and upside down. I s'pose he was thinking of free-will and election, like as not."

"I wish him joy of them," said Miss Prudence. "I prefer the peacock."

The first night after the peacock's arrival, however, Miss Prudence never closed her eyes, or the bird his mouth, so to speak; but when he pranced across the lawn in the morning light, Miss Prue thought she would rather lose her sleep than the sight of so much beauty.

"Miss Dunn says she'll have to lay in a stock of chloral and bromide, if you're going to keep the peacock," Jane reported; and Mrs. Noyes herself dropped in to suggest that he could be killed and stuffed.

"He'll be quite as decorative," said she, "without disturbing the neighbors."

Every two or three days a small urchin would appear with the bird in tow, and remark demurely: "Your peacock strayed over to Dickens', and I've fetched him along home," for which civility sundry pieces of small change would be disbursed.

"And who are you?" she asked, when the same youngster had performed the same benevolent service some half-dozen times.

"I? Oh, I'm Parson Miller's boy."

"His son?"

"Why, yes 'um—I reckon so."

"I shall have to shut him up," said Miss Prue. "His traveling expenses will ruin me."

By this time the poor bird had lost most of his fine tail-feathers in the process of being run down by the Miller brothers and their contemporaries, and presented a ragged appearance which went to its owner's heart. So he was shut up in a temporary pen till he should learn better ways; but Miss Prudence, going to look after him one afternoon, found the two Millers inside the pen, chasing him about to display his plumage, while their little sister stood outside and clapped her hands, and a crowd of other children stood peeping between the slats.

"What are you doing, children?" she cried.

"Oh, we've been reading about peacocks, and they need exercise," vouchsafed the eldest Miller.

"It seems to me that you need a stick," said Miss Prue.

"Father don't approve of whipping," chirruped the youngest; "do you, father?"

And Miss Prue lifted her eyes and met those of the Rev. Austin Miller, which wore a startled, perplexed expression, while the color palpitated across his pale face.

"My children have annoyed you," he said, with the hesitating tone which begged to be gainsaid.

"They have only annoyed the peacock," answered Miss Prue, dropping her gaze, and flushing rosy red in her turn.

"I came in search of these rogues," he went on. "Bridget was sure they were in some mischief—I did not expect to find *you*."

"No, of course not," said Miss Prue, in a voice studiously matter-of-fact.

"I have read somewhere," the Rev. Mr. Miller pursued, "that the only real happiness which ever arrives to us, springs up quite unexpectedly in our path—it is not the result of search. I dropped the thread of my sermon, against my will, at a critical point to pick up these little folks. I have my reward."

"You are very easily satisfied," returned Miss Prue, in the same remote voice. She was hardening her heart against the persuasive tones which had once been like the music of the spheres to her.

"No, I am not easily satisfied. I have never been satisfied with myself—with some hasty actions of my own, I should say. Miss Prudence, you have never forgiven me?" he spoke half-questioningly, as if he would fain be contradicted.

"I never thought of it as anything to forgive," she said, and her voice melted and broke a little in spite of herself. "It was so long ago," a little proudly, as if she would not let him suppose that it signified. "I see now that fate or Providence was kinder to us than I believed. I don't think I was intended for a domestic life," as her eyes fell upon the three harum-scarum children in their torn frocks and mischief—the children who might have been her own, but for their mother's double-dealing.

Austin Miller smiled a little sadly as his glance followed hers.

"They are torments to the neighbors, I fear," he said; "but they are all the comfort I have," holding a hand to them. "Come, children, make your bow to Miss Hildreth, and tell her you are sorry."

"But we are not a bit sorry," said little Amy. "The peacock is so beautiful, we are glad we comed. We mean to do it again."

"Truth is no longer at the bottom of a well," said Miss Prue, with a real smile dimpling her face as she said good-by.

If Deacon Brickett could have seen the manuscript of Mr. Miller's sermon as he reflected in his study that evening, he would have supposed that the words, "Come again, dear dream," scrawled on the margin, referred beyond a doubt to the dream of Jacob when he saw the angels of God ascending and descending.

"Them there Miller boys be enough to drive you to glory, an' no mistake," declared Jane, a few weeks later. "I wouldn't be their mother—no, not if you'd give 'em to me."

"They're not mine to give," said Miss Prue. "What have they done now?"

"Done? They've gone and broke the pea-hen's eggs, to see the little peacocks, sure 's you're alive. They expected to find 'em full-fledged, long tail and all. Amy's gone home crying."

"And where are the boys?"

"Mr. Miller, he's going to send 'em to bed without their supper, and serve 'em right. Their mother's shirked all the bother of 'em, sure enough!"

"Without their supper—poor things!" cried Miss Prue. "Why, it's only three o'clock of a summer's day. I remember when I used to be sent to bed by daylight when I was little and naughty, and it always

seemed to me a horrible injustice. Jane, run over to the parsonage, and tell Mr. Miller he will do me a favor if he will—"

"Baste 'em soundly," put in Jane.

"Jane! how inhuman! He will do me a favor if he will let them off this time."

"Now, Miss Prue, if you'd write it yourself—sure 's you live—excuse me, miss—but I ain't got the face to carry that there message." And it so happened that the Rev. Austin Miller found himself dreaming over a perfumed note, in his study, while his sermon on "The Mistakes of a Christian" lay forgotten before him—dreaming of the first note he had ever received from Miss Prue, fifteen years or so ago, the words of which started out from some hidden corner of his brain where they had been sleeping unknown to him; dreaming of the dewy evenings in the rose garden of the old parsonage, where he studied Divinity and she taught the children their A B C's; of moonlight nights on the river together, and spring mornings in the woods hunting for the first wild flower; of Sundays, when they sang together in the choir; of their stroll home through green, sweet-scented lanes. The thousand and one dear hours they had spent in each other's company passed before his mind's eye like some beautiful panorama. He wondered if, indeed, he was the hero of those dreams, if he had ever been so happy. The first parting, the first estrangement, wrung his heart anew, as if they had happened only yesterday. What a foolish thing their little quarrel looked like to-day, seen by the light of years and knowledge—such a trifle, but with such large results! Yet he had been the first to make an overture toward reconciliation, thank God! If she accepted his overture she was to write and say so; but no word had come to him in reply. What days and hours of dark suspense lifted their shadows before him; how the whole world had seemed bleak and unprofitable without her! And in a season of weakness, when his wounded heart could bear no more, he had accepted the sympathy and comfort nearest at hand, and had finally married Letty Carew, because she loved him, only to wake up one day to find that he owed all his unhappiness to her. Miss Hildreth had indeed answered him, had given Letty the letter to mail—they had been intimate friends in those days, intrusted with each other's heart-beats—and Letty had detained the missive that would have healed the breach. How did he know this? Years after it tumbled out of a drawer of old letters, and confronted him with its familiar address. Miss Carew thought she had secured herself for all time by burning Prue's letter, but she had tossed the wrong envelope into the grate. Austin Miller had lived his sorrow over again after this discovery; he had waked with it and wrestled with it without getting nearer happiness, and had long ago made up his mind to do without it. But he had thought it due to Prudence Hildreth to send her word that by an accident her letter had come to hand five years too late; he said nothing of Letty's share in the matter, but Prudence understood all. These memories had been revived by Prue's hasty note asking him to forgive the children for breaking up the pea-hen's nest! *Her* children, too! He was at the point of carrying the note to his lips, when his eye fell upon his sermon, "The Mistakes of a Christian," and lest this should be one of them, he threw it into the waste basket. He looked at the clock; he had been idle two whole hours. "Of what was he thinking?" he asked himself; "where was he drifting? an anointed priest, the example and counsellor of sinners?" At least he could go and thank Prue with a clear conscience; as for the children, they

were already in bed, technically speaking, and having such a capital pillow fight that they agreed to get into mischief every day of their lives, and be punished.

After that Mr. Miller often found himself dropping in, on one pretext or another, at The Elms; to ask Miss Prue to play over the air of some new psalmody, that he might join in the congregational singing; to lend her the latest volume of religious thought; to beg advice about the children. Sometimes he came bringing those unruly infants, with their brown hands full of peacock feathers and their little hearts full of impenitence. They and the peacock were now the best of friends; he ate from their hand and endured their petting, which was much like punishment, with heroism; if he stayed away they hunted him out and brought him home in triumph.

"Those children might as well live here," said Jane.

"And their father, too," added John.

"Not a bite of sweetbread can I keep in the larder; and when they tears their frocks they goes straight to Miss Prue, and she mends them before Bridget scolds 'em, just as if they 'd be her very own."

"A fine stepmother she 'd be making," observed John. "They do be saying in the village that it 's her cap she is setting for the parson."

"That 's just the way of the gossips! If a man takes to a woman it 's always she that is a-setting of her cap for him. The parson ought to ask 'em to pick out a wife for him and suit themselves."

"And then there 's others who says it 's her money," persisted John, who, like a fair historian, was bound to state both sides; "an' that he come here a-purpose to marry her."

"A great deal they knows about it," cried Jane. "I heered him tell her, with my own blessed ears, that when he was called to this 'ere parish he never dreamed that she lived here. They must hev knowed each other, you see, when they was young, afore Miss Prue came into her great-uncle's property, and came to live at The Elms; for I hear 'em talking now and again of folks that don't belong hereabouts. And she says, 'Do you remember the day we went hither and the day we went yon?' And he says, 'I remember, I remember,' and looks away from her face. I thinks, myself, he must have been an old beau of hers. I sees 'em together a heap, you know, bringing in the tea things, and the lamps, and pottering 'round—"

"At the keyhole," laughed John.

"And I 've never found 'em love-making onct, though I steps quiet-like, John, as you know, and it isn't like opening a door to push the *portière* aside."

It is true the Miller children were a great deal at The Elms, and gave their father frequent excuse to follow them; and it is true there were few congenial souls in the parish or village, and what so natural as that he should see more or less of his pleasant neighbor, with whom he could journey back to the past. Indeed, they never talked of to-day or to-morrow; it was always

yesterday whose praises they sang, whose skies they extolled, whose pleasures they coveted. He was nothing like a lover, to be sure, except in preferring her society, and yet it was a happiness to Prue to see him there, to know that he would come to-morrow. It was toward night, one summer day, that Miss Prue, looking out on the lawn, where the shadows of the leaves were dancing, saw Mr. Miller—no unusual sight—coming toward her door. He had been out of town a whole week on business; Bridget had confided to Jane that he had "gone away suddin', after a telegraph in a yaller wrapper come for him;" but he had been at home several days without darkening, or, to express her feelings better, illuminating Miss Prue's door. Naturally, she wondered what his errand had been; if he had had a call to leave the parish; and at that thought her heart stood still.

"You have been away," she said after the first greetings.

"Yes. I hope you did not suffer from an invasion of young Millers during my absence."

"We met, but we missed you," she admitted. "I hope your vacation was a rest and recreation to you."

"My journey was not a pleasure trip, Prue," he said. "My wife died suddenly at the asylum on the fifth of the month—"

"Your wife!" gasped Miss Prue. "Your wife—died—on the fifth of the month! I thought—Austin—Mr. Miller—I thought she had been dead years and years!"

"I thought you knew," he returned. "I supposed everybody had heard of it; it was too sad a story to rehearse often or needlessly. It was in all the dailies at the time. You must have been abroad then. Amy was in her cradle when Letty left me—eloped with her music-teacher. Two years ago she went to the asylum, mad as Hamlet. Prue, Prue," he cried, "do you think I have hidden anything from you? Is not the loss of fifteen years of happiness enough? Shall her ghost divide us still?"

"And I have been loving another woman's husband all this time," she said, moving away from him. Heaven only knows how far her Puritan conscience would have carried her, but just then Jane burst into the room, crying:

"It's little Tom Miller—the peacock fell into the river, and Tom jumped in to save him—and the bird 's safe—but Tom—the cramp took him—John 's brought him up the bank—"

And then Jane fainted away. It was hours before consciousness returned to Master Tom, and weeks before the roof of The Elms could be exchanged for that of the parsonage, owing to a fever which succeeded. Mr. Miller and Miss Prue passed many a watchful night at his bedside, and many a day of sickening dread; but it was a year and better before Miss Hildreth could forgive herself for having loved another woman's husband and before a wedding which had been belated fifteen years, took place at The Elms.

A SONG.

TO-DAY from the south came a flight of hours,
Of golden hours with welcome wings;
And where they passed grew fragrant flowers,
And the sunbeams laughed on a thousand springs.

And maidens forgot to be shy and cold
When they heard the birds, when they saw the flowers,
And many a secret love was told—
Because of a flight of sunny hours.

The gnarled trees on the windy hill
Put forth a wonder of radiant white;
The meadow, yesterday bare and still,
Was suddenly filled with the birds' delight.



THE question "What shall be done with the next-door baby?" has at last been answered. It shall be incubated. Even the next-door parent could not object to this remedy, since it is primarily designed for the benefit of the infant, and the delightful results to the neighborhood are purely incidental. The formula for the prescription comes from France, where it has been tested with the most gratifying success by Dr. Tavernier, who must hereafter be reckoned one of the world's greatest benefactors. Under his ingenious process sickly children become healthy, and discontented ones cease to complain. There is no more walking with them at night, and that regular see-saw of the rocker which penetrates partition walls, and becomes thunder when executed on the floor overhead, can, with stage-coaches and bob-wigs, pass into the bygone. There need be no anxiety about teething, no disturbance because of colic; the incubated infant attends to these matters for itself, and emerges from the incubator fully equipped for childhood's trials, having had no experience of a baby's tribulations. The incubator itself is a very simple affair. It is a box covered with a glass slide, and kept at a temperature of eighty-six degrees by means of hot water. This is placed in a dark room, and the child is provided with a nursing bottle. Here, in that serene contemplation, dear alike to Buddha and to infants, it passes the early months of its existence. No one trots it, no one bangs it on the back, nor holds it so that its loose, unbalanced head rolls helplessly from side to side. The light does not shine into its winking eyes; it is not tortured by stiff embroidery nor thrown into fits by pins. Under such beneficent influences it thrives as a young animal should. It comes out strong of limb and ready to walk, and has outgrown its little bed. It has escaped so much that it has accumulated a reserve fund of staying power, and meets childhood with equanimity. It soon learns to talk, and when it comes into the family circle it is still an infant, but it is reasonable—it is jolly. It has no sad recollections, no suspicions and sudden alarms. Its relations have taken no advantage of it, and it knows nothing of the mortification of being put on exhibition and praised by the false neighbor. The experiments of Dr. Tavernier have been on a large scale, and he has had at one time three hundred and sixty infants reposing in their little ovens. In the Foundling Hospital, where he made his experiments, the confusion of a bedlam was succeeded by the serenity of a Quaker meeting. The babies averaged the age of eight months, and the weight of sixteen pounds. Puny, sickly, cross, they went to their little beds; they drank from their bottles, they slept, they meditated, they threw their arms and legs about; they had new views of life. They stayed in this seclusion six months, and came out heavy and strong. One had died, one had been reclaimed by repentant parents, but the three hundred and fifty-eight remaining charged into the rooms like children of three years. They experimented in motion, and in a week were on foot walking. They began to talk, and when a select committee of twelve, appointed by the French Government, went to investigate this astounding discovery who can doubt but that they could have given it intelligent verbal testimony?

One of the beauties of this experiment lies in its simplicity. There is nothing expensive nor difficult in the arrangements. The warm little box would not cost as much as a silver rattle; there need be no nurse on constant duty; the coat and cap, the numberless dresses are supplanted by a little wrapper; the carriage is not needed; the mother can go into society, and, no longer on spasmodic guard, can give her husband her society in the evening. His slumbers are unbroken either by wails or soothing, and the incubated infant is a well-spring of pleasure, a perennial joy.

BEFORE deciding upon the publication of the advice given in this number of THE CONTINENT to would-be European travelers who are blessed with slender means, the manuscript was submitted to a lady who has "done" Europe under very different conditions from those indicated in the paper referred to. The original letter lies on the editor's desk at this moment, in the familiar handwriting of an author well known to the English reading public:

"I think the article has enough common sense and general information to make it valuable—say to school-mistresses on a vacation, or any one who is *willing* to travel in this rigid way, limited as to baggage and careful of every shilling. As there are plenty of such people, strong, resolute, and able to work hard and fare not too well, and live in *bags* instead of trunks, and ride backward in carriages half the time, it *might* be worth while to publish the article, to inform such people *how* to do it. I couldn't and wouldn't do it. I should *far* rather spend all the time in *one* foreign country, unless I could travel what I call comfortably. I don't mean that I should wish to employ a courier, stop at the grandest hotels, or travel luxuriously; but I should *not* be contented to follow a plan like this. I should have said it would be *impossible* to do it even as here described, on the money the writer mentions; but I suppose, having tried it, she knows. I could *not* do it. I don't know why she says *cochers* hide their printed tariffs. They *always* hand one to me in Paris without asking, and in London they are conspicuously posted on every cab. I should think *three hours*, instead of *two days*, enough for *Turin*, unless one stopped to rest there; and I should *not* think four days enough for lovely Venice. But these are minor details. For a *cheap* trip, it would be a good deal wiser and cheaper to go to Glasgow *first* by the Glasgow line, and make the journey from Glasgow to Liverpool, beginning at the *Glasgow* end. But I always go to Liverpool, for I *prefer* the lines that go there. I hate railway carriages labeled "*Dames Seules*." They are usually crowded with cross women and tired children. I always take my chance in a mixed company."

This matter of economical traveling abroad is not, however, so impossible as our correspondent seems to think, even to people who know what luxuries are and how to use them. The writer hereof could name members of a proud old Bostonian family who, not long since, varied their experiences of seeing Europe *en grand seigneur* by limiting their impedimenta to hand-valises and shawl-straps, much in the manner described by our author. Their verdict was that it is by far the best way to go. The millionaire of the period, making the tour of the world in his magnificent steam-yacht, is to us far less a worthy subject of admiration than the group of poor teachers, authors or

artists seeking culture and relaxation at the least possible outlay. Their hundreds have at least been earned in the honorable ways of industry, while in most cases the millions are tainted with the crooked ways of Wall Street speculation. The school-mistresses have our benediction, and we wish them a pleasant trip.

It is not altogether a comfortable thing to know that the manufacture of dynamite, nitro-glycerine and their numerous explosive cousins may be effected with a comparatively small amount of chemical knowledge. A few receptacles of glass or earthenware, the necessary chemical constituents and some simple formulas, are all that is required to enable, let us say, an Irish patriot to prepare a package of nitrated alkali capable of shattering Windsor Castle or the Houses of Parliament "from turret to foundation-stone." There is no use in ignoring an engine which may be used most effectively by others than Nihilists and Irreconcilables. Why should not reckless desperadoes explode these terrible agents of destruction beside bank-vaults or private stores of valuables, in the hope of securing plunder enough to pay expenses during the confusion and ruin wrought by the blast? The mere sacrifice of life causes such men not a moment of hesitation, provided the chances of being found out are reduced to a minimum. Society will sooner or later have to do something in self-protection against the manufacture and use of these agents. It would be impossible to frame a law too stringent in this regard. When a lunatic can carry in his pocket a charge sufficient to wreck the largest building, it is time to render the unauthorized manufacture, or even the possession of such explosives, a state prison offense.

PERHAPS it would be well for those of our fellow-citizens who consider it patriotic to assault the "heathen Chinese," pull his cue, and otherwise maltreat him, to know that this sort of thing has now become the subject of diplomatic correspondence. Two Chinamen, peaceable sojourners in a town of Georgia, were roughly handled some weeks ago, and in their stupid Chinese fashion, instead of being thankful to escape with their lives and scalps, straightway entered a complaint with their minister at Washington, as if they actually had rights which Caucasians were bound to respect. The difficulty about this business is that the Chinaman as a general thing never gives provocation save in the mere fact of being a Chinaman. If satisfactory amends are not accorded to the Celestial Government by that of the United States, it is difficult to see why reprisals should not be made on the persons of Americans resident in China.

WHEN in the recently published volume, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," the reader of the charming correspondence recorded there found, toward the end of the volume, a report of a conversation held with Carlyle by Mr. James T. Fields, the last remnant of patience vanished. They had met at dinner, and Carlyle asked:

"Isna there a place called Concord near ye? What like is it?"

"A pretty little New England town," was Mr. Fields' answer, "of no political importance, but lively and pleasant as a residence."

"Pretty! lively! Ye ken I had fancied it to be a dull, dreary place, wi' a drowsy river making believe to creep through it, slow and muddy and stagnant, like the folk that inhabit it."

Here would seem to be a disloyalty not only unexpected, but well nigh infamous, toward a man who for years had, according to his own saying, represented to him the clearest comprehension he had ever received. Yet it proves only the phrasing of a little keener dyspeptic twinge—the snarl and snap of a passionate, ill-regulated temper under perpetual physical suffering. Certainly no hint of deprecation enters the long correspondence.

If no other office were served by the two volumes before

us, its reconstruction of much of the old thought of Carlyle would be a boon. There are passages that may stir up rancor, and there is the hoarse and familiar shout for silence that occurs at periodical intervals wherever and whenever Carlyle uses a pen. There is the same morbid self-pity and the same selfishness at which one is suddenly aghast, but it becomes more and more certain as one reads that these are, after all, bodily accidents—the acrid, disputatious Scottish temper being in part responsible, but dyspepsia chiefly and always, warping judgment and perverting testimony. And certainly his capacity for deep and true affection exceeded that of Emerson, who is always the remiss one when the correspondence languishes, and who never apparently wrote on the impulse of the moment, but made a first draft and then copied and elaborated. He was a faithful and appreciative friend, but too cool and serene a nature to give even a suggestion of the ardent, glowing feeling Carlyle now and then poured out, and that, when it came, was compensation for much bitterness and even injustice.

The letters number one hundred and seventy-three, and for the first volume are chiefly a record of Emerson's very earnest attempts to secure both renown and what was fairly due to this friend over the sea. There are great squabbles with various booksellers, whose piratical tendencies excite the wrath of both men, and whose characters are summed up in English of no uncertain sound. It is Carlyle whose wrath is fiercest, and objurcation has place in every letter—if not for booksellers, then for book-makers, and the whole human race in general. There are bits of Emerson's home-life, very lovely in tone; an amusing interlude on Indian meal, its virtues and possibilities, and much discussion as to Carlyle's frequent proposals to visit America, which Emerson urged always from the beginning of the acquaintance. There are glimpses of many distinguished men and women, judged and summed up by Carlyle with an incisiveness amusing always, but rather dreadful to the subject. Carlyle seldom loved without many mental reservations, John Sterling and Emerson being almost the sole exceptions to this rule, while Emerson had none; but while seldom or never showing passionate devotion, yet gave a quiet and considerate affection more satisfactory perhaps than a more tumultuous one. He is a fearless critic, too, and writes of the "Sartor":

"I have now received four numbers of the 'Sartor Resartus,' for whose light thanks evermore. I am glad that one living scholar is self-centered, and will be true to himself, though none ever were before. . . . And it is good to have a new eye inspect our mouldy social forms, our politics and schools and religion. . . . Evermore thanks for the brave stand you have made for Spiritualism in these writings. But has literature any parallel to the oddity of the vehicle chosen to convey this treasure? I delight in the contents; the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use so defying a diction? As if society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing it beforehand with an objection to the form. . . . I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit—when the word will be as simple, and so as resistless, as the thought—and, in short, when your words will be one with things."

Hardly a page but affords some choice sentence for quotation. Friends of each come and go, received by Carlyle well or ill according to the mood of the moment, and their effect upon him being described in sentences that are often masterly summaries of character. We have great reason to be grateful for the beautiful volumes, which owe much to the careful editing of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, and which include two portraits, one of Emerson, from a drawing made by Powers in 1857, and of Carlyle, from an old daguerreotype of earlier date.

(1) THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1834-1872. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 363, 383, \$4.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.



EVERY one who enjoys the quiet, delicate humor of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner—and who does not?—will be glad to think of him as the future editor of "The Drawer" in *Harpers' Magazine*.

HENRY HOLT & Co. publish "A Story of Carnival," by Miss Mary Hoppus, author of "Five Chimney Farm," and one of the most promising among the younger women writers of England. She is said to be a reserved and gentle woman, whose chief interest is in the spiritual side of human nature.

THE editors of *Texas Siftings*, which has taken its place as a paper holding some of the most amusing specimens of American humor, will publish the story which has been running for nearly a year under the title of "Through Texas on a Mexican Mustang." It will be a book of over six hundred pages, with some two hundred illustrations, and will be sold only by subscription. It will be published by S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford, Conn.

MR. C. G. BUSH gives an amusing half hour to all who look over the illustrations of "Our Choir, a Symphony," inclosed in a folio in which every phase of experience in choirs finds record. The verse is as shockingly bad as the verse of librettos is usually allowed to be, but the drawings will atone for deficiencies in this respect, though it is doubtful if there is interest enough in them to insure a second opening of the book. (\$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

ONE of the most intelligent, as well as sympathetic criticisms of Walt Whitman's work, as a whole, has lately been made by Mrs. May Cole Baker in two of the March numbers of the *Washington Republic*, a weekly which deserves to be better known, the grade of work it contains being far beyond the average. The poet's weak points are noted, but the writer holds the conviction shared by many, that apart from one or two very serious defects, he certainly represents a power and force which give him the first rank among American poets.

ALFRED DOMMETT, whose "Christmas Hymn" has been chosen as the subject for the prize illustrations to be given in *Harpers' Magazine* for December, 1883, was born in England in 1811, and lived for many years of his life in New Zealand and Australia. Robert Browning is understood to have referred to him in his poem entitled "Waring." The hymn in question, the first lines of which are:

"It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea,"

is the only production of his that ever excited general attention.

THE Irving number of *The Critic* was one of the most brilliant of that always brilliant journal. One of the most interesting glimpses of Irving is given by Dr. Holmes. "I could hardly believe," he says, "that this slight, delicate, gentle invalid was the same man who wrote the rollicking chapters of 'Knickerbocker.' It could not be that this was he whose stories I used to read by the light of the 'astral lamp' in the short evenings of boyhood when I went to bed with the lamb—whose books I could never open without their bringing a smile to my lips or a tear to

my eyes. I wanted a mental stereoscope to bring the figure before me and my ideal portrait of him into a single image. I came away knowing that I had seen him but not believing it. A sweet, placid, benignant old man, a monument of himself with its inscription faint yet still legible."

THE Lenten lectures delivered by the Rev. Morgan Dix appeared in book form the morning after the final one had been given, under the title of "The Calling of a Christian Woman, and Her Training to Fulfill It," an example of hasty book-making seldom equaled. In justice, it must be said that they were not intended for publication, but took that form because of the indignation and excitement occasioned by each in turn. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Dix's premises or conclusions he is at least very sincere. In the midst of an ignorance that would seem almost to be willful, and of an assumption that puts some of our noblest thinkers in the wrong, he is sometimes right. But the book has the flavor of the Middle Ages, and its principles, if carried out, would bring us speedily to the condition of those days. (12mo, pp. 175, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

No more delightful reminiscences have ever been given to an American public by an American than those recorded in "Figures of the Past, from the Leaves of Old Journals," by Josiah Quincy, of the class of 1821, Harvard College. The papers appeared chiefly in the *New York Independent*, and were prepared for issue in book form a few months before Mr. Quincy's death. They were written after he had passed his eightieth birthday, but there are no symptoms of age or decay of faculties in the genial memorials, which date back to the days of cues, powder and knee-breeches. Mr. Quincy's relationship through marriage to the Adams family gave him opportunities of specially intimate intercourse, and his impressions of John Adams the elder are quite in harmony with those received from the recent life of Adams in the "American Statesmen Series." The old "Phillips Academy," at Andover; "Harvard, Sixty Years Ago;" the various chapters on Lafayette, are all invaluable contributions to history, and his reminiscences of Webster are a delightful record, good to read in a time when a certain detraction seems the order in speaking of the great statesmen. To begin with John Adams and end with Joseph Smith and the Mormon Question, covers every phase of progress the century has known, and if the book were doubled or trebled in size it would still be welcome as a record in which there is not a shadow of malice or detraction, even when judgment is most fearless and uncompromising. (12mo, pp. 404, \$1.50; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

PERPETUAL CALENDAR. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SONGS OF TOIL AND TRIUMPH. By J. L. McCreery. 16mo, pp. 143. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

OUR CHOIR. A Symphony in A, B, C, D, E, F, G, Flats and Sharps, Major or Minor. By C. G. Bush. Oblong quarto. Illustrated. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A HANDY DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Giving the Spelling, Pronunciation and Meanings of the Words, Useful Tables, the Metric System, etc. Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor, New York.

GUIDE TO THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS. By Charles Cutter. 11-illustrated. Slawson & Co., St. Louis.

STUDY AND STIMULANTS. Or the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life. As Illustrated by Personal Communications on the Subject from Men of Letters and of Science. Edited by A. Arthur Reade. 12mo, pp. 201, \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. By W. MATHIEU WILLIAMS, F. R. A. S. 12mo, pp. 308, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

THE CALLING OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN: And Her Training to Fulfill It. By Morgan Dix, S. T. D. 16mo, pp. 175, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS. By Rev. H. R. Hawels, M. A. 12mo, pp. 179, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.



THE admirers of mosaic pictures will read with interest the following account of how they are made: The enamel is of a kind of glass, colored with metallic oxides, and it is so fusible that it can be drawn out into threads, small rods or oblong sticks, of varying degrees of fineness, slightly resembling the type used by compositors. These polychromatic rods are kept in drawers, properly numbered, so that the artist always knows to which case to repair when he requires a fresh supply of a particular tint or tints. When a picture is commenced, the first step is to place on the easel a slab of marble, copper or slate of the size fixed upon; and this slab is hollowed out to a depth of about three and a half inches, leaving a flat border all around which will be on a level with the completed mosaic. The excavated slab is intersected by transverse grooves or channels, so as to hold more tenaciously the cement in which the mounts of enamel will be imbedded. Then the hollowed slab is filled with "gesso," or plaster of Paris, on which the proposed design is accurately traced in outline, and usually in pen and ink. The artist then proceeds to scoop out a small portion of the plaster with a little sharp tool. He fills up the cavity thus made with wet cement or "mastic," and into this mastic he successively thrusts the "spicula" or the "tessera," as the case may be, according to the pattern at his side. In the broad folds of drapery or in the even shadows of a background or a clear sky, his morsels of enamel may be as large as one of a pair of dice; in the details of lips or eyes or hair, or foliage, or flowers, the bits of glass may be no larger than pins' heads. The cement or mastic is made of slaked lime, finely powdered Tiburtine marble and linseed oil, and when thoroughly dry is as hard as flint. Sometimes the mastic which fills the cavity is smoothed and painted in fresco with an exact replica of the pattern, and into this the bits of glass are driven, according to tint, by means of a small wooden mallet. If the effect produced offends the artist's eye, he can easily amend the defect by withdrawing the offending piece of enamel and driving in another while the cement is still wet; and by observing proper precautions it can be kept damp for more than a fortnight. When the work is completed, any tiny crevices which may remain are carefully plugged or "stopped" with pounded marble, or with enamel mixed with wax, and the entire surface of the picture is then ground down to a perfect plane, and finally polished with putty and oil. Byzantine may be broadly distinguished from Roman mosaic by the circumstance of the surface of the former being left unground and unpolished, save where there is burnished gold, thus leaving an irregularity of surface productive of great vigor of effect. A mosaic picture of the Byzantine style can at once be recognized as a mosaic, even if it be hung at an altitude of a hundred feet from the ground; but a perfected mosaic picture after the Roman manner might easily be mistaken, even at a very short distance, for a very elaborately finished and highly varnished painting in oils.

MR. FELIX L. OSWALD, speaking of a domesticated sloth, says: "Though fed daily by the same hands, the old pensioner still fails to identify his benefactor, or to recognize his obligations in any way. To his ear the human

voice in its most endearing tones is a grunt *et præterea nihil*—you might as well appeal to the affections of a cockroach. You may frighten a pig, a goose, a frog, and even a fly, but you cannot frighten or surprise a sloth. On my last trip to Vera Cruz I procured a pair of black sloths, full-grown, and in a normal state of health so far as I could judge; but, after a series of careful experiments, I have to conclude that their instinct of self-preservation cannot be acted upon through the medium of their optic or acoustic nerves. They can distinguish their favorite food at a distance of ten or twelve yards; and the female is not deaf, for she answers the call of her mate from an adjoining room; but the approach of a ferocious-looking dog leaves her as calm as does the sudden descent of a meat-axe within an inch of her nose. The male witnessed the accidental conflagration of his straw couch with the coolness of a veteran fireman. War-whoops do not affect his composure. I tried him with French-horn blasts and detonating powder, but he would not budge. One of my visitors exploded some pyrotechnic mixtures of wondrous colors and odors, but the sloth declined to marvel." Of another pet, a young Siamese monkey, the author says: "His conduct, under circumstances to which no possible ancestral experiences could have furnished any precedent, has often convinced me that his intelligence differs from the instinct of the most sagacious dog as essentially as from the routine knack of a cell-building insect. His predilection for a frugal diet equals that of his Buddhistic countrymen, and I have seen him overhaul a large medicine-chest in search of a little vial with tamarind jelly. He remembered the shape of the bottle, for he rejected all the larger and squarer ones, and, after piling the round ones on the floor, began to hold them up against the light, and subdivide them according to the fluid or pulverous condition of their contents. Having thus reduced the number of the doubtful receptacles to something like a dozen and a half, he proceeded to scrutinize these more closely, and finally selected four, which he managed to uncork by means of his teeth. Number three proved to be the bonanza bottle, and, waiving all precautions in the joy of his discovery, Prince Gautama left the medical miscellanies to their fate, and bolted into the next room to enjoy the fruit of his enterprise."

THE importance of preserving and cultivating our forests is clearly set forth in Superintendent Colvin's report on the Adirondack survey. "That the precipitation of rain is," he says, "greatly influenced by the presence or absence of forests, is no longer questioned among scientific men. It is nowhere claimed that the total amount of annual rainfall is changed by the destruction of forests in particular localities; but that a more desirable, uniform distribution of the rainfall throughout the year is secured by the retention in elevated districts and upon the fronts of the mountains of the dense growth of evergreen timber, whose shade protects the deep, spongy soil from the rays of the sun, preventing evaporation, and securing the more or less perfect condensation of the warm, moist breezes entering the cold forest. I say cold forest advisedly, for the researches of Ebermeyer, Professor of Forestry in Bavaria, based upon five years' observations at numerous points in that kingdom, prove as the results of more than five thousand observations that the mean annual temperature of the soil in the forests he examined is twenty-one per cent lower than in the open fields, and that the mean annual temperature of the atmosphere of the forests is ten per cent lower than that of the fields. With such a difference in the temperature between forest and clearing, the most ordinary knowledge of the laws governing the condensation of the moisture of the air suffices to render intelligible the cause of the frequently observed formation of a cloud when a warm, moist wind strikes against a cold, forest-covered mountain-side. That a cold surface of rock without forest will con-

dense the moisture of the air we are aware, but the conditions for condensation are best conserved when Nature's refrigerator, the dense evergreens and sphagnum (moss), present their chill caverns to the breeze."

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A CURIOUS snow-storm is described by a correspondent of the *Scientific American* as occurring in Connecticut late in the winter, when "the snow presented a novel and striking appearance. During the previous night about two inches of light snow had fallen, while there was a fresh southwesterly breeze, which afterward changed to north-west, and the morning was beautifully clear. The surface of the snow, where the land was not very uneven or much inclined, was strewn with snow-balls, varying in size from about nine inches through down to very small ones. Some were nearly spherical in general form, but nearly all were merely rolls of snow, funnel-shaped at the ends. These rolls, at the circumference, measured about the same (or a little less) in length as in diameter. There were many over nine inches through, and myriads of small ones. The surface of the snow was marked with shallow furrows as the snow-balls were formed, showing the changing direction of the wind. The balls were of sufficient consistency to be handled carefully." The same phenomenon was noticed in other localities. On the campus of the University of Rochester, New York, the ground in the early morning was covered with snow-balls, strewn about in the most fantastic manner. It seemed evident that they had fallen with considerable impetus, and rolled for some distance, gathering snow as they traveled, for there was a trail, sometimes several feet long, leading to each ball. Such phenomena as are here described are of not infrequent occurrence, but the conditions must, of course, be exactly right as to temperature, moisture, etc.

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MR. J. G. GRENFELL, in *Nature*, gives the following instance of intelligence in bears: "In the Clifton Zoological Gardens there are two female Polar bears between two and a-half and three years old, which came here quite young. One of these shows remarkable intelligence in cracking coconuts. A nut was thrown to-day into the tank; it sank a long way, and the bear waited quietly till after some time it rose a little out of her reach. She then made a current in the water with her paw, and thus brought it within reach. This habit has already been noticed several times in Polar bears. She then took it on shore and tried to break it by leaning her weight on it with one paw. Failing in this, she took the nut between her fore-paws, raised herself on her hind-legs to her full height, and threw the nut forward against the bars of the den, three or four feet off. She then again leaned her weight on it, hoping she had cracked it, but failed again. She then repeated the process, this time successfully. The keeper told me she employed the same method to break the leg-bone of a horse. That this is the result of individual experience, and not of instinct, is clear from the fact that her companion has not learned the trick of thus accomplishing his purpose, nor could this one do it when she first came."

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FROM the great importance of the cinchona alkaloids and their extensive use in medicine, it is exceedingly desirable that we should be able to make quinine artificially. This has not yet been done, but, with a view toward it, extensive researches are being made into the constitution of the cinchona alkaloids; and Skraup finds that all the four cinchona alkaloids—quinine, quinidine, cinchonine and cinchonidine—when oxidized with potassium permanganate yield formic acid, and a base apparently related to phenol or carboic acid. Other modes of oxidation exhibit a relation between quinine and cinchonine. Cinchonine has been prepared artificially by treating a mixture

of nitrobenzol, aniline and glycerol with sulphuric acid. In its physiological properties it exhibits a certain relation to quinine; and, like it, reduces the temperature in fever and lessens or prevents putrefaction. It is said to differ from quinine in not producing giddiness, or ringing in the ears, and to have very little action on alcoholic fermentation.

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RATHER a curious lot of figures is brought together by Dr. Gill, of the Illinois penitentiary, showing the death-rate in the principal state prisons of the country. The most astonishing variations are shown. Thus, among New York prisons, while at Sing Sing the yearly deaths from 1000 inmates number a trifle less than 7, at Auburn there are 12, and at Clinton over 20. The lowest rate is 3, in Wisconsin, and the highest 77, in Mississippi. The practice of hiring out convicts to work in mines and upon railroads causes frightful death rates in several Southern States; but the New Hampshire figure is 48, for what reason does not appear. The rate in Massachusetts is 15, in Maine 15, in Vermont 25, and in Connecticut 15; Pennsylvania has 6 in the west and 14 in the east district, and the rate is generally very low in the states of the Northwest.

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THE influence of temperature has been applied by Dr. Taylor to the explanation of vernal floras. Species that bloom early are frequently identical with, or closely related to, Alpine species of the same latitude; and these, as is well known, bear a similar relation to Arctic species. Arctic and Alpine floras are commonly explained as remnants of the post-glacial flora, which have survived in consequence of the protection afforded by the cold of high altitudes or latitudes. Spring flowers it is claimed receive similar protection by their time of flowering. It is a suggestive fact that when our early flowering species also occur at high elevations, or farther north, they bloom much later than with us.

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IN an item published some time ago in these columns, reference was made to the attempt to breed ostriches in California. The question as to whether or not such an undertaking will be successful seems settled by what has just occurred at Woodward's gardens, San Francisco. One of the female birds at that resort has begun laying eggs, and bids fair to continue in the work for some time. She laid one on Tuesday and the next on Thursday. One of them weighs three and a half pounds, is four and a half inches in lateral diameter, and seven inches in longitudinal diameter. The ostrich lays every alternate day until she has ninety eggs collected.

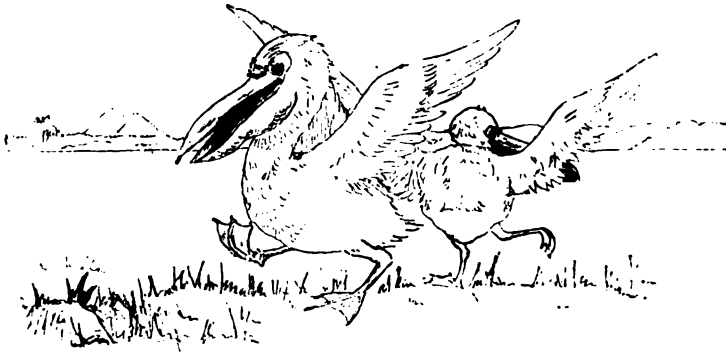
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THE old female hippopotamus presented to the Zoological Society of London, in 1853, by the Viceroy of Egypt, died in the gardens on the 16th of December, after having for some time past exhibited manifest signs of old age. Her mate died in 1877, after having lived twenty-seven years in the gardens. It is thus evident that about thirty years is the extreme limit of hippopotamine existence, as it is not at all likely (judging from the state of the teeth and bones) that either of these animals would have been able to support existence so long in its native wilds as under the favorable circumstances in which it lived in the Regent's Park.

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IN Russia the sunflower is extensively cultivated for the oil its seeds contain. The oil is palatable, clear and flavorless, and is used for adulterating olive oil, being exported from St. Petersburg to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Next to poppy-seed oil, sunflower oil burns clearest and longest, so that the peasants apply it to household purposes. From the stalks of the plants they also make a good quality of potash, and the residue of the seeds, after the oil is extracted, is made into oil-cake.

S. A. LATTIMORE



THE PELICAN'S COURTSHIP.

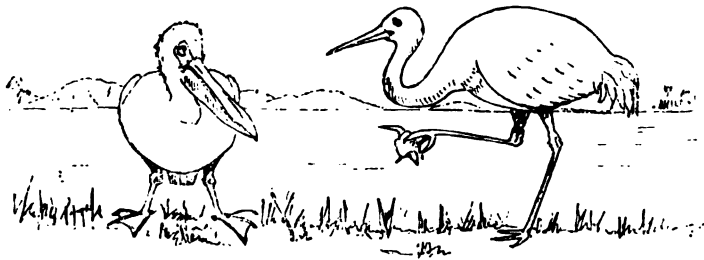
KING and Queen of the Pelicans we—
No other birds so grand we see;
None but we have feet like fins,
With lovely leathery throats and chins.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin pelican Jee,
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, ploskskin, pelican Jill,
We thought so then, and we think
so still.*

We live on the Nile—the Nile we love;
By night we sleep on the cliffs above;
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long, bare islands of yellow sand;
And when the sun sinks slowly down,
And the great rock-walls grow dark and
brown,

Where the purple river rolls fast and dim,
And the ivory ibises starlike skim,
Wing to wing we dance around,
Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,
Opening our mouths as pelicans ought,
And this is the song we nightly suort:

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*



Last year came out our daughter, Dell,
And all the birds received her well;
To do her honor a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade—
Hérons and gulls and cormorants black,
Cranes and flamingoes with scarlet back:
Plovers and storks and geese in clouds,
Swans and Dillbury ducks in crowds—
Thousands of birds in wondrous flight—
They ate and drank and danced all night;
And echoing back from the rocks was heard
Multitude echoes from bird and bird.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*

Yes, they came; and among the rest
The King of the Cranes, all grandly dressed.
Such a lovely tail!—its feathers float
Between the ends of his blue dress-coat—
With pea-green trowsers all so neat,
And a delicate frill to hide his feet—

For, tho' no one speaks of it, every one
knows

He has no webs between his toes.

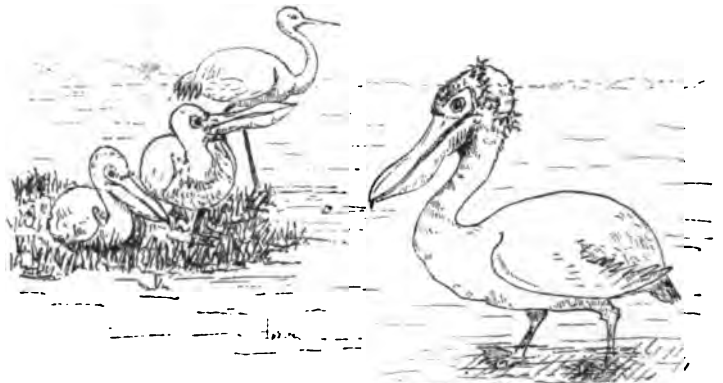
CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*

As soon as he saw our daughter Dell,
In violent love that Crane-King fell,
On seeing her waddling form so fair,
With a wreath of shrimps in her short
white hair;

And before the end of the next long day
Our Dell had given her heart away.
For the King of the Cranes had won that
heart

With a crocodile egg and a large fish tart;
She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,
Leaving the Nile for stranger plains,
And away they flew in a gathering crowd
Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.

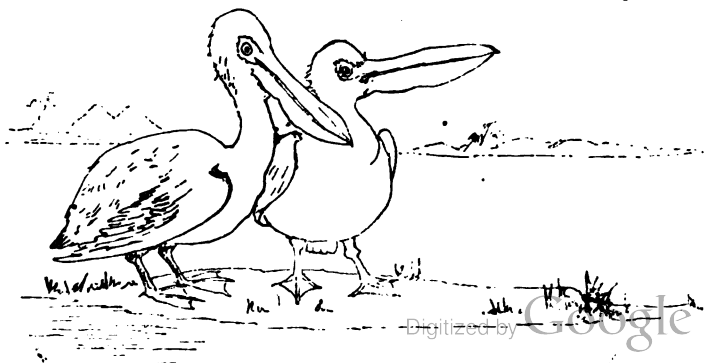
CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*



And far away in the twilight sky
We heard them singing a lessening cry,
Farther and farther, till out of sight,
And we stood alone in the silent night.
Often since, in the nights of June,
We sit on the sand and watch the moon.
She has gone to the great Grombolian plain,
And we probably never shall meet again.
Oft in the long still nights of June
We sit on the rocks and watch the moon;
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly
Bore,
And we probably never shall see her more.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican Jee,
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, ploskskin, pelican Jill,
We thought so then, and we think so still.*

EDWARD LEAR.

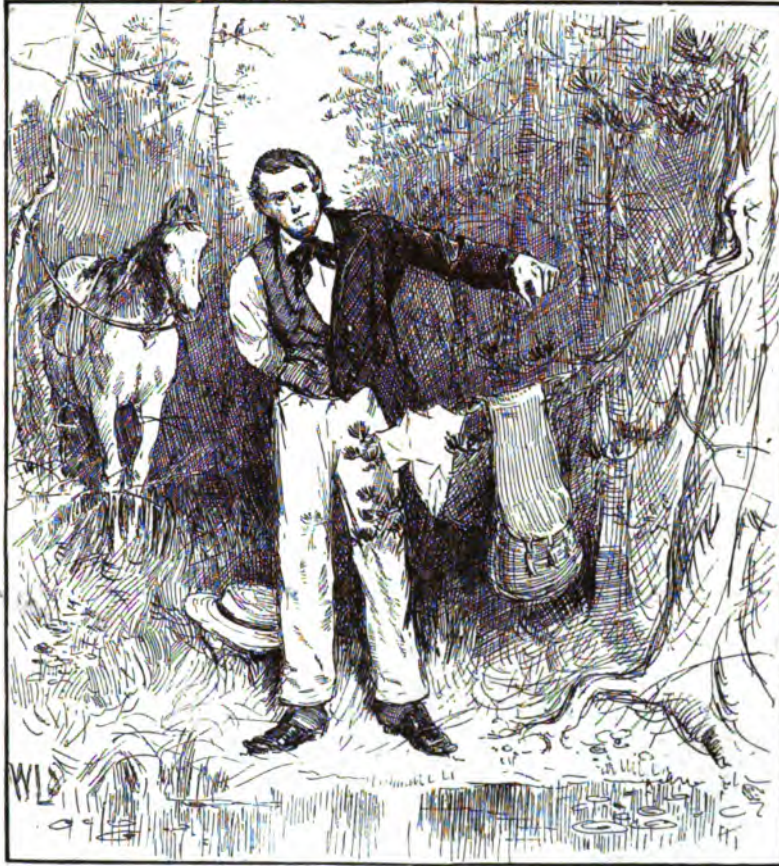


THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 19.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1883.

Whole No. 65



THE YOUNG LAWYER'S TOILET.

A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

IN the year 1876, Mr. James Harper, of Harper Brothers, met me on Broadway, and said: "Mr. Cleveland, the telegraph reports that Mr. Stephens is expected to die in Washington. Write me a sketch as quickly as you can, and Mr. Alden will pay you." A rather hurried sketch was prepared, but in no special anticipation of an occasion for its immediate use.

Some months later I was in his office, and Mr. Harper, recalling the interview, said: "You have the advantage of us—Mr. Stephens did not die, after all."

"I did not expect him to," was my reply; "he will outlive you, and possibly myself." The former prediction was verified. An absolutely pure and almost holy life, and a mind forever at rest in calm integrity, are elements well able to combat disease.

Few have been the visitors to Atlanta, the hill capital of Georgia, who have not made a pilgrimage to Mr.

Stephens' hospitable roof, much to the sacrifice of his valuable time. No man of his eminence did I ever meet who was so accessible. When summoned to London in 1871-72, to give information in the Alabama case, I found it difficult to get access to the lords of the Foreign Office, even with Mr. Gladstone's letter of direction in my hand; nor shall I soon forget the horror depicted in the faces of the underlings when I first visited Mr. A. T. Stewart without an appointment. But no man, woman or child was so humble as to be turned from the late Mr. Stephens' door. At my last visit a colored elder in the Northern Methodist Church was seated by him, waiting for an autograph presentation of one of the many books he has written, while at the door as I came out were two workingmen, with the marks of their labor fresh on their clothes, but sure of a welcome from "our Governor."

Leaving a car of one of the eight railroads which radiate from the town like the spokes of a wheel, or going from one of the hotels which suggest the North in bigness, or from a hospitable private house, the stranger or the friend was wont to ask for Peach-tree Street—so called not because it has very few peach-trees on it, but from a historic creek of that name which crosses it. Above the first Methodist Church there is an imposing mansion, which turned out to be *not* the executive mansion, but a school. However, a two-story brick house opposite, in a yard with fine shade trees, and a fence and porch that speak well for the economy of the legislature, is the place sought. Sometimes one of the old staff of the preceding governor answered the door-bell and held out a silver salver for a card, but usually it was one of the young negro body-servants of the old commoner, who let you in with as little ceremony as the sage of "Liberty Hall" would himself have shown. Handsome parlors, with well-worn furniture, were to the right and left, but one esteemed himself fortunate if at once admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum*, the working den, containing a bed, a table, a lounge, some chairs, and a roller-chair.

In the chair you might have seen a man who did not at all impress you as small. His once light-brown, or rather sandy, hair, lately grew very white and thin. His face during his later years was less wrinkled than one might have expected, and it was more in the lower part of the face and in the expression of the mouth that marks of his age appeared. He was seventy-one years old on the eleventh day of February, 1883. His form was always slight, with long limbs, but the lack of proportion was not very noticeable. When standing with his crutches there was still the commanding mien which so instantly drew all eyes

rheumatism. The lameness which affected him near the close of his life was by many erroneously attributed to the fall of a heavy gate. He did indeed have a struggle with an unhinged one, but it did not appear at the time to hurt him. It was only a coincidence, he thought, that on the same night he was seized with a terrible attack of acute rheumatism, and that afterward he was compelled to speak from his chair. It was to his five months' imprisonment that, in his Macon speech of the present year, he attributed his disability to do more than to exercise for an hour in his room. His own people rather gloried in the infirmities over which the mind so triumphed, and he was at times spoken of as "the brain on wheels." His fine dark eyes retained to the last, much of that splendor which was the source of so much literary and poetic inspiration; and, with a somewhat intimate acquaintance with him, extending from 1859, I am not able to say if the scribblers are right who say they were black. I am rather inclined to call them a dark-brown.

Mr. Stephens derived his first name, Alexander, from his grandfather, who was one of the adherents of Edward the Pretender, and, after the defeat of his cause, at the battle of Worcester, about 1745, he came to this country and found sanctuary with the Shawnee Indians. Later he served under Colonel George Washington in the French-Indian war, and arose to the rank of captain in the Pennsylvania line during the Revolution. After that war the family settled on Kettle Creek, in Wilkes County, and then removed to the part now made into Taliaferro County. This old homestead contains the Stephens graveyard (see page 585), and in the left foreground is a heap of stones, once the chimney of the log cabin in which Alexander H. Stephens was born, on the eleventh day of February, 1812. Thus he was



THE UNION CHURCH—OPPOSITE "LIBERTY HALL."

in the House of Representatives when he arose, while Senators deserted their chamber to see and to listen. His confinement in a damp casemate at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, which began on the twenty-fifth of May, 1865, and continued until the eleventh of October in the same year, greatly aggravated a life-long tendency to

seventy-one years old and twenty-one days when he died. The logs of the cabin he was born in now form the walls of one of the negro houses on the plantation; and the two-story frame house, built later, at a time when the cabin was used for the kitchen, was moved to another plantation on his father's death, and is now the



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS (1843).

dwelling house there. The substantial granite wall hides the graves, and the body of the statesman will shortly be removed to this his chosen resting place, where his kindred sleep. The mother of Mr. Stephens, Margaret Grier, was the sister of the compiler of the famous "Grier's Almanac," who made fame and fortune by exactly predicting a severe spring frost in 1836. Justice Grier, of the United States Supreme Court, was also a kinsman. His father, Andrew B. Stephens, was simply a good farmer. The half-brother of the late Governor was Hon. Linton Stephens, late of the Georgia Supreme Court; and his nephew, Colonel John A. Stephens, who, with the orphan children of Judge Linton Stephens, inherits the property, was a lieutenant of regulars in the Confederate army, and is now Adjutant-General of Georgia. His (Governor Stephens') mother died when he was an infant, and his father in his thirteenth year, twenty-sixth May, 1824. His inheritance from the estate was four hundred and forty-four dollars, increased by two hundred more from the estate of his grandfather. His uncle, Aaron W. Grier, then gave him a home, and the interest of his patrimony at eight per cent, clothed him and sent him to school. Mr. Charles C. Mills, his Sunday-school teacher, and Rev. Alexander Hamilton Webster, pastor of the Washington, Wilkes County, Presbyterian Church, took a fancy to him, and he was put at the high school taught by the latter. They also secured a loan from the Southern Home Missionary Society to complete his education at the State University, then Franklin College. It was in gratitude that he took his middle name, Hamilton, from this clergyman, and not from the statesman. He intended to study for the ministry, but changed his mind from repugnance to the theological idea of a vindictive God, and being trusted with his own money, repaid his debt. Mr. Stephens believed in future punishment, but not in any sense save as the inevitable effect of sin. He also lived and died in the firm conviction that the merits and righteousness of Christ could alone avail to remedy this effect of the wrong that all men do. Probably if he had applied for the ministry he would have been found orthodox in the modern sense, and accepted; and

he remained to the last an honored member of the Presbyterian Church. What money he needed to complete his studies was borrowed from his older brother, Aaron G. Stephens—father, I think, to his heir, Colonel John A. Stephens. He graduated with honor in 1832, and taught school in Madison, Georgia, until he paid this and all other debts. His health was feeble from infancy. Having prepared for college in nine months at school, his preparation for the bar was as rapid. He began to study law twenty-sixth of May, 1834, and was admitted to practice twenty-second of July, in the same year, with no preceptor.

There was a magnetism in his kindly hand pressure, which disinclined one to particular analysis, and of which all were conscious, from the grown people who crowded to shake hands with him on his public appearances, to the dear little girls and boys who used to beg to come with mamma and see Mr. Stephens. While he enjoyed little reward in wealth, and less than he has deserved in station, one could never be with him without feeling that virtue had in him "its own exceeding great reward." I use "virtue" in its primary sense of manliness, for thus it fits this exceedingly manly man. In his Atlanta speech of 1882 he said: "I was better pleased and gratified with a remark I saw recently in a Philadelphia paper than with all the other squibs about myself. Referring to the nearly forty years I had been in the public service, it said in all that period I had neither grown rich nor fat." In parenthesis, let me say that he weighed eighty-four pounds in his stockings when he began the practice of law. His net weight shortly before his death was ninety-eight pounds, or one hundred and eight pounds in heavy clothes. He continued: "When I went to Congress I made a solemn covenant with myself, signing it the day before I took the oath of office, to this effect: 'Except my pay, I will never make a dollar in Washington city while a member of Congress.' Thus I served my constituents faithfully. I have collected thirty-five thousand dollars at one time before the Post-Office Department, and sent it to the contractor. He returned me five per cent of it. I told him I could not take it, and did not. He was as-

tonished, and said that others did so when employed as lawyers before the departments. I only told him of what had been my uniform course. I have collected for others, I suppose, half a million of dollars, and I would never take a cent of it. All I did there I did in my public capacity, not even attending the Supreme Court when the *House* was in session. I have attended there in vacation, but never would I make a dollar when Congress was in session." Replying to a question as to the fraudulent Bullock bonds, he said: "My past life is a sufficient guarantee against any such imputation or suspicion of my connivance with them, else life is not worth the living."

There were, when he so spoke, thousands of persons in the state anxious to destroy him politically, yet in all America not a voice or pen could be found to contradict him. This writer knew of a large fee being offered him to appear before the Georgia Legislature at the session of 1865-66, to procure for the banks of the state similar equitable relief to that granted to private citizens. This was on account of the war having destroyed securities. He was himself a sufferer from like causes, and in need, but upon being elected to the United States Senate, he promptly relinquished the fee. It was but the shadow of an office, for the passions of 1866 were too high to permit the Vice-President of the Confede-

sion; upon his face were none of the deep lines of cunning, avarice and hate.

I feel that I can confer no greater boon upon the generation to come—the youth of America, who see in every paper, who hear in every speech, and often in sermons, too, something to the dispraise of the rulers of our country—no greater boon, I say, than to point to this man, covered with years and honors, turning on the brink of the grave to challenge forty years of public gaze and inspection to convict him of a single public wrong or private iniquity.

Yet this was not one of the titled aristocrats of England, whose coronet and title-deeds date from the Crusades; whose wealth is too great for a bribe to tempt him, whose ancestral shield, marked *pro Deo et patria*, compelled the bearer of it to feel *noblesse oblige*. True, his grandfather was a cavalier of the friends of the Stuarts, a captain in the ranks of Washington; true, that among his maternal relatives was at least one eminent scientist and a justice of the United States Supreme Court; but his father was a poor farmer, who died in his son's thirteenth year. The mother—usually the guardian angel to shield from sin—died when he was an infant. He had need of Christian kindness to begin his academic and collegiate education, although he faithfully and punctually repaid every dollar; and one or



"LIBERTY HALL"—RESIDENCE OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

racy to sit in Federal councils; but he could not have even a shadow where integrity was involved. This it was which made the saintly and benignant look upon his aged face, not uncommon to clergymen of peaceful lives, but rare among those used to political strife. Upon his front were none of the thunder-scars of pas-

two incidents of his young manhood, when sickly, poor, and liable to all the temptations of the young, will show how real was the spirit of integrity within him, and how good the stuff of which he was made.

There were not half a dozen cases returned to the term of the court when he began to practice. His

small size and evident ill-health turned even appearances against him. There was then a shoe factory at Crawfordsville—his chosen home then and since—and as young Stephens passed briskly one of the negro workmen suspended the cup from which he was about to drink, and asked:

to walk. Pride prevented his asking the loan of a horse in his village, Crawfordsville. He had none of his own, and he did walk to the house of Aaron W. Grier, his uncle on his mother's side, ten miles, or nearly half his journey. This uncle had almost taken the place of the dead father, and he readily loaned him the horse. It



Alexander Stephens

(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

"Who is dat little fellow what walks by here so fast dese mornings?"

Another answered: "Why, that's a lawyer, man."

Then followed the irrepressible negro guffaw, and a third was heard to say:

"A lawyer! Lawyer, indeed! You say dat! Dat's too good!"

This, with other things which he knew of, made the future seem dark enough. But he lived on six dollars a month in the frugal country way, blacked his own boots and made his own fires. Yet he so loved his home as to refuse an offer of an immediate competency if he would go away.

Judges and lawyers of the State Superior Courts "rode the circuit," and the next court session to his own was held in the town of Washington, Wilkes County. Here he had been a schoolboy, paying his way with a loan not long since repaid. No railway or stage line then existed between the towns, and it was too far

may be said that he had carried a change of clothing in saddle-bags over his shoulder, and that his walk was at night, to avoid the heat of a July day. He often spoke of the lonely feeling he had resting upon wayside stones in the darkness, and wondering if it was a type of lasting darkness in the future. But he had a half-night's rest in a soft bed, and on the next day he rode to court.

Nearing the town of Washington, he thought best to enter as free as possible from the grime and dust of his foot-journey. A pine thicket was his dressing-room, and probably a stream of water and his handkerchief the toilet conveniences. His saddle-bags contained, with a clean shirt, a pair of thin white cotton pantaloons. They were suited to the climate, and when starched might be taken for linen. Taking off the somewhat worn clothes he had walked in the night before, he put on the clean ones, and made his first state entry as a young lawyer seeking practice. He found it, and made four hundred dollars in that first year. But whatever his success in

that first practice away from home, he was prudent, for on leaving the town, and in anticipation of walking ten miles from his uncle's house to Crawfordsville, he dismounted and put on his soiled clothes to save the best he had for times of need.

Yet he had won his first law case, in ten days after being a lawyer, and refused the fifteen hundred dollar temptation to a city, saying to his home ties, like Ruth to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, to return from following after thee."

This is the man who resolved to devote his life to principles, from a childhood that held no hope save the providence of God for the "upright in heart," and who could say in 1882: "Well, I never made any departures. *I never departed from principles—I NEVER SHALL!*"

He had the courage of his convictions. This was evinced in his first race for the legislature, for he opposed a county vigilance committee which was proposed, and the administration of lynch law. He was also opposed to the doctrine of "nullification," in which many then went far beyond John C. Calhoun, and which the strongest men in his county advocated. The same firmness was demanded in his course on the admission of Texas, for Henry Clay, his party leader, was against him.

At the time of the Clayton Compromise of 1848, this independent course almost led him to martyrdom. He had moved to lay the measure on the table, i. e., kill it, and he succeeded in Washington to be met by execrations at home. At that time only seven Southern Congressmen had voted with him. It was reported to him that a large and powerful man had denounced him as a traitor to the South. He made some remark to the effect that he would slap any man's face who so said. Meeting the man, the charge was denied. On second thought, the man was not satisfied, and, having prepared for an encounter, he met Mr. Stephens and demanded retraction of his words. Mr. Stephens had an umbrella, the other a knife. The man of small size having refused to retract, several cuts were made at him and parried with the umbrella. At last, by superior might, the assailant threw him down, and a cut at the heart would have been fatal had not the blade partly closed. Another blow passed between two ribs, severing a small artery. Then, with left hand, on the forehead of the prostrate one and knife raised in his right, the bully said: "Retract, or I will cut your throat." Stephens said: "No, never!" As the knife descended, he caught the blade in his right hand and the elbow with his left. In this final struggle, the blade twisting in his right hand, the two got to their feet and were separated. It may be added, strange as it may seem, that the two afterward became friends. The skill of Dr. Hitchcock, of the United States Army, alone prevented death from the wounds received during this encounter. This was in Atlanta, September 4th, 1848. The tendons of some fingers and of the thumb of the right hand were severed. Young readers can now examine the later writing of Mr. Stephens, and know that it is not due to age or carelessness, but to his fearless adherence to principle. His secretary wrote his official letters, but Mr. Stephens signed all state papers.

This writing used to cause him some trouble. Once he wrote for "two *Dagon* plows." He got two *dozen* of another sort. Again, for "fifty pounds of rice," and received fifty pounds of *ice*. No really serious mishap ever resulted from these errors.

On the fourteenth of September, 1848, ten days after the encounter described, there was a vast mass meeting

of ten thousand persons in Atlanta to ratify the nomination of General Zachary Taylor for the Presidency. Mr. Stephens was asked to show himself on the stand, and, to prevent accident, the horses were removed, and the enthusiastic populace dragged the carriage. His appearance in the column of the procession drew shouts and tears alike beyond description. Senator Berrien spoke, but the people wanted to see Mr. Stephens, and when he arose, slight and emaciated, as if from the dead, there was such a scene as Georgians never saw before or since.

He only arose, he said, to acknowledge the greeting, and could not speak, but would give an anecdote. It was of an elderly soldier, one of the famed Doniphan Regiment, discharged in Mexico from the hospital almost naked, and unable to satisfy his own hunger or to reach his family and distant friends. A generous New Orleans merchant took him into his store, clothed him, fed him, and, giving him the means to reach his family, asked: "Now, is there anything more I can do for you?" The grateful soldier said "No," and took leave. After going some distance he paused, and then retraced his steps. On entering he met the inquiring gaze of his benefactor, and said: "I told you there was nothing more you could do for me. I forgot; there is one thing more you can do." "What is that?" cordially asked the merchant, taking the hand of the war-worn veteran. Said the soldier: "You can vote for old Zach. All I ask of you is not to forget to vote for old Zach." With heart full of gratitude, he went his way. "Now," said Mr. Stephens, "all I have to say to you is, don't forget to vote for old Zach!" He then resumed his seat amid such a shout as proclaimed full assent.

He recovered and canvassed the state, which gave General Taylor a handsome majority. Edward Everett, Hon. John J. Crittenden and others sent their congratulations, for the "dead Douglas," or the *reported* dead, carried the field.

It is said that Rome decreed a statue to her patriot, Fabius, because, in the time of peril, "he did not despair of the republic." The great Tully said in the days of Catalina: "It should even be written on the forehead of each one what he *thinks* of the republic." Mr. Stephens recently said: "Our complex government, state and federal, constitutes the best government in the world." Then followed in his Atlanta speech, in about the space of half a column, the best compendium ever given of what our system is, closing with the words of Jefferson in 1800: "The Constitution is but a chain to bind the rulers of the people."

In these days, when again the purple seems likely to be put up at auction, and only the dispersal of the legionaries to their homes in 1865 prevents the near parallel to the times and the luxuries of Imperial Rome, it is pleasant to be reminded that the sires of 1776 and the framers of the Constitution of 1787 were for principles, not *men* nor *power*. Pleasant to know that in all parties and in all the states there are patriots who remember that "governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the governed," and that rulers and legislators are public servants. *Still may they be.* Then shall in all our western world—

"Still justice, truth and righteousness prevail,
While plenty crowns the hill and fills the vale;
Still sages hold on high the Moses rod,
Which guides to glory as it points to God!"

To tell of his success in Congress would be to recite the history of America since 1844. He had the grand courage, when faced by a report of a committee in Congress that seemed to involve his right to his seat, to

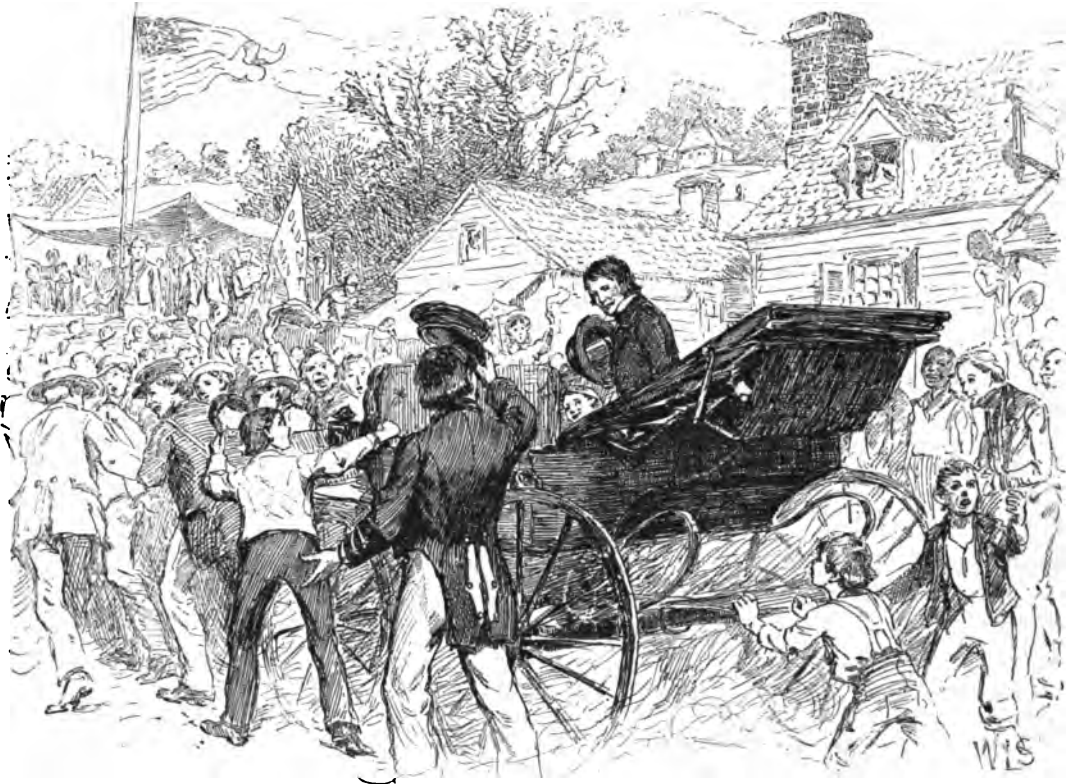
oppose the committee and hold their report unconstitutional. He said: "I do not think the election constitutional, but if you hold that it was, then my people say I am the man they have sent." The admiration of John Quincy Adams for him seemed then to begin, and a poem from the old statesman to the new one exists in Mr. Stephens' album. The following is an exact copy of it, recently made by his permission:

"TO ALEXANDER H. STEVENS, ESQ., OF GEORGIA.

H. R. U. S., 14th June, 1844.

Say, by what sympathetic charm,
What mystic magnet's secret sway,
Drawn by some unresisted arm,
We come from regions far away?

Congress. After a noble apostrophe to the Union and its glory, he said: "It is for us and for those who come after us to determine whether this grand experimental problem shall be worked out." He had before spoken of the astonished philosophers and crowned heads of Europe gazing at it in awe. This success, he said, was to be "not by doing injustice to any, not by keeping out any particular class of states, but by each state remaining a separate and distinct political organism within itself; all bound together for general objects under a common head, as it were, 'a wheel within a wheel.' Then the number may be multiplied without limit. Then, indeed, may the nations of the earth look with wonder at our career, and when they hear the noise of



"VOTE FOR OLD ZACH!"

From North and South, from East and West,
Here in the People's Hall we meet,
To execute their high behest
In council and communion sweet.
We meet as strangers in this hall,
But when our task of duty's done
We blend the common good of all,
And melt the multitude in one.
As strangers in this hall we met;
But now with one united heart,
Whate'er of life awaits us yet,
In cordial friendship let us part.

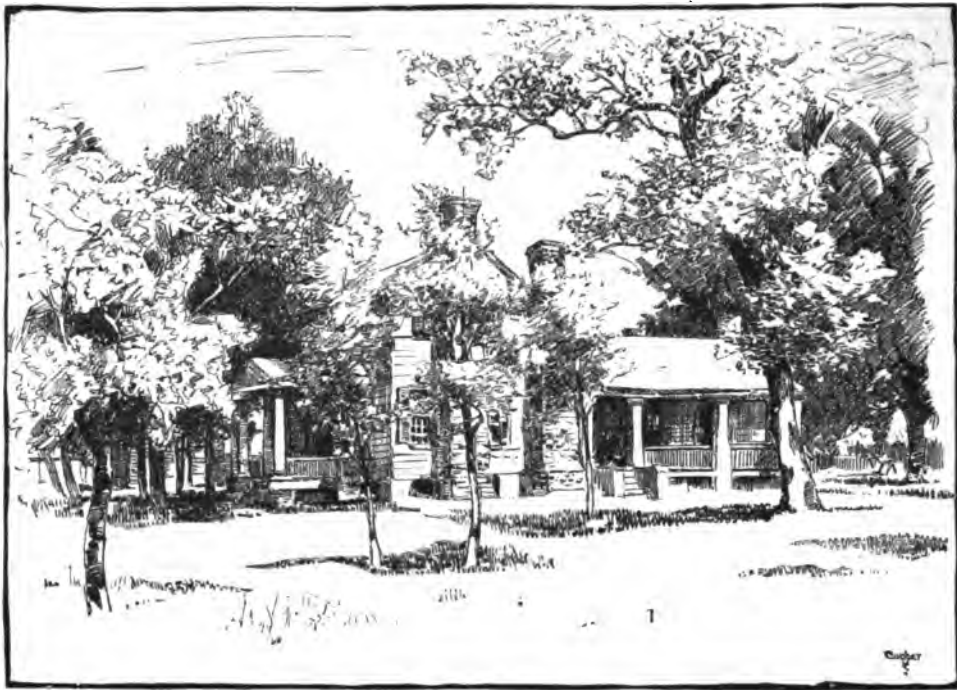
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
of Quincy, Mass."

Mr. Stephens was always a States Rights man, but never a Nullifier. His last speech in the old Congress was on February 12th, 1859. The Southern members were opposed to the admission of Oregon as a state, because that being a free state, would lessen the preponderance of the South and of the pro-slavery party in

the wheels of our progress in achievement, in development, in expansion, in glory and renown, it will appear to them not unlike the noise of great waters—the very voice of the Almighty—*Vox populi, vox Dei!*"

A story of that time, illustrating the narrow line between the sublime and the absurd, has probably never before been printed. Henry Clay's old room at the National Hotel was on the first floor on the northwest corner, and, after his death, Mr. Stephens occupied it during most of his Congressional career. After the great Oregon speech, in which the members had joined the galleries in prolonged applause, Mr. Stephens went to this room, and on the way overheard a person who had been present describing the speech of the day in Congress.

"Ah," said he, "you should have seen him, with his slight form quivering, yet erect like a steel rod, and his shrill voice ringing through the hushed hall in that grand climax—'*Vox populi, vox Dei!*' Oh, it was fine!"



"LIBERTY HALL" DURING THE WAR.

The other fellow, who had not heard it, was a little bored, and said:

"Y-e-a-s, no doubt; but I'll bet ten dollars you can't tell what '*Vox populi, vox Dei*' means."

"Yes, I can—put up your money," was the reply.

This little formality seemed to be effected, and the doubter said:

"Now, what is it in English?"

"Why," said the enthusiast, "It means, '*My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?*'"

"The money's yours," said the other; "but I didn't think you knew."

In 1859 he retired from Congress, and his farewell speech, July 2d, 1859, is worthy to frame with the farewell words of Washington. In 1845, in his Texas speech, he had said: "I am no defender of slavery in the abstract—liberty always had charms for me." In his farewell speech he said: "If slavery as it exists with us is not the best for the African, constituted as he is; if it does not best promote his happiness and welfare, socially, morally and politically, as well as that of his master, it ought to be abolished." His later words about the rock "impregnable as truth," and the "Corner-Stone" speech did not contradict these words. His letter to his biographer, written on the eighth of April, 1860, in reply to a proposal to use his name for President at the Charleston Convention, was as full of the spirit of self-denial and of obedience to the will of the people as his whole life had proved. But it was not until he stood by Senator Douglas in Atlanta, later in the year, that he knew how near Mr. Douglas had been to withdrawing his name for President in favor of Mr. Stephens. On November 14th, 1860, Mr. Stephens made his noble effort before the Georgia Legislature to stay secession and save the Constitutional Union of our fathers. How and why he failed, and how the South lost hundreds of millions in property because he failed; how we still decorate the graves of that useless war; how we lost our majority in Congress, and have only

just recovered it under Mr. Stephens' leadership and upon Mr. Stephens' plan and direction—this is recent history.

In leaving Washington in 1859, he was seen looking silently back from the Potomac boat at the swelling dome of the Capitol. On being asked his thoughts, he said:

"I was thinking that when next I see that dome I shall be a prisoner of war."

He did so see it, in 1865, from a similar river-boat, as he was on his way to Fort Warren a prisoner.

On the twenty-second of February, 1866, after release from prison, he spoke to the Legislature, saying: "We should accept the issues of the war and abide by them in good faith." The New York *Tribune* quoted largely from it. One paragraph about the negroes was this: "Ample and full protection should be secured to them, so that they may stand equal before the law, in the possession and enjoyment of all rights of personal liberty and property."

The end of Mr. Stephens' life, long anticipated even by himself, came most unexpectedly at last, when he was congratulating himself on unusually good health.

In his last political speech he put himself on the platform of the Supreme Court of the United States as indicated by the words: "This is an indissoluble union of indestructible states."

His last public appearance, and the only one after his inauguration as Governor of Georgia, in the autumn of 1882, was on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Oglethorpe in Savannah, and the founding of the city and the state.

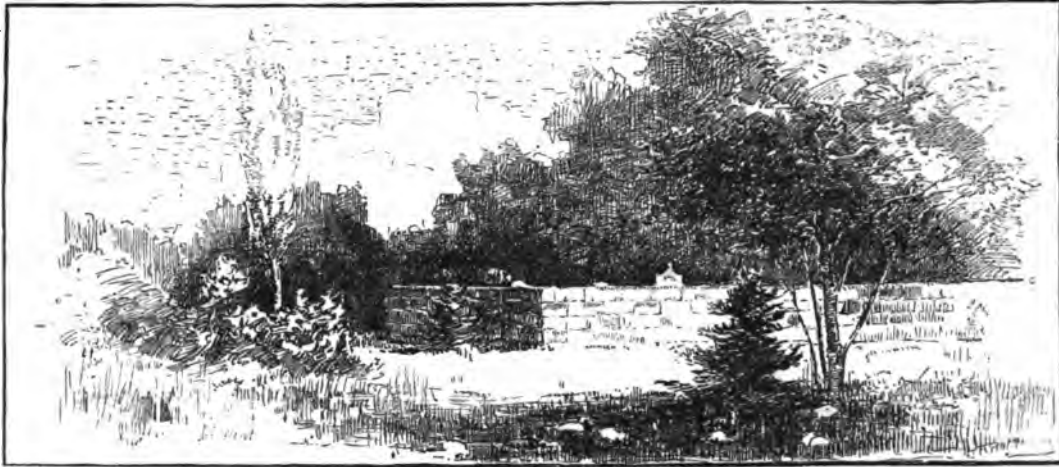
The funeral services of Governor Stephens attracted to Atlanta a vast crowd from the surrounding country, composed not only of the best-known people in the state, but of poor whites and negroes, who loved his memory. As I stood in the Senate Chamber while the remains lay in state, an affecting incident took place. Aleck Kent, Mr. Stephens' body-servant, came in, and

two women with him. One was a woman who lives in Atlanta, but the other had just come from Crawfordsville on the afternoon train. She was deeply affected, and wept freely as she stooped over the cold form of him she loved so well. It took but a moment to identify her as Dora Stephens, one of Mr. Stephens' servants. When she was spoken to, she clung to the hand held out to her, and said, amid hysterical weeping, "Oh, he is gone, he is gone—and who will take care of me now?" When more calm she said that the rest of the family were sick, and unable to come as they wished. The two colored women then left the chamber with Aleck.

On the day of the funeral, as one of the finest of the

Atlanta colored military companies guarded the curbstone line, a gray-haired colored woman of about sixty years stood crowded between them on the Custom House corner, and almost pressed into their ranks by the surging crowd of whites and blacks. She said to me: "'Fore gracious, honey, I is come seven miles afoot to see Marse Aleck once more, and I 'se been here dese two hours, and I 'spect ter stay till night but I sees him." Her chance was that of one old woman among a hundred thousand younger, and she only saw the plumes of the hearse and the eight horses that bore her friend and master to the long rest which brain and body had so worthily earned.

HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND.



THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

AT DAWN.

I

I HEARD the angels singing at the dawn,
While the cool mist of morn lay still and gray,
Cov'ring each rounded hill and dewy lawn—
A close-drawn veil between the night and day.

II

Anon it rose like to a shrouded saint—
The morning wind came up along the stream,
Bearing o'er hill and vale the echo faint
Of their sweet song, low heard as in a dream.

III

The weary watch is o'er.
The night hath flown
And passed for evermore
Far o'er the azure floor
Of heaven blown.

IV

The golden light of day,
God-given, strong,
Pierces the shadows gray,
Which fade and flee away
The earth along.

V

So shall all idle fears
Born of the night;
Sorrows of days and years,
As the loved light appears,
Take them to flight.

VI

It ceased; the lingering echoes died away
In a low-murmured cadence, mystic, sweet,
As the sea murmurs in some quiet bay
Over the sands where shore and ripple meet.

J. A. RITCHIE.



SOME PEOPLE AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE.

BY ANNA FARR.

THE Reverend John Peter Paul Smith was a Methodist minister. He had been several years in the itineracy, and had saved five hundred dollars of his meagre salary. With this sum snugly deposited in bank, Mr. Smith began to indulge dreams of matrimony, and no right-minded person could blame him for it.

The future Mrs. Smith had been duly selected, and it was decided that they should be married just before Conference, and take their wedding-trip in an excursion to that meeting.

Let it not be insinuated that the Rev. John Peter Paul was influenced in this decision by a laudable desire to save expense. The newly-wedded pair were very independent in their feelings—as they well might be with five hundred dollars in bank—and they proceeded at once to the best hotel in the town, and paid their bills without even hinting at reduction on the score of the ministerial profession.

Mrs. Smith had never attended Conference before, and she enjoyed it amazingly. She was made much of, as was quite proper in consideration of the fact that she was a bride. The hospitable people of the town took kindly to Conference, and a succession of dinners and teas was given to the members. Brother and Sister Smith were especially mentioned in all these invitations, and they kept up quite a round of this mild dissipation. Sister Smith made such a decidedly good impression on the minds of all who met her, that Mr. Smith was often and warmly congratulated on his choice.

At length the important day came when the appointments of the Presiding Elder were to be read. The sisters were grouped anxiously together, waiting to hear their fate for the next year. Sister Smith sat with them. After several appointments had been read which seemed to give great satisfaction, Mr. Smith heard his own name announced:

"John Peter Paul Smith, Noxet."

"Too bad! Too bad!" chorused several of the sisters in one breath.

"I am glad I am not in your place, Sister Smith," said a lady in brown dress and bonnet, extending a sympathetic hand.

"Why so, Sister Jones?"

"Because they have such queer people in the Noxet Church," replied Sister Jones.

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mrs. Smith brightly. "I think we can get along with them for one year, at any rate."

Mr. Smith was commiserated by his brethren for the blank he had drawn in the distribution of ecclesiastical prizes. But he did not pay much attention to their croaking. To tell the truth, it seemed to him that any place would be delightful where he could enjoy the constant society of Mrs. John Peter Paul. He was young then, and new alike to ministry and matrimony.

It was two weeks after the close of Conference before the minister and his wife were ready to start for Noxet. They spent this time with Mrs. Smith's mother, and while there they packed and forwarded several boxes of bedding and household goods.

The Noxet people had shown themselves wise in one respect at least. They owned a good parsonage, and

had furnished it comfortably at their own expense with everything but bedding, china, silver, and such things as all families prefer to provide for themselves. When Mr. Smith heard of this parsonage, he was decidedly prejudiced in favor of Noxet, notwithstanding the doleful predictions of the brethren.

Behold, then, on a bright June afternoon, the Rev. J. P. P. Smith and wife on their way to Noxet. They had only fifty miles to travel—the whole distance by rail. The town was in the interior of the state, and in a region that had not been settled until a comparatively recent date. As they neared their future home, they looked anxiously at every varying feature of the landscape. Certainly the country was becoming more primitive and the houses plainer and farther apart, yet it was evidently a rich farming region, and there were no indications of poverty or lack of thrift. They were, on the whole, favorably impressed with all they saw.

The train was an "accommodation," and so exceedingly accommodating that it stopped often and everywhere. It was nearly dark when the conductor came into the car and announced:

"Next-stop-Noxet!"

Mr. and Mrs. Smith at once began to collect their various belongings, and make ready for leaving the train. It drew up, with a very wheezy puff, before a rude little station. No one alighted save the minister and his wife. Several men were standing on the platform, as usual at these little stations. The baggage was thrown off the train and it pulled away. Then one of the men stepped forward briskly, and said:

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, I presume?"

"We are," replied Mr. Smith.

"And I am Mr. Mason, one of your members. Glad to see you, sir," shaking hands with his new pastor. "And you, too, ma'am," repeating the cordial handshaking with her. "Come right this way and get into my wagon. I'll attend to your baggage, and then I'll take you straight up to the parsonage. Our people are all there waiting for you, and I reckon supper is about ready by this time."

Mr. Smith helped his wife into the wagon while Mr. Mason went for the baggage. The men who were standing near assisted him in bringing the trunks to the wagon.

"I like him, at any rate," whispered Mrs. Smith.

"So do I," replied her husband.

The town of Noxet was small, and it took but a few minutes to reach the parsonage. It was quite too dark to form any opinion of its surroundings, but every window of the house was brilliantly lighted up, indicating a large company. Mrs. Smith felt a little shiver of dread, when Mr. Mason lifted her from the wagon, at the idea of meeting so many strangers. But if the minister's new wife had any one qualification for her difficult position, it was that of being equal to any emergency; so it was with a composed manner, though somewhat flushed face, that she followed her husband into the house.

They were met at the door by a woman with a small shawl over her shoulders, notwithstanding it was a warm June evening, and having her face tied up with a white handkerchief.

"Come right this way, Brother Smith and Sister Smith, and I'll take you up to your room. We thought mebbe you'd like to wash and fix up a little mite before seeing all the people. Just as soon as you are ready, you can come down to the parlor. I must run down and attend to things." And she departed.

Each gave an amused glance at the other as the door closed behind her.

"It is getting interesting, my dear Paul. Do make haste, and let us go down and see the rest of them," said Mrs. Smith, as she brushed her brown hair.

She hastily dressed herself in a black silk, so plainly made that it could not provoke criticism on the score of extravagant display, and then she pinned a lace collar around her neck. She had a pretty good idea as to what her style of dress was expected to be.

They were met at the door of the parlor by Mr. Mason, and by him introduced to several men who were grouped in the middle of the room. "Class-leaders and stewards," he explained. These, in turn, introduced them to the people as they flocked around. In the confusion of the crowd it was impossible to remember any name in connection with the person to whom it belonged. The woman who had welcomed them to the house was introduced as "Sister Loone," and the name struck Mrs. Smith as eminently appropriate to her general appearance.

When Sister Loone, who seemed to be very active, announced that supper was ready and invited them out into the large dining-room, Mr. and Mrs. Smith took their places at the table with a very comfortable home feeling. This was, perhaps, in part owing to the fact that the table was set out with their own china and silver, which the ladies had unpacked.

Such a supper! There was the greatest profusion of everything, nicely cooked and appropriately served. Noxet people certainly knew how to live well.

Directly in front of Mrs. Smith, as she sat by her husband, half-way down the long table, was a pyramid loaf of fruit-cake, at least eighteen inches high, and elaborately iced. While they were eating supper a very sweet-looking woman came up behind Mrs. Smith and whispered to her:

"That fruit-cake is not to be cut. I baked it especially for you, but the ladies said it must go on the table, to make the table look nicely. It will keep a long time, and I know you will have so much to do for a while, that it will come handy to have some cake in the house. There is plenty for this evening without it."

"It was very thoughtful of you," replied Mrs. Smith.

Tableful after tableful sat down and were bountifully fed. Still the cake remained uncut, a conspicuous feature of the feast. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were very busy forming the acquaintance of the people until some of them began to leave, and then Mrs. Smith thought it proper to take her place as hostess.

She was trying to find a lost basket for one of the guests, when Mrs. Loone, who seemed to be everywhere at once, said:

"Now, Sister Smith, don't give yourself one mite of trouble. I'll attend to everything before I go."

"You are very kind," replied Mrs. Smith.

"Awful kind, ain't she?" said a sepulchral voice in the pantry, near which they were standing. Mrs. Loone did not hear it, but Mrs. Smith did.

"Why didn't your daughter come to-night, Sister Loone?" asked a lady who was packing her basket with the dishes she had brought.

"Well, she's got the spine. The doctor said so today. It's in her back, and hurts her awful."

Just then a half-grown girl, poorly dressed, came in with a large empty basket in her hand. Mrs. Loone took the basket into the pantry, and in a few moments brought it out filled and covered with a napkin. Several ladies gave each other significant glances, which did not escape Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Loone bustled around, carrying the things from the table into the convenient and capacious pantry. As she went back and forth she explained to Mrs. Smith that she did not want her to have any trouble about clearing up in the morning.

The half-grown girl came back at this juncture with her empty basket.

"That's my bound-girl, Sister Smith. She's taking my things home." And again Mrs. Loone disappeared in the pantry with the basket.

"Just hear that woman!" said one sister to another. "She didn't bring a blessed crumb!"

All the same, she sent home the basket again and yet again, and then she departed herself, with an injunction to Mrs. Smith not to worry about things in the morning, for she would be around and straighten up.

The Rev. John Peter Paul and his wife were too tired to talk much after their last visitor departed. But Mrs. Smith was a thrifty little body, and curiosity prompted her to look into the pantry before she retired, and see what had been left her for future use. She found plenty of fragments of bread, a little cold meat, but not a scrap of cake of any description. The pyramid of fruit-cake had utterly and entirely vanished.

"'Twas ever thus," she said to Mr. Smith, who stood at the door with a candle in his hand, to shed light on her investigations. She began to comprehend the meaning of the oft-returning basket, and the significant glances she had intercepted.

The next morning she was awake bright and early. In fact, the novelty of her position had kept her awake the greater part of the night. She concluded it might be well enough for her to attend to clearing away the remnants of the feast herself, and not to wait for Mrs. Loone. With this laudable intention, she went down to the pantry, and a close search resulted in the finding of various packages of tea, coffee and sugar snugly hidden away. It occurred to her that there could be no objection to her removing the packages, and she accordingly transferred them to a china-closet.

She took some butter, jelly, preserves, pickles and a pie or two that she found and placed them in the china-closet also. Then she managed to get up a very nice breakfast from the remnants of the reception supper, and Mr. Smith was just asking a blessing when Mrs. Loone walked in, without the ceremony of knocking.

"Good morning, Brother Smith. Good morning, Sister Smith. I've had an awful night of it with my neuralgic, but I said, says I to Mr. Loone, 'I'll go right down to the parsonage and help Sister Smith clear away.' You just set still at your breakfast, and I'll go into the pantry and red up," and she whisked into the pantry, basket in hand.

Mrs. Smith heard her moving dishes and tin pans, and she could imagine the unsuccessful search that was going on. Presently Mrs. Loone came out.

"Has any of the ladies been here this morning, Sister Smith?"

"No one."

A mystified look came into the face that was still tied up with the white handkerchief, but evidently Mrs. Loone did not consider it prudent to ask any more questions.

"Well, I guess I'll go home. I've got the neuralgic

so bad, and Mag—she's my daughter—she has the spine, and I've got a big family of boarders, and nobody but my bound-girl to help me. Good morning."

"Boarders," thought Mrs. Smith. "John, dear, I think Mrs. Loone understands how to provide for a family," but she did not give him her reasons for this belief. She would not prejudice him against any of his people.

Months afterward one of those same boarders informed Mrs. Smith that they were still occasionally treated to a piece of fruit-cake, which had been an undreamed-of luxury previous to the evening of the reception.

The parsonage was soon in prime order. Mrs. Smith made a notable little housewife. Her husband found he could safely trust in her prudent management, and he left pecuniary affairs pretty much in her hands, and gave himself unreservedly, heart and soul, to his own proper work. One bright morning, a few weeks after their arrival in Noxet, Mr. Smith started out to call upon some of his parishioners. He left Mrs. Smith singing at her work, her busy hands deftly putting some finishing touches to the parlor, which already was as bright and cheerful, it seemed to the happy young minister, as room possibly could be.

There was a subdued rap at the back door, and Mrs. Smith hastily stepped down from the chair on which she was standing dusting off a picture frame. Opening the door she saw a stranger, dressed like a farmer, who introduced himself as "Mr. Gray, one of the stewards." Mr. Gray had fair hair, mild blue eyes, a face that was exceptionally child-like and innocent in expression, and a voice wonderfully soft and musical. Mrs. Smith's heart warmed to him at once.

"Sister Smith, I dare say," he added after introducing himself. "Is Brother Smith at home?"

"No; he has gone out for the morning."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I wanted to see him; I wanted very much to say to him that I am sure our church is going to prosper under his ministry. Our people are all delighted with him; and Noxet people are not very easy to please, either."

Mrs. Smith was more than delighted with the man who so thoroughly appreciated his pastor. Her manner was cordial, and her face glowed with pleasure.

"By-the-way, Sister Smith, I thought, as you were just commencing housekeeping, you would need some wood, and I have a load of nice dry hickory out here that I have brought for you."

"You have? How thoughtful and kind!" said Mrs. Smith gratefully.

"Where shall I put it, Sister Smith?"

"In the wood-house, please."

The wood was very speedily unloaded, and Brother Gray came to the door once more. His heart seemed so full of joy at the prosperity of the church, and of love for the new pastor who was doing such efficient service in Noxet, that he seemed unable to tear himself away. After many kind messages for Mr. Smith, he said:

"I really must be starting home. Sister Smith, if it is not too much trouble, will you please give me a receipt for the wood, putting the value at two dollars and a half? Hickory wood is selling for three dollars a cord, but as I pay two dollars and a half each quarter, and don't want to be mean with my pastor, we will just call it two dollars and a half, and that will make us even."

Mrs. Smith wrote the receipt and Mr. Gray went away. She thought she would go out and take a look at her purchase.

"Is it possible that little pile can be a cord?" she queried to herself. Such wood as it was, too! Knots, crooked sticks, limbs of dead trees, and not a single good stick of wood to be seen!

She saw she had been cheated in quality, and she determined to assure herself in regard to the quantity. She piled it up as well as she could, and then went into the house for the tape measure.

Mr. Smith had just returned. "Oh, John, come and help me measure this load of wood," and she told him of her purchase.

"Now, John, you know a cord of wood is four feet wide, four feet high and eight feet long." They measured the pile and found there was less than one-third of a cord! She had paid the mild-mannered, affable Mr. Gray three times what the very best wood could have been bought for on the street.

She did not repeat to her husband the pleasant things Mr. Gray had said about him. They all seemed to have lost their value after the little wood transaction.

When they had been in Noxet about a month a notice was handed to Mr. Smith, one Sabbath morning, inviting all the ladies of the congregation to meet that week at the house of one of the prominent members to reorganize the sewing society. Mrs. Smith was delighted to hear this notice. The church needed some repairs, and this seemed such a good way to raise funds for that object.

The ladies met promptly, exchanged pleasant greetings, and sat around in mute expectancy.

"Who is your president, Mrs. Loone?" asked Mrs. Smith of that lady, who still had her head tied up, and seemed to have a chronic "neuralgia."

"We haven't none now, Sister Smith. Sister Porter—she was our last preacher's wife—she was president till she went away. You'll have to be president now, Sister Smith."

"Oh, no; you must elect some one older than I. Who is vice-president?"

"Sister Mason."

Then Mrs. Smith suggested that Mrs. Mason call the ladies to order. This was done, and Mrs. Mason told them their first business was to elect a president to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Sister Porter.

"Will some one please nominate?"

"Sister Smith! Sister Smith!" was the response on all sides.

"I second the nomination," came from a corner.

"All in favor of Sister Smith please say 'Aye.'"

There was a general "Aye."

"Sister Smith is elected unanimously," said Mrs. Mason.

Mrs. Smith told them she should much prefer that some one older and better acquainted with them and their ways of working should take the place.

Up spoke Mrs. Loone: "No, Sister Smith; that's what a preacher's wife is for."

Seeing it was expected as a matter of course that the pastor's wife should be president of the sewing society, Mrs. Smith, with quiet dignity, accepted the position. She made a neat little speech, giving them her ideas in regard to the best way of running the society, and telling them she expected all to assist her in her new and untried duties. They listened with great deference, and Mrs. Smith began to think the office rather pleasant, after all.

But if she indulged the idea that her position was simply an ornamental one, and that all she would have to do would be to preside in her chair of state at the fortnightly meetings of the society, she found herself

very much mistaken. There was not the slightest intention on the part of any one that Sister Smith should be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. The office meant business. It meant leaning over a table and cutting out shirts a whole afternoon at a time. It meant stitching bosoms and making button-holes. It meant ripping out all the poor work and doing it over again. Last, but not least, it meant finishing all the work that was promised at a given time, but that no one else felt at all responsible for.

Mrs. Loone once said, very pointedly, when the question was asked, "Who will take home this work and finish it?" "Let them as has neither boarders nor babies do it." And Sister Smith took the garment and finished it some time during the night.

One day several of the young ladies in the society were making night-caps of Swiss muslin, embroidered in tambour stitch, as was the fashion then and there. Mrs. Smith had drawn the patterns and taught the stitch to the young ladies. Their needles and tongues were flying swiftly, when all at once there was a sudden hush in the room. Mrs. Smith looked up from her work and saw an elegantly-dressed, stylish-looking lady just coming in. There was a suppressed whisper of "Mrs. Grimshaw! Mrs. Grimshaw!" but no one rose to welcome her. With true courtesy Mrs. Smith went forward to welcome the stranger.

"This is Sister Smith, I presume. I am staying with a friend for a few days, and am to leave town to-morrow. I heard you were trying to raise some money to repair your church, and, as I like to aid in every good work, I thought I would come in and see what you have for sale."

Mrs. Smith was pleased, and politely led her around the room and showed her the different kinds of work they were doing. When they reached the group of young ladies Mrs. Grimshaw paused.

"Let me see what you are making here. Night-caps, indeed. Why, they are lovely! Let me take one, please," and she held it up in her jeweled hand and carried it to the window for critical examination.

"It is exquisitely done. I wish it was finished. I would like two of them very much."

"We can soon finish two," said Mrs. Smith.

"But I leave to-morrow afternoon."

"You can have them at noon, if that will do."

"Oh, charming! I do not go till three. Please send them to my nieces, where I am visiting."

The velvet-clad lady, whose solitaire diamond earrings alone would nearly have built the Noxet Church, went away with a graciously benevolent smile on her face. Then all tongues were unloosed. The ladies made haste to tell Mrs. Smith that Mrs. Grimshaw lived

in Boston; that she had no end of money, and came once a year to visit her niece.

"Well, she shall have those caps if I have to sit up all night to finish them," said Sister Smith enthusiastically; and she thought, with a glow of pleasure, how the building fund would be enriched by Mrs. Grimshaw's contribution. "But what price shall I ask for them?" said the practical president.

They had already sold several at fifty cents apiece. But they unanimously concluded that Mrs. Grimshaw would not even ask the price, as the caps were merely a pretext for a generous donation to the church.

"They say she is a Unitarist, too," said Mrs. Loone, who had a fatal facility for manufacturing and misapplying words.

"A what, Sister Loone?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"A Unitarist. All them Boston folks are."

Mrs. Smith took the caps home to finish, and also some narrow thread lace that had been given to the society. The ladies thought it no more than right to trim the caps with the lace, and thus show their appreciation of Mrs. Grimshaw's kindness.

Mrs. Smith sat up till after midnight. She would have finished the caps before retiring, but Rev. John Peter Paul woke up as the clock struck twelve, and saw her lamp burning.

"Are you still sewing?"

"Yes, Paul."

"Well, I am not going to let you spoil your eyes for this church, or any other. You married me, not the Noxet Church, and I want you to put your sewing up and come to bed."

Mrs. Smith dutifully obeyed, but she rose with the first streak of dawn. At noon the caps were done and she took them herself to Mrs. Grimshaw. That lady looked them over very closely, and asked:

"What is the price?"

"We have sold some without lace for fifty cents."

"I presume this lace was given the society? You did not buy it?"

Mrs. Smith had to acknowledge it had been given to the society.

"Of course, then, you cannot ask extra for the lace. Here is a dollar for the caps. Excuse me, I must finish my packing." And she left the room.

As a veracious narrator of facts, I am sorry to have to record that Sister Smith did *not* throw the two silver half-dollars after the retreating form of Mrs. Grimshaw. But she was young then and was rather overawed by the magnificence of this aristocratic Bostonian.

As she walked rather dispiritedly homeward, she reflected that perhaps, after all, some Bostonian "Unitarists" could give points to some Noxet Methodists.

NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

FAIR is the valley of the blue and gold!
Above, shine skies of amethystine hue,
While far and near, impearled with morning dew,
The golden grain springs from the fertile mould.
Close by a stream which winds from far away,
The lovely city of the wood-nymphs lies,
By Flora almost hid from mortal eyes;

And far to south the white sails speck the bay.
Here, St. Helena proudly holds her sway,
And woos soft breezes from the western sea;
While health and peace and joy her will obey,
And learning, 'neath her sceptre, bends the knee.
Here, traveler, rest and make life's sunset sweet.
The Eden-land of earth lies at thy feet!

CLARENCE T. URMY.

THE WEDDING VEIL.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

[Travelers in Japan describe the Japanese maiden's wedding-veil as a long, flowing piece of gauze, white, and soft in texture. It is used but twice—first for a bridal-veil, and again when it serves as a winding-sheet.]

WEAVE ye the veil, O maidens ! sing and weave !
 Let your swift shuttles fly !
 Nor may one nimble finger dare to leave
 A flaw within the ply ;
 Like her pure life, the web must not receive
 Or faintest stain or dye.



Weave ye the veil, O maidens ! weave and sing !
 Let strains of joy arise !
 In chorus chant the hymeneal ring,
 Let all the glad surprise,—
 The shy, sweet joy to see so fair a thing—
 Well up within her eyes.



Sing of the happy lover, proud and free !
 Its folds when first he sees,
 So snowy white in graceful witchery
 On the caressing breeze.
 The moonbeams, sleeping in their purity,
 Are not more fair than these !

Sing of the rounded days that glide away
 From rosy-fingered Time,
 Who counts the laughing hours like buds of May,
 Each opening in its prime ;
 They show a heart of rose too sweet to stay
 Within this fitful clime.

Weave ye the veil, O maidens ! Soft and slow
 Your strains may echo here !
 Twine strong the thread, and firm the weft let go,
 To last full many a year ;
 The bridal robe, with all its graceful flow,
 Must drape the funeral bier.

Weave ye the veil in silence ! Holy Love
 Shall cast its tender spell
 O'er the souls passing to that home above
 Where all true hearts do dwell !
 Weave for two bridals ! Death can only prove
 A second wedding-bell.



BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER IV.

"HE was not far wrong," says Sarah dispassionately, "though I am afraid that it was scarcely in a brotherly spirit that he said it; I *am* eminently well able to take care of myself!"

It is next morning, and the girls are beginning the day with a preliminary saunter round the narrow bounds of the little garden, and the newly-mown tennis-ground. They are very small bounds, but within them is room for undried dew; for a blackbird with a voice a hundred times bigger than its body; for a guelder rose, a fine broom-bush, and a short-lived lilac. What more would you have? Beneath one Turkey-red sunshade they stroll in slow contentment along.

"I have no foolish false pride," continues Sarah complacently; "when I realized that I was left behind, I saw that the only thing to be done was to make some one give me a lift home; they did not much like it at first, but they were very glad afterward, when they found that they had 'entertained an angel unawares!'"

"And how did they find out that they had?" asks Belinda dryly.

"They were delighted with my conversation," rejoins the other importantly; "I could not have done it if you had been by," breaking into a laugh; "but I talked about the Higher Education of Women!"

Belinda joins in the laugh; nor is there any evidence of her mirth being less spontaneous and bubbling than her sister's. Ahead of them the little dogs are frisking. At least, to speak more correctly, Punch is. What little frisk time and fat have left to Pug has been stamped out of her by mortification at Punch's reappearance on the scene. When you are no longer in your first youth, there is really not much amusement in having one of your hind-legs continually pulled, mouthed, and facetiously worried from behind.

"And you," says Sarah, standing on tip-toe to reach a lilac bough, and rub her face luxuriously against it; "how did *you* get home?"

A red sunshade always diffuses a glow over the face beneath it.

"Oh, I walked," with an assumption of inattention.

"Alone?"

There is a second's hesitation before the answer comes. Belinda is naturally veracious; but after all, there is nothing incompatible with literal veracity in answering:

"Yes, alone."

"Were you not frightened?" asks Sarah.

Her tone is careless; but she has loosed the lilac bough, and her shrewd eyes are—perhaps accidentally—bent upon her sister's.

"Frightened!" repeats Belinda, with an impatience that seems out of proportion to the occasion, eagerly following her junior's example, and thrusting her hot cheeks among the cool and sugared lilac-clusters; "what a silly question! why should I be frightened? what was there to be frightened at?"

But to this heated inquiry Sarah makes no answer; a reticence which causes a feverish misgiving to dart

across Belinda's mind. But no! her sister's room looks toward the back. Sarah has an eye like a greyhound, an ear like a stag, and a nose like a truffle dog, but even she cannot see and hear through deal boards.

"I must leave you to your own devices this morning," she says, changing the subject with some precipitation; "you must amuse yourself as well as you can till luncheon-time."

Sarah lifts her eyebrows. "Do you mean to say that you intend to take three hours in ordering dinner?"

"Ordering dinner!" echoes the other ironically; "ordering dinner indeed! did you ever happen to hear of Menander?"

"Never."

"Nor of his Fragments?"

"Never."

"Nor of his notes, Philological, Critical, and Archæological?"

"Never."

"Happy you!" says Belinda dryly, beginning to walk toward the house.

"If I were you," cries Sarah irreverently, calling after her, "he should be in still smaller 'fragments' before I had done with him."

Belinda laughs.

"Bah!" she says; "it is all in the day's work; perhaps it is better to have too much to do, like me, than too little, like you."

There is such a strong tincture of cheerfulness in the tone with which she speaks, it differs so widely from the dogged submission of yesterday, that Sarah eyes her suspiciously.

"You take a rosy view of life this morning," she says, with a streak of sarcasm.

Belinda changes color.

"It is a matter of weather," she says quickly. "I am very much influenced by weather; you know that you always used to say that I was a Weatherglass!"

But is it a matter of weather? Is it the weather that sends her humming with irresistible gayety to her desk and Menander? Spring-time, it is true, is exhilarating; morning is exhilarating; life's morning is exhilarating; why, then, should she not be exhilarated? But is it of these three innocent stimulants only that she is drinking? There must be something different from her wont in the very quality of her step as she enters her husband's study, for he looks up.

"You are late," he says briefly.

"Only three minutes," she answers pleasantly; "and I will make it up at the other end."

She seats herself at her *escritoire*, forcibly and with difficulty swallowing down the end of the tune that she has been singing to herself, under her breath, all the way up stairs. Even the very room—the hated task-work room—looks different from what it ordinarily does. Usually it is quite sunless; but this morning a long, slant dart of gold has squeezed itself in, taking no denial, and on it how the dust-motes are dancing! Must everything dance to-day?

The Professor, at least, is an exception to the general

rule. He shows no signs of any wish to dance. While dictating, he is in the habit of walking up and down. She knows the exact square in the carpet from which he will start, and that at which he will pause and turn. He has begun his diurnal course; but there is a moment's interval before the first words of the first sentence leave his lips.

She pauses, pen in hand, awaiting them; and as she pauses, following him with her eyes, a feeling of genuine and potent compassion passes through her heart and brain.

"How dreadful to be old! How hideous to be ugly, cantankerous, unloved!"

"I think," she says, under this impulse, speaking in a gentle, hesitating voice, "that I owe you an apology for my rude speech about you to Sarah, after dinner yesterday. I dare say," laughing nervously, "that you have forgotten it. I am sure it was not worth remembering; but, at all events, it makes me easier in my mind to tell you that I regret it."

The intention of this speech is excellent; as a mere question of judgment and tact, it is doubtful whether it had not been wiser to have let her stinging jest lie, without resuscitating it even to repent of it.

The expression of his face shows whether or no he has forgotten it.

"I think," he says aridly, "that since we are already late, we had better keep to the subject in hand."

For a moment or two she bows her crimsoned face and bitten lips over her desk, in furious annoyance at having laid herself open to this self-inflicted humiliation. But, ere long, her serenity returns. It is only wounds inflicted by those we love whose sting lasts.

After all, she has done her part—she has made the *amende*. Of what least consequence is it how he has taken it? But her compassion is dead. He may look as old, as pinched, as bloodless as he chooses. No smallest throb of pity stirs her heart again; nor does any other word, unrelating to the subject of her labor, cross her lips.

Through all the fresh bright morning hours he travels from his one carpet-square to his other carpet-square, elaborating careful, classic phrases as he goes; and she, in docile silence, follows him with her pen.

The sun soars high; the drowsy flies inside the shut window make their futile journeys up and down the pane. The swallows sweep across outside, bells ring, butchers and bakers drive up and drive away; but not one of these distracting objects does she allow to beguile her for one instant of her toil. She will do her task-work conscientiously, thoroughly, wholly, so that hereafter neither he nor she herself may have anything to reproach her with; and then, when it is ended—she allows herself one long breath of prospective enjoyment—why then the sun will still be high; the swallows will still be darting; the lengthy May afternoon, with probabilities too bright to be faced in its green lap, will still be hers.

And, meanwhile, how well the pens write! how clear her own apprehension seems! She has even suggested a verbal emendation or two, which his nice ear has accepted. How quickly the morning is passing! Can it indeed be a quarter to one that the college clocks are striking? After all, there is no great hardship in being amanuensis to a savant afflicted with weak eyes; it is a great matter to be able to be of use to some one!

She looks up, smiling rosilily; if not forgetful, forgiving, of her former snub.

"We have done a good day's work!" she says congratulatingly. "You have been in vein this morning."

"It is fortunate if it is so," replies he grudgingly, "for we have large arrears of work to make up."

"Have we?" she says, a little blankly, rubbing her cramped right finger and thumb; "but—but not to-day?"

"And why not to-day?" rejoins he firmly. "I have promised that my 'Essay upon the Law of Entail among the Athenians' shall be in the printers' hands by to-morrow, and it is therefore necessary that the proofs should be corrected before post-time to-day."

"Not to-day!" cries she feverishly; "not to-day!"

The smile and the short-lived roses have together left her face. She looks fagged and harried, but obstinate.

"And why not to-day?" repeats he, regarding her with slow displeasure.

"You forget," she says,—"you seem to forget that we have a guest."

"She will, no doubt, provide herself with amusement," replies he disagreeably; "she will, no doubt, amuse herself perfectly without your aid."

"And I?" she says in a low voice, turning very white, and looking at him with concentrated dislike (is it possible that she could ever have pitied him?) "how am I to amuse myself? does it never occur to you that I, too, may wish to be amused?"

"I put no impediment in your way," he answers frostily; "you are at liberty—with the exception of the hours during which I am compelled to claim your services—to choose your own pursuits, your own associates."

"Am I?" she says, hastily catching him up, while the dismissed carnation color pours in flood back into her cheeks again. "You give me leave?"

He looks at her with such unfeigned and unadmiring astonishment in his cold eyes, that she turns away in confusion.

"How long will you want me for?" she asks faltering; "how many hours will the correcting of these proofs take?"

"It is impossible to say, exactly," replies he, tranquilly leaving the room; satisfied with her acquiescence, and indifferent as to the spirit in which that acquiescence has been given.

The afternoon is three hours old, and Belinda still sits at her desk. The dew is dried, the long sunbeam has stolen away, but though it does not cheer her by its visible presence, she is aware, by the augmented heat of the close room, that the sun is beating hard and hotly on roof and wall. And on these thinly-built houses it *does* beat very hotly. At her side lies a heap of corrected slips, but before her is piled another, scarcely less bulky. She has been at work upon them for an hour and a half, and still she sees no end to her toil. Her head aches with long stooping; she has inked her tired fingers, and her eyes are dull and dogged. Now and again the door-bell ringing makes her give a nervous start. Is it come again—that time of strained continuous listening? those twenty-one months, during which all her life-power seemed to have passed into her ears?

It is the hour when visitors may be with the most probability expected. But is there not also a probability that they may be sent away again? Sometimes, when harder worked or gloomier spirited than usual, she has bidden her servant deny her. Is it not but too possible that, seeing her close slavery to-day, that servant may take upon herself to conclude that such is her mistress's wish now also?

The idea throws her into a fever. She does not listen. She makes an unaccountable mistake. Again the bell

rings. Is it her fancy, or has this ring a different sound from the former ones? Is there in it a mixture of violence and timidity, as of a person who had had to screw up his courage to ring at all in the first instance, and had then overdone it?

She writes on mechanically, dully aware that her husband is rebuking her for the illegibility of her last words. Even if the moral blows he is giving her were physical ones, she would feel them none the more.

The door opens, and the servant enters, with a man's card upon a salver. She scarcely needs to glance at it to tell that it is his; but for a moment her pale lips cannot frame the question that has sprung to them: "Has he been sent away?"

"Is he gone?" she asks, stammering, taking the card, and, with a senseless, involuntary movement, hiding it in her hand.

"I told him that you were engaged, ma'am," replies the maid apologetically; "but he asked me to bring you this card. Shall I say that you are engaged, ma'am?"

The Professor looks up, cross at the interruption, to give a brief "Yes;" but his wife strikes athwart him.

"Show him in," she says, with precipitate decision. "Say that I will be down directly; tell Miss Churchill."

She takes up her quill again, as the servant leaves the room, but apparently her hand shakes to a degree that is beyond her control; for in a moment a great blot has defaced the printed page.

"Pray be careful!" cries her husband fretfully. "You have a hair in your pen."

"She throws it down, and takes another. The room in which they are sitting is over the drawing-room. Evidently he has been ushered in, and Sarah has joined him; for there is a murmur of voices. What are they saying? What are they likely to be saying?"

"You have spelt *allegorical* with one l!" says the Professor, in a voice of resentful wonder.

"Have I?" she answers, bewildered and inattentive.

"And how many ought it to have?"

The voices have grown more distinctly audible. They have left the drawing-room; it is obvious that Sarah is taking him out into the garden—the pleasant, little, cool garden, with its blackbird and its broom-bush, and its bees. She draws a hot, long, envious breath at the thought.

"A child of five years old would have been ashamed to perpetrate so gross a blunder!" resumes he, taking the sheet from before her, and indignantly holding it up for reprobation.

She heaves a heavy, furious sigh, and a sombre light comes into her great, gloomy eyes. From the garden is heard a peal of laughter. Sarah is always laughing. It is well to be merry sometimes, but Sarah is too much of a buffoon.

"In errors so palpable, it is difficult not to see intention," continues he, exasperated by a silence that is so plainly not repentance—a silence which she still observes.

Another burst of laughter from the garden—not Sarah's this time; a man's wholesome, unfeigned mirth. *He*, too, can laugh, can he?

"I should really be disposed to recommend a return to the writing-master," says Mr. Forth, still ironically, regarding the blurred page.

For all answer, she rises to her feet, and throws her pen with violence down upon the floor.

"Your machine has broken down for to-day," she says, with a pale, rebellious smile. "Legible or illegible, writing-master or no writing-master, I will write not one word more to-day!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BENEATH THE WILLOWS.

I

BENEATH the willows stood my love,
And it was June;
And white beneath, and green above,
The little merry leaves did move
In rustling tune.

How fair she seemed, the while she dreamed,
And did not stir!
Around us hummed the drowsy bees;
Above us waved the willow trees;
Oh, blest we were!

"The willow trees are happy trees,"
My loved one said.
"And we will plant them round our home,"
I asked, "when the glad days are come?"
She bowed her head.

II

Again beneath the willows stood
My love and I;
And cold November swept the wood,
And shadowed with a dreamy mood
Were earth and sky.

A tiny grave lay at our feet—
Alas, how small!
And on its frozen bosom beat
The drifting willow leaves and sleet—
So sad a pall!

"Oh, mournful trees are willow trees!"
My loved one said.
And lower o'er the little grave
The drooping branches seemed to wave,
And shroud the dead.

JAMES BUCKHAM.





By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE EFFECT OF A SIDE LIGHT.

Hilda rode out of the station unconscious of the direction she was taking—not knowing nor caring whither she went. She was going away hardly expecting ever to return. The cloud above her seemed impenetrable. She could not keep the touch of her old life. She must bury herself. This was her only refuge, not so much from the danger of enslavement as from the scath of scorn and debasement. She did not know where or how it could be done. She only knew that she must flee away from present peril. She must have opportunity to transform herself—to bury her identity—to begin a new existence.

It was a foolish notion, but Hilda did not know the world. She only knew what she wished to do, and like the father of whose name they sought to rob her, she counted not the obstacles. She looked out of the car window, saw the fields and woods fly past, in the weird winter moonlight. Surely she was safe. The desert of life would hide her. She did not hear the conductor when he came through the train, and, spying a new face, stopped at her seat and said:

"Ticket!"

She only saw the white, ghostly world without, flying by and standing sentinel between her and a dreaded fate.

"Ticket!" touching her shoulder lightly.

She started, turned and glanced up at him quickly, as if she thought he suspected her. She wondered if they could telegraph ahead and have her detained at the next station. She had heard of such things being done in case of criminals. She wondered if she would be considered a criminal because she was fleeing from the law.

"Ticket!" repeated the conductor, extending his hand.

"I—I forgot to get one," she said faintly. Then she caught nervously at her pocket-book and handed him a bill.

"Where to?" inquired the official, bending down an ear.

Where, indeed? She had no idea where she was going or which way the train was moving. She stammered, flushed, and was sure she was betraying herself.

"Straight through?"

She bowed her head. He had a roll of bills between every two fingers of his left hand for convenience in making change—ones, twos and fives, all separate. He

thrust the ten-dollar bill she had given him into his vest-pocket, gave her a two, a one, and some change, handed her a check for Boston, and went on. She was rather pleased with her destination. By-and-by the horror began to wear away. The danger from which she fled was momentarily receding. She began to feel more comfortable—almost bold. After a time she slept, but uneasily, and with frightful dreams. As the sun rose they came into Boston. The city was still asleep. The hoar frost was thick upon roof and spire, and the sunshine gilded every pinnacle. She took a carriage to the Revere. How bright and clean the crooked, rough-paved streets seemed to her. This was Boston—the seat of culture and the cradle of liberty. What a mockery it seemed to her. The blue smoke rose sharp and clear against the sky from thousands of happy homes, but she was a fugitive. Against a cloud to the northeastward she dimly saw the top of a gray column once. She guessed that it was the monument on Bunker Hill, and there flashed through her mind all that it commemorated. The city was very proud of that gray granite shaft. The commonwealth boasted itself the possessor of the blood-stained soil on which it stood. The nation pointed to it as a memento of the struggle that gave it birth. The world accounted it a pillar of liberty—the memorial shaft of a new civilization. Yet under its shadow she was a fugitive, fleeing from bondage and degradation.

"Revere House, ma'am!"

The driver opened the door, and stood waiting for his fee. A servant came and took her modest bag. She was ushered into the reception-room—narrow, stuffy, with furniture that seemed as if once it had been new. The servant placed her bag on the table, and asked if she would have a room. She turned to look out of the window upon the funny triangle that is called a square in Boston. The clerk came and inquired her name. She started, flushed and paled. Her name? What was it? What should she say?

The clerk waited. He thought he had startled her by his abruptness.

"I beg pardon, ma'am—what did you say was the name?"

"Oh, yes; my name, of course." She smiled, opened her portemonnaie, and seemed to be seeking for a card.

"Well, never mind. Louise Amis, Springfield."

"Miss?"

"Of course," with a smile.

"A-m-y?"

"No—A-m-i-s."

"Oh, yes—Amis. Any baggage?"

"Not now. I shall be here only a short time. Will you let me know the precise address of Miss Fanny Goodwin? It is somewhere on Rutland Square, but I have forgotten the number."

but another. She laid down upon the bed to think. She did not know that she was at all fatigued but hardly had her head touched the pillow when she fell asleep wondering even in her dreams how she could be an outcast in a city founded as a refuge and consecrated to liberty and equality.



PARTNERS.

"I'll do it, Captain!" said Kortright, sitting up and reaching out his hand.

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"An acquaintance?" asked the clerk carelessly.

"A school friend."

"Indeed!"

He started off. Just as he reached the door she called him back.

"How very stupid of me!" she said, "I suppose you want pay for your room in advance?"

"That is our rule where guests have no baggage," politely.

"I ought to have known; but I never traveled so far alone before," she said innocently and truthfully.

She took out her portemonnaie, carelessly showing it to be well lined with bills—thanks to Miss Hunniwell's foresight. She gave him twice as large as he asked. He went away, and the servant came and showed her to a room. Her first lesson in dissimulation was over. She was safe, and had time to breathe before taking another step. She read the morning paper. There was a brief notice of some excitement in Blankshire by reason of an alleged attempt at kidnapping. There were not more than ten lines, and only a vague allusion to herself. It seemed strange that what was of such importance to her should be of so little moment to the world. She ate her breakfast, went out and wandered about the narrow streets, bright and quiet, with the Sabbath hush upon them. She saw Faneuil Hall, the Common, the quaint old graveyard full of headstones whose names are an epitome of history. She wandered into a church. The notes of the organ soothed her. The accents of a grand old hymn whose echoes seemed burdened with greetings of good cheer from the brave hearts of the past strengthened and consoled her spirit. Then she returned to her room in the hotel with a dazed, unreal feeling, as if she were not herself

When she awoke the day was already declining. A boy was calling an "Extra." She looked out and saw the crowd buying with avidity. She opened the window and listened. "All about the kidnapping!" she heard him cry. She called a servant and procured a copy—a small, square sheet printed on one side only. Could it be that her flight was sufficient to stir the drowsy Sabbath quiet of the city? Had fate pursued her so quickly? Would not the world give her sanctuary in its great throbbing heart? Must she indeed flee into the wilderness? Sure enough, it was all there. The world had waked to the terror that haunted her life. She read it all—a whole column by telegraph, with staring head-lines, and another of editorial remarks. She read all about herself—some of it truth and some of it queer conjecture. Her father's life and death were commented on. Her position, supposed wealth, accomplishments and beauty were all stated. The description given was very accurate. She almost feared she might be recognized. Then she read—what was this? Amy, Mr. Amory, Martin! Wounds! Bloodshed! Great excitement! Talk of lynching! Jared Clarkson to arrive to-morrow!

Her head swam as she read, but she still read on to the end. Then she bathed her hot face, combed her hair, putting up the curls she had been accustomed to wear, and throwing it out upon each side by the use of puff-combs which she had never used before. She was Merwyn Hargrove's daughter still, she said to herself, and she would not flinch from anything that might impend. She surveyed herself in the glass, and smiled at her own apprehension as she read over again the concluding statement in regard to the events described: "It is believed that Miss Hargrove has fled to Canada"

or is still hidden in the vicinity. Her complete disappearance is certainly a mystery."

When she went down to dinner her flushed cheeks and bright eyes enhanced her usual charms. More than one glance of admiration followed her as she was shown to a seat. The tables were full. Two gentlemen and a lady sat at the one with her. The gentlemen were reading the little "Extra" and discussing the news from Blankshire. A great many in the room seemed to be engaged in like manner. She heard some at a table back of her talking upon the same subject. At first she was frightened. Then she saw that every one was too absorbed in the event to suspect her of being one of the actors in it.

"This is horrible!" said the young man who sat opposite.

"It is a very aggravated case, as far as concerns the rank and station of the intended victim. Otherwise it is no worse than a hundred cases that have occurred under this infamous law." The speaker was a gray-bearded, grave-faced man who sat at the end of the table.

"Well, I am glad the girl got away, anyhow," said the young man.

"So am I," said the lady heartily.

Hilda felt her cheeks burn and tears come into her eyes. She wished they knew how grateful the fugitive was for their sympathy.

"And I am very sorry," said the grave elderly man in a soft, earnest tone.

Hilda started and turned a pale, frightened face toward him.

"I beg your pardon, young lady, I am not so cruel as you think me."

The color came back to her face, and she bent her head over her plate to hide her confusion.

"Yet I cannot but regret," he continued, "the escape of the kidnappers' intended prey. I know enslavement would have been unutterably sad to her, but it is only by such shining examples that the nation can be awakened to the enormity of slavery. What I say seems heartless, no doubt, but I verily believe that the application of this infamous law to just such a case as this would do more to arouse the land, to awaken conscience, to weaken slavery and promote the cause of liberty, than the return to bondage of a thousand men and women who have fled from oppression, and are at the best only toilers who have rebelled against an untoward fate. In this case it is different. We see one snatched from a home of luxury, from the most polished society, from friends and love, and sought to be thrust into nothingness. I admit that it would be terrible to her—death itself would be preferable—but I certainly believe that her sufferings would be worth ten thousand lives in the beneficent results that would flow therefrom. We mourn the virgin martyrs of the arena and the catacombs, but none the less we know that their blood was in truth the seed of the church, and thank God that it was shed. I meant the young lady no harm, but I wish the slave release from bondage. The loss of one life is as nothing to the evil that keeps a race in degradation."

Hilda gazed into the soft gray eyes, and seemed to feel a new light in her soul. As she listened to his words she forgot all feeling of apprehension for herself. She gazed at him in a fixed, absorbed manner, which he mistook for inquiry, and resumed, addressing himself unconsciously to her, while the others listened with respectful attention.

"You see," he said thoughtfully, "the world is ruled

by great examples. Influence is only the power of example; but if the example be petty the influence will be weak. Religion itself is but the force of the highest example. The power that thrills the life of eighteen centuries is not the word of God. The Logos of the Apostle was weak and vain until it was framed in the life of Jesus Christ. The cross and the crown of thorns gave vitality to Christian truth. Without the MAN Christ Jesus the written word would have been naught to us. The sacrifice of Virginia overthrew the tyrant. Jeanne d'Arc led and triumphed through the unfearing intensity of her devotion. Always it has been an example that has moved the world forward and overthrown evil. By-and-by slavery will demand a sacrifice—so notable, so cruel and so needless—that the whole land will be smitten with horror, and the institution will disappear in the blaze of public wrath. It is not abstract truth that moves men's hearts, but always the concrete. This young woman's father might have been a shining example, and his death would have done a vast injury to slavery, but no one seemed to understand just the cause of it. While he seems to have been bitterly opposed to slavery he was yet animated by a feeling of angry defiance, rather than of sacrificial offering up of himself for the good of another."

"I think he was animated by a sense of duty and of honor," said Hilda quietly.

"There can be no doubt of that," rejoined the stranger, in the same persuasive tones, and with the same clear light in his great gray eyes; "but a sense of duty may impel to acts which, although meritorious, are yet not impressive. I may eat my dinner from a sense of duty, but others will wait for an appetite before they follow my example. Honor, too, is apt to be tainted with selfishness, and it is only the example of self-sacrifice that lives and moves the world to noble deeds. This man—what was his name?"

"Hargrove," said Hilda absently.

"Yes, Hargrove, Merwyn Hargrove—I remember seeing him once a few years ago—was of the type that heroes are made of, but he was too self-bounded, too oblivious of the world outside of the tasks he seems to have set himself to accomplish, to make a good martyr. He perhaps released more slaves than any man living, and actually sacrificed more money to do it than any Northern philanthropist has ever thought of doing. He did his work thoroughly, too. He took the slaves to Hayti and purchased for them there a tract of land of which each had his due share in fee. He freed them, and provided for their safety and support. At the same time, he did this, not because of his love for the slave, nor even because of his hatred for slavery—though that was no doubt intense—but for some reason noble and chivalric enough perhaps, but applicable only to himself. He was a hero, but not a martyr."

"A hero but not a martyr," murmured Hilda. "You may be right."

"The distinction is a fair one," continued the stranger. "Moreover, the martyr will yet appear. The encroachments of slavery are daily coming home to our northern life. The blood that furnished martyrs under Bloody Mary runs in our veins, and the day is not far distant when the Martyr will appear. He will testify of the truth in such a way that all men will believe."

"I think I know the man," she said absently.

The stranger gazed at her a moment in silence, and then remarked slowly and solemnly:

"I also have seen one whom I have sometimes thought might bear testimony of the truth for us all. Whether one shall suffice, or shall only be a forerunner of

many whose blood must purge away our sin, God knoweth."

"Why do you say *our* sin?" asked the younger man.

"Because," replied the other, "it is ours. We make a grave mistake when we seek to cast the blame of slavery on the South. A cancer does not belong to the limb on which it appears, but to the whole body that suffers from the poison that it generates. We of the North are even more responsible for the evils of slavery than they of the South, because we perceive and admit them and they do not."

"But do they believe it right?"

"Unquestionably. They not only believe it right, but they believe it to be the only way in which the two races can co-exist upon this continent."

"But why should they attempt to get hold of this young lady in this manner? Her friends would no doubt have raised more money than she is worth as a slave."

"You forget that Hargrove was a very wealthy man.

rather glad to be recognized. Her fear seemed so petty and foolish. She blushed as she tried to fancy what her father would have thought of her cowardly flight. But he should have no more cause to blush for her. She felt the blood of the Hargroves coursing through her veins, and she would show the world that she was her father's daughter and worthy of his name, as he had said in his will. When the meal was over, she went to her room to think of the future in the new light the hour had cast upon it.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT NOTHING BE LOST.

SOME of the events that occurred in and about Bloomingdale during the week that followed the attempted abduction are worthy of record, though they may not seem directly to concern the chief characters of our story.



THE VINDICATION OF THE LAW.

"I will die," he said, in answer to the master's look of triumph, "but I will not be a slave."

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This is probably an attempt to induce her to release all claim on his estate."

"Indeed!" said the young man in surprise.

"I merely judge that from the fact you have mentioned; but if she is Hargrove's daughter, they have made a mistake."

"You knew him?"

"No, but I have heard Jared Clarkson speak of him more than once. He came of fighting stock, and if she has his blood they may have caught a tartar."

"I hope the Lord they have!" said the young man fervently.

"So do I," said the lady earnestly. "They might have waited till she was out of mourning for her father, anyhow."

This feminine view of the situation provoked a burst of laughter, in which Hilda could not help joining despite the sad thought it evoked.

Then the conversation drifted off into other channels. Hilda finished her meal without feeling any fear of detection. Indeed, she thought she would have felt

Beechwood Seminary was in a tumult after the enactment of a double tragedy at its very doors. The crimson drops along the hall and down the steps were cleansed without delay from the polished ash, but in a hundred tender hearts they were ineffaceably fixed. Not a slippered foot crossed where this line of horror had been without a thrill of fear. The broken ladder, the battle-ground beneath the window, the blood-stains in the steep wood-road, the recollection of the companion who had been ravished from their midst, just missing a bloody death; the mystery surrounding the fate of that other schoolmate, who had vanished out of their life and left no trace—these were too fertile themes for girlish imagining to permit the routine of task and recitation to go on from day to day with any profit. Indeed, the principal was soon convinced that it would be at the risk of very serious peril to the health of her pupils should they remain during the balance of the term. The nervous strain to which they had been exposed began almost immediately to show itself on some of the more susceptible of them. The conscien-

tious teacher did not hesitate an instant when the health of her pupils was set over against her own advantage. Within a week the shivering brood were scattered to their homes, and the tragedy of Beechwood was rehearsed over and over again at a hundred distant firesides by pale-faced narrators, who shuddered as they boastfully declared, "I was there, you know." There were none left at the seminary save a few scholars whose homes were most remote, two or three teachers, the slowly-recuperating invalid and his dusky nurse. For the first time in a quarter of a century the routine of Beechwood was broken up. In the midst of term-time its halls were silent. The vacation antedated the Christmas holidays that year by almost a month. To each of her patrons Miss Hunniwell forwarded a brief statement of the causes which led to this decision on her part, discounting the term-bills which she sent out in accordance with the abbreviation of the school-year resulting therefrom. In a vain attempt to hold what it deemed its own, Slavery had thrust its ghastliest shadow into a hundred households. Every family altar seemed violated by the invasion of Beechwood. The sanctuary of the vestal virgins had been invaded. The treasury wherein a hundred families had placed their most priceless jewels had been broken, and one had been reft thence by force. Many a mother shuddered as she pressed her loved one to her bosom, and thought that she might have been the victim. Many a father's look grew stern as he considered the danger his child had shared, and uttered to himself again the question which the prophet of the prairie had propounded to his countrymen, "All free or all slave?" Many a brother's heart was consecrated by the blood of one innocent beautiful victim to do knightly service against the monster that lived on human lives.

Upon the second day after the abduction Jared Clarkson arrived in the little village. The excitement, which was already intense, was greatly heightened by his presence. He seemed worn, depressed, disheartened. To the swarm of friends and co-workers in the cause of liberty, who crowded around him and hailed his coming with delight, his language and manner were most unsatisfactory. He had come solely upon private business, he said. Instead of gladly lending his presence and eloquence to give *éclat* to a demonstration intended to improve the occasion and deepen the anti-slavery sentiments of the community, he pleaded fatigue, headache and important and burdensome engagements. He finally compromised with the committee by agreeing to attend the meeting if not asked to speak. To this they readily assented—a compromise made only to be broken. The result was a speech so full of sorrow and despair that they who heard it wondered if they really were listening to that ever-jubilant prophet of victory whose optimism nothing had been able to daunt until that hour. They knew not that Jared Clarkson spoke with a burden of sorrow he had never known before—a burden to which he dared not refer lest some unguarded expression might enhance the woe of an innocent victim. He knew full well the curse that rested over the fugitive girl. To him all classes and conditions of men were alike. To him the Gospel message had come with the force and vitality it bore in that earlier time, when, in one day, it melted the chains of five thousand bondsmen of a noble Roman. Race or color were no disabling conditions of his favor. He knew that there were some like him—but, oh, so few! He well knew that if the One Divine should come to earth clad in the livery of a dusky skin, while there

were thousands, aye, millions, who would give Him charity—the dole of condescending pity—there were almost none who would or could make Him welcome in home and heart. He knew—none better than he—how the brand of color made its possessor an outcast in the land of his birth. He knew how it barred the way to rank and station and opportunity—how it paralyzed the hand of friendship and blighted the heart of love. He knew, too,—oh, the bitterness of that knowledge!—how his heart burned as it throbbed against the papers in his pocket—for he dared not part with them lest another should learn the fearful truth. He knew that, somewhere in the dark, cold night, somewhere in the cheerless, crowded, crushing world, Hilda, the child of luxury and love; Hilda, petted and beautiful and bright; Hilda, the daughter of the dead friend, who had trusted him with the cursed secret of her birth, in order that he might shield her from sorrow and harm; Hilda, his ward in Heaven's Chancery, was fleeing none knew whither or to what—refuge or death! No wonder that his voice faltered. Of all the slaves the earth had known there was but one that lived in his memory in that hour—the one for whose safety he was surety to a dead friend. No wonder his brain throbbed with agony! No wonder his heart was bursting with despair! The woe he was charged to mitigate it was beyond human power to assuage. Already it had borne fruit in the heart of its victim. The leper had fled into the wilderness, crying back with the agony of blighted hope and shattered love, "Unclean! Unclean!" Is it any wonder that he forgot slavery in pity for the one slave whose life was in his hands? The prophet of denunciation forgot to curse, and uttered only a wail of hopeless woe. The public were disappointed. His friends were disgusted. They had come for blood, and received instead only an oblation of tears!

Martin Kortright was disappointed also. He had waited, chafing like a caged hyena for two days, because a telegram from his father bade him wait until Jared Clarkson came. Already he had lost a day in the search to which his life must be given. He felt strong and confident. There were two things he would do. He would first disprove the lie. His Hilda—his love, his lily—he had no fear of stain upon her birth. He would trace her lineage. He would prove her purity. And, when that was done—ah! then he would find her, would give the record into her hand, and offer up his life for a kiss—a smile—aye, for the bare knowledge that she was no longer to be an outcast among men. He was not cast down. He did not *hope*—he was confident—he was sure. His only sorrow was that he did not know where Hilda was, so that he might assuage her grief. He was only anxious to begin his labors, that he might by a day, by an hour, hasten his triumph and shorten her woe. To him came Jared Clarkson at length, with his look of despair and the confirmation of the tale of horror. But love did not falter.

"It cannot be," said Martin. "There is some mistake. I shall unravel it."

Then he gave the lie to all his vows, and started off to seek, not the truth he boasted that he would discover, but the love he longed to comfort. He laughed at her behest that he should wait until she came. He would defy her will—so bold is love! He would overturn the world, he said—so strong is love! He would find her wheresoever she might hide—so sure is love! He would rest from his search only when he might fall into the grave—so true is fond young love!

Martin's incredulity as to Clarkson's conclusion was based first upon an invincible determination not to believe, and second upon the testimony of Jason whose story he had heard. To him he referred this trustee of a woeful secret, and sped away exultantly to Sturmhold to make such preparation as was needful for the search he had already begun—for mail and telegraph had already conveyed his messages of inquiry to every conceivable place where the fugitive could have sought shelter. Jared Clarkson heard the story and hoped. He visited the seminary and talked with Miss Hunniwell. He believed in woman's intuition, and her buoyant faith strengthened the hope he sought to cherish. He even tried to forget the damning testimony already in his possession. He was a man of business habits, however; prudent, sagacious, painstaking, though overcredulous when once he had accepted any hypothesis. He cross-examined Jason carefully:

"You remember when Hilda was born?"

"Perfectly, sah."

"It was in the West Indies?"

"At Kingston, sah."

"Do you know the name of the house at which they were stopping?"

"It was a private house, sah; a minister's. I stayed on the sloop, but went up to the house to see if anything was wanted nigh about every day."

"Did you see the child christened?"

"That I did, an' one of the man's daughters where they lived was its god-mammy, too. She did look powerful nice, all in white, with the little baby in her arms."

"Was the child healthy?"

"Powerful puny, sah; an' Miss Retta were poorly, too. Atter it war a few months old we took 'em both aboard the sloop, an' tried cruisin' roun' for a spell, but they couldn't stan' it nohow—not even to go roun' the island, you know. So we put back, an' Marse Merwyn an' me come to the States for a while to look after some of that pesky Mallerbank business, that hain't never been nothin' but trouble an' trouble, an' no good comin' out on 't. When we went back Miss Retta warn't no better, an' the doctors an' all hands persuaded her to leave the baby with Miss Rickson—that was the name of the family, sah—while she come back with Marse Merwyn."

"The child remained with Miss Rickson how long?"

"Wal, it must have been nigh onto two years—p'raps more. She hadn't been back so very long when Miss Retta died."

"Were you with Captain Hargrove when he brought his daughter away from Kingston?"

"He didn't bring her!"

"Who did?"

"Miss Rickson were on her way to England, you know, wid her folks, an' she brung de little lady on to New York. Leastways dat 's what I heard."

"You did not see Miss Rickson when she brought the child on, then?"

"No, sah. The Captain went down a few days afore. I stayed at Sturmhold 'kase he was just packing off all de ole servants dat he 'd done set free an' settlin' ob 'em in de West, an' hirin' new ones. Dat was de time he brung Miss Lida back wid him."

"Who had the care of the child after it was brought to Sturmhold?"

"Wal, pretty much everybody. Bein' the only one she ruled the whole house; but, of course, Miss Lida was the nurse."

"Was she as fond of the child then as afterward?"

"Law, yes, sah; an' that jealous of Miss Retta she 'd

stan' an' glare at her while she was pettin' that chile like she war ready to eat her up."

"When did you first hear Alida claim that Hilda was her child?"

"Wal, it must have been a year or two atter Miss Retta died."

"What did you say to her then?"

"Told her I 'd slap her mouf ef I ever heard her talking such a thing again—ef she did set up for a white woman."

"What did she say in reply?"

"Oh, nothin' at all. She 's jes' a pore, no-'count, silly creetur', anyhow. Marse Merwyn was powerful put out that I 'd threatened to slap her mouf, an' told me I warn't never to pay no 'tention to anything she said."

"She had a child about Hilda's age, did she not?"

"There was some few months difference atwixt 'em. I don't mind which was the oldest now."

"Did Alida's child resemble Hilda?"

"Well, it did have dark eyes an' hair, but not such eyes and hair as our Hilda—not by any manner of means."

"Now, Jason, tell us honest, what became of Alida's daughter?"

"Lida's gal! Lida's gal!" exclaimed Jason, springing from his chair. "I hain't got no right to tell you anything 'bout her, Marse Clarkson. I knows yer don't mean no harm, but I promised Marse Merwyn I wouldn't never mention the lightest word 'bout that gal 'cept I had his written orders ter do so, or Miss Hilda axed me wid her own sweet mouf atter he war dead. An' I can't break no promise ter Marse Merwyn, nohow."

"Well," said Clarkson, "I have here his written appeal to you to enlighten me upon this point." He drew forth Hargrove's letter and read the passage referring to Jason.

"Dat ain't givin' me no leave," said Jason, skeptically.

"It says I can tell, but don't once say I shall tell."

"Jason," said Clarkson solemnly, "Captain Hargrove left a parcel with me which he said would inform me of the identity of the daughter of George and Alida Eighmie."

"Then you don't need to ax Jason," said the man shrewdly.

"The information is not direct, but yet it is entirely conclusive to my mind. The package contained only the bills for Hilda's tuition here at Beechwood."

"That 's queer!" said Jason, with a puzzled look.

"In other words, your old master says to me this paper will tell you who is Alida's child, and hands me one of Miss Hunniwell's bills for Hilda's board and tuition. What do you say to that?"

"Wal, Marse Clarkson, 'tain't my place to say nothin' 'bout it, 'cept I has Marse Merwyn's orders, an' I ain't a-goin' to, nuther; but ef I *should* say anything," he added slyly, "I 'd say that 'cordin' ter my notion, there 'd been a mistake somewhere or somewhere else."

"And you refuse to tell me what you know?"

"Unless yer has Marse Merwyn's orders."

"Then I must follow the light I have and regard Hilda as the daughter of Alida."

"Pears like yer all mighty anxious to make a nigger outen the pore gal," said the old servant sullenly. "But Jason 's had his orders, an' he ain't a-goin' ter break 'em fer no man's foolishness, dat he ain't."

This conversation had the effect to confirm Clarkson in his previous belief, and to cause the teacher to appeal anew to God for a solution of the mystery.

The wound which Amy Hargrove had received proved

to be less serious than at first supposed. The shot had glanced around, instead of passing through a vital part. Upon the second day the doctor was able to announce that the hurt was not a serious one. Eighmie and Marsden were thereupon released on bail, so heavy, however, that they were compelled to remain in the village in order to satisfy the apprehensions of their bondsmen. The injured girl was at first the object of unbounded sympathy; but her conduct was not altogether what those who came to condole with her expected. Some very uncharitably declared that she was rather proud than otherwise of her part in this midnight adventure. She had no word of blame for the men who had been guilty of lawless violence, or of the institution at whose doors all seemed anxious to lay the blame for her suffering.

"It was all a mistake," she said in a quiet, matter-of-course tone. "They are gentlemen and did not intend me any harm. They would have brought me back as soon as they found I was not the slave they were seeking."

Indeed, she seemed to blame only two people for the harm that had befallen her, Hilda and Mr. Amory. Of the former she would say nothing. No expression of sympathy for the unfortunate girl, nor any burst of indignation against her intended captors could elicit a word of regret or disapproval from the quiet figure that occupied the bed in the dimly-lighted guest-chamber of the parsonage. Those who watched her at such times could only note that the little weazened face grew a trifle whiter and harder in its outlines; the narrow brow contracted and the black eyes rolled from side to side under the half-shut lids with suppressed excitement. Of the minister she only said that he no doubt meant well enough, but his interference at that particular time was very unfortunate for her. The message which the doctor brought from Eighmie gave her evident pleasure, and she insisted on being given a pencil and a sheet of paper that she might reply. The doctor protested angrily, but she had her way, and wrote:

"SIR: I am by no means sure that I am not more in fault than you. Of course, you would never have made the attempt but for the information I gave. In doing what I did I had no thought that you would try to obtain possession of the impostor from whose pretensions I had been an especial sufferer by such means. I was angry at the fraud practiced upon me and others, and intended simply to notify you that the girl you sought was still in the house. I am sorry, on many accounts, that I did so, but beg to assure you that I entertain no unkindly feeling toward you because of the result.

"Respectfully, AMY HARGROVE."

The grim old doctor carried the missive to the man to whom it was addressed, after having perused it carefully, who inquired in astonishment:

"Who is this young lady?"

"One of your own sort, I suppose," answered the blunt physician. "She comes from the South, is an heiress, and probably sympathizes with you in your disappointment."

"She is a lady, anyhow," responded Eighmie with severe emphasis; "and anything that I can do to compensate her for the injury I shall cheerfully do."

After the first day Amy was undisturbed by visits of condolence. Miss Hunniwell came once or twice, but she was a poor dissembler, and knew enough of Amy's treachery to her friend to feel a profound disgust for her which if not expressed could hardly be said to be concealed. She was kindly cared for by the minister's household; a few formal inquiries were made each day,

but by some means or other the idea had gotten out that if not actually concerned in the plot to abduct Hilda she was by no means averse to its success.

For herself, she asked no questions. If she noted the unfriendly coolness that came to pervade the manner of all who approached her, she made no sign. She obeyed the instructions of the physician to the letter—remained absolutely quiet, avoided all conversation, and before the excitement attending her injury had subsided was pronounced able to be removed to the seminary. Then, for the first time since her injury, she burst into tears, and begged to be allowed to remain for a few days longer. She gave no reason, nor was any asked. Her distress was too apparent not to awaken the sympathy of the good parson and his wife. Their hearts were touched by her grief, and they not only assented to her wish, but sought to make the days of her convalescence as pleasant as they could. As soon as she was able she wrote a letter, to which she began to inquire for an answer almost before it had been mailed.

The people of Bloomingdale and its vicinity felt a certain proprietary interest in the attempted abduction. The town had in no way been celebrated above its neighbors thitherto. Its people had been good and bad, rich and poor, notable and insignificant, in the due proportion of the average New England village. One murder away back in the time of Shay's war had made the whole region where the house had stood more famous than the muster of the rebels. It was only a vulgar murder of the meanest sort, however. There had been a fair average of suicides and accidents, some big fires and a "pretty sizeable" dam-breaking, but nothing to compare with this affair at Beechwood in the elements of a first-class sensation. In less than forty-eight hours after it became known every inhabitant of Bloomingdale felt that it was an honor to dwell in a town that was the scene of such a tragedy. Every man, woman and child had seen all that was visible, heard all that could be found out, guessed until their powers of invention were exhausted, and waited in dignified and expectant silence for what the morrow would bring forth. But the morrow was wretchedly barren. So was the next day and the next, until the people began to murmur. Before the week was ended, public indignation could no longer be restrained. Not only the people but the local press declared that the course which had been pursued by all those who might reasonably be supposed to have any knowledge of the affair had been most extraordinary.

In all that had occurred since the commission of the crime, it was universally declared that the public had been treated very shabbily. There had been a reserve, almost a mystery, attaching to the actors in the tragedy which was regarded as nothing less than an attempt to defraud it of prescriptive rights. A thousand questions had been left unanswered, and the most persistent inquiry in every quarter had failed to throw light upon them.

It was high time, everybody felt, that such persons should understand that the public had some privileges which they were bound to respect. A crime was a matter in regard to which the people had a right to be informed. The officers of justice were but the servants of the people. Jared Clarkson should remember that fame was inconsistent with secrecy. As a public character he was bound to render an account of what he did and what he knew to those whose approval made him famous. So, too, with a minister of the Gospel. There should be no mystery in his life. A

doctor should remember also that the suspicion of complicity with crime was a debasement of his profession. The public clamored for knowledge, and all were warned that those who stood in the path of its desire would find that they were standing in their own light also. Each and all of those having any knowledge of the crime or the parties thereto were exhorted to enlighten the public in regard to it, under penalty of its displeasure. These were some of the questions to which categorical answers were demanded day by day but not vouchsafed :

"What had become of Hilda?"

"Who shot Amy?"

"Who was it that came so near killing Barnes?"

"Why had Martin Kortright left as suddenly as he had come?"

"What interest had Jared Clarkson in the matter?"

"Why should he be closeted with Sherwood Eighmie for hours at a time?"

"What had he in common with the slave-hunter?"

"Why did the prosecution of these notorious offenders lag?"

"Why had the prosecuting attorney been more than once in private consultation with Clarkson and Eighmie?"

"What were the documents drawn up between Clarkson and Eighmie, witnessed by the State's Attorney, and acknowledged before a notary?"

"Had Jared Clarkson bought up the unholy claim of another slave-owner to his chattel?"

"Was the peace of individuals to be purchased at a sacrifice of public justice?"

"Did a crack-brained philanthropist propose to cure the evils of slavery by constantly interfering to protect its emissaries from the penalty of violated law?"

"Why did not the Doctor tell what he knew?"

"Was Miss Hunniwell a party to the conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice?"

"Why was Gilbert Amory so strangely silent, and how did he chance to be driving on the unused road in the rear of the seminary that night?"

These and very many other questions were asked by press and people, far and near, and a myriad of guesses were hazarded by the gossips in reply to each; yet none the less did the public feel itself aggrieved, and all the more busily did it seek to penetrate the mystery that hung about the strange events.

Jared Clarkson had made up his mind as to the duty that lay before him even before his arrival. Painful to any one, it was especially repulsive to him. He knew that in a free government there were but two remedies for bad laws—their strict enforcement or absolute defiance. He hated all that smacked of slavery, or rather he abhorred it with a vehemence that made simple hatred pale. Wrath and disgust swept through his heart like a whirlwind whenever he thought of this Minotaur, for whom a labyrinth had been builded in the fairest portion of our land. He hated the worship of this beast of blood only less than he pitied the victims. He knew that he would be blamed for what he proposed to do, but he had never shrunk from duty because of public clamor. The reprehension of friends and foes had been alike insufficient to deter him from the path his conscience had marked out. But even if he had been the veriest coward that ever shrank from disapproval, he could not then have hesitated. Had not Merwyn Hargrove committed to his charge the trust in which he himself had been faithful unto death? He could not shrink while the picture Jason had painted of that last moment was

yet fresh in his memory. His exemplar was sleeping under the shadow of the water-oak by the Mallowbank landing in an unmarked grave. He was calling to his representative to do even as he would have done under like circumstances. What would he have done? That Jared Clarkson determined to do, whatever the risk of blame! What would he do—Merwyn Hargrove—were he then and there present? It needed not much study to decide. So thought the sorrowful heritor of his wretched secret.

The public rumor was not without foundation. Sherwood Eighmie and his counsel had conferred with Jared Clarkson and the State's Attorney. There had been much skillful fencing, and the diplomacy of the profession had been exhausted upon each side, in the attempt to learn what hand the other held without disclosing their own. This was continued for a long time in vain. At length subterfuge was apparently thrown aside, and Eighmie's counsel made specific answer to Clarkson's oft-repeated question:

"What reason have you for believing that Hilda Hargrove was the daughter of your intestate?"

The answer was:

- 1—There was no evidence of the birth of a daughter to Captain Hargrove and his wife. Kingston had been ransacked for evidence of the birth and christening in vain.
- 2—The introduction of Hilda to the household at Sturmhold was exactly contemporaneous with the disappearance of Heloise Eighmie.
- 3—Hilda had always claimed her as her own child.
- 4—The former servants, except Jason, were discharged, and he was a party to the substitution.
- 5—Hargrove well knew of Hilda's claim upon the child, and never denied it.
- 6—In a letter written by himself to Jared Clarkson, which was found upon his person after death, Captain Hargrove had stated the fact that he desired his executors to expend all that might be derived from the estate of George Eighmie, or so much thereof as might be required, in discovering and freeing Hugh Eighmie, and that the balance of said estate, together with a sum equal to what had been expended in rearing the daughter of George and Alida, in all respects as if she had been his own child, including her expenses at Beechwood Seminary, "where she now is," should be paid to the said Hugh Eighmie in some manner so as to conceal from him all knowledge of the source from whence it came. "As to the daughter," the writer remarked, "she is already amply provided for by the operation of my will."
- 7—The will thus distinctly alluded to contained no name or reference to any one except the executors appointed thereby and "Hilda Hargrove, a daughter, who has never failed in duty or affection, to whom I leave my whole estate, well knowing that she will honor my name and memory by wise use thereof."

And now, said Eighmie's counsel, not without evident apprehension:

"What do you rely upon to rebut this chain of circumstances?"

Jared Clarkson responded with equal frankness:

"The presumption of legitimacy, and the open, constant and unmistakable acknowledgment of the father."

"And nothing more?" asked the counsel, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"That is enough," responded Clarkson evasively.

Neither party underestimated the strength of the other. Eighmie was fettered by the fact of crime committed. Clarkson was weighed down by fear of the truth. Neither party dared defy the other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSEHOLD—NURSERY GOVERNMENT.

A WISE old lady, sitting beside my nursery fire, with a benevolent eye upon a very new baby, in a very new cradle, once said to me: "Exact prompt obedience and punish for disobedience, but avoid raising an issue in which your child's will is pitted against your own."

This advice, although given from the serene heights of experience to the equally serene depths of inexperience, was not lost; and as, one after another, the bristling theories of cradle days were cast off with the baby's outgrown dresses, its value became apparent.

To a conscientious young mother, ardent and alert under her new sense of responsibility, it seems fairly puerile to "avoid an issue." She feels herself summoned, as by trumpet call, to instant battle with each invading fault; and so she is, but there are ways and ways.

The question here is not whether to secure obedience, but whether obedience may not be secured without those prolonged and distressing struggles between parent and child, in which a child often discovers his power to defy and "hold out" against his parents.

I think it safe to assume that a well child is usually a happy child, and that a happy child naturally inclines to cheerful acquiescence; it is, therefore, probable that in the majority of cases disobedience occurs during periods of petulance and irritability caused by some physical disturbance, perhaps unsuspected by the parent, and never comprehended by the child. Hence it is in his moments of physical unbalance that he manifests his worst traits and seems to need the sharpest discipline; yet a prolonged contest of will at such a time exhausts his strength and lowers his vitality.

Let me illustrate the working of the two principles—of raising an issue and avoiding an issue.

We will suppose your child of three years to have been kept in the house by bad weather until he is quite restless and irritable, and you welcome the first bright afternoon as a great relief; a romp in the fresh air is all he needs to recover his serenity. "Now, pick up your blocks, Dick," you say, "and you may go out to play." At the moment he chances not to be on amiable terms with his blocks; they have failed him in a critical architectural moment, and, with a scowl and a kick, he disdains to pick them up. "Oh, but you must!" you say. He demurs; you make your command even more imperative; he flatly refuses. Now, if you say, "You cannot go out to play *until* you have picked up your blocks," you have raised an issue. It may be the threat will prove effectual, and he will hasten to pick up the blocks for the sake of going out, and no harm may be done. But, if he is naturally obstinate, and if he is very cross at the moment, you may suddenly find yourself in the thick of a very stubborn and inopportune fight. It cuts you to the heart to spend the precious hours of sunshine thus; you look at his flushed face and swollen eyelids and know that ten minutes in the fresh air would sweeten his temper and smooth all difficulties; but you have committed yourself; you have raised an issue; he has met you squarely upon it; his obstinacy is aroused; you cannot retract; his will is pitted against yours, and you must not yield an inch now. So, wearily and heart-sick, you fight it out. The stout little heart is not so stout as your hand, and the wee man must succumb sooner or later to superior strength; and, by-and-by, when it is too late to go out to play, the blocks are tearfully picked up, and you rock your vanquished baby in your arms. He clings to you and kisses you be-

tween long sobs, and finally falls asleep with a hot cheek on your shoulder. But see the dark circles under his eyes, and listen to the pathetic catch in his sleeping breath. You have conquered, but it seems a pitiful victory to you.

Professor Bain says, somewhere in his little book on "Mind and Body," that every pleasurable emotion increases vitality, and every painful emotion decreases it. In proportion to his strength, what a drain upon the child's vitality this long struggle has been! But how could this scene have been avoided? By not accompanying your command with a threat which at once handicapped you and gave the child a point of resistance. As soon as you had said that he could not go out until his blocks were picked up, you lost the opportunity to adjust yourself to circumstances, and were dependent wholly upon superior endurance, and the infliction of punishment for your victory. All consideration for the child's health must be secondary to the carrying of your point when it is once made. The most painful experiences with a child are often the most unexpected—a whirlwind on a calm day—and unless it is a principle with the mother to keep herself mistress of the situation, untrammelled by definite threats, she will sometimes be sorely perplexed.

In this case, if the child refused to pick up his blocks, you might have warned him of danger ahead; and upon continued refusal, you might have descended upon him with swift punishment, and then hurried him out of doors to frolic with the other children before the last tear-drop was dry on his cheek. The whole affair would not have taken ten minutes, yet he would carry away in his small heart a great respect for an authority that tolerated no revolt and carried such quick retribution. When he came in, rosy and merry, at sundown, he would be none the worse physically for the episode of the blocks, but would have learned the cost of disobedience in a way not easy to forget.

With varying ages and temperaments modifications of this principle are of course necessary; but even with the vigorous, willful, older child, who disobeys from sheer naughtiness, is it not better to avoid a contest which may strengthen his will and obstinacy? If you say to such a child: "You shall not have your breakfast *until* you do so and so," you rouse his combativeness, and he may go without his dinner and supper as well rather than yield. We have all heard harrowing tales of the voluntary starvation and imprisonment of obstinate children. In such cases, if the parent had said: "I told you to do so and you have disobeyed; now you must lose your breakfast or stay in your room all day," the punishment would have been the same, but shorn of all the glory of successful rebellion. The pride of "holding out" would be lost—he would be simply a culprit doing penance. No palpitating mother would listen at the door for the first signal of submission. The end would no longer be sensational, with tears, repentance and forgiveness; the whole thing would have fallen flat, and be too tame for repetition.

It is difficult to lay down a rule without its seeming too sweeping. This may not be adapted to all children, or to any one child under all circumstances. I know some exceptions myself—so many, indeed, that I think it must be a very good rule. It seems to me such a serious matter, both physically and morally, for many children to have prolonged will-contests with parents, that I want to show how a mother may, in most instances, make her authority respected without raising such a contest.

MARY H. BURTON.



A Bit of Political Gossip.

Now that Thurlow Weed is gone, many stories are told in illustration of his great political sagacity, some of which will cause surprise to those who have been familiar with political facts without having known a great deal of the causes which brought them about. Such a story—the author being solely responsible for the verity of the statements—we give herewith :

From the time when Thurlow Weed first took an active part in political affairs—as far back as 1824—until shortly before his death, a little while ago, he was personally concerned in most of the great political movements of the country ; and in his party, especially in New York State, his was oftenest the mind that planned, and his the hand that did the most effective execution. He had a wonderful knowledge of mankind, and was possessed of a most remarkable memory. His discernment of character was quick and keen ; he measured men as he measured words.

The early life of the man was such as was calculated to develop in him the characteristics which later enabled him to stand above his fellow-men. In his youth he was the sport of adverse circumstances, and only by the most strenuous, unremitting exertions was he able to rise above them. But he had the mind to rise, and when he had risen he was the stronger for having struggled. He began life as a cabin-boy on a river boat, and while still a mere lad he left that occupation to enter a printing office. In course of time he became an editor ; then entered politics, and soon became a recognized leader. He was one of the founders of the old Whigs, and afterward, for many years, was one of the mainstays of the present Republican party. Presidents, Senators, Governors and many lesser officials have found their way to office through him, and more than one Presidential Cabinet was formed according to his suggestion. He sought no official position for himself, but gloried in being the power behind the throne. His advice was sought after by men in the highest official positions. He gave it willingly, and often have his suggestions almost completely changed the political kaleidoscope. It would be foolish to assert that Thurlow Weed made no mistakes in his lifetime ; he did make mistakes ; his judgment was not by any means infallible ; yet, as the world goes, he was wise, far-sighted, prudent, far beyond the average of mankind. The following story he told the writer about three weeks before he died, and it is given almost in his own words :

“During the summer of 1866, both of the political parties were already casting about rather anxiously for a suitable Presidential candidate for the next campaign. The Democrats were very much in earnest that year, and had pretty strong hope of being able to elect their next candidate, since the Johnson administration was turning out so badly. The Democratic party at that time was under the management of Dean Richmond, an exceedingly wise, honest, judicious man, who had never aspired for office himself, and who had the confidence of his whole party. Richmond was a man I really very greatly admired. Another good man, Peter Caggar, was at that time secretary of the Democratic State Committee.

“I was in Albany then, and one day I called at Caggar's

office there to see him about some business matter. As I entered the room I saw Richmond, Caggar, Erastus Corning and one or two other gentlemen seated closely around a table, and overheard the words : ‘ *Yes, Grant is undoubtedly the man ; if we—*’ and then the speaker saw me and suddenly turned the conversation upon some commonplace topic.

“From this and the confusion expressed upon the faces of the men I saw at once that I had interrupted a private conversation. A few moments later, having accomplished my errand, I left the office, and then the words I had heard came back to my mind. It flashed across me almost immediately that these men had been discussing General Grant as a possible *Democratic candidate for the Presidency* !

“At that time General Grant was committed to no political party, but it was known that he had been a Democrat before the war, and it was a not unreasonable presumption that he was still a Democrat. I realized in a moment that if the Democrats should nominate General Grant, and he should accept the nomination, they would undoubtedly elect their candidate, for the general was then probably the most popular man in the country, and could be elected no matter whose candidate he might be. As I thought the matter over I was impressed more and more strongly that the Democrats had this end in view.

“Not long after this I met Erastus Corning on the street. Mr. Corning was evidently feeling very well satisfied about something. He said to me :

“‘Well, Weed, what are your people going to do for a Presidential candidate next time ?’

“‘Oh, I do not know yet what we shall do. There is plenty of time for attending to that, and the Republican party does not lack eligible men,’ I answered.

“‘Well,’ said Corning, ‘you had better put on the strongest man you have, or we shall beat you pretty badly—in fact, I think we shall do that at any rate.’

“Then I felt moderately confident that the Democrats had decided upon nominating General Grant as their candidate ; but if any doubt of this lingered in my mind it was effectually dispelled, an hour later, by a few moments’ conversation I had with Dean Richmond. After some talk upon general matters, I said to him :

“‘Corning tells me you expect to bring out a pretty strong candidate for the Presidency some of these days, and that you actually expect to elect him.’

“‘Did Corning tell you who it was ?’ asked Richmond, rather anxiously, with a disturbed expression

“‘No ; only he said that you had decided upon a very strong man.’

“‘Oh, well,’ responded Richmond, ‘Corning talks too much—altogether too much, and he doesn’t know what he is talking about half the time !’

“That completely satisfied me ; and then I began to consider if we could not do something to head off this contemplated movement of the Democrats. I felt pretty sure that Richmond and his friends had very lately conceived this idea of nominating General Grant, and had not likely gone so far as to send him any communication upon the subject. It then occurred to me that if the Republicans could see General Grant *first* we might effectually beat

the Democrats in this particular scheme. With that end in view, I took the first train for New York, arriving in the city late in the afternoon. As soon as possible I saw Abram Wakeman, Sheridan Shook, Thomas Murphy, James Kelly, Owen W. Brennan, William A. Darling, Hugh Gardner, Dr. Van Wyck, and some more of my staunch Republican friends—all representative men in the party—and we met together, organized and held a meeting that same evening at the Astor House, in old Room No. 11, where so many political movements were planned in those days. At this meeting I explained what I had heard, and suggested that we might capture the General for our own ticket by a flank movement, as it were—by seeing him at once, asking him if he would accept the nomination from the Republican party if tendered, and then, in case we received a satisfactory answer—as I had no doubt we should if we were in time—we might publish the General's reply, committing him to us, and thus prevent the Democrats from approaching him at all upon the subject.

"The meeting was unanimously in favor of this, and I was delegated to visit General Grant 'at once.' The afternoon papers of that day had chronicled the General's arrival at Long Branch, so I hurried down to the Branch that same evening. The next morning I met the General in front of the hotel when he came out to take an early walk. I asked him to postpone his walk for a while, and come to my room, as I had something very important to communicate. The General went with me, and then I told him that I had come down to obtain an expression of his willingness to become the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. I told him of our meeting held the night before, without, however, referring to its hasty organization, but allowing him to infer that we had had him in our minds as a prospective candidate for a long time. I told him that I felt I could assure him the nomination in the convention to be held in 1868, and that the nomination would be equivalent to an election.

"'You,' said I, 'will have nothing whatever to do in the matter beyond consenting to become our candidate. You have done your work for us in the war—now we will do our work for you in the coming campaign.'

"That afternoon Thomas Murphy (afterward appointed by President Grant Collector for the Port of New York) came down with a full account of the proceedings of our meeting, and an 'official' message from the committee. General Grant seemed very much pleased with our action, and formally consented to become a candidate for the nomination at the hands of the Republican party. So our mission was accomplished. The next morning the report that General Grant had committed himself to the Republicans spread consternation in the minds of the Democrats, who had already come to regard the General as their own future candidate. The hope that they had placed in 'a strong man' was now completely turned against them.

"Some time after this I met Richmond, and he confessed to me that the Democrats had been outwitted and their thunder had been stolen almost at the last moment, for he had no doubt but that, in three or four days more, Grant would have been pledged as a prospective Democratic candidate.

"The rest is history—how, in the Republican National Convention held in Chicago, in 1868, Grant was unanimously nominated upon the first ballot, there being no opposition whatever. And from that time the Republican party has been in power, as the result, in the first place, of our having beaten the Democrats in securing the consent of General Grant to accept the nomination."

Mr. Weed told the story with the enjoyment of an old soldier relating the incidents of a raid within the enemy's lines. The manner is lacking, but the actual words are closely preserved.

CHARLES M. KURTZ.

THE sketch of the late Alexander H. Stephens, published herewith, is in a sense autobiographical, since its author was in frequent consultation with Mr. Stephens until a few days before his death, regarding the notes and data whose substance is embodied in the present paper. Mr. Cleveland says in a letter: "One day I told him the article for Judge Tourgée was ready, and he said he would gladly write his autograph for it," which was accordingly done, with the intention of having it reproduced in facsimile to accompany an engraved portrait. Mr. Stephens' not unexpected, though actually sudden, death necessitated a farther revision of the manuscript, and called for the addition of many facts not heretofore published. Mr. Cleveland was selected by Mr. Stephens as his biographer, and will shortly, we understand, bring out a biographical volume. It will interest our readers to know that it is largely through Mr. Stephens' influence that the State of Georgia gives eight thousand dollars annually to the Atlanta University, and a like sum to the State University at Athens. The first-named of these institutions is devoted to the education of negroes, and it is certainly a significant fact that the ex-Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy should so have interested himself in the cause of this recently-emancipated race. He was, however, always far ahead of the mass of his constituents in broad humanitarian views, and early recognized the importance to the state of educating the ignorant classes, white as well as black. We may mention another significant fact in this connection: The author of the present sketch was a colonel in the Confederate service. He is now a clergyman, and preaches every Sunday to a mixed audience of white and black factory operatives near Atlanta.

ONE often hears it said of an attractive young woman, "She has nothing to do but take her choice," or words to that effect, meaning that she can have any man of her acquaintance for a husband if she wishes to marry. But is this true? Evidently not under existing social codes. She may, indeed, refuse one after another of her admirers until she has gone through nine-tenths of the entire list of available men, but he whom she wants may not choose to offer himself. He may be too bashful, or he may be disheartened by the ill success of his fellows, or, for that matter he may be indifferent. This, however, does not alter the case as regards the lady. She has nothing to do with making the selection except in a negative way. She may refuse what she does not want, but she can only accept what is offered. She may see the man whom her heart tells her she ought to marry, standing afar off, hardly daring to worship silently and at a distance; yet she dare not sacrifice her maidenly reserve by going frankly to him and telling him that she loves him. Of course there are very strong reasons why she should not make such a venture with masculine human nature in its present unregenerate condition; but let it not be said that she may take her choice, when, in fact, she is not at liberty to do anything of the kind. A woman who has a dozen offers in the course of her life, may felicitate herself on having received an unusually large number, but it is a limited number. Her brother, on the contrary, literally has the feminine world to choose from—or to try to choose from. He may be refused, but at least he may ask the woman of his choice if she will have him. Perhaps this same brother is a worthless brute—he may even be a dude—yet he can, without violating the laws of social propriety, ask the loveliest of her sex to become his wife. Sometimes, alas! she consents—such is the mysterious nature of womankind—and no doubt she might make mistakes even if she were free to make proposals herself. That the question has arisen as to the wisdom of such a practically iron rule as now obtains, is evident from the traditional, if wholly visionary, prerogatives of "leap year," and from the occasional introduction by popular writers of a feminine "proposal" on the part of some heroine in modern fiction. It is

not at all likely that any sweeping revolution will take place in this regard, and indeed there are few judicious minds which would advise it; yet it may be that the Anglo-Saxon way is not beyond peradventure the best way. Marriages are effected in many lands, and among highly civilized people, by the mediation of third parties. Shall we say that they are altogether wrong because their way is not our way? There is a comical, yet not entirely improbable turn of events that is suggested by the appearance recently upon the social stage of the class of young men, already referred to in these pages, whose demeanor is marked by a studied elegance, and, if we may say so, by a lady-like deportment, which is certainly an outgrowth of modern social tendencies, and may be the shadow of coming events. The generations that have gone favored a retiring disposition in well-bred women, which has at the present time been largely modified by a thousand influences. The American girl of to-day has far more to do with the management of social affairs than had her mother and her grandmother. There has unquestionably grown up of late years a class of daring, high-spirited, self-reliant girls, with audacity enough for any possible achievement. Can it be—the suggestion is made with bated breath—that nature will preserve the social equilibrium by evolving a class of young men whose sweet, retiring shyness of manner shall prove attractive to the bolder spirits of the opposite sex? Nature is very apt to afford compensations. Why may she not preserve the balance in this, as in other really less important relations, replacing the partly eliminated element of traditional gentleness in woman by a masculine substitute equally charming in its way. To the dashing girl graduates of 1944, or thereabout, the dude of the period may prove irresistibly fascinating. Great reforms move slowly, and it is more than probable that most of those who are now living will “rest ‘neath the daisies” before woman’s right of choice in the matter of husbands becomes an actual fact instead of a glittering generality.

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WINCKLEMANN for many years represented the deepest and truest researches into ancient art, and those who went beyond mere smattering found that in his work, added to that of Lübke and Kugler, lay the only real sources of information. But exhaustively as Wincklemann had labored—and he was the first one to apply the historic method to the study of the fine arts—he was hampered by the limitations of the time in which he lived; and his bulky volumes, valuable as they must always remain, are not precisely what is needed by the general student. A more condensed account—“a history of the fine arts that should state correctly what is known concerning their works, and should treat their various manifestations with intelligence and in just proportion”—was required by the student; and this has been given in the present volume,¹ which appeared in Germany in 1871. The many discoveries of the past ten years have altered the bearing of many statements made, and thus a thorough revision became necessary, in which both author and translator co-operated. The result is one of the most careful and scholarly records ever made, and no better manual could be placed in the hands of the advanced student. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, one of our best authorities in this direction, in the preface gives full credit to Wincklemann as the first one who secured “to the fine arts their due place in the history of mankind as the chief record of various stages of civilization, and as the most trustworthy expression of the faith, the sentiments and the emotions of past ages, and often even of their institutions and modes of life. The recognition of the significance of the

fine arts in these respects is, indeed, as yet but partial, and the historical study of art does not hold the place in the scheme of liberal education which it is certain before long to attain. One reason of this fact lies in the circumstance that few of the general historical treatises on the fine arts that have been produced during the last fifty years have been works of sufficient learning or judgment to give them authority as satisfactory sources of instruction. Errors of statement and vague speculations have abounded in them. The subject, moreover, has been confused, especially in Germany, by the intrusion of metaphysics into its domain, in the guise of a professed but spurious science of esthetics.”

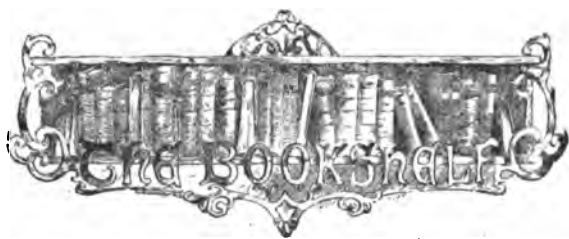
These same esthetics have done much to confuse all real knowledge, and no better corrective can be asked than the simple and straightforward story Dr. Von Reber tells. The first third of the volume is given to Egypt with her monuments and sculptures, and to Chaldea, Assyria, Persia and Asia Minor in general; the remainder being occupied by Greece and Rome, the story of the latter being simply that of such development as came under Grecian influence. The translation is an easy and graceful one; the illustrations are carefully printed, and the book a most valuable and attractive addition to the literature of art.

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EXACTLY why various critics have announced this recent number of the “No Name Series”¹ to be immoral, it is difficult to discover. On the contrary, a careful reading leaves the impression of a higher morality than present fiction often holds—a sense of the inevitable penalty for all transgression of law, even when as innocent and unconscious as that of poor Katherine. The plot is simple. Katherine Carey is the only daughter of a self-made man, beginning as office-boy with the firm in which he eventually becomes a partner, and whose chief desire is to see a marriage between this daughter and Roger Hackblock, the oldest son of the senior partner. Lewis Barrington, a journalist and promising novel-writer, sees her giving strawberries to a group of poor children about the steps of her father’s house, and then and there, bewitched by her beauty and grace, registers a vow that no other woman shall ever be his wife. A fortunate chance that night introduces him to her, and an acquaintance begins that speedily ripens into love on her part as well. The invalid mother, the fresh and singularly unworldly daughter, the people who come and go about them, are all very real—above all the artist, Frank Davenport, who, head over ears in debt, spends the proceeds of his first successful picture in a wonderful brass bed, made up of twining dragons, “to sleep in which is an education in art.” Nancy Davenport is a very delicate and well-wrought creation, and the haps and mishaps of artist-life most faithfully and charmingly given. The Hackblocks are very unpleasantly real, and Mrs. Wilbraham, who appears on the scene after the death of Katherine’s father, the loss of fortune, and determination to atone for all the sorrow brought about by rash and inconsiderate action, is one of the most amusing figures in recent fiction. Katherine’s faults—sins, as she calls them—are all the result of defective training, and to see an error with her is to seek as instant atonement as possible. There is sorrow and abnegation, and a long, sad waiting—but “Barrington’s Fate” is happiness at last; and certainly the poor child, whose chief sin was an undeveloped, uneducated nature, deserves all that comes, the real sin lying with those who ignored its claims, though here again ignorance and selfishness were chief factors in the tragedy; and the moral lies behind all outcroppings of these traits, and is deep as life itself. The story is exceedingly unequal, but sufficiently strong to make this less an objection than it otherwise must be.

(1) HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. By Dr. Franz Von Reber. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, pp. 482, \$3.50. Harper & Brothers, New York.

(1) BARRINGTON’S FATE. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 414, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



JOAQUIN MILLER has given up poetry for the time being, and is devoting himself to newspaper correspondence, in which he is having exceptional success.

"THE WHEELMAN" has given itself a new and very attractive cover, and the contents are, as usual, of very even excellence, the magazine being an essential to all interested in bicycling news.

THE *Century* drops the various divisions of its editorial departments and gives place to one with the title of "Open Letters," much after the order of the popular "Contributors' Club," in the *Atlantic*.

MR. BROWNING bids fair to become a popular author, as twelve hundred copies of "Jocoseria" were sold within a week of publication; as many as have heretofore been required for the sales of several years.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is busily engaged upon the biography of his father, which he hopes to have ready for the press by July. It contains, as would naturally be expected, much interesting correspondence.

OVER eleven hundred applications have already been made for Dommett's hymn by young aspirants for Harpers' prize, New York leading the way in numbers, Boston being next, and a few coming from the South.

"JOHN INGLESANT" has passed into its twentieth edition, and is still in active demand, in spite of the statement in various quarters that philosophical novels have had their day, and that the public demands something more stirring.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW will write the life of William Cullen Bryant for the "American Men of Letters Series," and that of Bayard Taylor will be prepared by Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, the delightful quality of whose work is known to every reader of the *New York Tribune*.

NINE thousand copies of "Mr. Isaacs" have been sold in this country, and the Macmillans announce a new edition of three thousand copies. The author, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, is on his way to Japan, and may make that country the scene of his next novel.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has turned his batteries upon the vivisectionists, and in his latest novel, just completed and to be published in May, gives a study of one of the most cold-blooded types, an attack of the gout having come just in season to insure the requisite ferocity of treatment.

THE "Old Corner Book Store" passes from the hands of the senior partner, Alexander Williams, long identified with Boston publishing interests, into those of the younger partners, under the firm name of Cupples, Upham & Co. Here seems a case where the English custom of retaining the name of the original firm might advantageously be tried.

THE "American Exchange" has organized a system of excursions on the established plan, and prints a monthly magazine, very neatly made up, called *Travel*, containing descriptions of various tours with the expense of each. *Drake's Traveller's Magazine* gives also a good deal of valuable information, the traveler having absolutely no excuse hereafter for losing his way.

IN "The Battle of the Moy; or, How Ireland Gained

Her Independence, 1892-1894," there is a prophecy which it is not impossible we may see worked out. A sudden and most unexpected declaration of independence takes place in 1892, when strifes of various sorts are going on in Europe, and, after many catastrophes, the Battle of the Moy puts an end to all farther difficulty. The battle itself is powerfully described, and the little book is so full of keen humor as to be well worth reading. (Paper, pp. 74, 50 cents; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

AN exceedingly sensible little book has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., "Hygiene for Girls," by Dr. Irenæus P. Davis, the nine chapters of which are each and all full of wise suggestion. The opening one on "Nerves and Nervousness," is a summary of the causes that underlie this national tendency, and is so calm and wise in tone that it cannot be too highly commended. Evidently a very just and well-balanced mind has looked on all sides of the subject, and common sense is especially evident in the chapter on "Hygienic Morals," which ends the book, as well as in that on "Feminine Employments." (12mo, pp. 210, \$1.00).

FUNK & WAGNALLS have reprinted the lectures of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., on "American Humorists," four of which were delivered before the Royal Institution in 1881. Mr. Haweis has an almost enthusiastic admiration for American humor, the highest type of which he considers is found in Washington Irving. Dr. Holmes ranks next, and is followed by James Russell Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. That on Dr. Holmes is in many points the most sympathetic and intelligent, but the book is, with all its gush and faults of style and statement, one that will go far toward giving a true impression of many American characteristics. The price is astonishingly low for the quality of the paper and binding used. (12mo, pp. 179, \$1.00).

MR. GEORGE H. CALVERT must be reckoned always with our rather limited number of "men of letters," his work for many years fully entitling him to this distinction. His prose is always clear and elegant in style, and his critical power has been shown in many forms. A student always, and well able to interpret the work of the masters, whether in prose or poetry, he can hardly himself be called a poet, though his works include various dramas and tragedies. "Mirabeau, an Historical Drama," is the latest venture, and is a very faithful reproduction of the spirit of that day. The character of Mirabeau has evidently been thoroughly studied, and Cecile is a very noble and womanly conception; but the drama, while possessing some strong situations, is not poetry, but prose, and cannot add to Mr. Calvert's reputation as a poet. (16mo, pp. 103, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

THE "Hammock Series" of Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago, grows slowly, the latest addition being "A Sane Lunatic," by Clara Louise Burnham. Miss Burnham is a sketchy and vivacious writer, but her plots are too wildly improbable in themselves, and in the present case too suggestive of Wilkie Collins' "Poor Miss Finch" to leave room for admiration of her inventiveness. Here, as in the English novelist's work, are two twin brothers; and the heroine, supposed to be a lunatic in the beginning, because of her constant reference to "Fairylund," and her life there—"Fairylands" being really her birth-place, and thus named from its beauty—marries the right one at last, having first very nearly married the wrong one, who is the villain of the plot. There are some amusing scenes, and the book has no objectionable points, which is in itself a certain recommendation. (12mo, pp. 325, \$1.50).

HENRY HOLT & Co. have in press a volume entitled "Outlines of Constitutional History of the United States," by Luther H. Porter, which is announced by the publishers to be on a different plan from any history or text-book now before the public. "In Part I it gives a brief sketch

of the government of the colonies, and the text of one of each of the three kinds of colonial charters, in order to show the basis of our form of government. It then outlines the causes which led to the formation of the Constitution. In Part II the Constitution is given and treated in detail, and the nature and object of each clause explained in a simple manner. Part III narrates concisely the origin and growth of political parties, and traces the outlines of constitutional and party questions. It is not an ambitious work, but an attempt to put into convenient form, for the first use of students or other readers, a connected account of the main facts of the origin, nature and operation of the Constitution."

A THIRD edition has been called for of Dr. C. E. Page's little book, "How to Feed the Baby," and the success is a well deserved one. The regimen, to those accustomed to old methods, may seem severe, but the many who have tested it thoroughly find the results better even than the author claims they must be. There is no doubt that over-feeding is the rule with all young children, and that much of the mortality from birth to five years of age might be prevented by wiser treatment. Dr. Page has made infant dietetics a specialty, and knows of what he writes; and for ten years he has studied baby habits, measuring every specimen that came in his way, here or abroad, and finding out as many details as possible of its general health, physical traits, special sicknesses, methods of treatment, management, diet, clothing, etc. He has made a manual which may be trusted, and those who train their children by its directions are likely to secure for them the best possible physical development. (Paper, pp. 160, 50 cents; Fowler & Wells, New York).

"A DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINES" is the latest novel issued by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, in their No Name Series, and is a much more powerful story than the more recent ones of the series. The story opens in New York, where a Western family, whose fortune the father has made, by the aid of his scheming wife, out of an army contract, have succeeded in locating themselves. A Fifth Avenue mansion, plenty of money and a beautiful and stylish daughter, open the doors of fashionable society to them; and, while the father amuses himself on Wall street, we are shown, with all the coolness that Mr. Howells manifests in his "Modern Instance," the family discords, the want of reverence in the young people, the foibles of the willful daughter, and the fast life of the son. But while the son goes to perdition, as he deserves, there is an innate goodness in the daughter, aided by her marriage to a man of principle, that makes her at last, contrary to our fears, a most charming young matron. There is much stock speculation in the story, and the usual end of the mushroom growth. (16mo, pp. 325, \$1.00).

THE spirit of criticism is more and more a nineteenth-century instinct, and it may be questioned whether there will soon be any time left for accomplishment. When the world takes to defining past and present, and book follows book to prove either a new theory or some new shade of distinction in the old, creation ends, and by the time all have spoken there will be no modern art to talk about. Now and then, however, comes a book that is not a complaint of bad work, but an incentive to good, and of this order is Miss Lucy Crane's "Art and the Formation of Taste;" six lectures, with illustrations drawn by Thomas and Walter Crane. Nothing simpler or more direct can be imagined than these six talks, the introductory one giving an outline of the history and progress of art, and the remaining ones treating of decorative art, in form, color, dress and needle-work; of sculpture, architecture and painting. Unpretentious and quiet as the work is, no one can read without admiration for the good sense and real insight of the author, and regret that one so fitted to teach should have ended life just as its best work had begun. (12mo, pp. 292, \$2.00; Macmillan & Co., London).

MR. J. L. MCCREERY disarms all criticism by the frank statement in his introduction to "Songs of Toil and Triumph," that they are sung to please himself. He quotes Ruskin's petition for no more second-rate poetry, in which occurs this passage: "All inferior poetry is injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away from the freshness of rhymes, gives a wretched commonality to good thoughts, and, in general, adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woeful and culpable manner." Mr. McCreery replies—it need not be said, in rhyme—that though owls may cry "silence!" crickets will still chirp:

"My song is a homely affair, no doubt;
But when my heart and throat are athrill
With a thought or a joy that I want to let out,
Though owls may complain, I will not keep still."

The genuinely fine poem, long attributed to Bulwer, beginning:

"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,"

is given in full, with a history of its fortunes, and the remainder of the volume, though by no means up to this standard, is full of a very gentle and thoughtful spirit. (16mo, pp. 143, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

The first volume of Mr. Hulbert Howe Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States," "Central America," is succeeded by Vol. IV, on Mexico, the explanation for the sudden jump being found in a publisher's note accompanying the volume:

"It has been deemed advisable, for several reasons, to deviate from strict numerical order in the publication of the several volumes of this History, and pursue a more chronological course. Thus, instead of continuing the annals of Central America, as presented in the second volume of the series, the fourth volume of the series is next issued, which is the first volume of the history of Mexico. The three succeeding volumes will bring the histories of Mexico and Central America, side by side, down to about 1800. These will be followed by several volumes on regions toward the north, for approximately the same period; for example, the earlier volumes on the North Mexican States, California, the Northwest Coast, and Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska, may be issued at any time."

The present volume has all the peculiarities as well as charms of Mr. Bancroft's work. It is too diffuse as usual, but it is also a brilliantly written narrative, packed with facts to which no other historian has had as full access. Mr. Bancroft's statement of his methods of work seems to have aroused a feeling that much of it was practically not his own. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The enormous amount of material in his library of reference necessitates the employment of trained assistants; but any practiced literary worker knows that note-taking is only the preliminary stage, and that the real labor begins when connected narrative must grow from jottings. Mr. Bancroft's style is his own, and its virtues far exceed its vices. (8vo, pp. 702, \$3.50. A. L. Bancroft & Co., publishers, San Francisco).

NEW BOOKS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING. With an Introduction by Richard Grant White. 12mo, pp. 265, \$2.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

GIDEON FLEYCE. By H. W. Lucy. Leisure Moment Series. Paper, pp. 324, 30 cents. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE SLEEPING CAR. A Farce. By William D. Howells. 24mo, pp. 74, 50 cents. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

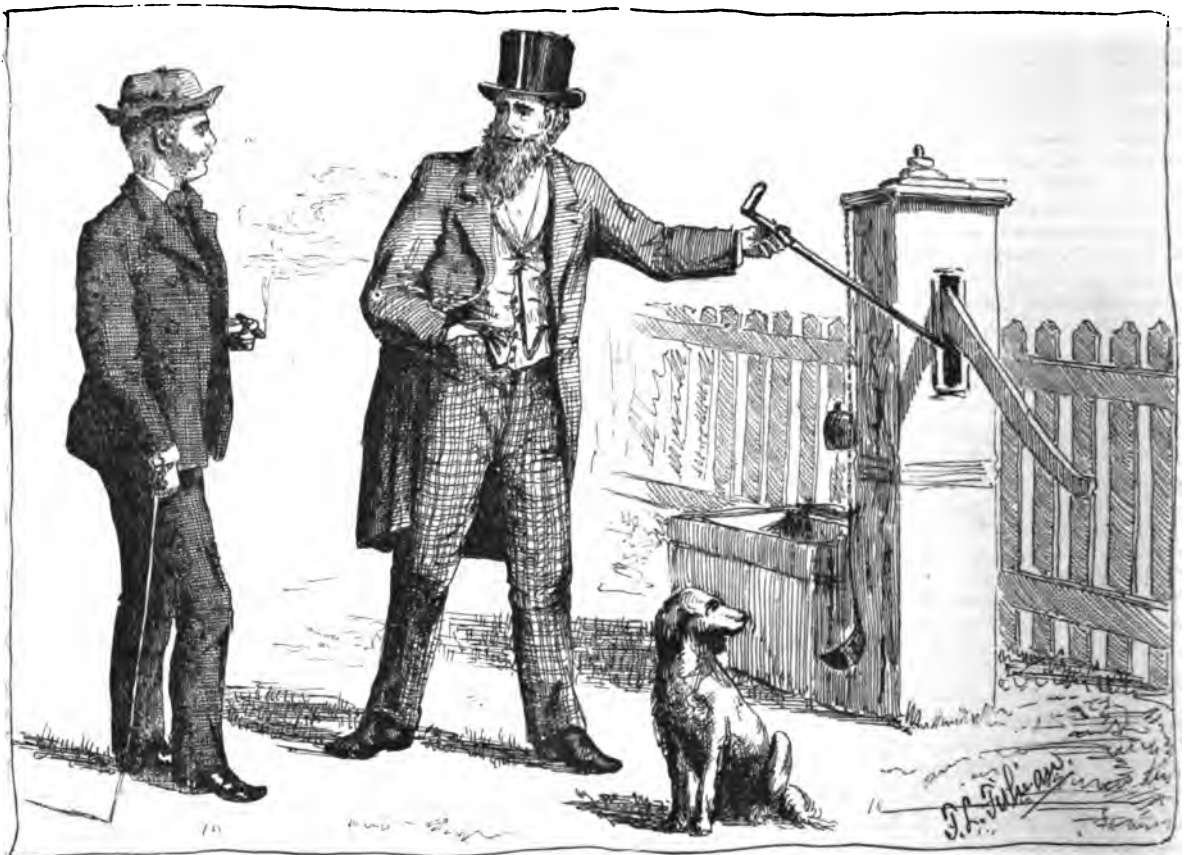
FANCHETTE. By One of Her Admirers. Round Robin Series. 16mo, pp. 369, \$1.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

ANGELINE. A Poem. By George H. Calvert. Paper, pp. 50, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

ON THE WING. Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific. By Mary E. Blake. 16mo, pp. 231, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOY. Or, How Ireland Gained Her Independence, 1892-1894. Paper, pp. 74, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE. From Erimius to Boethius. By George Augustus Simcox, M. A. Two vols., 12mo, pp. 468, 481, \$4.00. Harper & Brothers, New York.



Prospective Purchaser of Country Place to Agent.—“But I don't see any stream of running water such as described in the advertisement, and you've taken me all over the place now.”

Agent.—“Here you are! Fact is, the stream is subterranean. Great natural curiosity! We have tapped her here with the pump. Have a drink?”

An Attorney to His Love.

FOREVER witness this deed poll,
To whom it may concern,
That for the sweetest of *femmes sole*
With quenchless love I burn.
To her, in very simplest fee,
My heart I do convey,
With covenant of warranty,
Forever and for aye.
I humbly pray that she will give
Her heart to me in trust,
To be its tenant while I live
Till mine is turned to dust.
I dare not seek a title great,
Although I madly love her;
If she would grant a life estate,
I'd yield remainder over.
Her heart's entailed, perhaps; then short
I'll bring recoverie,
And plead my cause in Love's own court,
With Cupid for vouchee.
The *usufruct* of her dear lips
Would surely lure the bees in;
I long to hold her finger-tips
By livery of seizin.
Ah, hopeless I! To me appears
Her host of suitors; yet,
Oh, who can soothe such startled fears
By bills “*quid timet?*”
How my aforesaid heart would sing,
And all said fears would cease,
If this fair court would let me bring

A churchly bill of peace.

Then, by these presents, witness yo
I'm éstoppéd to deny
That she's my heart's sole alienee,
And shall be till I die. C. E. S. Wood.

Contentment.

[From a Letter to the N. Y. Tribune.]

OLD Jones he leads a happy life,
He has no care or wedded strife;
He drinks the best of ginger wine.
I wish old Jones' lot were mine.
And yet he is not happy quite,
The gout it makes him swear outright:
The rheumatism racks his bones.
I think I'd rather not be Jones.
Young Johnson better pleases me;
He's in the best society;
Has lords and ladies at command.
In Johnson's boots I'd rather stand.
And yet I'm very much afraid
For those same boots he's never paid;
He's always out lest duns should call.
I'd not be Johnson after all.
Then here I'll rest, nor rashly go,
But live and die in Pimlico;
At home I'll drink my ginger wine,
And go when I'm asked out to dine.
And as I drink my ginger wine,
I'll think that I with Jones do dine;
And when invited out to tea,
I'll fancy I young Johnson be.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

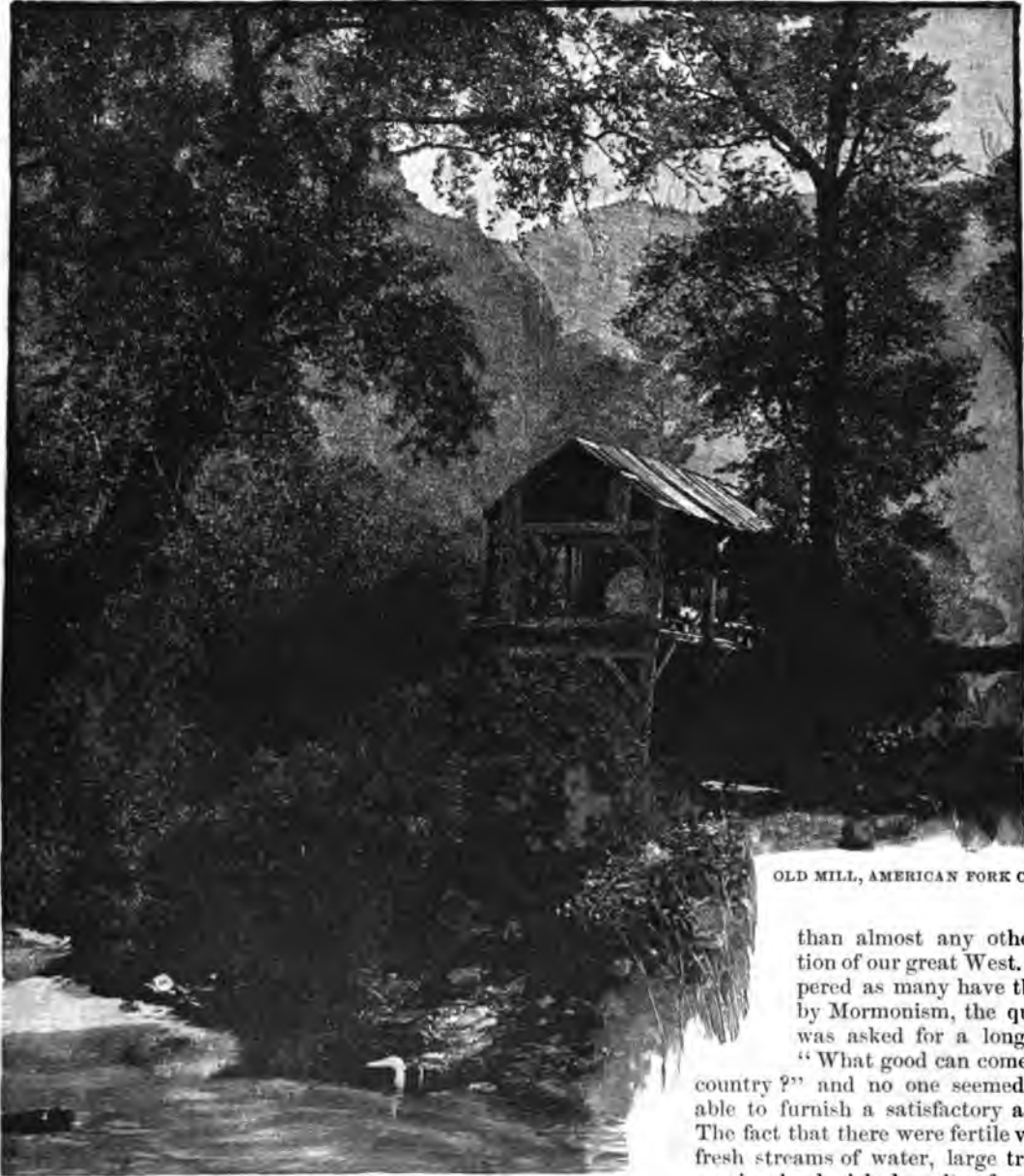
THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 20.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1883.

Whole No. 66.

BY-WAYS OF UTAH.



OLD MILL, AMERICAN FORK CANYON.

"The earth was made so various that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes."—*Cowper*.

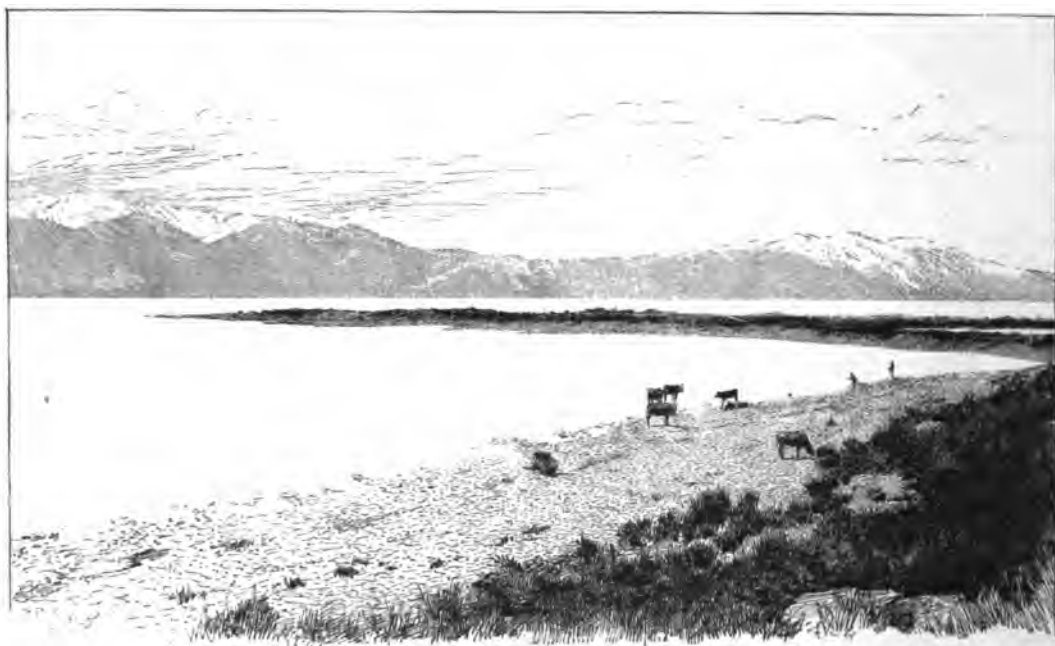
UTAH, with its eighty-five thousand square miles of territory, has been less explored and less understood

than almost any other section of our great West. Hampered as many have thought by Mormonism, the question was asked for a long time: "What good can come of the country?" and no one seemed to be able to furnish a satisfactory answer. The fact that there were fertile valleys, fresh streams of water, large tracts of grazing land, rich deposits of gold, silver, copper and coal, was lost sight of.

Men seemed only to think that Utah was a territory situated in the midst of vast deserts, and that it consisted of high, snow-capped mountains, extended alkali deserts, salt seas and uninhabited arid plains. Even when the transcontinental railway was built, the road hardly touched Utah, and the country for years after remained unknown, unexplored by sight-seer or prospector, and was even thought so neglected

and isolated from the rest of the world that the Mormons, in making it their home, expected to remain there undisturbed for all time. But Father Time—remorseless destroyer of present things, and who obliterates past facts—has not remained idle. The Mormons had no sooner erected their city, cultivated their valleys, opened the mines, stocked the pastures and built their roads, than another people, with religious ideas antagonistic to those of Brigham Young, began to press over the high barriers which had thus far kept Utah secluded, and have continued to gain in numbers and influence until at the present time the territory is largely settled by Gentiles, and Utah is on the verge of a new life. Railways are constructed rapidly, new mines are daily opened, the output of the country is increasing, new towns have been built, and the great outside world has ceased to ask what good, but rather to say how much good, may come out of Utah.

would see Ogden and Salt Lake City, the great mysterious Salt Lake, and isolated peaks "striking up the azure" with their pointed cones of ice and snow. Far to the south the valleys would be seen to merge into deep cañons, with huge rocks of vari-colored hues, down which hissing, troubled streams roar and run swift races. The eye would see changes in every direction—now a vale, now a forest; here a lake, and again rounded hills and well-stocked fields. There would be Arctic regions and others like Italy; great banks of snow and bright green pastures. In fact, from an elevation commanding all Utah, it would be seen at once that the country is singularly varied; grand, and yet beautiful; rugged, yet subdued; arid, and yet fertile; a network of mountains, valleys, plains and parks, from over and among which run or nestle clear streams, wide rivers and picturesque lakes. The air would vibrate, too, with the hum of industry; the puff of the locomotive



PELICAN POINT, UTAH LAKE.

Nor is it strange that this change in the condition of things has occurred. The territory is immensely rich, has a most beautiful and varied topography, and a climate which is delightful. The Wasatch Mountains divide it into two nearly equal parts, and, with ranges of lesser height, form sheltered valleys, which are as productive as any in the world. If one were elevated above the country in a balloon, he would look down upon a varied scene. Extending north and south, with wooded slopes, high, snow-capped summits, and inclosing miniature lakes, valleys and forest-girded parks, would be seen the Wasatch range; east of it, vast, treeless, arid and neglected, would appear the desert lands which, during the coming year, will be crossed by a railway traversing their weary lengths; and westward—a bright spot in the view—Salt Lake and Utah Valleys would meet the gaze, lying like jewels between vast mountains, watered by lakes and threads of silvery streams, and cultivated until hardly a foot of ground remains without its waving grain and patches of garden produce. In the north of the territory, too, one

tive would be heard as it penetrated the wild gorges of the mountains or toiled in the valleys; the factories and smelting works would break the stillness with their busy activity, and in the higher fastnesses men would be seen at work digging precious treasures from their long seclusion.

There were two of us who had arrived in Utah to see its sights, study its life, and, as we soon discovered, to enjoy its beauties. The artist came to sketch, and after he had covered his tablets with views of mountain-surrounded Ogden, we moved southward to Salt Lake City. The road between the two cities follows the shores of the Salt Lake. This sleepy body of water always seems like the glazed eye of some disappointed giant chafing at his involuntary confinement. East of it, and indeed bounding it on nearly all sides, are high mountains, those nearest us having snowy summits and wooded sides, while the others are veiled by a thin haze, which hides their outlines and softens them into a complete whole of great beauty.

"I wonder—" said the artist, half to himself.

"What?" said I.

"Nothing," he answered. And then: "But, do you know, this lake haunts me. It seems entirely unnatural and strange. Look at these islands of black rock, now. There isn't a bit of foliage on them, nor on the larger ones; and the water of the lake isn't over twenty feet deep. Now there's water enough runs into this basin, but there's no outlet. Evaporation? Yes, but with the salt in the water, and the clear days of Utah, evaporation can't keep the depth as it is. I think there are great outlets somewhere, and that this is an arm of the sea. Anyway, I wish it would wake up; it bothers me."

"Don't look at it, then," I suggested, but he did not hear. His gaze rested as though riveted on the sullen, unbroken, glassy surface. The lake was dull-hued, and no boats with white sails dotted its surface. To our left rose the mountains, their tops suffused with prismatic rays of the setting sun—gay, happy, smiling; but the grim waters gave no answering glance. The corn-fields kissed its shores; trim houses flirted with it, a thousand shades tempted it to speak; but, silent, cold, listless, it stretched long arms around its rocky islands, and heeded nothing in the world without.

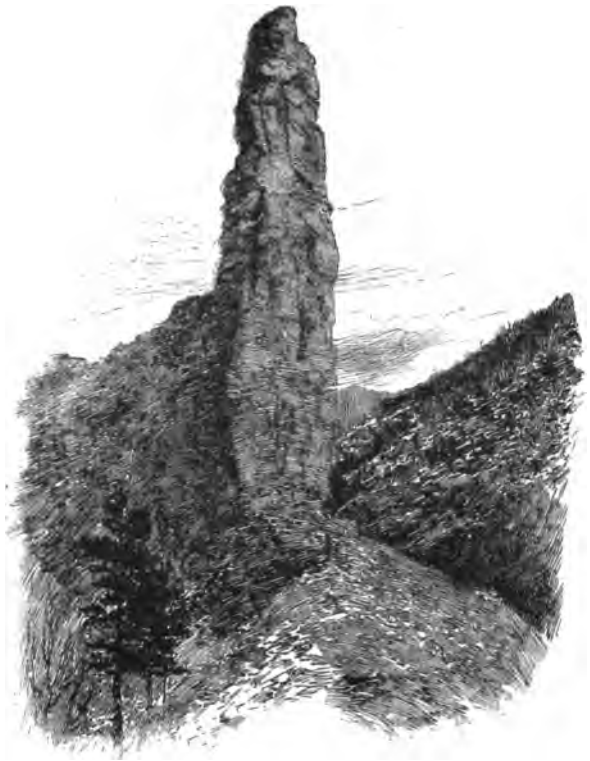
Salt Lake City lies at the upper or northern end of a valley of the same name, and occupies a portion of the sloping "bench," or *mesa*, which runs toward the mountains from the shores of the lake. Back of the town rises the Wasatch range, broken here into many sized cones and deep, verdant cañons. Beyond the valley are the indistinct outlines of more mountains, while to the west rises the sloping, wood-covered Oquirrh range, ending abruptly in the north at the shores of the lake. The city itself is a place of wide streets, well-built houses, shade trees, trim gardens, and long avenues. The public buildings are mostly owned by the Mormons, and add much to the beauty of the town. As we rode from the depot to the hotel the artist said the streets made him think of Paris, they were so wide and shaded, and down their either side flowed a tiny stream of water, which swept away every trace of rubbish. Indeed, Young and his followers must have had an unusual amount of good taste. Not only did they select as a site for their city a *mesa* which commands an extended view, but they planned that all streets should run at right angles to one another; and, consequently, there are formed all over the city squares of green sward filled with trees, private dwellings and stores. This regularity of design is noticed at the very first. Everything is free, wide, light and open. "I don't believe," said the artist, "you can find a dark spot in Salt Lake." And after our visit was over I fully agreed with him. The sun has unlimited freedom, and its warm rays are never excluded by high walls or narrow ways.

"Salt Lake is a New England village, with foreign plans, moved out West," said the artist.

"Or a modern Edinburgh," I suggested.

"Yes; and yet, after all, it is simply Salt Lake, and a remarkably pretty town with characteristics all its own."

And that was it; we compared it to many places, and were reminded of this or that city, but, after all, there remained the fact that nothing we had ever seen before was exactly like it. There was Arcadian simplicity, but nothing was commonplace. The public buildings, the stores, the homes, all had a peculiar beauty of their own. They were light-colored, clean, pretty. No grim stains of smoke had soiled, no dull hues surrounded them. The houses had an air of solid comfort, and whether occupied by Mormon or Gentile, had bright



IN SPANISH FORK CAÑON.

flower-beds, green lawns and scores of trees about them. Nothing seemed new or crude or "Western;" and the longer we stayed the better pleased we were with the Mormon capital and its easy-going life.

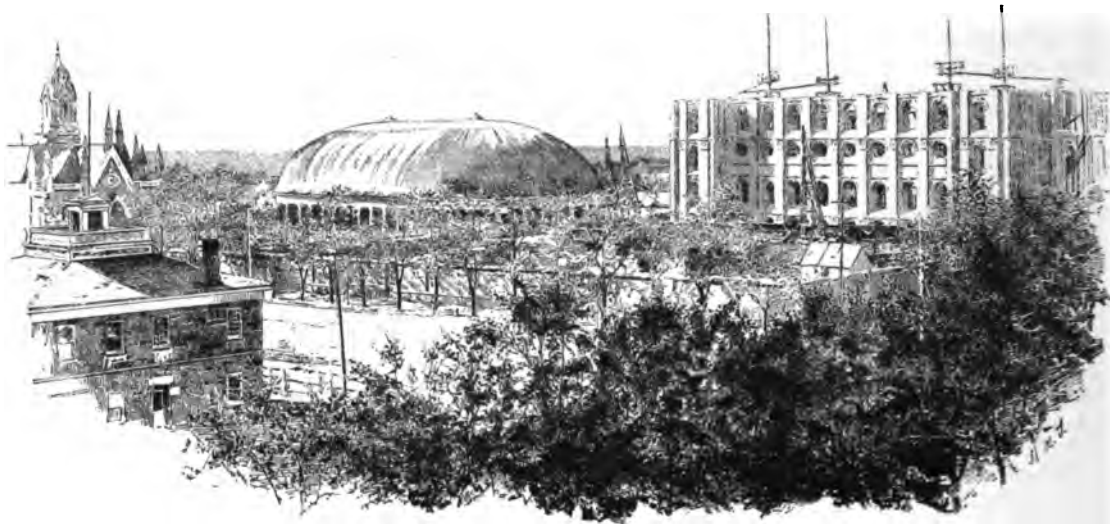
The square inclosing the unfinished Temple, the Tabernacle and the small temple, is the Mecca for all visitors at Salt Lake. It is the centre of Mormonism. Here the marriages are performed, the sermons preached, and the converts instructed. The Temple is of granite, solid, massive, graceful and substantial. For thirty years the work has been going on; and fifteen more must elapse before the building is finished. "By which time," suggested the artist, "the Mormon Temple may become a Gentile state-house;" an idea I instantly frowned down, as it was apt to inaugurate a discussion of the Mormon question, and that I determined should be left to the gentlemen at Washington. The Tabernacle is a building capable of seating some sixteen thousand people. Its roof resembles the keel and bottom of a turned-over boat, and is of wood. The interior of the vast structure is void of any ornamentation, is in the form of an ellipse, and the seats are plain wooden benches.

The gallery rests on seventy-two pillars, and extends around three sides of the room, and overlaps a large portion of the main floor. The entire length is two hundred and fifty feet, and the width one hundred and fifty. At the extreme end is the large organ, and in front of that three raised desks for the various dignitaries, and a long desk for the chief speaker or preacher or saint. The baptismal font, of carved stone, occupies the centre of the interior. The walls are of a glaring white, and twenty doors allow an audience of sixteen thousand to leave the room in a few minutes. The acoustic properties are perfect. Standing at one end of the gallery a pin can be heard to drop at the other

end, and the voice thrown from near the organ is distinctly heard over the whole interior.

Opposite the square is the "Tithing-Yard," a walled inclosure, which looks like a farm-yard, and in which every good Mormon deposits a tenth of all his produce for the benefit of the church. Not far from this place are the houses Brigham Young used to occupy, known

very chimneys and upon the flat roofs of the houses, lay the city, its busy hum of life creeping faintly to our ears, and all its gardens, trees and lawns revealed. To the right, ten miles or more away, and nestling in the arms of blue-tinted mountains, lay the lake, silent, calm, and heedless of the beauty in which it lived; to the left, and pressing their huge masses upon the valley, rose



TEMPLE BLOCK—THE NEW AND THE OLD TEMPLE.

as the "Bee-Hive" and "Lion House." They show their age a little now, and some of the window-sills are sadly in need of new paint. Tall trees surround these farm-like houses, and the garden-walls are backed with rank shrubs. We never saw much life or many signs of activity of any description around Temple Square or at the Bee-Hive; but the artist, bachelor as he is, insisted that a dozen faces of fair females watched our movements from out the small window-panes of the former home of a wonderfully strong-minded man. Be this as it may, I know we wandered into every nook and corner unchallenged, politely answered, kindly received. And after we had examined to our heart's content, the strange religion which sanctions so many wives to one man seemed as unreal to us as before we came to Salt Lake.

Of all the drives and rambles about the city and its surroundings, the one the artist enjoyed most was the climb to Ensign Peak. We had explored the cañons of the Wasatch, where we found cool shades, rich verdure, sparkling streams and beauty unadulterated, and had passed many a quiet hour at Fort Douglas listening to the music, and feasting our eyes with the wealth of scenery spread out at our feet, when one day somebody told us to go to Ensign Mountain. This sharp cone, with bare brown sides and a rocky crown, rises directly behind the city, and early in the morning throws its shadow over the quiet place. After panting and struggling up to the very top, catching a wider and grander view each step of the way, the artist, always impressible, but now justly delighted, seated himself upon a rugged boulder, and for a few minutes indulged in all the adjectives at his command.

"Do you like the picture?" I asked.

"It is superb, unequalled!" he said, and again lapsed into silent admiration.

And truly the scene was one to be long remembered. At our very feet, and so near that we could look into its

the Wasatch peaks, grand, stately and deeply torn by cañons and narrow gorges. The lower slopes were richly covered with dark forests, but higher up the summits had banks of snow, which gleamed under the bright rays of the sun. Westward, and extending for sixty miles, were the valleys of Salt Lake and of Utah Lake, dim and haze-obscured. At their extreme, and where

"Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold white sky
Shone out their covering snows,"

we caught a glimpse of proud old Nebo—grandest, highest, coldest of all the Wasatch heights. Above us arched the sky, blue, vast, and only dotted here and there by fleecy clouds, which threw upon the country below us irregular patches of light and shade. Mountain, meadow, brook and lake greeted us on every side. The valleys were green and fertile, while over all their wide expanse farm joined farm, and deep rich colors were formed by the gardens and fields of waving grain. Within the mountain-guarded region Evangeline might have lived. It would have satisfied her quiet heart, for

"Half-drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in its green array."

The lakes which dotted and the stream which watered it shone like purest crystals, or seemed like threads of silver, while to the east and on the west the "clear-cut hills" of blue stood like huge protectors riveted to their places by the beauty of the scene. The artist sketched, but worked in vain to reproduce the picture; and at last, gazing down the shadowed vale, began to quote:

"But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gray creation, hues like hers?"

And then, as the soft shades of evening began to creep over the snowy heights around us, we wandered

down the mountain-side, silenced by the beauties we had seen.

But no one ever visits Utah and remains for any length of time without taking more or less interest in mines and mining. One may as well visit London and not go to the Tower as to leave out Alta, Bingham and 'Frisco when sojourning in Mormondom. I had impressed this fact upon my friend, who otherwise could have passed the remainder of his days in Salt Lake City, and we agreed at last to go to Alta. Leaving town early one morning, we boarded the Denver and Rio Grande train, and were soon gliding swiftly down Salt Lake Valley to a place called Bingham Junction, where a change of cars is made for Alta and Bingham, two small but important mining towns lying respectively in the Wasatch and Oquirrh ranges.

The valley itself, down whose very centre the railway led us, is Utah's garden. Farms, orchards and meadows greeted us on every side. Hay is raised in large quantities, and we passed many stacks of the fragrant fodder standing in the midst of fields of yellow stubble which the mowers had left. To the east, and rising first into low foot-hills, and later into massive peaks, were the Wasatch Mountains; while westward, and extending in a long but broken line far toward the south, rose the Oquirrh's rounded ridges, in which were shaded cañons, and under which nestled little villages. The day was warm and clear, and so extended was our range of vision that snow-peaks a hundred miles away from us shone resplendent in the sunlight. The gardens, the green-leaved trees, the piles of mellow fruits, and the long patches of stubble gave an unlimited wealth of coloring; while the river Jordan, which we followed, wound in serpentine coils down the rich and cultivated region.

At the Junction we turned abruptly eastward, and soon began to scale a succession of low, sage-covered *mesas*, the way rapidly leading us into the mountains, and giving us every minute a better view of the valley, Salt Lake and the distant city. Soon, however, we ran in between two high headlands covered with trees and bushes, and a moment later were toiling up the narrow and ever-changing Little Cottonwood cañon. The mountain shut us in on every side. A bright stream of pure water ran beside us; there was a rich growth of brush clinging to the high and granite-strewn cliffs, but only by stretching our heads out of the car-window could the sky above be seen. At Wasatch, a few miles up the cañon, the railway ends, and the remainder of the distance to Alta is made by a tramway drawn by a tandem of mules. Stepping from the car into the small sled-like contrivance we began the steep ascent. The driver touched his leader with no gentle hand; we clung firmly to our frail seats, and soon were far up the narrow cañon, and skirting the steep sides of the cliffs. The higher we rode the steeper the way became, until the valley lay far beneath us, and its shrubbery, stream and half-concealed rocks were blended into an indistinct and vari-colored mass.

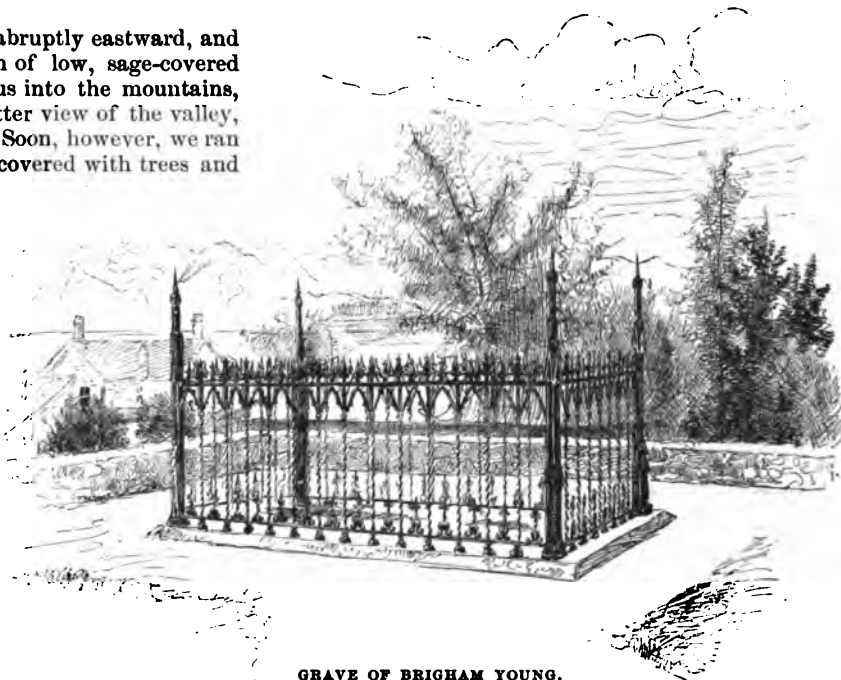
"A wonderful place for snow-slides, this," said the driver at my side, just as we came to a very narrow part of the road.

"Indeed?" I answered, not particularly interested just then in anything but the view we had of distant peaks and deep, dark gorges.

"Yes," continued the knowing one; "the snow drifts here from ten to forty feet deep, leaving the largest trees looking like shrubs. It's all right while the cold lasts, but when it begins to grow warm, look out for slides! Avalanches of a hundred acres have come down these slopes, crushing everything before them. One swept over Alta a few years ago, and six persons were killed, and as many more buried. A half-dozen men were buried in one gulch a thousand feet under packed ice and snow, and, when found in June, their bodies were as fresh and fair as if they had just ceased to breathe. I admire a grand view, but I don't want it from Alta in winter time."

And neither do I, for when we reached the little town—if you can call a collection of a few houses a town—it seemed situated so as to tempt all slides to destroy it. High mountains rose about the place, and the rude houses were perched upon such steep hill-sides that I wondered they did not fall down into the valley below. How cold it was, too! It seemed as though we had stepped into winter days, and when the driver said "All aboard!" we gladly turned from Alta and began our downward journey.

If we had crawled up to Alta, we flew down from it. The mules had been unhitched, and now our car began its nine-mile slide alone. The grade must have been



GRAVE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

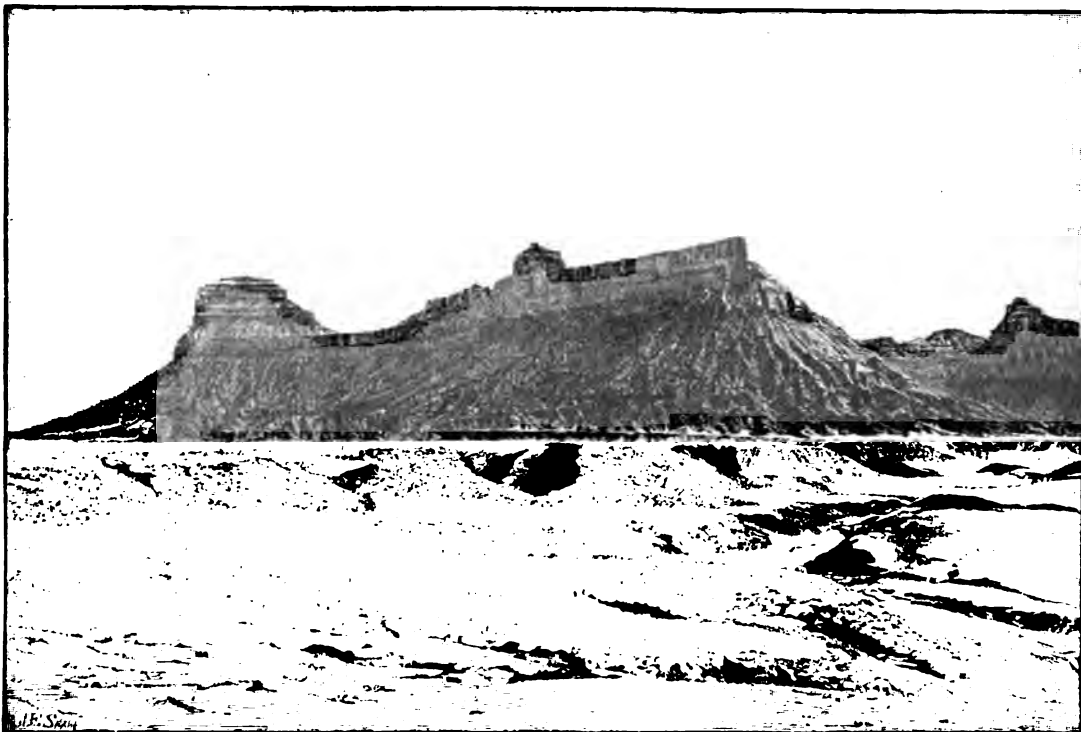
fully two hundred feet to the mile, and every moment our speed increased, until we were absolutely flying down the narrow path. At our left the valley sank away for five hundred feet or more; but on our right the rocky, shrub-lined cliffs rose to unseen heights. We glided through long snow-sheds, whirled about sharp

corners, danced over frail trestle-works, and, with swimming eyes and beating pulses, found ourselves at last safely at our journey's end.

"A good place to see—once," said he of the brush; but I say a good place to see many times—in summer—if only to have the excitement of the homeward slide.

boldly into Spanish Fork Cañon, which leads over the range into Eastern Utah and to Colorado.

Just before we lost sight of the town, we gained a view of Utah Basin. It lay spread out below us in all its length and breadth. High mountains grouped themselves in irregular heights about it. Far to the north,



THE BOOK CLIFFS.

Opposite Alta, but across Salt Lake Valley and in a little nook of the Oquirrh range, is Bingham, a mining camp, which is shut in by high hills, where incessant stamp-mill noises confuse the unaccustomed senses. We ran up there for a day, and saw the yellow earth give up its golden treasures, and how men worked in the big black tunnels they had dug under the massive mountains. After that we wandered among the farms down in the lower country, and explored the varied attractions of the adjoining regions. At length, growing tired of such scenes, we held a consultation as to our future course, and decided upon visiting Eastern Utah.

"Now, Central Utah I can find out about by asking," said the artist; "but not yet have I found a man who can tell me what sort of country lies over the range. I am for seeing it, dry and wild though it may be."

And what he wanted I agreed to. It saved a great deal of trouble—this readily agreeing trait of mine—and starting once more from Salt Lake City we ran down the valley, through the Narrows, separating Utah from Salt Lake basin, and at Provo made our first halt. This little Mormon town, shaded by countless trees and protected by the Wasatch Mountains, overlooks Utah Lake. It is the summer-resort of the territory. Rich farm-lands stretch away from it in nearly every direction; the accommodations are excellent and the views magnificent. Leaving it on our left, and after we had followed the lake-shore a few miles, the road—the Denver and Rio Grande, by the way—turned sharply toward the east, climbed a few sloping mesas, and then struck

and where the two ranges, the Wasatch and the Oquirrh, seemed to meet, stood Salt Lake City, dim and half-obscured by the distance. Opposite it we saw the lake itself, vast, dull-hued and motionless. Looking toward the south, the country appeared still more broken and uneven. Beyond the lake and with their lower slopes wrapped in delicate folds of blue haze, rose snow-tipped peaks, captained by Nebo Mountain. At our feet, and in the midst of softly-colored fields, lay the lake.

—"Where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their far height and hue."

The sandy shores were lapped by gentle waves; birds skurried the mirror surface, and in the waters were reflected fleecy clouds, the deep blue sky, and the vast array of many-shaped mountains which surrounded it. The landscape was as gentle as that which Scotland offers—fresh, fair, grand and beautiful; a pastoral scene, where cattle fed and green trees waved over fields of gold-hued produce. A thousand changing lights fell on the mountain-sides; light clouds coquetted with their jagged peaks; and, isolated from the world, a picture in itself, the fertile valley faded from our sight as we onward pressed again to new and stranger scenes.

To get "over the Wasatch Mountains" was a much more difficult undertaking a few years ago than it is now. To-day the railway has scaled the lofty heights of the range, and, disregarding all obstacles, has reached the eastern portion of the territory beyond. We followed at first a succession of picturesque cañons, where

the foliage was abundant and pretty streams ran beside us. The cliffs, never high, were of red or white sandstone, cut into curious shapes and fringed with tall pines or half-concealed with clinging vines. Wherever a bend in the streams had made a meadow, we saw cattle feeding or came across small farms. In places there were narrow vales extending to our right and left, up whose tree-lined lengths we caught sight of snowy mountains in the distance. And, again, there would be miniature Niagaras leaping over the cliffs and falling in silvered spray into the stream below. At one place, the "Red Narrows" by name, the rocks are of a bright red, set off by green shrubs; and at another point are the "White Narrows," where the rocks are of a light gray tint. It seems at times as though the cañons had no outlet, so closely are they hemmed in by the mountains; and yet, by making sharp and frequent turns, the road escapes all hindrances, and in time gains the Soldiers' Divide, nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level, which leads to Price River Cañon, on the east side of the range.

Price River Cañon runs through a hunters' paradise. It is a deep, wild, rock-strewn, brush-grown gorge, and is watered by a stream which leaps over fallen rocks and swings around sharp headlands in deep masses of foam. The country away from the cañon consists of dense forests and grassy parks, where deer, bear, wolf and elk are found in great abundance. There are fresh, clear streams, too, in which are fish enough to keep an angler busy for many a day. In fact the top of the Wasatch range is as good a wilderness and is as well stocked as the lover of nature or the enthusiastic hunter

As we drew gradually nearer the foot of the mountains the cañon became deeper and more rugged. On the one side there were heavily-wooded and rounded foot-hills; but on the other the cliffs ended abruptly in long lines of palisade-like formations of red or yellow-colored sandstone. Now a rock resembled a huge castle, with rampart, tower, moat and loop-holes; and, anon, takes the shape of massive chimneys and strange heads. Scattered about in wild confusion at the base of the cliffs were giant boulders, which the frosts of winter had sent rolling from their former beds into the abyss below; and everywhere there was a rank growth of low bushes and graceful pines and cedars. But little sunshine falls into the gorge, and that which does reach there comes in broken and uneven patches through the abundant foliage.

We had nearly reached level ground again, and were following the line of the rugged cliffs into open country, when we came suddenly around a projecting mountain and in sight of Castle Gate. This natural wonder is the gateway through which Sydney Johnson's army marched on their way East, and beneath the frowning ports every one must pass who goes into or comes out of the range. The two pillars of roughly-hewn rock are nearly five hundred feet high, and are offshoots of the cliffs behind them. They resemble the bows of two immense ships about to rush against one another with mutually destructive results, and are so high and steep that no one has yet climbed them. Their crests are bare, weather-beaten and desolate, but their bases are half-concealed by low-growing shrubs and wind-swept cedars. Between the pillars run the



A "MILL" AT GREEN RIVER.

could wish to see. Tall, gaunt trees, fallen and half decayed, upright and strong, or pushed by fierce winds against their fellows meet the eye at every turn; there are dark recesses, tumbling cascades, sweet-smelling breezes, and solitudes which speak to the imagination and fascinate the beholder.

river and the railroad, and as we stole slowly through the narrow way, past the red-hued heights, which,

— "Like giants, stand
To sentinel enchanted land,"

the scene was wild, strange, and yet full of picturesqueness. The tremendous pillars were so tall that the

sunlight touched their foreheads and threw long shadows on the cliffs behind, but lower down the shade was unrelieved of its grim darkness. Silence, broken only by the noise the river made, held the region captive. Looking back the way we had come, appeared the dark mass of the mountains, and eastward long lines of vari-

a rude camp had been erected to accommodate the track-layers and graders. There was one large tent for eating, another for cooking, and several for the men and contractors to sleep in. Scores of horses and mules were tethered before long feed troughs. The train we were on brought rails, ties, hay, and a miscella-



BLACK ROCK, SALT LAKE.

colored and curiously-shaped bluffs of crumbling sandstone faded out of sight down Castle Valley. We were over the Wasatch barriers. Before us lay Eastern Utah, and as we moved onward even the low foot-hills of the main range sank gradually into insignificant mounds of sand; vegetation, foliage and all the freshness we had been enjoying became things of the past. We were in a sea of dull-hued earth, and, when once fully upon its lonely wastes, we ceased to wonder that so few had been able to tell us of the region or had been unable to describe its utter loneliness.

Eastern Utah extends from the Wasatch Mountains to the western limits of Colorado. The region embraces an area which measures some two hundred miles across, and which is twice that number of miles long. In it there are no towns, no farms, no fresh tracts of any description. It is an arid desert, with sage-brush and sand-dunes, rolling mesas and long stretches of bare, bleak wastes. The climate is mild. By spring the Denver and Rio Grande Railway will have pushed across it, rendering the region easy of access. The adjacent mountains have mineral and coal; the soil, if irrigated, is capable of production, and in time the country may be reclaimed. Down one portion of it flows Price River, and across another runs the Green, while in the east are the Grand and Rio Dolores, and in the southeast the Rio Colorado.

At the present time, however, as I have hinted, there is no civilization, and nothing has been done toward reclaiming the sea-like district. We escaped from Castle Gate and the Castle Valley only to find that the railway track ended a short distance beyond. At the terminus

neous mass of goods. Far ahead of the camp we could see the long line of embankment which the graders had made, and the track was being laid at the rate of a mile a day. It was warm and pleasant in the valley. On either side were low ranges of hills, bare, dull-colored, dry and irregular. The dust was suffocating. A too sudden putting down of the foot raised a dense cloud of it. The tents, men, horses, and in fact all things about us, were white with the thick sediment. It was an active place, a scene of unusual life and movement.

"Shall we go on?" asked the artist, looking toward the desert which stretched before us. "Shall we hire a team and drive to the Colorado end of the railway extension, or go back to Salt Lake?"

"I am for going on," I answered. "I should like a few days in the desert. How long will it take us to reach Colorado?"

"Four or five days."

"Then I would rather try it."

And an hour later there was brought up before the tent in which we were lounging the "outfit" which we were to live by, or in, for the next four days, and until we had crossed nearly two hundred miles of dry, hot sand. The team consisted of a buckboard, a driver and a pair of very diminutive but very long-eared mules. The driver's name was "Owen;" but Owen what, we failed to discover. After strapping our bags to the wagon, and taking leave of our new-found friends, we were off, jolting, dust-obscured, crawling at a slow pace through the deep layers of powdered dust.

Traveling in a desert behind a pair of mules is fun at first, monotonous after a day; tiresome after two days,

and torture ever afterward. Fifty miles a day seems a short distance to make, but when you are bounced fully twenty miles in addition by the dust-covered stones in the way, the work of that twelve or thirteen hours is quite sufficient. I am of light weight, and the ruts and stones we went over kept me continually bobbing up and down, until every bone in my body ached; and as for the artist, he had despair written all over his face. Owen alone remained calm and indifferent. He spoke but rarely, flourished his whip continually, and got fully ten miles in two hours out of his mild-eyed animals. The dust was friendly; it was inclined to be extremely sociable. When we left camp we looked like ordinary travelers, but an hour later were as white as millers. Eyes, hair, clothes and satchels were pelted and powdered with the too friendly stuff. We brushed ourselves and fretted at first, but soon yielded to the inevitable, and prepared to see whatever there was around us.

And yet there was not much variety. The first day we drove along Price River, or rather a few miles north of where it ran. The farther we penetrated the desert the lower the hills on either side of us became, and when we camped at night in an engineer's tent, in a grove of cottonwoods, there was nothing but a vast plain before and behind us, and only a long line of cliffs on the left, which Owen said were known as the "Book Cliffs," and would follow us clear to Colorado.

Had we not been so thoroughly tired, I am sure we should have objected to the accommodations offered us; but, worn out as we were, the ground floor of a tent was most acceptable. After a hearty supper in the camp, we rolled ourselves up in the blankets we had brought, and with a pile of sand for a pillow, were soon in the land of slumber.

These camps (the fact may be stated here) were the only lodging-places which the desert provided for us during our entire journey. The chief engineer has one tent, and his assistants usually occupy three or four others, while cooking and eating takes place in another. The interiors are bare of everything except what is really necessary. The chief has a long table, a few books, some instruments, and a soft spot in a corner for his blankets. The assistants simply have their stove, and sleep in blankets on the ground. Sometimes the various tents are arranged with military precision, but usually are pitched in wild confusion; but, humble as these shelters are, I defy one to approach them late in the evening, after a hard day's drive, and not consider them the most inviting places he ever saw. There is usually a bright camp-fire burning, throwing a ruddy light upon the scene, and as the visitor approaches the dogs bark and a tent-flap is raised to allow a head to stick out, and a voice to bid the stranger welcome. After eating, we invariably grouped about the open fire with our host, smoked our pipes, and listened to the hoarse winds which blew across the desert spot. All was new, strange and odd, but yet warm and comfortable, and as snug a resting-place as one could wish.

Bright and early the next day, and while the air was still crisp and cold, we were off again. All the second day we toiled over a veritable desert. To the north ran the "Book Cliffs," and late in the day appeared the dim, red-colored, jagged outlines of the San Rafael range far away to the southward. No trees were to be seen, no birds, no patches of green grass. Everything was flat, dry and sandy. Only a few tufts of greasewood or sage relieved the dull monotony of the view.

"No," said Owen, "there ain't much variety, an' that's a fact; an' yet, let the wind blow pretty hard, as it does often, an' you'll get up a change pretty sudden."

"How is that?" we asked.

"Wal, you see, when the wind sweeps over there right smart it just makes a powerful lot o' dust and sand fly, an' it's all a man wants to do to face a dry storm like that. Yes, sir; these mounds here are made by the wind, an' all this sand keeps changing so the place looks different every time I see it."

And then he told us a few facts more. Near the base of the cliffs there is some grazing-land of sweet short grasses, which the cattle of the region live on. In the San Rafael range mineral has been found, and there are huge rocks and cañons, which serve as hiding-places for the cattle-thieves who sometimes infest the country. Water is scarce, but the few wells which have been dug have struck it at a slight depth. Price River



A BIT OF ALTA.

leaves the desert and runs through Box Cañon, in the Book Cliffs, until it reaches the Green. The winters are mild, the summers hot. The earth is usually caked and hard, but where broken by freight-teams is soft and dusty. There is little or no rainfall, and no attempt has yet been made to cultivate the soil.

As the day advanced we gained a better view of the

San Rafael range. It stretched before us for fifty miles or more, and faded away at last in a dim blue distance. The Book Cliffs, high, knife-like, and colored by seams of shale, continued at our side. At times these were like massive cottages, and huge chimneys were formed by isolated portions, but usually the fronts were steep and unbroken, and not a sign of verdure could be seen. Around us stretched the level plain, dull and barren, and with only low sand-dunes to break the outline. In such a region the quiet and stillness became at times oppressive. Our voices grew hushed in sympathy, and for hours we drove slowly and silently along our way. Now and then we frightened up a flock of small birds which exactly resemble the sand-birds along the sea-coast, and anon a buzzard sailed solemnly over our heads. It seemed as though nature, prodigal elsewhere of her gifts, had neglected this portion of the world, so bereft was it of every trace of beauty.

The afternoon of the second day brought us to Green

"How far is the Rio Colorado Cañon from here?" we inquired.

"Can't say, exactly," he answered. "Don't know none here as ever got there. Do you see them rocks," pointing to a wild confusion of red-tinged boulders piled up in the near distance in the south. "Well, all the country below here is like that, an' 'twould take pretty hard work to get through to the Colorado. Pretty rough country, mister, and *don't you forgit it!*"

A little beyond the Green we came to a *mesa* which stretched across our path. Climbing it, there was obtained a view such as we had not enjoyed since we stood on Ensign Peak. All day we had obtained unsatisfactory glimpses of some snow-capped peaks extending in broken masses across the plains, and Owen had said they were of the Sierra La Salle range. He, however, had cautioned us to waste no enthusiasm, for, as he said, "You can't see 'em good now, but after passing Green River I can give you a good look at 'em." And



CAMPED IN THE DESERT.

River. Rounding a high point of the cliffs we saw the stream glistening in the sunlight, and winding down a sandy valley. A fringe of cottonwood trees attracted our notice first, and hours of steady travel elapsed before we reached the river itself. Driving down the sloping banks, and fording the clear but shallow waters, we came to the first settlement of any description we had yet seen. It boasted the name of Green River City, and consisted of three or four rough, log-built cabins, with the words "Saloon" and "Restaurant" conspicuously displayed on soiled canvas over the doorways. In front of the primitive shops were congregated a few ill-dressed, rough and greasy-looking men, who live by supplying passing freighters with "forty-rod whisky" and vile-tasting cigars. Before the "town" ran the river, coming out of a cañon in the cliffs, and entering another soon after. It was down the Green and through its cañons that Major Powell passed on his way to the Rio Colorado, though, as an old fellow said to us, "*he didn't believe Powell ever made that trip, 'cause he'd tried it, and couldn't noways near get through the gorge.*"

"Is it a deep cañon?" we asked.

"Deep!" he echoed; "deep! Well, I should say so. An' not only that, but full o' rocks an' whirlpools, an' as dark as night. I tell you, *I don't want to try 't again.*"

when we had reached the top of the *mesa* this mild enthusiast halted his team with, "Now you can see 'em," and bade us look.

Shall we ever forget the sight! Behind us ran the river, the only bright line in the dreary waste. Beyond it stretched the desert. Far in the west the San Rafael range threw out its long, red, broken arm, and where it was obscured by haze some snowy heights appeared in view, mellowed by the distance and soft as the hills of Italy. Before us, twenty miles away, and separated from our *mesa* by a wide stretch of valley, towered the Sierra La Salle. In the midst of so much low ground the height seemed double what it really was. White banks of snow covered the serrated peaks, and snow-banners blew in veil-like threads far off their sharp points. Lower down the mountain-sides were covered with a thick growth of timber; and lower still appeared huge chimneys, domes and factory-shaped pinnacles of red sandstone. To the left of the range, low, wooded, blue-tinted hills extended to a dim distance, while between them and the La Salle, the deep, red-rocked cañon, worn by the Rio Dolores, opened its wide mouth to us from out the greenness around it. At the end of the intervening valley ran the River Grand, hid from our sight, but with its course marked by twin rows of cottonwoods growing on its banks. At the foot of the main range, so Owen told us, there is a Mormon colony living in

what is called "Little Green Valley," where there are fertile fields and rich farms, and a summer climate three-fourths of the year. But the distance to this little oasis was so great that we could discover no trace of civilization there. The valley nearest us appeared smooth and level, but in reality was filled with deep washes, and the dry cracks formed a network over its whole extent.

The La Salle peaks were the most enjoyable feature of the landscape. Every cone differed from its neighbor in size and shape; and yet there was not one which did not have its heavy covering of purest snow. Not a tree, no suggestion of a rock was to be seen among the white pinnacles. Every summit stood boldly out against the deep blue sky like a bit of Arctic grandeur peeping above a virgin forest. From the topmost heights sharp ridges ran into lower depths where the pines grew, and formed deep gorges and dazzling cañons. The towering masses seemed like giants of ice—cold, solitary, powerful, and able to withstand the fiercest storms. There the rays of the early sun were seen, and long after the desert was wrapped in dusky shades they still were bathed in a light which seemed loth to leave them. Fingers of a frozen hand, they pointed ever upward,

landmarks for miles and miles of space around them, and speaking of a grand, a beautiful life of stainless purity, which those who gaze at them try at times so hard to live. And then the forests, merged by the distance into compact layers of green, told us of sylvan shades where nature had never been disturbed. Trees fell there, and no eyes, save those of wild animals, saw their death. We looked from a desert to a wilderness; we stood where the earth was dry and parched and saw where waters ran and freshness abounded.

We camped that night near the mesa, and before we slept the moon had risen, and threw its cold, mellow light over the shining peaks. Long, gaunt shadows fell upon the snowy and upon the tree-covered ranges. The wild coyotes of the desert filled the air with their mournful cries. Around us the camp-fires burned briskly, lighting up the feeding mules tethered within their glow. The sky above, clear, vast and arched, was filled with sparkling stars and planets. We were in another world, a foreign region, alone with nature. The wind of night whistled its mournful notes, and, warmly tucked beneath our blankets, we knew that, high on the La Salle peaks, the snows were drifting and wild winter was holding drear carnival.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

DENCY MERRILL'S WEDDING.

BY MARY ALLEN.

DENCY MERRILL sat on the doorstep of the old log house which was her birthplace, and had been her home for eighteen years, and gazed with a happy face across the "big medder" toward a little clump of trees which intervened between her and a certain little new log house, from which she could faintly hear the sound of a hammer.

This was not the first evening she had thus sat listening to that sound and watching to catch a glimpse of Sam coming down the road whistling a merry tune. It was always the same tune that he whistled, and Dency knew that linked with the melody was a simple rhyme of a happy life, a little home, and a loving wife.

As the first sharp, clear note smote upon her ear she would arise from her seat and go and meet him; and when Sam saw her coming the whistle would die away as the contracted lips expanded into a broad smile. There was never any formal greeting between the two, for Dency Merrill and Sam Wheeler were plain, practical people, whose feelings rarely took the form of words, but manifested themselves chiefly in unromantic deeds.

Dency, especially, was lacking in sentimentality. She was a woman who could mend and make and scrub and bake for the man of her choice; one who would always have the meals served promptly, and keep the house in order; one who would, with untiring zeal and a certain womanly skill, perform all the duties of a nurse in illness, but who would not be apt to sweeten her zeal in serving with many loving phrases or merely tender touches.

"I believe in plain vittles," she used to say. "Pork and beans and good cider vinegar is good enough for me, but them that wants mush and molasses kin have 'em, only they needn't expect 'em where I'm cook."

And Sam expected neither softness nor sweetness in

Dency, and he honestly enjoyed and appreciated the homely sturdiness and piquancy of her character, which the "pork and beans and vinegar" of her simile typified.

The rough, active life of the pioneer does not tend to the especial development of the emotional nature, but rather of a rugged reticence in regard to mere feelings.

"We think as much of our own folks as anybody, but we've no time to palaver," was the general opinion expressed in homely phrase.

Sam Wheeler, absorbed, like every one else, in supplying the inexorable demands of the body, was quite unaware that he possessed a vein of genuine sentiment, and, indeed, would not have understood it had any one suggested the fact to him; but he did understand the happy light that shone in Dency's eyes as she came to meet him on this bright afternoon, and he understood by the sweet thrill that stirred his heart when their eyes met, that she was dearer to him than aught else in the world.

His greeting as they met was:

"Wal, Dency, my girl, it's all done, even to the button on the back door. I've put up a corner-cubberd fur ye, 'n' made a swing-shelf down suller. I've sot up the stove in the 'lean-to,' 'n' I've swept out 'the room' and got it all ready fur ye to go to work to-morrer. I reckon you hain't been idle to-day, nuther."

"Wal, I just hain't. Ef I hain't flew around to-day there's no use a-talkin'. Ma's been as cross as two sticks, but she hain't set down all day; 'n' Elsie, too, she's worked like a nailer. We've got two dozen punkin' an' two dozen mince pies baked, 'n' a heap o' johnny-cake, a bushel-basket o' doughnuts—you won't forget the cider, will ye?—'n' we've biled a ham, 'n' we got sassage, dried beef, pickles, 'n' a splendid m'lasses cake

that's as nice as a fruit cake. It's got dried apples stewed in m'llasses and cut up fine into it. M'lindy Bailey showed me how to make it; she learned when she went to Tadmire to her cousin's weddin'. Ma made a one-two-three-four cake, and as fur bread, I reckon we've bread enough ef the whole 'Six-Mile Woods' had been bid to the weddin'. M'lissy Jones is comin' over to cook the meat and pertaters to-morrer afternoon. I only hope 'twon't rain."

Sam had listened to all these details with profound interest; it was evident that they were of moment to him.

"How early ye goin' over to-morrer?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll be there afore you. There's a heap o' work to do over there. I'll have to be stirrin' by sun-up. I'll bring a snack, so we won't have to take time to come hum to dinner. Hain't you comin' in?"

"Shan't have time to-night, Dence. Got some settlin' up to do with the old man."

Dency laughed.

"Comes putty hard on our folks—your'n 'n' mine—losin' their best han's just 'fore harvest. Wal, I reckon when we're a livin' over there," pointing toward the grove, "they'll think a heap more on us than they ever hev, even ef we allers have stayed to hum and slaved fur 'em fur nothin'. Ma don't set no great store by me, but she'll miss me when it comes to cookin' fur harvest han's, I kin tell ye. But pa, now, I think he 'preciates what I do, and I'm glad we hain't goin' so fur away but what we kin see him real often."

Sam had a dim comprehension of the fact that it is no light thing for a girl to leave her home and parents forever, even to go with the man of her choice, and work with him in the founding of a new home; and there was a touch of deep feeling in his voice as, laying one hand upon Dency's shoulder, he said:

"Wal, Dence, to-morrer at this time we'll be a livin' over there in our own home, 'n' your father 'n' mother'll allus be welcome there. An' Dency, I've allus said that ef I ever had a woman I'd be good to her, 'n' I mean ter be a good husband to ye."

Dency's practical little heart was touched; but, true to her creed, she replied rather abruptly:

"O' course ye will, Sam. Ef I didn't know that I wouldn't hev ye. I hain't a bit afeared but what you'll be as good a husband as I will a wife, any day. I hain't no angel, 'n' I don't pretend to be. I expect to make ye stan' 'roun', Sam."

Sam laughed as if he fancied he should enjoy being made to "stan' 'roun'" by her, and, with a "Wal, I'll risk it," he went down the road whistling his favorite air, while Dency entered the house.

She found her mother "flyin' 'roun' like a hen with her head cut off," as she expressed it, getting supper for "the hands," assisted by a lazily-moving girl of about fifteen, who immediately sat down when she saw Dency come in.

"Now you Elsie," screamed Mrs. Merrill from the pantry, "you git right up 'n' finish settin' that table, 'n' Dency can fry the ham. Here we've been a-cookin' all day, and hain't got nothin' to eat after all. I'll be glad when this pesky weddin's over, and we kin have a little peace and quietness onct more. You'd think, pa, to see the way Dency's been a-fussin' all day, that she 'spected the folks was a-comin' to her weddin' in a starvin' condition fur want of food. Why, if we'd a quarter 'f an army to feed, as they used to in Revolutionary times, we'd hev orations enough fur 'em; but it allus puzzles me why they didn't divide 'em 'roun' more evenly. A quarter 'f an army to a family! There ain't much equillery-bim to that."

Mrs. Merrill, as you will perceive, was not an educated woman, but she was Eastern-born, and had emigrated to the West in her early girlhood, so that she had had better opportunities than many of her neighbors, and had been a reader of a variety of books, and therefore imagined herself quite a literary woman.

Farmer Merrill, a rough old man, without an atom of pretension, generally laughed at his wife's attempts to "show off afore folks," but said nothing. At this time he turned to Dency, who was moving about at her work in a manner which showed that she was a little irritated.

"Wal, Dence," said he, "a gal never has a weddin' but onct, do they?"

"Yes, they do, pa," interrupted Elsie. "Folks sometimes gits married more 'n once."

"A gal don't," said her father jocosely. "There's never but one weddin' fur a gal, 'n' I don't blame her fur wantin' a tip-top out-'n'-out rip-snorter, I don't."

Dency gave her father a grateful look, and announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye need any help to-morrer gittin' things ship-shape?" asked the farmer, as they drew around the table, and the ham and potatoes and johnny-cake began to circulate.

"I reckon we won't need any help, pa. Sam said he'd got the carpenterin' all done."

"Fore I'd go to livin' in a log-cabin," said Elsie in a contemptuous tone, "when everybody now-a-days builds frame-houses!"

"Ye've lived in a log-cabin all your days," said her father sternly, "'n' ef ever you git as likely a feller as Sam Wheeler, I'll be mighty thankful, I kin tell ye. Though," he added as an after-thought, "I'd be sorry fur him."

A general laugh went round the table at poor Elsie's expense, and, with a toss of her head, she replied:

"They hain't any one 'roun' here you'll ever hev a chance to feel sorry fur, I kin tell ye that," and she flouted herself out of the room.

"Now, pa," said Mrs. Merrill, "you're too hard on Elsie. She's as good as Dency any day, but she hain't quite as ambitious, and she takes to books like I used to. She'll be a lady ef she has a chance."

"Hope she'll take herself away from here then," growled the farmer. "I don't want none o' your fine bandbox ladies 'roun' me. I want folks that's got some git-up-and-dust to 'em like Dency—folks that hain't afeared o' silin' their han's with hard work."

"But Elsie hain't well."

"Pshaw! Needn't tell me! An' ef she hain't it's because she don't do nothin'. I'd get peakin' and pinin', too, ef I didn't do no more 'n she does. But there's one good thing—she'll hev to work when Dency's gone."

"Sun-up" the next morning saw Dency, true to her intention, with her lunch-basket on her arm, wending her way to the little new house; but Sam was there before her, and met her at the door with a smile of welcome.

"Didn't believe you'd beat me, Dence. I've got a fire made and water hot fur scrubbin'."

"I allus knowed you was wuth savin', Sam. An' ef you hain't put a roller fur the towel, too! That's real handy."

"Here's a nail fur your bunnet, 'n' the basket kin stand on this shelf. It's a nice, tidy little place, hain't it, Dence?"

"It'll be tidy after I've worked at it a spell," replied Dency, as she took off her sun-bonnet, rolled up

her sleeves, and pinned up the skirt of her dress. And then there ensued such a rubbing and a scrubbing as that building never saw before—or after either, for that matter.

Sam was her willing slave. He it was who kept up the fire and brought the water. He nailed up the pretty curtains of striped calico, whereon yellow cupids shot blue arrows from the hearts of gigantic roses at preposterous men and women, and he it was who admired silently the pretty bare feet that pattered about on the wet floor, to "save the shoes," which were resumed when the floor was dry. At noon Dency made coffee, and, spreading a brown table-cloth over the pine table of Sam's own manufacture, laid the simple meal.

"We'll have to set on these hosses," said Sam, bringing in the four-legged wooden steeds to which carpenters give that name.

"All right. We shan't have time to set long. There's a right smart chance o' work to do before two o'clock, fur I'm goin' home then."

"Fur the last time," said Sam, with a grin. "Will you please pass the bread, Mis' Wheeler?"

A bright flush shot over Dency's face, but she saucily replied: "Better not count your chickens 'fore they're hatched. I hain't Mis' Wheeler yit, 'n' ef you hain't keeful maybe I won't never be."

"I'll resk it!"

"You're allus willin' to resk it, but there's sich a thing as reskin' it once too often. Now, lemme see. What's to be done? You've got hosses and boards enough to fix the tables fur supper?"

"I calk'late I have."

"Well, then, there's all the vittles to be brung over 'n' put in the cellar, and cheers to be brung from your home and our 'n' fur the wimmien folks—the men folks kin stand. Then we're to go home and git rigged up, and come back. As the folks come they'll leave their hosses in pa's barn and walk over, 'n' about four o'clock the weddin' 'll take place."

"Glory hallelujah!" shouted Sam, seizing Dency around the waist and giving her a rousing kiss. "There's where the laugh comes in."

"Maybe you'll find it hain't, ef you don't behave yourself and quit puttin' me out so. Then after the weddin' you'll hev to see to the boys gittin' the tables ready and bringin' up the vittles, while the things is cookin'; 'n' I must git the pertaters all ready fur bilin', 'n' the fire laid all ready to kindle. I reckon we kin hev supper ready by six, at the furthest; then we'll give 'em an hour to git their suppers, 'n' an hour to clean up and wash the dishes, so I calk'late we could begin dancin' by eight."

"We'll hev a jolly old house-warmin', won't we Dence? The gals are goin' to help, I s'pose."

"O, yes, M'lissy 'll tend to the cookin', and Becky and Cynthy 'll help me wash the dishes."

"But you're not goin' to wash dishes, Dency, 'n' with your weddin' gown on too!"

"They're my dishes," replied the future Mrs. Wheeler, with decision, "'n' I'm goin' to see that they're washed proper ef I have to do it myself."

"Catch Dency a shirkin'," said Sam admiringly to himself, as his prospective housekeeper went to the door to shake the table cloth.

By two o'clock Dency's plans had been carried out, and she and Sam repaired to their paternal homes, to meet again at the little new house in bridal attire. "Not later than half past three," as Dency said when they parted, "fur we must be here fust, you know, to look after the folks when they come."

"It's an awful clus, muggy day, Dency, 'n' it's sartinly goin' to rain," was Mrs. Merrill's greeting as her daughter entered the house.

"O, ma, you're allus borryin' trouble, I don't believe it 'll rain; ef it does 't'll be only a shower to lay the dust 'n' clear the air."

"Wal, you don't borry trouble," replied Mrs. Wheeler in an aggrieved tone. "You won't even take it when it comes."

"I just won't ef I kin help it," answered the girl as she went up stairs to make her wedding toilet. Mrs. Merrill's prophecy proved true. In less than a quarter of an hour a brisk rain was falling.

"What d'ye think now?" called that lady in a tantalizing tone from the foot of the stairs.

"Jest you wait, ma," floated down the cheery reply. And Dency's prophecy proved also true, for the rain lasted but a short time, and the sun came out clearer, brighter than ever; and the grass and leaves, with bright, clean, sparkling faces, kissed the feet and hands and showered blessings on the head of the happy maiden as she hurried across the "big medder" toward the little new house already so dear to her heart.

As in the morning, Sam met her at the door, with a smile of welcome, but there was a strange embarrassment in their greeting. Sam, no doubt, felt a little awkward and constrained in his new suit, and in truth did not look as graceful and manly as in his everyday homespun; but Dency, like every woman, felt more at ease because of the consciousness that she was well dressed, but for the first time she fully realized that she had reached the last boundary line of girlhood. No wonder that she shrank back a little timidly when she knew that the actual moment of crossing it had come.

Silently she crossed "the room" and busied herself in rearranging the curtains, and silently Sam watched her. He took in every detail; the rounded figure, the pretty green challé dress with its pagoda sleeves, the cherry-colored neck-ribbon, his gift, and the abundant black hair so glossy and smooth, puffed over each ear in the prevailing style; and he thought no one in the world could be as pretty and good as Dency.

At length, going to where she stood gazing out of the window, he seated himself, and drew her down upon his knee. She made no resistance, but fixed her eyes intently upon a short crisp curl just over his left ear, which she twirled around her fingers.

Sam tried to speak, but was surprised that his voice refused to come. "Some pesky thing in my throat chokes me," thought he, as he worked at the stiff collar with his fingers, and after a violent hemming he succeeded in clearing his throat.

"You don't know how proud and happy I am, Dency girl;" (this was his pet name) "proud of you, and proud I've got a little home to bring ye to. 'Tain't what I'd a hed ef I could a hed my wish, but every stroke of work that's been done here has been done with a thought o' you. I said to myself, 'Now Sam, make your work true and honest like your love fur Dency. You know you're true to her from the shaggy outside, clear down to the core,' and I hev done honest work on this house. It 'll stand as long as we live, and we 'll keep it, won't we? No matter how rich we get, or how big a house we may build some day, we 'll allus keep this little caboose, and tack it on to the big house somewheres; and we 'll show it to our children and grand-children as the place where we was first married and went to keepin' house, won't we?"

Dency felt the quick blood leap into her face at his words. She had almost been on the point of crying, but

it wouldn't do to be such a goose ; and therefore, to hide her true feeling, and her embarrassment, she answered in a half-tantalizing tone :

"It's a mighty good thing fur yer that you hed the house of you wanted me."

"So," replied Sam, laughingly, "it's the house you 're a marryin', and not the man."

"Jest so," said Dency. "Catch me a marryin' and goin' home to his folkses, like Marthy Wright, and a hev'in' his old mother a standin' over me to watch ef I scraped each plate a hull minute 'fore I put it into the dish-pan. Nor I wouldn't take him home to my folkses, nuther, like Sally Bailey did, 'n' hev him a puttin' up with the old man's jawin'."

"Wal, I don't blame ye fur that feelin', Dency ; but ef I hedn't hed a house, wouldn't ye a married me, eh ? Wouldn't ye Dency ?" And he drew his arm more tightly about her, and looked into her face with eyes from which the smile had fled. Somehow her words had touched him deeply. He did not believe that Dency was influenced by the material comforts he could give her, but after what she had said he wanted to hear her say it was for himself that she accepted his offer. Dency did not, in the least, comprehend the feeling that prompted his eager question. Knowing in her own heart that Sam's being "well to do" had had no influence over her, she felt that she had given him the strongest proof of her love in promising to be his wife, and just now her own nature was under the influence of so new and strange a feeling. Realizing the necessity of diverting her thoughts from herself, and breaking from Sam's detaining grasp, she sprang up, saying :

"Don't be foolish, Sam ! Here comes Uncle Joel and Aunt Matildy," and she hastened away to welcome the first of the wedding guests.

Sam followed her, calling back to his face the smile, and saying to himself: "She's only jokin', of course. I know Dency, 'n' she's true as steel;" but the longing for the expression of love from her lips still remained, and would not be banished.

"Sam looks awful stiff," whispered M'lindy Bailey to Dency. "I hope gittin' married hain't goin' to make him disagreeable."

The house which Sam had prepared for his bride was a small one, made of hewn logs, and contained but one room. There was, however, a slab "lean to" or "shanty" built in the rear, which was to answer as a summer kitchen. The cellar was reached by an outside stairway, which was protected by a door set at an angle which Sam said to himself would make it a "nice sliding place fur the children."

The grove which hid from their view the Merrill homestead was in reality some distance away, there being no large trees in close proximity to the little dwelling.

Looking from the back door of the "lean to" straight across the "big medder," Dency could see the new barn which her father had built at some distance from the old house, near to the "rise of ground" upon which he intended some day to put a new house, when he could "allus keep an eye on Dency," he said. She noticed that none of the friends had left their conveyances at the new barn, and spoke of it to her father.

"No," said he. "There's room enough in the old barn, and it's so much nearer the house, I didn't think it wuth while fur 'em to hev to trapse off down there with their teams. The hosses won't know whether the barn's new or old."

The friends who had come to Dency's wedding were from a circle of fifteen miles radius, and were a home-

spun set of hard-working farmers, but with big hearts brimming over with kindness and good nature. The men gathered in knots and clusters outside the house, with hands in breeches-pockets or whittling, with hats pushed back from their faces, and their cheeks dis-tended with generous quids of tobacco, the expressed essence of which they distributed right and left with lavish impartiality, while they discussed crops and stock and the failures and successes of farming. The women sat in little groups in "the room," and openly scanned and criticised each other's attire, or exchanged experiences in household matters or infantile ailments.

"I don't think that color is becomin' to you, Cynthy. You allus was saller, but that makes you look as yaller as a punkin'."

"Seems to me you got the puckers of your skirt toc much in a heap on one side."

"My Willie had the hoopin' cough harder 'n any young 'un I ever saw."

"'Twouldn't be possible to hev it harder 'n my Sally Ann. Why, she—"

"Yas, white woolen stockin's does full up awful. I gin'allly color Becky's Sunday ones with cut bur, but fur every day, blue dye—"

"Oh, the sight o' sassage we eat ! It's a caution, I tell you. But then *he* allus says hogs don't cost much fur keep, 'n' he was brung up on sassage, 'n' so I—"

So interested were both speakers and auditors that they had not noticed that the day had grown a little darker, though there were many exclamations of "It's awful clus to-day," "A real muggy day;" but no one heard the low, shuddering sigh that stirred the leaves of the trees and set them to whispering a prophecy. And they did not hear when the sigh grew into a sob, and far away in the distance there was heard a sound like the voiceless roar of a wild animal furious for prey.

The men outside said they "reckoned 'twas goin' to rain," and they "s'posed it was most time fur the sur-remony, anyway;" so one after another they straggled into the house.

The minister, seated in a big arm-chair which had belonged to Grand'ther Wheeler, and had descended to Sam, was deep in a conversation with Deacons Jones and Green on church affairs.

"I saw your father going across the medder," said Sam to Dency. "What's he goin' fur?"

"Fur the family Bible. He'll be back soon."

Farmer Merrill, going across the "big medder" for the family Bible, which was his wedding-gift to Dency, and in which he intended to have the preacher make an entry of the marriage, was so busy with his own thoughts that his ears were at first deaf to these portents in the air, but at length he took note of a low, rumbling sound, like the approach of a distant train of cars. A railroad had been built the year before so near that they often heard the trains thundering over it.

"Didn't know ther' was a train this time o' day," said the farmer to himself as he entered his house, and went in search of the Bible. "Must be a tremenjus heavy train, too. Never heard such an infernal racket. Why, what's the matter ? It's got pitch-dark all of a suddint." And grasping the book, upon which he had laid his hand just as the darkness fell upon him, he hurried to the door. For a moment he could see nothing, and then, as suddenly as it had fallen, the darkness cleared away, and looking down the road he was amazed to see his new two-wheeled "sulky" come sailing out of the top of the new barn.

"Je-whittaker !" exclaimed he. "That's mighty cur'us ! Don't see how that could happen 'thout the ruf

comin' off!" And glancing in the direction which the little vehicle took, he saw the roof sailing over the orchard. "It's a harricane," he groaned, "an' Sam's house is right in the track on it."

But Sam's house was hidden by the veil of blackness in which the terrible destroyer had wrapped itself—the dear little house which Sam had proudly boasted would stand as long as they lived. And perhaps it had. Perhaps in its ruins Dency and Sam were both lying dead. With this awful fear in his heart, Farmer Merrill hurried across the meadow, yet not daring to raise his eyes to see the desolation which the tornado had caused. But as the rumbling grew fainter in the distance, he nerved himself to bear the inevitable, and looked up. Ah! the house was gone—gone entirely, not piled, a heap of ruins, upon crushed and bleeding human forms, but gone bodily, lifted from its foundations, the heavy timbers being carried away, and the floor being left uninjured, while upon it lay a strangely mingled heap of men, women and children, too frightened to cry aloud.

The first warning of the approaching tornado that was noticed by the company was the distant rumbling, which by them, as by Farmer Merrill, was attributed to the cars. As it drew nearer and became more intense, Caleb Green had given a glance out of the back door, and exclaimed in alarm, "It's no train. It's hell a comin'!" And the next moment the place was enveloped in a thick cloud, and it seemed to them as if a legion of fiends were howling about them. Their ears were assailed by a confusion of awful noises, roaring, whistling, shrieking, and amid all a strange grinding and tearing sound, while the walls shook and quivered as if in deadly fear.

Men, women and children threw themselves into each others' arms and awaited the awful crisis. Sturdy, brave-souled and daring, no one fainted or went into hysterics, but all, with an instinct of self-preservation, threw themselves flat upon the floor.

In that awful moment Sam's one thought had been of Dency, and he endeavored to shield her with his own body from injury. "T'll have to kill me fust 'fore it can tech her," he said to himself; and he felt a fierce sort of joy in thought that, even if Dency didn't care particularly for him, he loved her well enough to be glad to die for her.

The storm had passed, a dead silence succeeded the fiendish tumult, the clouds broke away and the sun once more looked down upon them with a broad smile.

Sam finding himself unhurt, was the first to spring to his feet and assist Dency to rise. Pale, but erect, she stood and looked about her upon the figures that still cowered on the floor at her feet, then anxiously out toward the meadow. She drew a deep sigh of relief as she saw her father coming running toward them. "Father's alive yit!" she exclaimed, "'n' I guess there hain't nobody hurt," and Sam felt her hold upon him relax, and her form begin to tremble.

"Set down, do, Dency; you're all unstrung," he whispered.

In another moment she would have been sobbing hysterically upon his shoulder had not her mother, who had been lying near her, arisen to a sitting posture, and, clasping her knees with her hands, rocked back and forth groaning and wailing:

"It's a judgement! It's a judgement! I knew somethin' dreadful would happen, 'cause Sam begun the house on Friday."

At these words Dency raised her head and turned toward her mother, who continued:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I knew Dency wouldn't git

married this year when she sot them tew cheer backs together."

The minister, who in the general alarm had thrown over the arm-chair in which he sat, and ensconced himself safely underneath its generous shelter, now thrust out his head like a turtle from its shell, and said in his most sepulchral tones:

"The hand of the Lord is in it."

Sam felt Dency's hold upon him unclasp. She moved away from him toward the speaker. Then there flashed through his mind the question he had asked, which Dency would not answer. His house was gone and she was leaving him; the horror of the tornado was heaven compared with the anguish of that thought. Yet he would say no word to keep her. She should be free, but brave as he was he could not repress the groan that sprang from the depths of his heart at the thought.

Dency heard the groan, and her first thought was that Sam was injured, and she hurriedly whispered: "Are you hurt, Sam?"

He shook his head. But if not injured, why so pale? why those clinched hands, those tightly drawn lips?

"You are hurt," she insisted.

"No, not hurt, Dency, but *your* house is gone."

Quick-witted Dency grasped the meaning of that groan at once, and she turned quickly toward the preacher, who had now arisen and, with a pompous manner, was saying:

"It is evident that the Lord did not intend this wedding to take place—"

"I knowed it—I knowed it," sighed Mrs. Merrill. "Poor Dency! she was so proud of her house."

"Pride always goes before a fall," continued the minister.

With one look at Sam, a look so full of love that it would have healed at once his poor wounded heart, if he had seen it, Dency stepped toward the minister and spoke up, proudly:

"Ef you think I'm goin' to be cheated out of my weddin' this way you're much mistaken. I wa'n't a marryin' Sam Wheeler for his house—"

Do you hear that, Sam? Yes, Sam heard, and the courage came back to his heart, and the light to his eye, and he moved forward and took his place by Dency's side.

"They ain't no one hurt. Sam and I are here, and ef we can't be married under our own ruf we can be over our own sullen. An' ef Sam's willin' to take me right now, and here, you can go ahead with the ceremony."

The minister looked at Mrs. Merrill in a bewildered way as Sam replied:

"I'm only too glad to take ye now, Dency, fur life and death; and bless ye fur your brave, true words."

As the minister, still uncertain what to do, glanced from one to another, the voice of Farmer Merrill was heard:

"All right, parson. Go ahead 'n' marry 'em, 'n' give 'em your blessin'. Folks that's got grit like that ought to be helped, not hindered."

So, in their roofless, wall-less home, with the traces of desolation on every side, in the awe and hush of escape from a fearful death, with the fierce tornado thundering in the distance, and the bright June sun shining overhead, Sam Wheeler and Dency Merrill took upon themselves the vows that made them man and wife.

A quiet bustle of congratulations followed, which was interrupted by a loud burst of laughter from those standing on one side of the room, and Becky Smith's sharp voice was heard to exclaim:

"Wal, I du declare! Si Peters, how under the sun and airth did you come down in the sullen?"

Every eye was turned toward the slowly rising cellar-door from which emerged poor Si, looking rather crest-fallen but evidently determined to brave it out.

"I was blew there."

"Humph!" said Becky; "should think you was. When the wind riz you was a standin' right behind me, 'n' instid o' you a doin' your duty you shirked, and I landed on the floor." What else she might have said was drowned in the shout which greeted her words.

"Was anything hurt over home?" asked Dency of her father.

"Nothin', only the ruf of the new barn's gone a ridin' in my sulky. Blamed ef 't ain't the curusest thing ever I seed. That thar ruf went a skootin' off over the orchard and the sulky arter it, 'n' the house wa'n't teched. Then the harricane lighted down here and scooped this little shanty in, and then it went kitin' off over the grove. It acted fur all the world like a rubber ball; hit the top o' our barn, bounded up, lit here, then hopped over the grove, and so it goes hippety-hoppin' along over the kentry, knockin' things endwise wherever it lights. Wonder what it's done with the logs from this house?"

"I kin tell you," said Caleb Green, who had been out reconnoitering.

"It's stuck 'em in that sand back over there. Druv 'em in half way up, as if with a spile. 'Twon't be sich an awful job to git 'em out, 'n' after harvest we'll have a bee and put the little house together agin."

This plan met with universal favor, and we will add here that it was duly carried out.

But now the preparations for supper must be made. The stove, which had been overturned, was again placed upon its feet a little distance from the house; a fire was kindled and the potatoes were soon bubbling, and the ham "sizzling" and frying, while the tables were arranged by "the boys," and "the girls" tripped up and down the cellar stairs with the abundance of good things provided by Dency for the feast.

"Dency," said Sam drawing her to one side, "there's

a moon to-night; don't you believe we could hang up a couple o' lanterns and have the dance arter all?"

"Capital! We'll do it. It'll be ever so much nicer dancin' out doors than in the house, 'n' the floor hain't racked a mite."

And it was soon made known to the company that the original programme for a dance would be carried out.

"Your daughter has a good deal of pluck," said the minister to Mrs. Merrill.

But that good lady seemed to feel that pluck needed an apology.

"Yes, Dency means well," she replied, "but she hain't of a nervous temperature. Nothin' pleases her, or makes her lose her equillery-bim; but as fur me I'm so easily upshot, the slightest thing flounces my nerves," and she sighed complacently.

The moon came up as the sun went down; the lanterns were lighted and raised aloft on standards made of saplings; the fiddler seated on a chair placed on top of the stove left the whole floor cleared for the dancers. The preacher and the elderly people went home, but all night long the scraping of the fiddle and the stentorian "calls" of the fiddler blended with the sound of tripping feet. And all night long the twinkling stars laughed and winked at the hearty, whole-souled dancing, as Caleb Green whirled Becky Smith around in obedience to "Swing your pardners," or the whole company became woefully confused in the "Grand right and left." And when the sun arose next morning he was greeted with the sound of "Fisher's Hornpipe" and a rather hoarse voice shouting "All hands 'round!"

"Hain't you a little tired, Mis' Wheeler?" asked Caleb. "See, it's sun-up."

Dency blushed at the sound of her new name, as she replied:

"So it is, and there's pa blowin' the horn fur break-fast. But I didn't git cheated out o' my weddin', did I?"

"Nor I out o' my trust in you," whispered Sam softly in her ear.

"Wal, I really didn't think you was such a goose," replied Dency saucily.



THE SUMMER MOON.

Ah, cloudless moon, forever hang
High in the starry sky!
Forever let thy mellow light
Our longing eyes descry!

Forever clothe the slender twig,
The flow'ret bathed in dew,
The stately tree, the clinging vine,
With beauty ever new!

Forever on the silvered sea,
And on the shining sand,
Pour the full radiance of thy glance
And make it fairyland!

Forever on the hill-sides rest,
And on the rocky strand:
Forever touch the frowning cliffs
With thy magician's hand.

And from their wooded depths evoke
A phantom, warlike host,
A shadowy band of sentinels—
Grim watchers of the coast!

Ah, cloudless moon, forever watch
O'er silent, slumberous night!
Forever o'er the broad earth spread
The glamour of thy light!

MARY A. SAWYER.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.
FACING THE ORDEAL.

WHEN Hilda reached her room it seemed as if the world had taken on a new aspect. Every nerve tingled with indignation. Fear had been swallowed up in anger. There was a tinge of shame, too, in her thought as she remembered how she had fled at the first hint of danger. She wondered what her father would have said had he witnessed her flight. Then the memory of her dream came back and she saw him again with the light of the moon upon his face as he held the sloop upon her course and went calmly on to meet his cruel fate. As the shadows gathered above the city and she heard the bells ring out the invitation to evening worship she seemed also to see the face of that strange Mr. Brown, which was so fixed in her memory that she could never forget it. Very sad and very stern it seemed, as if it looked in pitying scorn upon her weakness. Then she thought of all who were behind her in the struggle—true-hearted Harrison Kortright and his wife; Martin, whom she could ever command, though she must never love him any more; Jared Clarkson, whom even her father trusted; Gilbert Amory, who would even have taken life in her defense; the prudent and devoted teacher; and Jason, who had come, no doubt, to warn her of her danger. Oh! she had a host of friends, and it was weak and silly of her to flee from them. The tears flowed fast as she thought of them, and she wondered that she could ever have been so distrustful. The world, which in the morning had seemed so barren of all friendship or truth, now seemed overflowing with sympathy and devotion.

Then the thought of her duty came. Duty to whom? First of all, to her father and his memory. She had pledged herself, even in the first gush of her agony, to do honor to his name. How should she do it? By displaying the same spirit. None should ever say her acts belied her parentage. She paced back and forth across her room in the deepening gloom, her hands clasped tightly and her veins throbbing with defiant exultation. The future seemed to open before her a vista of light as she thought. If indeed it should—a shiver of dread passed through her frame at the thought—if it should be that she were not his daughter—if she were, in fact, the daughter of George Eighmie and of the poor weak creature who aimlessly wandered about the corridors of Sturmhold—why then, indeed, a still grander duty lay before her. In that case she owed even more to that man who had given her his name, his filial

love—aye, even his life. Then, too, she would owe a broader duty to that people whose misfortune had put its taint upon her life—whose primeval curse had blighted her love. The sacrificial spirit took hold upon her. Perhaps, she thought, it might be her destiny to become one of the great examples which should help to alleviate the thralldom of a race and lift a shadow from a nation's life. Whatever might be the truth in regard to herself her duty pointed still in one direction. She must return and face her destiny. Bond or free, rich or poor, it should not be said that the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove, or the daughter of that friend for whom he rendered up his life, failed to do honor to his memory.

But what was the first thing to be done? How should she begin to act the worthy part for which she had been cast? She wished that she might fly back to her room in the seminary. She wondered if it were empty, or had another occupant already. Then she began to think how she might return and reach it unperceived. She knew not why, but somehow it seemed as if she must begin her new life in the very place where the old one ended. Where the old one ended? Had it ended? She smiled as she thought how she had buried the Hilda of two days before. Even Martin—dearly remembered as he must ever be—she had given him up. She had no hope that the doubt would ever be cleared away. In fact, she half expected that it would be confirmed. She could hardly help believing that her life had been grafted upon that little life which had exhaled almost as soon as it was begun. She had vague memories of a tropical home—was it memory, or was it the weird necromancy of that loved story-teller who had painted for her so many pictures of the lands his eyes had seen? She could not tell. She only knew that the sweet, unruffled life she had led had given way to one full of woe and suffering perhaps, but one that she did not shrink from facing. The ordeal was prepared. The smoking plowshares lay along her path. The judges were in waiting. Yes, her old life was ended—cut sharply in twain, but she longed to graft a new one upon it. She would join and unite them so that the point of severance should hardly be perceptible to other eyes. The luxury, the ease, the freedom she had enjoyed, what were they but a preparation for the duty that lay before? She must go back to her old haunts and begin anew.

But how? Again and again the question recurred. She wished she had the gray-bearded man she had met at dinner to advise her. Then she remembered

having heard her father say that advice was a good thing when one already knew what he meant to do. She thought what he would do were he in her place—the dear wise father, who had always left her to decide for herself. Surely he had not done this without a purpose. He meant that she should decide, and not only decide, but act on her own judgment in the future, as he had encouraged her to do in the past. Ah, it was cruel! The lady at the table had only half stated the rapacity of her pursuers. Not only had they not waited for her to take off her mourning, but they had not even allowed her time to put it on. The tears flowed at the memory of her affliction. She reproached herself that even the sorest trouble had caused her to neglect to testify her grief to the whole world. Henceforth her garb should bear witness to her sorrow. She would wear only weeds all her life long. Sackcloth should enswathe her form even as woe must overshadow her life.

All at once she forgot her despondency. She was young, and her buoyant nature laughed at trammels. Her tears were none the less bitter because they were so easily wiped away. She sprang to her feet, laughing, softly and quietly. Then she made haste to light the gas; searched in her bag and brought out some black stuff; combed her hair smoother still upon her brow; plaited the dark stuff along her cheek, which had grown pale with the woe of the last two days; smiled contentedly, and then sat down at the table to examine the contents of her purse. She found that they were ample for all her present needs. Miss Hunniwell, more prudent than herself, had foreseen her need, and had transformed the larger portion of the deposit her father had made in her behalf into ready money, in anticipation of the need of a prolonged concealment. It was strange what a change had come over her. Calmly, even smilingly, she prepared for her couch. She slumbered peacefully, and on the morrow was astir early among the city shops, cheapening, buying and directing, as if danger and sorrow were unknown to her. Nevertheless, her cheeks were strangely pale, and her demeanor quiet and subdued.

A few days afterward a lady in widow's weeds got off the train at Bloomingdale. She was fair and young—that much might be seen through her heavy veil. She asked to be driven to the seminary, and handed the hackman her check, for which he received a trunk unusually large and new. Her name was marked in large letters upon each end. There was an unusual crowd at the station, but no one paid any particular attention to the new arrival. The people were so excited over the affair at Beechwood that they had no time to notice any one not specially connected with that tragedy. The lady was alone in the hack, and on the way to the seminary the driver told her all about the matter—all that was known, at least, as well as some guesses of his own at the unknown. The stranger seemed much shocked, and at one time appeared almost inclined to retract her order and go to the hotel. The driver, in his rough way, was very sorry for his fare—she was so young and tender, and yet wearing widow's weeds. She seemed entirely broken down with sorrow, and never raised her veil nor spoke above a subdued monotone during the trip. He made some cautious inquiries in regard to her affliction, but an involuntary sob and the sudden thrusting of a white handkerchief under the gold-bowed glasses which she wore told the good-natured fellow that his inquisitiveness was very painful. So he desisted, and gave his attention to his

team. Arrived at the seminary, she sent her card to the principal, and waited in the reception-room until she came. Many of the pupils, who were busy with preparations for departure, glanced in at the door half curiously. She did not look at them, nor once lift her veil. Miss Hunniwell came with a look of mild surprise upon her face and the card of the new-comer in her hand. As soon as she had entered the room the strange lady rose and closed the door. Then turning to the teacher, she raised her veil. The teacher regarded her with a puzzled look, as if seeking to bring back to her memory some half-forgotten face. Then she shook her head almost imperceptibly.

"Don't you know me?" asked the stranger.

The teacher started, came closer, and peered anxiously into the pale face framed in the dull black of the widow's weeds. The stranger took off her glasses. Miss Hunniwell started, and would have screamed, but a plump white hand was clasped firmly over her mouth. Then there were tears and embraces and anxious inquiries, as when friends long parted meet again. The door was opened after a time, and Miss Hunniwell and her guest passed along the hall together. The stranger's veil was down, but the teacher's agitation was clearly perceptible. She took the stranger to her own room, where she soon left her to attend to her own duties. It was a matter of great surprise when she directed the lady's trunk to be taken to Hilda's room; but she explained that it was an old pupil who once occupied that room, and had now come back to seek seclusion in her deep affliction. She had explained to her, she said, the unfortunate associations of the room, but she did not seem to mind them at all. No other room would seem at all homelike to her, and she especially desired that she might be allowed to have that. So the strange widow lady was soon duly installed in the room Hilda had chosen when she came, hardly more than a child, to select the place in which she would pass the years of her school-life.

After a time the teacher brought Jason to the room. The lady had put aside her widow's veil and removed the glasses she had worn. Her hair was brushed smoothly down upon her forehead, and only a faint line of white about the throat relieved the sombre depths of the mourning which she wore. She advanced and offered her hand to Jason. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she did so.

The faithful servant gazed at her a moment in astonishment. Then he suddenly seized her by the arms, peered keenly into her face, and exclaimed:

"If it ain't Miss Hilda! Bless God, our little Miss Hilda!"

Before she could prevent him he had seized her in his arms, and was tossing her up and down as if she had been a child, the tears rolling down his face and his lips uttering half-incoherent bursts of gratitude.

"There, there, Jason," said she, gently releasing herself at length. "I am very glad to see you again, but you must not try to toss me about in that fashion. I am not so small as I once was."

She gave him her hand as she spoke, which, with the characteristic freedom of the old servant of the plantation, he kissed and fondled, while his eyes seemed to devour her features.

"Ah, Miss Hilda," he exclaimed, "I thought I wouldn't never git a sight of you no more. You jes' run off, nobody knows how nor whar, an' leave Jason here without a word—jes' bound to wait till you comes back in your own way, whenever you gits ready, for all the world like your pa. I declare, child, you're his own gal,

sure. Here's Marse Eighmie comes a-tearin' round atter ye, an' all at once, jes' when he thinks he's got yer safe, whar is yer? Then, atter a little, when everybody thinks yers done gone an' hid, jes' as ef yer'd been a sure enuff nigger, as all on 'em tries ter make out, why, here you is!"

Despite the fact of Hilda's evident sorrow, and that he had not seen her since her father's tragic death, he could not repress his joy. But his mood changed instantly, as he saw her lip tremulous with grief at this allusion.

"There, there, honey," he said soothingly; "don't you go to feeling bad now. You know there ain't nothin' that would make Marse Merwyn gladder 'n jes' ter know what his little gal's done—come right back here into the jaws of the lion that's a-huntin' atter her, as you has, chile. Bless yer dear heart, you's yer pa all over again, that yer is, an' Jason knows it. That was always the way with him, you know—here one minute an' there the next, axin' nobody's advice, an' tellin' nobody what he was gwine ter do till it was all over an' done. There, there, dear, don't take on so—please don't, honey," said Jason, as she snatched away her hand, and, sinking on a chair, sobbed aloud with a sorrow she had before had no opportunity to indulge.

After a time she checked her grief, and said with a choking voice:

"Have you no message for me, Jason, from—from my father?"

"There, now, what an old stupid he is!" exclaimed Jason reproachfully. "Here I've been a gwine on about nuffin', an' this dear chile jes' a hungerin' for dem las' words her pa sent her. 'Clar it does seem as if Jason was gittin' to be a straight-out fool an' no mistake."

The faithful servitor had opened his vest as he spoke, and from an inside pocket now drew forth a letter which he handed to Hilda with an air of reverence that could not have been greater had she been a queen and he an humble liegeman kneeling at her feet.

"There, Miss Hilda, that's what I ought to have given you before, only I was that glad I done forgot all about it. Marse Cap'n give me that jes' the las' minute 'fore he made me come away. De Lo'd knows, Miss Hilda, I didn't want to do it nohow, an' I wouldn't if he hadn't jes' forced me to. There warn't no sort of use on 't—none in the world. If he'd jes' have let me take a crack or two at that crowd in dead earnest instead of firin' all round 'em as we'd been a doin', there'd a been plenty of time to have got him aboard an' off before they'd have rallied up to stop us. But he wouldn't do it, Miss Hilda—he p'intedly wouldn't—but jes' give me this letter an' told me not to let no man or woman catch so much as a glimpse of the least corner of it till I put it in your hands, Miss Hilda. And I hain't. Now, there 'tis, an' Jason's filled his last orders. There ain't nothin' more for him to do now—nothin' more."

"Thank you, Jason," said Hilda, as she took the letter and glanced at the superscription. "You are a good, faithful fellow," she added, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. She pressed the letter passionately to her bosom, as if to still with its touch the beating of her heart. She reached out her other hand and patted the cheek of the faithful servant. He caught it and covered it with kisses.

"You must not say there is nothing more for you to do, Jason. Papa sent you away, no doubt, that you might take care of me. He knew I would need you when he was gone."

"I'll do it, Miss Hilda—anything you want in the

wide world I'll do. If you'll jes' let Jason serve you like he did Marse Captain, that's all he wants."

"You shall always do that, Jason."

"Thank ye, Miss Hilda, thank ye; but you must promise not to run off an' leave me no more," said he, half doubtfully.

"Oh, never fear!" said Hilda, as she turned to the window and broke the seal of her father's letter. Hardly had she glanced at its contents when an expression of surprise escaped her lips. She read a little farther, and a cry of pleasure came bubbling from her heart. An instant after she rushed across the room, with the crumpled letter close clasped to her bosom, fell upon her knees beside the bed, and cried, as the tears rolled down her cheeks:

"Thank God! thank God! Poor Papa! Dear Papa! Thank God! Thank God!"

The teacher stole away and left the faithful servant alone with his young mistress, to tell the story of the father's tragic death.

Martin Kortright returned to Sturmhold burning with zeal in his lady-love's behalf. To his parents he told over and over again the story of what had occurred at Beechwood. He laid before them all the plans his ardent brain had devised for discovering whither she had flown. Already he had secured the co-operation of detectives, and he proposed before a week had passed to put her likeness and a full description in the hands of the police of every city in the country. To all this Harrison Kortright imperatively objected.

"If she were a runaway servant or a lost child, that would do. But you must remember, my son, that it is Hilda Hargrove of whom we are speaking. Just read that letter of hers once more, and you will see that the girl who wrote it doesn't need to be hawked around the country like a lost poodle. She means to do something, and wants to be let alone to do it in her own way. Heaven knows she has people enough hunting after her already, and you would only add to her troubles if you began a pursuit. Let her alone, my son. Let her have time to get over her grief and terror, and determine on the course she will pursue. She has sufficient for her present needs, and knows very well that she has only to indicate a want in order to have it gratified."

"But she will think I have no spirit if I sit down and wait for her to clear up this mystery all alone," said Martin. "If I could only let her know what Jason is able to prove, she would come back at once."

"I am not so sure of that," rejoined his father. "She is not running away from the slave-catcher so much as from the fear that she may be something worse than a slave herself."

"Jason's testimony settles that also," interrupted Martin.

"I am afraid Jason's story is hardly conclusive," said the father. "Jared Clarkson knows that I don't put a particle of confidence in the inference he draws from the papers in his possession. I am sure that Hilda is Merwyn Hargrove's child. Not only did he acknowledge her as such, but she resembles him as closely one person can another. She has all his coolness and courage, as well as his quiet candor and undoubting self-reliance. Even he could detect nothing of her mother about her except in appearance. Now, if Clarkson put the same reliance in Jason's story that you do, he would have telegraphed at once to relieve my anxiety. I heard from him twice yesterday, but nothing to indicate that he has changed his impressions in the least."

"But Hilda ought to know what Jason says, and

have the letter he refuses to give to any one else as well as the package Clarkson has for her."

"That is true," said the old man, "but you are not the one to take it to her. If she knew you were on her track, can you not see that she would just rush deeper and deeper into obscurity? It is you and your love that she dreads more than all the slave-hunters in the world. If you should pursue her before this doubt is settled, she would not hesitate to destroy herself in order to escape from you."

"My God!" exclaimed Martin, "what shall I do?"

"Do?" said his father reproachfully. "You are the last one to ask that question. If ever a woman had a right to demand obedience from her lover, that woman is Hilda Hargrove at this time."

"She doesn't expect me to obey and leave her to suffer, does she?" asked Martin impetuously.

"She expects, and she has a right to expect, that you will obey her wishes when they are fair and reasonable ones."

"But hers are not reasonable," said the son, with some show of irritation.

"Let us see," said the father. "She tells you frankly that she would die before she would marry with a doubt upon her birth. You, in your impetuous love, might at first think otherwise, but there could be no surer way of securing the unhappiness of both than by overcoming, if you could, this objection. You are as sure of her love as if you looked into her heart, but you know also that you can never change her determination."

"But I cannot wait in idleness while she is in trouble—perhaps in peril," protested the young man, as he strode back and forth across the room with clinched hands and a brow knotted with agony.

"Wait you must, my son, because she bids you. If there were no other reason at this time, you are bound to regard implicitly her lightest wish. But you do not need to be idle. Your waiting and separation may continue for many a year, but whenever the cloud is lifted, as it will be some time, you may be sure she will keep her word. You should remember that she may need a good deal of money to carry out her plans, and we must be ready to meet her requirements. We are her trustees—you and I. You must continue to do the work I am no longer able to perform."

"There is nothing to do about the estate. It is all in good condition, and almost taking care of itself."

"You speak of her father's estate, my son. It is time you learned that Hilda has even a closer relation to us. One half of all that stands to-day in my name belongs to her."

Harrison Kortright then explained the facts which the reader already knows.

"Does Hilda know this?" asked Martin, drawing a long breath, when his father had concluded.

"I do not know," was the reply, "but I take it for granted that she does. You know her father always had great confidence in her. I doubt if he kept anything from her except that miserable matter of his brother's children."

"You think, then, that she wishes me to stay here and look after her interests as you have done hitherto?"

"It is reasonable to suppose that she would desire to have her matters in such shape as to yield whatever funds she may require, is it not?"

"I suppose so," answered Martin moodily; "but how shall I know her wants, or she know that I am obeying her request?"

"I suppose she will expect that without any informa-

tion, but I see no reason why you should not communicate with her," said the father.

"How?" asked Martin, stopping short in his walk.

"By advertisement," replied his father. "You may be sure that Hilda will see it. She will not miss a line that concerns any one connected with this matter."

So the father and son devised some brief personals which Hilda only would understand, and know that they were messages from home.

CHAPTER XLV.

A MASKED BATTERY.

HILDA's first thought after having secured unsuspected refuge in her old quarters was to find out exactly what had been done, in order that she might determine what she ought to do. She no longer felt any apprehension on her own account. Her father's letter had entirely relieved her mind as to that, but it also devolved upon her the continuance of that task which had cost him his life. The son and daughter of George and Alida Eighmie were not only commended to her care, but she was especially charged to discover, if possible, the former, and to see to it that the latter remained in utter ignorance of her birth and origin, unless circumstances made such a disclosure imperatively necessary. On the next day, therefore, Mr. Clarkson came to the seminary at the request of Miss Hunniwell. After his first surprise at the presence of the young lady whose guardianship had been so unwillingly thrust upon him, he bethought him of the package he was charged to deliver into her hands, and returned to his hotel for it. Having delivered it to Hilda, he seemed at once to be relieved of a great burden. After she had glanced over its contents, he began to tell her what he had done, or rather what he had determined to do. Very fortunately for her, he said, the enemy had made a false move. Instead of trusting to the law, they had gone outside of it, and had tried to assert their rights with a strong hand. This fact he proposed to utilize in effecting a compromise, by which the collateral heirs of George Eighmie should release all claim upon the children of Alida.

"I suppose," said Hilda thoughtfully, "that it will be best for me to remain concealed while you are engaged in this negotiation?"

"Oh, of course," exclaimed Clarkson. "Your absence was the most fortunate thing that could have occurred."

"Have they discovered the strange mistake they made?" she asked.

"Mistake?"

"Yes—in regard to the identity of the daughter of George Eighmie?"

"I do not understand your meaning," said Clarkson, with a puzzled look.

"I mean, do they know who she is?"

"Well," said Clarkson with some embarrassment, "they suspect the truth, of course, but they really know no more than when they came."

"Indeed," said Hilda, "that is very fortunate. Then I should suppose the best thing to do would be to throw them still farther off the scent."

"Of course; but how?" asked Clarkson.

"I might show myself," suggested Hilda.

"Show yourself, my dear," he cried, starting up in alarm. "It would disarrange everything. It would be fatal. Do please remember that the warrant for your arrest is still in the marshal's hands."

"Well, suppose it is, what then?" asked Hilda in surprise.

"You would be seized in an instant if they knew of your presence."

"What if I were?" persisted Hilda. "They can do me no harm."

"Perhaps not," said Clarkson thoughtfully, "but what good can result from it?"

"The legal proceedings would take some time, I suppose?"

"Several days, at least."

"They might be delayed, protracted?"

"Of course."

"How long?"

"For some weeks, probably."

"Well, in the meantime—"

"In the meantime, you would be in jail."

"In jail?"

"Yes; that is, you would be in custody, unless released on a writ of *habeas corpus*."

"Well, it would be all right in the end."

"Probably, but is it not better to relinquish all claim to the estate of Eighmie, and thereby put an end to their pursuit? By that means, too, the facts remain solely in our possession."

"I see. I must guard against that. It was Papa's last wish that I should conceal the facts, if possible, forever."

"If you will allow me," said Clarkson, "I think there has been entirely too much concealment in this matter."

"That may be, but we must still continue it for her sake."

"For her sake? Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the one we have been speaking of all this time—George Eighmie's daughter."

"I was in hope," said Clarkson scornfully, "that when she was once out of danger she would have the moral courage to avow the truth."

"How can she, when she does not know it?" asked Hilda artlessly.

"But she does know it," said Clarkson impatiently. "Miss—Miss Hilda—I—I must say that I am disappointed in you. I will gladly do all in my power to rescue you from your present peril, because of my promise to you—to Captain Hargrove, I mean—but after that you must understand that I will have nothing to do with any false pretenses."

"But how can I help it?"

"You will be your own mistress."

"Well?"

"You will have an ample fortune."

"Well?"

"Why not stand up and defy this infamous race-prejudice?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Nothing now; but when the danger is over, and you are in the secure possession of what you will receive, I would have you repay the debt of gratitude you owe to Merwyn Hargrove, not by keeping up the miserable sham he urged upon you, but by showing the world his noble conduct in its true significance."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Hilda, shrinking from his vehemence.

"You do not understand?" he said angrily. "Say you will not, rather. I mean that you should be brave enough and strong enough to avow the truth—to say to the world, 'This man was so true and noble that he conquered every prejudice in order to fulfill his pledge. He even took to his heart one cursed with the blood of a despised race—gave her a daughter's place and a daughter's love.' In other words, I would have you avow your own parentage."

"My parentage?" cried Hilda in amazement.

"Yes, I would have you reward the devotion of a poor, crazed mother, and acknowledge with pride the heroism of that brother—" the speaker paused, looked hastily about, and then added in a lower tone—"that brother who has devoted his strength to the service of the race whose degradation has blighted his life."

Hilda shrunk from him as he spoke in undisguised dismay. Then she turned impetuously upon him:

"Why, Mr. Clarkson," she exclaimed, "what do you mean by such language? Do you think my father was a liar? Do you think his solemn declaration to you was a falsehood? Do you impeach his dying message to me?"

"It is because of his declaration that I speak thus!"

Hilda looked as if she doubted his sanity. Finally she opened the packet in her hand, ran over its contents hastily, and said:

"Mr. Clarkson, my father tells me here that he has informed you of all the facts concerning the daughter of Alida."

"So he did, by means of the parcel accompanying that which you hold."

"Will you be good enough to allow me to examine that parcel?"

Clarkson looked at her half-suspiciously; then drew the package from his pocket, and after showing the superscription, handed her the bills it contained. She glanced at them carelessly, and extended her hand for more.

"That is all," said Clarkson.

"All? Was there nothing more, absolutely nothing?"

"Nothing but this wrapper, which had evidently been used to inclose other papers."

He handed her a sheet of paper loosely folded to inclose others. It was indorsed in her father's distinct and positive hand:

Inclosures.

1. Letter from A. E.
2. " " S. M.
3. " " W. K.
4. " " M. H. to W. K.
5. Affidavit of J. U.
6. Statement of acct. of W. K.
7. Letters H. E. to W. K.
8. " M. H. to W. K.
9. Letter of instructions to W. K.
10. " Bills of M. H.

"And nothing more?" asked Hilda, with a perplexed look.

"Nothing more," said Clarkson wonderingly.

Hilda sat down and rested her head upon her hand in thought. She turned the papers over and over, as if seeking to unravel some mystery. In the meantime, Clarkson sat watching her with a curious, pitying look. Once or twice he half started, as if he feared she were about to destroy the papers he had given her. After a time she rose, crossed to where he sat, and handing him the package she had received from him which was addressed to her, she said quietly:

"Will you please read that?"

When he had concluded she gave him the letter she had received by the hand of Jason.

"And that also, if you please."

The effect on Jared Clarkson was astonishing. Incredulity, amazement, joy, and finally mortification, were depicted in turn upon his countenance. After a time he rose, and with a deep blush upon his fine, frank face, extended his hand and said:

"I crave your pardon, Miss Hargrove. I am sorry to have been so poor a counsellor."

Then Hilda broke down and wept passionately. The long struggle was over, and nature would have its way. She had passed the dread ordeal and must fain weep over her deliverance. Clarkson stood by, absently patting her head and smoothing the masses of her hair, to soothe her agitation.

"I very greatly regret having caused you so much pain, my dear," he said in a low, fatherly tone.

She looked up into his face half smiling through her tears, and said:

"It only shows how true a friend my father chose to aid me in the task he left unfinished."

Clarkson stooped and kissed her forehead.

After this there were some grave consultations in the widow's room at the seminary. An eminent lawyer came more than once; Jason was carefully examined, and before another day had passed Sherwood Eighmie and his confederates found a legal network woven about them which portended unexpected difficulties. Actions for conspiracy and libel were brought against them in the name of Hilda Hargrove, based upon affidavits sworn to by her, and requiring very heavy bonds on the part of the defendants. In the meantime the demeanor of Clarkson underwent a change that no one could account for. Instead of depression and gloom his mirth was almost hilarious. There was no longer any display of anxiety, and the compromise which he had set on foot was entirely neglected. The strange widow lady after two days' sojourn found that the associations of her old room were not so soothing as she had expected. Besides that she had received a great many visits for one seeking seclusion, and it was a matter of no wonder to the remaining pupils of the seminary that she had already concluded to seek a more tranquil home. So she was driven to the station and took the train westward. By some strange chance Jason left upon the same train, but he rode in the second-class car and paid no heed to the young widow whose veil fell in decorous folds almost to her feet.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CLAMOR IN THE HOME NEST.

THE news of the attempted abduction at Beechwood awakened the utmost excitement at Skendoah. A thousand things had contributed to produce this result. While Squire Kortright might be termed the tutelary deity of the place, yet there was a sort of traditional belief, very largely due to the significant winks and nods of the old man Shields, that the master of Sturmholt was associated with Kortright in the enterprise out of which the town had grown. Moreover, Merwyn Hargrove had been a sort of lion in the region where he lived. There was something very attractive in the half isolation which he maintained, as well as in the mysterious tales that had from time to time connected his name with both good and bad achievements. But whatever his life had been, the manner of his death would have fixed his place in the esteem of his neighbors beyond all cavil. Coming as it did upon the heels of their own great calamity, and being allied to it still more closely in cause, they gladly looked upon him as a martyr in whose name and fame they had each a sort of proprietary interest. Added to these facts was the farther one that the relation subsisting between Martin and Hilda was very well understood throughout the region, and we shall not find it hard to realize the excitement which the story of Eighmie's attempt and Hilda's flight aroused

in the little village. Martin and Hilda for their own sakes were well-beloved. The villagers had seen them grow up from childhood, sustaining to each other always the most intimate relations. Their mutual affection had been a matter of pleasant jest and kindly gossip long before either of them had suspected its existence. Hilda's beauty and Martin's staunch sincerity had deepened this impression until almost every villager felt as shocked and outraged by the news as if his own heart's dearest treasure had been ravished from his possession. Their sorrow and anger had manifested itself in every conceivable form. Since the return of Martin, the office, which was now wholly under his control, had been thronged almost all the time with sympathizing friends and visitors.

A public meeting had been held, and in speeches and resolutions the people had testified at once their loyalty to principle and also their determination to make the most of their own local celebrities. A band of young men had been organized whose purpose was declared to be the rescue of Hilda should she ever be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of her persecutors. To say that the story of her origin was disbelieved in Skendoah, but states the truth too mildly. It was scouted at as a transparent fraud by every man, woman and child in Skendoah and vicinity. No one there had any more doubt of her right to inherit as the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove than of the fact that he had named her sole legatee in his will. This universal feeling was intensified still more by the knowledge that Jared Clarkson had become her champion and defender. However poorly they might have esteemed her cause, the fact that he had espoused it would have secured for her their sympathy. When this was added to the other causes mentioned we can well believe the statement of the local press, that "Skendoah was ablaze with excitement." Had volunteers been called for at any hour to go to her rescue the town would have been almost depopulated of its male inhabitants.

It was in the middle of the afternoon—the very busiest hour of the day in the office where Martin Kortright was at work—the office from which his father had so long directed those operations that had linked his name forever with the town's prosperity. The plain black-lettered sign, "Skendoah Mills," that hung over the door had never been changed. Though the son was in charge of the great interests emoraced by this proprietorship, it was understood that he was as yet only the right hand of the father. In fact all business papers were still signed "Harrison Kortright," though executed by "Martin Kortright, Attorney."

Despite the hum of labor upon all sides, the young man's thoughts were busy with Hilda. As he gave directions in regard to the purchase of supplies, the sale of stock, the rebuilding of the burned factories, now well under way, and a thousand other details essential to a great enterprise, he wondered where she was, and whether she would approve the course he had decided upon. He had yielded to his father's views chiefly because he could really see nothing else to do, but also very largely from a conviction that Hilda would realize how much harder it was to obey her than to follow his own inclinations and seek to discover whither she had flown. He had an impression, too, that spies were on his track, and that if he should succeed in finding her it would be only to increase her peril. So he worked on with the sad, pale face that had haunted him ever since he heard of her flight coming between him and the paper when he wrote, dimming his eyes and dulling his brain.

To the people of Skendoah this conduct on Martin's

part was the subject of unstinted praise. They would not for a moment admit that he did not know her hiding-place. That notion was to them absurd. They believed that he knew, and kept away in order that she need not be traced through him.

"They won't ever git that gal by follerin' up his tracks," said Shields, pursing up his thin lips and glancing approvingly over the razor-like edge of his nose at Martin through the office window. "Both of 'em are too much like them they 're named after to be caught in that way. Here he is pokin' 'round here as innocent and careless as you can imagine, and Hilda nowhere in the world that anybody knows on. Now, mark my words—the first you know that young man 'll take it into his head to travel and drown his grief, and the next thing you 'll hear there 'll be a wedding somewhere over the water, and they 'll snap their fingers at slave-catchers. And Skendoah 'll stand by 'em, too, and furnish them the money to have a good time—furnish it regular every week, and lots of it, too. Bless their hearts, if anybody ever deserved it, it's just them two."

There was a suspicion of moisture about the old man's eyes as he spoke. He had hardly gone a hundred yards from the office when he heard a tumult in the street leading toward the depot. What could it mean? A carriage was coming slowly along the street, beside which walked and ran and shouted an ever-increasing crowd. Hats and handkerchiefs were waving in the air. Men forsook their shops and women their houses to join the cavalcade. Crowds poured out of the factories, and all was clamor and confusion. At length the driver whipped his horses into a quick trot, the crowd was left behind, and the carriage drove up to the office door. Jason sprang from the driver's seat and assisted a lady in deep mourning to alight. As she

touched the ground she threw aside her veil, and showed a bright soft blush upon her cheeks. She ran up the steps, pushed back the door that stood ajar, and saw Martin gazing blankly upon the page before him. His pen was idle, and his thought was not of business. In the room beyond she could hear the clerks busily calling to each other from the books they were posting. The clamor outside came nearer while she paused. The blush grew deeper. She held her breath, and stole on tiptoe up to him. Looking over his shoulder she saw the page before him held but one word, "Hilda." There was a rustle—the perfume of a remembered presence—a pair of soft hands were about his neck, warm lips pressed his own, and a voice whispered:

"I have come, Martin, just as I promised that I would!"

The clamor swelled louder and louder without. Some one had bethought them of the town bell, and its deep, sonorous peal rang joyfully out over the excited town. The water was shut off. The wheels were still. The square in the middle of the town was alive with eager faces. After a time Martin appeared in the office door with Hilda upon his arm. Then the crowd went wild. Cheer after cheer went up. The one piece of ordnance in the town was dragged forth from its dusty hiding-place beneath the stairs of the town hall and mingled its reverberations with the clangor of the bells and the shouts of the people. Harrison Kortright, in the library at Sturmhold, heard its echoes faintly. For almost a week sleep had hardly visited his eyelids. He started up on his couch, listened for a short time to the recurrent shocks, smiled peacefully, and said to the plump matron by the bedside:

"They 've heard from Hilda."

Then he laid his head upon the pillow and slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POTTERY IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"There is, perhaps, less good taste displayed in our country in this matter of table services than in any other household adornment."—W. C. PRIME.

Two rooms in the house should be of all the most attractive—the sitting-room and the dining-room. In the one gathers the family circle at the close of day or on Sunday, while twice or thrice each day the other presents one of the prettiest sights upon which the eye can rest, when all meet around the table to partake of the morning or evening meal, and join in converse over the events of the day, in anticipation or review. It is of the latter place I propose to speak in advocacy of gratifying one sense too often neglected, but no less deserving enjoyment than its usually more fortunate rivals.

When every endeavor is made to afford pleasure for the sense of taste by tickling the palate with all kinds of delicacies, and ear and intellect have their share of the feast through conversation, "grave or gay," "lively or sedate," is the eye alone to be starved, and the sense of beauty only not gratified in this enjoyable room?

The food will taste better from table appointments carefully chosen with an eye for the appearance as well as utility of the article, while a little thought given to the harmony and effect of the silver, glass and china in which are served the food upon your table, will well re-

pay in a stimulated appetite and greater satisfaction in partaking of the viands.

In this day of artistic endeavor the table should be a study, and the sideboard no less thoughtfully furnished and arranged than the bric-a-brac cabinet in the drawing-room. All the ornamentation of the dining-room should be in harmony with the purpose for which the place is designed, and this may be easily effected, as the number of appropriate subjects offered by picture dealers and others is unlimited, and, in addition, are found in every store very pretty heads and figures in parian or terra cotta that serve for use on mantels or brackets. It is, however, to the sideboard, china-closet and table I propose to confine my attention in this article, as being the most important section for consideration.

In selecting the china for your table avoid having too great variety of wares or the other extreme of monotony in the assortments. It was in former years the fashion to purchase an entire outfit of one ware, shape and color; but, while this has obvious advantages, and is still the custom with a large proportion, art and good taste have decreed that this monotonous habit shall be broken, and we now rarely sit at a well-appointed table that has not upon its cloth a succession of dishes changing with the courses and varying in style—a sure index

of the taste and culture of the owner. Even where the service is of one uniform decoration, the monotony is now usually relieved by various fancy articles of other wares.

On the other hand, this may be carried too far, and thus lose its advantage. Like the so-called "music of the future" and "descriptive" music, in which the infatuated devotee pretends to read, as in a book, sentiments and facts instead of harmony of sounds, for enjoyment only, so, in some cases, the attempt to place upon china decorations symbolizing the use to which the piece is to be put may be overdone. It is certainly appropriate to decorate the dessert-plates with fruits, and the game course with birds and animals, but the dinner-plate would hardly be attractive if upon its surface were portrayed a slice of roast beef or cut of spring lamb.

There is a point where this propriety of decoration, as we may call it, oversteps the boundary of good taste, and becomes an impropriety to be avoided.

If you desire to follow the prevailing fashion, and array your table with a variety of wares and decorations, it may be effected with an outlay scarcely greater than would be required for a complete service of one decoration throughout. True, in following this plan, it is impossible to avoid duplicating some articles that occur in two or more different courses; but, in compensation for this additional expense, many pieces which form part of a tasteful assortment are of cheaper material, thus equalizing the cost. In the following hints regarding the selection of table pottery, I speak to those who, while not "rolling in wealth," have yet sufficient means to be able to gratify the eye and taste, even at a slightly increased cost.

Should you decide upon purchasing an entire outfit of one ware and decoration, you have ample scope for a selection in the multitude of service offered, and the first point for decision is—what ware will you have, French, English or Chinese? Many arguments may be offered in favor of each.

The English sets are of moderate cost, and this has been almost the sole reason for the great demand that has existed for this class of goods for several years past, as the changing fashions have required that the sets be low-priced or the constant change would become a burden. The ware itself is of inferior grade, and the decoration of a peculiar style, its only purpose seeming to be to hide the surface to which it is applied. The designs, however, are good, and have in a certain sense revolutionized ceramic taste, as applied to table-ware, by creating a demand for well-covered decorations, even on other grades or qualities.

The main attraction in Chinese sets is their oddity and quaint shape, with which the blue-and-white decoration harmonizes beautifully, producing an effect that would speedily become popular but for the expense of the goods.

French porcelain possesses the best intrinsic value. The pure white surface forms a beautiful groundwork, than which bright tints or delicate colors can have no better contrast. A writer has said: "White is a most valuable color where cheerfulness is required, but its use is to set forth and give value to color."

Having chosen the ware, next select the style of decoration, and this being a matter of individual taste, no comment is necessary farther than this: If English ware be chosen, have it well-covered with decoration—the more the better, as you cannot have too much to be in keeping with the prevailing taste in this grade. If, however, you decide in favor of the French porcelain,

quality, not quantity, should be the test. A little decoration of choice quality and exquisite execution is far handsomer than elaborate patterns, although taste has largely changed in this particular, and many a design is now *en règle* that only a short time ago would have been pronounced loud and coarse.

Let me assume, however, that, discarding the fixed assortment of the regulation dinner-set, you have determined to furnish your table with porcelain and glass esthetically selected, and are desirous of producing, by careful choice, a result which shall be unmatched in its complete union of usefulness and beauty. To compass this end, much care and study are necessary, coupled with no little knowledge; but the result will well repay the trouble.

For the first course the selection is restricted exclusively to choice of shape and decoration, as French china is almost the only ware in which you can obtain the articles needed. If you intend serving the soup outside the dining-room, soup-plates only are necessary, and for formal dinners this is the usual plan pursued. In less elaborate entertainments a soup-set, comprised of the soup-tureen and stand or salver and the soup-plates, presents a handsome appearance on the table. Of late years the shapes of soup-tureens and other covered pieces for the table have changed completely, oval and round being entirely superseded by square dishes. The decoration of the soup-set is a matter of individual taste, and needs no farther suggestion.

The fish-sets now made are among the handsomest articles in pottery, and a great variety is offered in all wares and designs. English majolica, Argenta ware and French china are best adapted for the purpose, and as the first course must from necessity be of French porcelain, a pretty contrast is obtained by using English ware for the second. In my estimation the Argenta ware of Wedgwood is preferable to any other material for this course. The decoration must consist of fish, shells or marine plants, or, still better, a combination of the three. A pretty conceit is offered in French sets, having a single fish painted across the centre of each plate, with head and tail extending almost to the extreme rim on either side. The fish-dish has a large fish reaching the entire length. A fish-set should contain the fish-dish or platter, plates for serving, and a sauce-boat for drawn butter. The latter is often omitted.

In the game-set—which is almost identical in assortment with the fish-set, except that the dish is wider and shorter, and instead of the sauce-boat is a little-handled compotier for jelly—you are again compelled to accept French goods or else have your plates of different material from the balance of the set at this course. In fact, it is the French alone who understand the system I am describing, and upon them we are dependent for beauty at the table as well as in almost every place where delicate touches of ornamentation are required. In English china some exquisite game-plates are made by Brownfield on an octagon-shaped plate, richly gilded, each having in its centre the head of such bird or animal as would properly appear at this course.

Next in order is the roast or *entrée*. Either of these courses requires a small dinner-set, being in fact the dinner itself, to which all preceding courses are introductory and all subsequent ones supplementary. A Chinese set of blue-and-white is, esthetically speaking, the proper thing in this course, and this is almost the only place in which Chinese ware can be used to advantage. Its expense is for most sets more than other wares, but not so exorbitant as formerly. English printed ware of the better grades, such as Copeland or

Minton make, is also effective for use at this stage of the meal.

Salad-sets may be of majolica or porcelain. If of the former, a pretty salad-dish is tall in shape, with panels at the side, in which are raised representations of lobsters, vegetables, etc.—everything, in fact, from which salad can be prepared. Do not, however, purchase the plates that usually accompany this dish, as the raised surface is awkward for use, and should never be selected except for fruit or some such service.

The ice-cream and berry-set is prettier in glass than any other material, not only for its own beauty, but to serve as a foil to the charms of porcelain and earthenware, of which by this time the eye has wearied. Craqueled, amber, iced and cut-glass are offered for your selection, and in choosing you cannot go far astray, as either of the styles named will make a handsome display on the table. The first two are rather old, and, if expense is no object with you, by all means select the heavily-cut glass. If possible, let it be of English make, this being better in color and workmanship than the domestic article.

Nothing now remains for consideration in the regular table course but fruit or dessert-plates, after-dinner coffees and finger-bowls.

Of the first there seems to be no end. Every grade of ware or style of decoration, from every country where pottery is made, has representatives. Please your own taste in the selection, but they must or should be of the same ware and general character of treatment as the after-dinner coffees, with which they really belong as part of a course service. A popular custom, and one that produces a very pretty effect if properly chosen, is to have this course furnished with a variety of designs, all, however, being upon ware of the same make, and the decorations such as harmonize with each other. Do not overlook the necessity of following this latter suggestion, or the entire effect may be spoiled by a collection of designs all beautiful in themselves but unsuitable for simultaneous use.

The assortment of after-dinner coffees is even greater than of fruit-plates, and it would be useless to attempt to guide your choice.

In finger-bowls select colored glass in preference to plain, or even cut crystal, this being not only newer and more fashionable at present, but more delicate in appearance, as the colored glass prevents the water showing at the sides. They should be of assorted colors, and each one have its own plate of glass to match resting on a napkin of crimson or other color, which, in its turn, rests upon a dessert-plate. The glassware upon

the table should be all of the same style, and must be either the thin blown glass or the heavy cut—the latter is preferable, but much higher in price than the thin article.

These pieces form the necessary assortment for the several courses; yet, while they include all that is really necessary, as your design is to produce an effect really artistic and worthy to be a model, every little detail must be carefully studied. The little things upon the table—outside of and belonging to no course—are like conjunctions and prepositions in language, connecting or adding to the various services; and in these seemingly insignificant details lies the beauty or ugliness of the entire collection. Briefly summed up, these little things are: Individual butter-plates of majolica or porcelain, prettily decorated but different from any other set upon the table; individual or table salts (both are much used), generally of cut glass; sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher, both of Wedgwood's exquisite jasperware, but differing in color, having one black if possible; syrup-pitcher, if used, may be of the same ware. For berries or fruit a little sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher of folded green leaves are daintily attractive.

But need I continue? In this outline I only design giving the framework or skeleton upon which each must hang the garments as taste may dictate. My plea is for more care and thought toward the gratification of the eye when furnishing the table than is usually considered necessary. The dining-room should be cheerful and attractive. The meal should be partaken of with that entire pleasure that can only come from a complete gratification of all the senses. Try if the charms of a well-appointed breakfast-table will not induce the head of the household to lay aside his morning newspaper and join in cheery conversation, and this room thus become for all, residents and visitors alike, what, as I said at the beginning, it should be—the most attractive in the house.

It has been suggested to me that a fitting topic with which to conclude this subject would be "Pottery in the Ash Barrel;" but there are certain emotions or sentiments of the human breast too sacred for idle comment, too tender for rough handling, and this is one. The woman who is

"Mistress of herself though china fall,"

is in possession of a degree of self-control worthy of monumental recognition. The mere mention of the subject brings to the memory of each a flood of painful recollections of departed treasures, over which we shed a parting tear and consign them to oblivion's kindly keeping.

FRANK P. ABBOT.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

"What are you building, darling?"

I asked of my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,
Piling her blocks with care,
While the ruddy glow of the firelight
Danced in her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"

My little maid replied.

"These are the walls around it,

And here is a gateway wide,
And this is the winding stair
To climb up by the side."

So the busy, flitting fingers
Went on with her pretty play,
And the castle walls were rising
In the fading winter day,
When—a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruins lay!

Ah, merry little builder,
The years with stealthy feet
May bring full many a vision
Of castles rare and sweet,
That end like your baby pastime—
In ruin sad and fleet.

Yes, laugh o'er the toy walls fallen,
For sunshine follows rain,
And we may smile, looking backward
At ruined shrine and fane.
While the heart has shattered temples,
It may not build again.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

LEX TALIONIS IN THE NURSERY.

IN these days when insignificant causes are credited with large results, and trivial influences are recognized as potent factors in development, it may not be amiss to scan with critical eyes even our most familiar nursery ways, lest traits not altogether charming may be unconsciously fostered by them.

This occurred to me the other day with the freshness of a new idea when I saw a fair and gentle young mother, quite an ideal Madonna, instigate her baby to retaliation when he thumped his head against a chair. "Naughty chair to hurt the baby!" cried mamma, eager to divert the little fellow and check his tears. "Baby pound the chair." Whereupon, with a vindictive wrinkle across his little nose, he pounded and was comforted. His mother, glad of restored cheerfulness, smiled on the performance.

It seems usually to be assumed in the nursery that all a baby's mishaps are malicious and unprovoked attacks upon him. No venerable piece of furniture is supposed to be too sedate to assault the youngster in his lurching rambles around the room, and when the crash comes it is always this unprincipled assailant—never the baby—who is to blame, and nurses smile to see the baby forget to cry in his vigorous retaliation.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to know how much of the inconsiderate treatment of others and the lack of appreciation of the consequences to another of our own acts, which we see in later life, is due to, or at least encouraged by, these nursery tactics. It is such a strong impulse of human nature to impute blame to another and shirk it one's self that a few years of irresponsibility and revenge in the nursery must give this impulse a chance to become a habit and strike deep root in some congenial soils.

The small boy who bullies the nursery furniture, and considers somebody else responsible for every infantile bump, will bully his playmates by and by, and accuse every one but himself when things go wrong; and the little fist that was so quick to pound an offending chair will illy bear restraint when a comrade offends.

This applies more especially to those autocrats of the nursery, only-children, or children so much younger than their brothers and sisters that they miss the wholesome friction and restraint of conflicting, and occasionally dominating, interests. But in every family where children are under the care and influence of nurses there is occasion for discretion in this matter.

The mother of one imperious little fellow early recognized his tendency to self-assertion and resentment under supposed injury. As she had especial reason to dread the development of these traits in him, she sought, while he was a mere baby, to modify them. Whenever the baby's

head and the door-knob came in collision they were mutually condoled with, while baby was made to feel that he was the trespasser. A severe bout with the rocking-chair was compromised to the satisfaction of all parties by the application of brown paper to the forehead of the baby and the rocker of the chair. It was found that the supposed injuries of his fellow sufferer diverted his attention from his own, serving that purpose as well as the retaliatory method, while teaching him self-forgetfulness and sympathy.

It did not seem wholly laughable to that mother when, at three years of age, she saw him, supposing himself to be alone, turn and apologetically kiss the door-step upon which he had inconsiderately slipped and bumped.

This child was one who instinctively thought every injury intentional, and whose native impulse was a revengeful blow or kick. A temperament sensitive to affront, misconstruing the slightest act into an insult, quick in resentment and slow in forgiveness, inevitably brings keen pain to all lives closely associated with it, and any modification of these traits during childhood is a far-reaching blessing. This mother felt that, although her imperious and hot-tempered little man might grow into an imperious and hot-tempered big man, he would never be so inconsiderate of others as he might have been had he not kissed that door-step.

Thoughtfulness for others and a sense of mutual responsibility certainly can be taught very young children; and one of the many ways to teach it—one of the little ways which it is not safe to ignore or disrespect—is not to let even the baby suppose that anybody or anything wantonly injures him; to teach him that accidents are purely accidents, for which he is likely to be as much to blame as any one else—often the most so—and that if he is hurt, he must not forget that the other party may be hurt, too, and needing sympathy as much as he. It is a frequent thing to see large children angrily resenting the most evident accidents, and sullenly reiterating "he *meant* to," "he *meant* to hurt me—see if I don't pay him for it," etc., etc. Defective nursery training must share with natural depravity the responsibility for some of these unlovely manifestations. Magnanimity may be a virtue of slow growth, but the seed should be planted all the earlier and tended the more carefully for that reason.

Since the small things of life sum up its happiness, and the every-day mental attitude and mood of a friend affects our comfort more than spasmodic exhibitions of the greatest nobility or heroism, no ungracious tendency is too insignificant or possible grace too elusive for thoughtful treatment in the development of a child.

MARY H. BURTON.





It is always salutary, if not always agreeable, to see ourselves through the spectacles of other people, and Mr. Edward Freeman, whose recent visit to this country introduced him to hosts of Americans, reads us some lectures that contain a great deal of thoughtful comment on our political and social conditions. No foreigner, unless it be De Tocqueville—certainly no Englishman—has ever stated so intelligently, comprehensively and briefly the great underlying principles of our political system. This is very remarkable in view of the conflicting impressions which a stranger must of necessity imbibe through conversation with individuals belonging to the great opposing factions in American politics.

In one of his most suggestive chapters Mr. Freeman says: "I often asked my American friends of both political parties what was the difference between them. I told them that I could see none; both sides seemed to me to say exactly the same things. I sometimes got the convenient, but not wholly satisfactory, answer: Yes; but then we mean what we say, while the other party only pretends. Certainly, when I was there, the difference between different sections of the Republican party was much clearer to an outsider than the difference between Republicans and Democrats. I found it easier to grasp the difference between a Stalwart Republican and a Republican who was not a Stalwart than to grasp the immediate difference between a Republican and a Democrat. . . . There are abiding differences between them, differences which have been important in the past, which may be important in the future; but just now questions which would bring out those differences are not uppermost. . . . It is simply because there is no such burning question at present stirring that the two parties seem largely to say the same things, and yet to be as strongly divided as ever. I may speak on this matter as one who has made the nature of federal government an object of special study. It strikes me that, as the doctrine of State Rights was pushed to a mischievous extreme twenty years and more ago, so there is danger now of the opposite doctrine being pushed to a mischievous extreme. The more I look at the American Union the more convinced I am that so vast a region, taking in lands whose condition differs so widely in everything, can be kept together only by a federal system, leaving large independent powers in the hands of the several States. No single parliament could legislate, no single government could administer, for Maine, Florida and California. Let those states be left to a great extent independent and they may remain united on those points on which it is well that they should remain united. To insist on too close a union is the very way to lead to separation. I know of no immediate reason to fear any attempt at centralization, such as might thus lead to separation. But it does seem to be a possible danger; it seems to me that there are tendencies at work which are more likely to lead to that form of error than to its opposite. In discussing this matter I must cleave to some doctrines which I know are in some quarters looked on as obsolete. I must even cleave to the phrase 'Sovereign States,' though I know it may offend many. For a state is sovereign which has any powers which it holds by inherent right, without control on the

part of any other power, without responsibility to any other power. Now every American state has powers of this kind. The original thirteen states did not receive their existing powers from the Union; they surrendered to the Union certain powers which were naturally their own, and kept certain others to themselves. And the later states were admitted on the same terms and to the same rights as the original thirteen. There is therefore a range within which the state is sovereign: within another range, within the range of the powers which have been surrendered to the Union, the Union is sovereign."

Elsewhere it is curious to find Mr. Freeman speaking of certain small American towns, notably Bristol, Penna., and Farmington, Conn., as having "a thoroughly Old World look." In Farmington, however, he seems to have been somewhat shocked at finding the oldest house in town occupied by "Ould Ireland Papishes" instead of by the New England Puritans, whom he had hoped to see.

SOME months ago it was announced that a French archæologist, M. Le Plongeon by name, had made surprising discoveries in the peninsula of Yucatan. The expedition was undertaken, we believe, at the instance of the French Government, or at least with its assistance, and researches prosecuted for several years have brought to light records which lend additional strength to the claims of America to an antiquity far greater than that of which the so-called "Old" World can boast. Many of the finest ruins are still inaccessible, being within the territory of hostile Indians, whose poisoned arrows and warlike characteristics render scientific invasion impracticable without armed protection. In one of the cities, Ake by name, whose temples were in use at the time of the Spanish Conquest, are "katuns," or time-columns, each marking a period of one hundred and sixty years. Of these there are thirty-six in one of the buildings, marking the lapse of nearly six thousand years. As these columns were connected with religious ceremonies, it is not likely that any irregularities interrupted the regular placing of the stones. Another certificate of antiquity is found in the occurrence of the head of the mastodon as a religious symbol or object of worship. Now, geologists tell us, on what they regard as indisputable evidence, that the animal was extinct as much as ten thousand years ago, and the inference is certainly fair that the builders of these temples could have known of its existence only through direct tradition. At all events, it is difficult to understand how they could otherwise have produced its image. There is, moreover, an identity almost absolute between the manners and customs indicated by these early Yucatanese records and those of Chaldea, Persia, Burnah and Siam, and the Masonic fraternity will, it is said, be enabled to add a few thousand years to their record in consequence of Dr. Plongeon's discoveries. When Commander Gorringe found alleged Masonic symbols under the obelisk, Freemasons complacently reminded us that they had always said so, and we may assume that they will not "let on" that they are in the least surprised at this additional proof of their respectable antiquity. Far be it from us to cast ridicule upon an eminently honorable fraternity; but if

this kind of thing is to go on, would it not be well to claim the fig-leaf of Scripture as the original symbolic apron of Masonry?

THE sketch entitled "Miss Hildreth," in No. 64 of THE CONTINENT, was written by Mary N. Prescott, and not by her sister, Harriet Prescott Spofford. These two well-known authors will please note the editor's apology for the not altogether unnatural mistake.

THE many thousands who in later years learned to identify the "Arthur" of "Tom Brown at Rugby" with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, will welcome the little volume in which the personal recollections of his life-long friend, Dean Bradley, are embodied. It is no formal memoir. The book took its origin in two lectures delivered before the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, to which he added a third given at Fettes College, the three forming three chapters in what is, while waiting for a more formal biography, the best picture of the man yet given.

While disclaiming the idea that this is in any sense biography, Dean Bradley writes:

"Yet I venture to hope that the publication even of the short summary of his life and work which is comprised in these three chapters may be not unwelcome to some, at least, among the many who, beyond the limits of those to whom they were directly addressed, had yet felt the spell of his character, or had been attracted or instructed by his writings."

There is no attempt at criticism or analysis of work accomplished. Dr. Bradley divides Stanley's life into seven distinct stages, and the division makes itself naturally.

"They are, first, his childhood at Alderley; next, his boyhood at Rugby, where he grew up under the influence of his great teacher, Dr. Arnold. Then follows his brilliant career as a scholar at Balliol. Then, fourthly, the many important years that he passed as a resident member of the University of Oxford and as an active and influential tutor, no longer of Balliol, but of University College. After this come the seven quiet years of his canonry at Canterbury; then his work as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and, finally, the closing and culminating stage of all, his life and death as Dean of Westminster."

The picture of his boyhood as well as early childhood is a very beautiful one. His mother united the deepest tenderness with a clear-eyed sagacity seldom found in such connection, and he was singularly fortunate in father as well as mother. A shy and shrinking child, there was little indication, from seven to fourteen, of the brilliant talker he afterward became. His passion was for reading, and though he had moments of longing to join in the pleasures of other boys, and brooded over his isolation, he passed through this stage, and under Arnold's powerful influence aroused once for all. He still suffered from shyness, but became distinguished at once for talent, carrying off in one year the five great school distinctions. The tradition still runs that Dr. Arnold, as he handed him the last of these prizes amid the breathless silence of the forms, said quietly:

"'Thank you, Stanley, we have nothing more to give you.' 'Still,' writes Dr. Bradley, 'on the other hand, it is not to be supposed that, happy and cheerful as he was at school, he ever became a genuine specimen of what is now ordinarily understood by a "public school boy." He ranged freely over the country, not very interesting in itself, round Rugby; but he never acquired any taste for the ordinary games and amusements which now-a-days fill the foreground in the popular conception of young Rugby life. Indeed the taste for such games, far less organized than they are now, was less widely diffused than it has since become, and the distinction between the many who played or idled and the few who worked, greatly effaced since, was in the earlier and rougher period of Arnold's time still strongly marked.'"

At Oxford he won the Newdigate prize, and after taking his degree became a tutor, a popular one, and wielding more and more influence as time went on. He was the friend of all his pupils.

"'We walked with him, sometimes took our meals with him—frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college "scout," who was not above taking advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread and butter; we talked with him over that bread and butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him, while his perfect simplicity, no less than his high-bred refinement, made it impossible to dream that any one in his sober senses could presume upon his kindness.' Dr. Bradley tells a characteristic story of his first Eastern trip which illustrates this capacity for making and holding friends: 'Mohammed, the faithful dragoman, after the last farewell was over, crept down into the cabin, knelt and seized his hand, and then rushed away with an outburst of passionate grief at parting with one whom he would never see again, and whom, in spite of the difference of creed, he revered as a saint.'"

His zeal in controversy was by no means love of conflict, but arose, as in his father's case, from love of truth and the determination to allow free speech and thought to all. The title of liberal Christian, though bestowed upon him sneeringly, was his dearest possession, and his place in American minds had come to be so large an one that Dean Bradley's just and sympathetic memorial will find as many readers here as on the other side, those who knew him best and longest joining with the casual acquaintance in the verdict pronounced upon him as a man:

"It is impossible for me to describe to you, it is difficult for me to analyze to myself, the feelings which he inspired in a circle, small at first, but with every fresh term widening and extending. The fascination, the charm, the spell, were simply irresistible; the face, the voice, the manner, the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humor, the mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible stores of anecdotes and stories, told so vividly, so dramatically—I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular, some of us with quite a passionate, devotion."

THOUGH the field in the eleventh volume of "Campaigns of the Civil War"¹ is more limited than any previously treated, both in the number of troops and the space occupied by their movements, it is one of the most interesting of the series. It is the story of the last year of the war in the Shenandoah Valley, and though the first chapters are necessarily only a record of skirmishes and small battles with no definite result, the interest increases steadily, and as soon as definite policy in Washington is recorded there is very definite action in the Valley. It was from this point that all the operations came, bearing most directly on the North, for the threatening of Baltimore and Washington by General Early brought the terrors of war more really home to us than any more remote campaign had done. Until the sending of Sheridan to take full command the Valley campaign had been at the mercy of many minds, Halleck at the War Department waiting for advices from Grant at City Point, days being lost by these slow methods. With the change, Grant, while retaining full authority, left Sheridan greatly to his own discretion. The record shows absolute trust and loyalty on either side, and Grant's confidence was most triumphantly justified in the short but brilliant campaign, in which the young general sent Early "whirling through Winchester." The story of the famous ride is as exhilarating as the poem we all know, and Mr. Pond has used his material to such advantage that the book cannot fail to be one of the most popular of the series.

(1) RECOLLECTIONS OF DEAN STANLEY. Three lectures by George Granville Bradley, D. D. One vol., 12mo, pp. 142, cloth, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

(1) THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN 1864. By George E. Pond, associate editor of *The Army and Navy Journal*. (Campaigns of the Civil War.) 12mo, pp. 287, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



THE city of Delit has formally commemorated the tercentenary of Grotius, and a movement has been begun for the erection of a monument.

A NEW society novel, anonymous, but announced to be by "a well-known Bostonian," will be published immediately by Cupples, Upham & Co., successors to A. Williams & Co.

PROFESSOR McMASTER, of Princeton, the brilliant author of the new history of the American people, is to write the life of Benjamin Franklin, in the "American Men of Letters Series."

"THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY" has been sold by A. S. Barnes & Co. to the Historical Publication Company, New York, and it will be edited hereafter by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, well known as the author of "The History of the City of New York."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, who print the only authorized edition of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, lately issued by them in two octavo volumes, have published a new and cheaper edition in one volume, printed from the same plates, and with an etched portrait of Mrs. Carlyle.

MESSRS. EDWARD STERN & Co. will shortly publish an article by Mr. Hyman Polock Rosenbach on the "Jews in Philadelphia prior to 1800." This will be the first work on this subject ever printed. The edition will be limited to two hundred and fifty large paper copies.

"THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY," which has always had a literary flavor much more decided than that of the average fashion magazine, is to print a new novel by Justin McCarthy with the title of "Maid of Athens," his first literary work since the completion of the popular "History of Our Own Times" a few years ago.

THE first volume of the new series of "Plymouth Pulpit," published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, has just been completed with No. 26 of the series, which will be found to contain not only all the old charm of style but a steady increase in every deeper quality, faith and hope growing stronger with every year of the preacher's life.

THE *Boston Journal* gives a hint to publishers which all readers will trust they will take to heart. "An extra expenditure of two or three cents in strengthening the back of a book makes all the difference between a book which will drop to pieces after a little handling and one which will stand wear. Most people would rather have the money spent in that way than in fantastic decorations for the covers."

MR. GEORGE H. CALVERT is less successful in rhymed stanzas than in blank verse, and thus "Joan of Arc; A Narrative Poem," falls below the standard of "Mirabeau." It appeared a decade and more ago, and may possibly to-day be less valued by the author than when he first gave it to print. It is smooth verse; the story is told at length, but it is not poetry. (16mo, pp. 108, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

AN exceedingly compact and well-written addition has been made to the "American Health Primers" series, in "Brain-work and Over-work," by Dr. H. C. Wood. He treats the causes of nervous trouble at length, emphasizing the necessity of hygienic knowledge, and then passes to "Work," and its effects; "Rest in Labor," "Rest in

Recreation" and "Rest in Sleep." The little book is entertaining as well as useful, and should be in the hands of every brain-worker. (Paper, pp. 126; 30 cents. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia).

ANOTHER addition has been made to Mr. William S. Gottsberger's excellent translations from foreign authors in "Marianela," by B. Perez Galdos; translated from the Spanish by Clara Bell. The little story is picturesque and dramatic. There is no tragedy, as in "Gloria," but a catastrophe, pathetic rather than terrible, and a humor which sparkles here and there and lights up the somewhat sombre picture, and the book will well repay reading. (16mo, pp. 264, \$1.00.)

THE first number of the "Leisure Moment Series," "Gideon Fleyce," by H. W. Lucy, has appeared, the novel being also included in the "Leisure Hour Series." Paper and print are excellent, and the low price and convenient form will undoubtedly make the new venture a very popular one. The story is in some points unusually powerful, giving some excellent descriptions of English middle-class life, and an electoral contest, entered into by Gideon Fleyce, who is a renegade Jew, determined to use his wealth in making a place for himself among the Gentiles. There is a murder of a very sensational order, the chapter in which the dead man's appearance and surroundings are described holding a strong suggestion of the memorable one in "The House of Seven Gables," and there are numerous well-managed subordinate characters, Captain O'Brien and Napper Tandy, a heroine much more charming than her name, being the most successful. (Paper, pp. 324; 30 cents. Henry Holt & Co.).

AN octavo volume of over five hundred pages, in which there is not a solitary dull one, is a somewhat astonishing statement to be made of a new life of Cromwell, any lively interest in which might seem to have been exhausted by Carlyle. But Mr. J. Allanson Picton, the author, who considers that there is room for a life written in less complex fashion than that by Carlyle, proves his point, having made a volume in which there is very little analysis of motives, or of Cromwell's political morality, but a story of his acts, from which the reader may draw his own inferences. Mr. Picton is said to be an Independent preacher, and thus is in fuller sympathy with Cromwell's religious views—really the largest part of the man—than a Church of England man could possibly be; but he is impartial, quiet and candid, and has made as trustworthy a study of his subject as it is possible to accomplish. Cromwell's chief benefit to mankind, according to Mr. Picton, lay "in his power to meet a great emergency of revolutionary violence; in the frankness with which he accepted as the practical issue of the time a duel to the death between prerogative and self-government; in his capacity to inspire thousands with his own enthusiasm; in his predominant energy which forced distracted parties to unison of action; in the prophetic fire that kindled into one flame the religious zeal, the patriotic fervor, and the personal devotion of his followers." The make-up of the book is especially neat. (8vo, pp. 516, \$3.50; Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York).

"ON VIOL AND FLUTE" well expresses the dainty and melodious nature of the verse enshrined in a volume in which the printer's art has done all that its possibilities include. From cover to cover, binding, paper, margin and type are all perfect enough to please the most exacting book lover. For the poems there may be more question, though no one will deny to Mr. Gosse many of the best qualities of the younger school of poets; a delicate and graceful fancy—here and there a subtle thought—a sympathy with the moods of nature and real power of interpretation, and a full knowledge of whatever rhythmic power lies in words. Like all of this school he has serious limitations. His outlook seems bounded by the horizon;

he is more in sympathy with the ancient Greek spirit than with the spirit of humanity, and he reproduces the airy manner of the early French *trouvere* poetry, pleasing himself with this revived fashion in rhythm, as in one of the latest poems, "Expectation," and in the "Sestina," one of the best modern examples of this difficult measure. "To My Daughter" is an exquisite poem, and there is strong human quality in the final ballad already widely copied, which appeared first in Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, "The Cruise of the Rover." If Mr. Gosse lacks the power essential in the work of the true poet, a consecration lacking in this lighter verse, he is always musical, delicate and pure, and with such foundation there is room still for the greater poem not yet attained. (12mo, pp. 250, \$2.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York).

MR. BROWNING's star is certainly in the ascendant in America, two prominent publishing houses having within a short interval of each other found it desirable to issue selections from his poems, each prefaced by an essay on his work as a poet. Both volumes are fine specimens of book making, but the present one from Dodd, Mead & Co. has the advantage of a fine portrait of Mr. Browning. Mr. Grant White's essay is necessarily less satisfactory than that of Mr. Stedman, himself a poet and of a quieter temper of mind than the former, who goes out of his way to give an unnecessary fling at Mr. Longfellow and at women in general, who in this country at least are Mr. Browning's most constant readers, defenders and expounders. "He writes for thinking men," Mr. White announces. "'Bishop Blougram's Apology' and even 'Childe Roland' do not interest the average young woman of these much literate times; and the average young woman is now a large constituent part of the audience which the general high-average poet of the day—a Longfellow, for example—has in his mind's eye as he is writing." This seems rather gratuitous, but need not affect the enjoyment sure to be found in the careful selection, which began as Mr. Browning's own choice, and was embodied in two bulky volumes, printed in England. "This collection some half a dozen lovers and students of his poetry read carefully, and made a list each of them, without the knowledge of the other, of the pieces he or she would choose; and those for which there was a union, or nearly a union, of all voices, were selected. A few were then added from his more recently published poems." This collection was again weeded, and the result is "Browning at his best, and nearly all the best of Browning," in which statement every reader is likely to agree, though, as in all collections, one fails occasionally to find what would have been expected to hold prominent place. (12mo, pp. 265, \$2.00).

NEW BOOKS.

JOAN OF ARC: A Narrative Poem in Four Books. By George H. Calvert. 16mo, pp. 108, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A STORY OF CARNIVAL. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, pp. 304, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.

MARIANELA. By B. Perez Galdos. From the Spanish. By Clara Bell. 16mo, pp. 264, \$1.00. William S. Gottsberger, New York.

BRAIN-WORK AND OVER-WORK. By Dr. H. C. Wood. American Health Primers. Paper, pp. 126, 30 cents. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

ON HEADACHES; Their Causes, Nature and Treatment. By William Henry Day, M. D. Fourth Edition, Enlarged and Illustrated. Paper, 8vo, pp. 148, 75 cents. P. Blakiston, Son & Co.

RICHARD WAGNER: And His Poetical Works, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." By Judith Gautier. Translated, with the Author's special permission, by L. S. J. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 173, \$1.00. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

THE MODERN SPHINX. And Some of Her Riddles. By M. J. Savage. 12mo, pp. 160, \$1.25. George H. Ellis, Boston.

BOOKS, AND HOW TO USE THEM. Some Hints to Readers and Students. By J. C. Van Dyke. 12mo, pp. 159, \$1.00. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.



In a recent communication to the Biological Society, M. G. Delaunay observed that medicine, as practiced by animals, is thoroughly empirical; but the same may be said of that practiced by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds and ants. Man may well take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals rid themselves of parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dog's-grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated, they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps in the sun as much as possible. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye. It remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although its custom had been to keep close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practiced by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could, thinks the *British Medical Journal*, go even farther, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instincts which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.

THE report of the Commissioner of the Imperial Japanese Mint, Osaka, being the twelfth report of the Japanese Mint, shows that the high standard of excellence of the work done at this establishment is still kept up. Rather more gold was coined than during the previous year, viz. 803,645 yen, all in five-yen pieces (the yen is almost

equivalent to the United States dollar); the silver coined during this year was all in one-yen pieces, and amounted to 3,294,988 yen; whilst the nominal value of the copper coins, in two-sen, one-sen and half-sen pieces, was 1,130,548 yen. The total nominal value of the coins of all denominations struck since the commencement of the mint to the end of the last financial year is 102,888,478 yen, of which more than one-half is gold and two-fifths silver. Besides this a large number of medals have been struck and refined ingots produced. This year a large number of old bronze guns and field-pieces have been melted down, refined and converted into copper coins, and also additional improvements and economies have been made in the treatment of old Japanese silver coins prior to their recoinage. The sulphuric acid works in connection with the mint have been more busy than last year, and nearly a million pounds of acid have been exported to China in addition to that produced for home consumption. It is curious to note that while the United States has hitherto been content to depend on England or France for all its soda ash, of which it consumes an enormous quantity annually, Japan has already begun to supply its own demands, and from its soda works—now in working order—a considerable out-turn of sulphate, black ash, white ash, and crystalized soda has been made. Caustic and bicarbonate of soda will shortly be produced, and it is proposed to add works for the production of bleaching powder, so as to utilize the whole of the hydrochloric acid formed. There was a considerable increase in the amount of Korean gold-dust received during the year, but it was not generally of a high standard. The curve showing the variation in weight of the silver yen issued, as also the report of the trial of the pyx, and the reports of the assays of the pyx pieces made by Professor Chandler Roberts, of the Mint in England, and by Mr. Lawner, of the American Mint, show that the greatest care and attention are given to every department, both by the foreign employes and by the native officials.

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In a paper read before the American Public Health Association, John T. Nagle, M. D., gives the results of his investigations regarding suicides in New York city during the eleven years ending December 31, 1880. It appears that during that time 1521 deaths were registered in the Health Office as caused by suicide, 1193 being of males, and 328 of females; whites, 1518; colored, 3. It seems, however, that the register refers certain deaths to suicide which would certainly not be included under that head by most registers, since they were evidently accidental and not intentional. The highest yearly rate of suicide in New York city during the past seventy-seven years was in 1805, when there was one suicide to every 3017 inhabitants; and the lowest rate was in 1864, when there was one suicide to 23,827 inhabitants. Taking those races present in sufficiently large numbers to make the comparison of value, we find 626 suicides among the Germans, giving a rate of 34.49 per 100,000, for eleven years. The Irish furnish 213 cases, giving the rate of 9.71 per 100,000, and the United States 368, giving a rate of 5.61. Evidently the American is not so easily discouraged as the others. The most common means used was poison, which is reported in 503 cases. Paris green was the poison most used, being the cause in 200 cases. Hanging was employed in 237 cases; cuts and stabs in 174; gun and pistol-shot wounds in 395, and drowning in 99 cases. Tables are given comparing the rates in New York with those of other cities, both American and foreign, for the year 1880, but for the great majority the numbers are too small to have any statistical value. The smallest proportion of suicides is found in the Scotch cities, taken altogether.

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MR. J. E. TODD, in the *American Naturalist*, gives the following account of the singular habits of the *Psoralea*

Argophylla. During an extended trip in Dakota this plant was a daily companion. So abundant is it that it gives large areas of the prairie a silvery whiteness. In the latter part of August a hot southwest wind blew for several days, which so blocked the roads in places with the loose "tops" or stems of this plant as to considerably retard a team in traveling, reminding one of similar experience with the "tumble-weed" and "tickle-grass" near cultivated fields after a frost. The fashion followed by these utterly diverse plants is beautifully adapted for scattering seed over the prairies. They all form in growing a spherical bushy top, but their methods in starting on their journey are very different. In the case of the "tickle-grass," the panicle breaks off at the first joint below. In the "tumble-weed" the root is usually pulled up to complete the lower part of the sphere, the plant usually growing in a loose soil. But the *psoralea*, growing in a hard turf, resorts to the following method: Very near the top of the ground a joint is formed in the stem, as perfect as that for separating a leaf from the stem. It cuts through all the tissues, so that when the top dries up and begins to sway in the wind, it is broken off very readily and evenly. One might perhaps think that the wrenching of the stem was the only cause of the separation, but I satisfied myself that a real joint is formed by examining plants still green. The bushy top of the *psoralea* is higher relatively from the ground than that of the *amaranthus*, so that it is roughly spherical without the root.

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THE special feature of the new observatory at Columbia College will be a paper dome. "This will be the fourth paper dome in the world," said Professor Rees. "They have all been made by Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y.—the manufacturers of paper boats—and are all in this country. The first one made is at Troy Polytechnic Institute, the second at West Point, and the third at Beloit College. While that at West Point is the largest, this is the best in construction and arrangement. The method used in the manufacture of the paper is kept a secret, the makers using a private process. The dome is made in sections—semi-lunes, as they are technically called. There are twenty-four of these sections. They are bent over toward the inside at the edges, and bolted to ribs of wood. The thickness of the shell is only three-thirty-seconds of an inch, but it is as stiff as sheet-iron. On one side of the dome is the oblong opening for the telescope, and over this is a shutter (likewise of paper, but stiffened with wood lining), which slides around on the outside of the dome. The whole dome is so light that the hand can turn it. The inside diameter is twenty feet, and the height is eleven feet. The floor of the observatory is one hundred feet above the ground; it was necessary that it should be so high because of the tall buildings around it. The building is rapidly approaching completion, and the dome is already in place.

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THE action of very diluted nitro muriatic acid (*aqua regia*) on meat and other animal substances has been recently studied by Signor Pavesi, and he finds the substance an excellent preservative agent. Meat, in pieces of about ten pounds, kept in the liquid in wooden vessels remains unaltered and savory for years. The meat treated may also be dried at sixty degrees to seventy degrees without undergoing change, apart from a diminution of volume and the appearance of a brown color. Put for a few hours in water, the meat recovers its original softness and natural color. The proportions of the acids in the preserving liquid are not given. The method is also adapted to the preservation of animal substances for scientific purposes, but presumably the "dilute" acid of commerce is considerably too strong for use in this manner. It is very cheap, however, and experiment would readily determine the proper degree of dilution.

S. A. LATIMORE.



One Pair Long Black Buttonless Kids.

A CONTRIBUTION TO A VEXED QUESTION.

Sam.

THERE was no sprucer-looking lad
When Sam came courting me;
At spelling-match or candy-pull,
Husking or apple-bee.

He never had a lazy bone,
So prospered like a charm;
Already well-to-do in life,
He'd bought a little farm.

For cabbages and onions thrived
Beneath his patient hand,
And corn and turnips seemed to grow
By magic on his land.

It was a happy day for me
When Sam made me his wife,
And everybody prophesied
For us a happy life.

And Sam was good and kind and true
As needle to the pole—
My happiness his constant aim,
My love his only goal.

He had some very grand ideas
For tiller of the soil,
And would not let me lift my hands
To any household toil.

Had I, like other women, trod
My round of petty cares,
Perchance I'd never known the yoke
That patient woman bears.

I learned the sufferings of my sex—
Ambition under ban,
Debarred all nobler paths to tread,
Crushed by the tyrant man;

Beneath the savage sway of Turk,
Within seraglios hid;
Under the light of Christian states,
To speak in church forbid;

Insulted by the stronger sex
With logic learned by rote,
Forced a debasing tax to pay,
Denied the right to vote.

I worked myself to fever-heat,
A burning letter penned,
Addressed to that progressive sheet,
The thoughtful "Woman's Friend."

I know not why, my letter took
Our little world by storm,
And kindly critics styled me, then,
"Th' Apostle of Reform."

I'd got my fingers in the ink,
And sturdy blows I dealt;
My name became a household word
Where woman's wrongs are felt.

When summoned to the lecture field
I boldly plead my cause,
Upholding to a nation's scorn
Unjust and partial laws.

Still there is something which I've lost
My honors ill repay:
Somewhere along my upward path
From Sam I've strayed away.

I begged he'd join with me to sound
The trumpet of alarm;
He guessed his mission mostly lay
In stumping round his farm.

He couldn't grasp progressive thought,
But looked supremely bored,
And when I read my finest work
He went to sleep and snored.

A vital spark of heavenly flame
Unto a clod allied!
Before I married such a dolt
I would that I had died!

A dolt who knows not when he's won
That noblest prize in life,
A soul above the commonplace—
A literary wife!

Now, seated at my desk, I write—
The desk he bought for me;
His feet in slippers that I worked,
He dreams, perchance, he's free.

I answer letters, plan campaigns,
Interpret Heaven's decrees;
He wonders if the ground's too wet
For planting early peas.

Sometimes, when woman seems content
Her slavish life to lead,
Careless alike of mission high,
Of noble thought and deed;

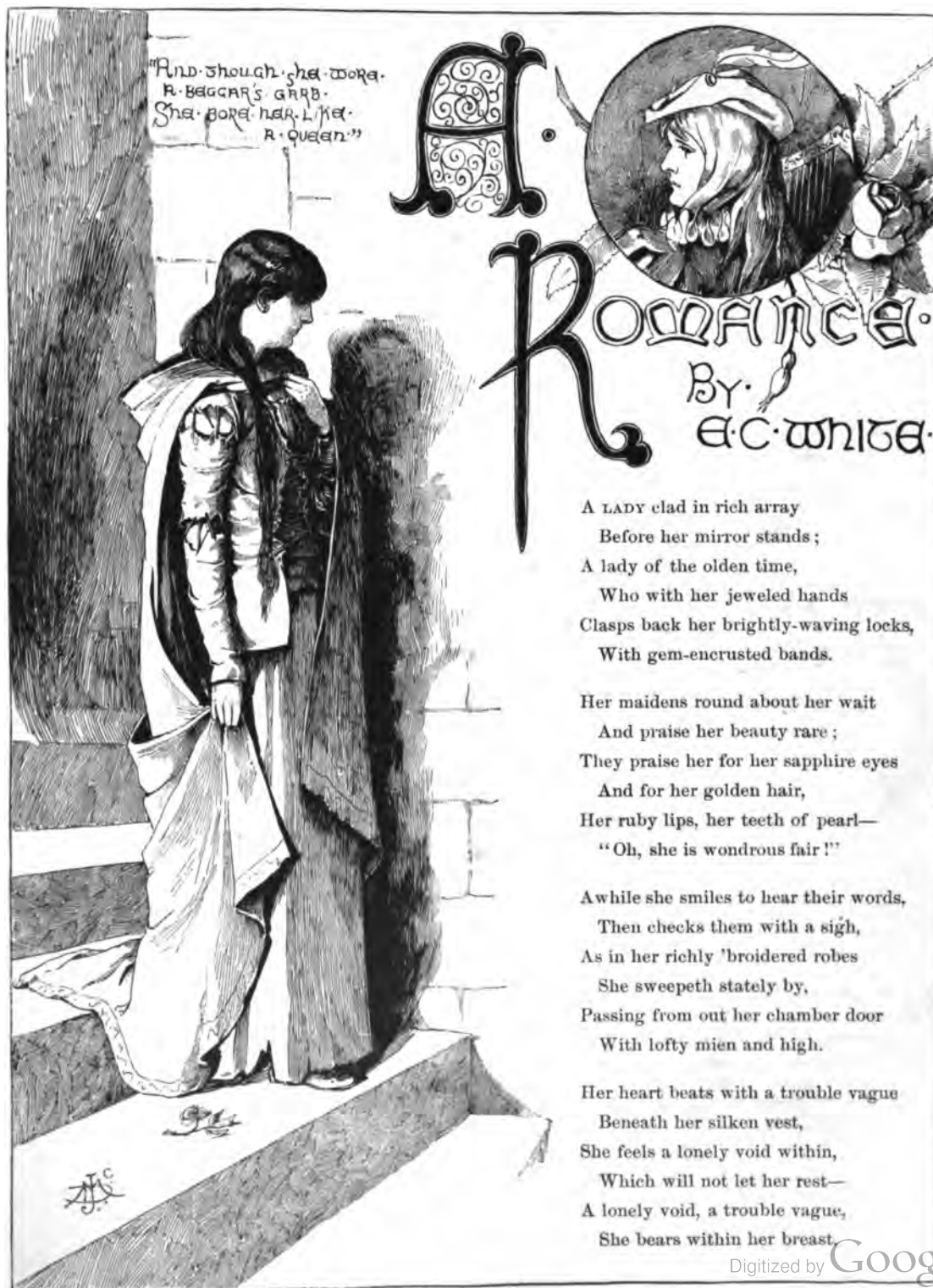
When open scorn or covert sneer
My efforts ill repay,
Sometimes I wish I had not grown
From Sam so far away.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 21.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1883.

Whole No. 67.



Without a pause, she glides along
 Adown the oaken stair
 Into her father's lordly hall;
 And as she enters there—
 The guests among—a throng of knights
 Surround the maiden fair.

She turns from all their whispered words
 To seek her father straight.
 "Yon noble stranger, who is he,"
 Said she, "that near doth wait?"
 He answered: "'Tis a bard who craved
 Admittance at our gate."

"Now if his song doth match his mien,
 Right goodly must it be!
 Oh, father, bid him sing," she cried,
 "That time may swifter flee!"
 The youthful minstrel heard her words,
 His harp of gold took he.

SONG.

Bird, in thy lonely nest,
 Fluttering often with a strange unrest,
 Why sing no song? Why entertain no guest?
 O say! dost thou await
 The coming of a heav'n-appointed mate,
 While visions haunt thy heart so desolate?

Though Love with fitful gleams
 Doth light thee through the happy land of dreams,
 When thou awakest, dark thy future seems;
 Yet all the woods around
 With wooing melodies of birds resound.
 Answer, sweet voice! none sweeter can be found.

Nay, if to charm thine eyes
 Love come not suddenly—a glad surprise—
 There is no hope for thee beneath the skies.
 Life must this rapture bring,
 Or thou wilt hide thy head and droop thy wing
 And die, e'er thou hast ever learned to sing!

The lady, speechless and entranced,
 Heard the sweet song he sung,
 For to the golden harp his voice
 In silver cadence rung;
 His words they reached her lonely heart,
 As on the sounds she hung.

He ceased. Then spake the castle's lord:
 "Lo! I am old in years,
 Yet ne'er hath lay save thine, O bard!
 Beguiled these eyes to tears;
 Here find thy home, and in return
 Thy voice shall charm our ears."

So, long within those friendly walls
 The minstrel fair did stay,
 And sweetly sang from early morn
 To ending of the day,
 He sang of love unto the maid,
 He sang her heart away!

At length thus spake her father stern:
 "Fair daughter, thou must wed.
 Of all who woo, by whom wilt thou
 A willing bride be led?"
 She blushed like morn. "I love the bard,
 And none save hi—" she said.

Then answered he in frowning wrath:
 "Jest not, rash maid, with me!"
 "I am not jesting, sire," she said,
 "For I will single be,
 Or wed with him." Fiercely he spake:
 "Now hence I banish thee."

"All portionless and meanly clad,
 Ere sets the sun this day
 Shalt thou be thrust without my gate
 With him thou lovest. Stay
 But to don a peasant's garb."
 She murmured, "I obey."

She bade him there a mute farewell,
 Her chamber straightway sought;
 She laid aside her jewels rare,
 Her satins richly wrought,
 And clothed her in the humble gown
 Her weeping maidens brought.

Yet when she stood thus lowly clad
 In garments scant and mean,
 Her lovely, youthful features shone
 With beauty most serene;
 And though she wore a peasant's garb,
 She bore her like a queen.

Her damsels said: "Our lord doth keep
 Her wealth and jewels rare,
 Yet still she hath her sapphire eyes
 And still her golden hair,
 Her teeth of pearl, her ruby lips—
 Gems all, beyond compare."

She turned and kissed them as they spake,
 Then glided swift and straight
 Down oaken stair, through lordly hall,
 E'en to the castle gate,
 And reached the minstrel where he stood
 Her coming to await.

"All portionless and meanly clad,
 Before thee now I stand!
 Oh, would," she said, "for thy dear sake
 I brought thee wealth and land!"
 He kissed her crystal tears away,
 And clasped her outstretched hand.

"Of all thou hadst, fair bride," quoth he,
 "I take the priceless part;
 For who can rob thee of thy grace,
 Or of thy loving heart?
 Say, wilt thou then indeed be mine,
 Rich treasure that thou art?"

"Oh, much I grieve for sire and home!
 Yet will I go!" said she.
 "There is a music in my soul
 Which none can wake but thee.
 My heart-strings quiver 'neath thy hand;
 Oh, touch them tenderly!"

Up turret high her maidens climbed
 To watch them journey on;
 The sunset lit her golden hair,
 His golden harp it shone;
 And thus they journeyed to the west,
 Thus vanished with the sun.

As it befell so long ago,
 So is it oft to-day,
 For when the minstrel Love doth woo
 'Tis hard to say him nay;
 E'en while we hearken to his song
 He steals our hearts away!

A SUMMER AT "MAGOG" LAKE.

You may take the evening train from Boston for Northern New England, and, as you have set your face toward Montreal, you will pull from your pocket a "folder" of the *Chemin de fer Southeastern et ses connexions*, and you will learn that, while you were chatting in plain English with your friend, you are, in reality, riding in a "*char d'ortoir Pullman attaché au train de nuit de Boston à Montreal.*" Realizing that a Montrealer has as much right to speak French on his way to Boston as you have to speak English on the way to Montreal,

Queen's Dominions, and a foreign tongue disputes precedence with your own. You are but little farther from home than if you had gone to Saratoga or to Lake George; but how different are the shores of Lake Memphremagog! If you are a New Yorker or a Philadelphian, you have gone considerably farther, and you are, even more than the Bostonian, impressed with the natural beauties of this lovely sheet of water.

Let no one imagine that we are treating Lake George with disrespect. Far be it from us to throw contempt upon the treasures of Horicon, or to think otherwise than reverently of the footfalls of Uncas, "last of the Mohicans." Nor shall we yield to any one in our appreciation of the eastern range of hills that starts with French Mountain and leads along through Pilot, Buck and Erebus up to Black Mountain; and, descending thence by way of the Elephant, Sugar-Loaf and Anthony's Nose, most appropriately ends in Mount Defiance, the constant threat of both French and English garrisons at Ticonderoga. Even Tongue Mountain and Shelving Rock, with their famous rattlesnakes, shall not escape our praise; and we should be ungrateful indeed if we had no pleasant memories of Gale's and Sherrill's, or of Judge Garfield, who could call all the trout and deer by name, or of "Captain Sam" Patchen. And if the history of our country entertains us as it should, we may travel far before we will find repeated within such a small radius the daring deeds of Major Rogers, Sir William Johnson, the Baron de Dieskau, or Generals Abercrombie, Amherst, Montgomery, Schuyler, Montcalm and Allen.

But there is a choice among good things. It was a sensible tourist who said: "Buy a guide-book, and then avoid the beaten paths it recommends. It leads inevi-

tably to where fashion has gone; and if you want real rest and recreation, you do not want to go there. We go a step beyond this advice and say: "Come to Memphremagog and its tributary lakes. Leave an order at the office on your way to 'stop my paper,' and trust to some friend to telegraph you if the office or the factory is on fire. Cease to think of life in the city just because you haven't a pitcher of hot or cold water always at your command. In a word, make up your mind to thoroughly enjoy the country, and not simply to 'do' it, as is the custom with some."

Leaving Lake George, therefore, to the professional or to the "society" tourist, you will find in Memphremagog an expanse of water of equal length—over thirty miles—and of superior breadth—an average of more than two miles. You are not treading upon shores that are known to historical lore, save as the indomitable



AMONG THE ISLANDS.

you still partake somewhat of the feelings of that Englishman who, utterly dazed at the jargon of Paris, was quite comforted and reassured by hearing a dog bark in the plainest English. You may travel "in English" from Boston on the train we have named, but when you awake in the morning you are on the borders of the

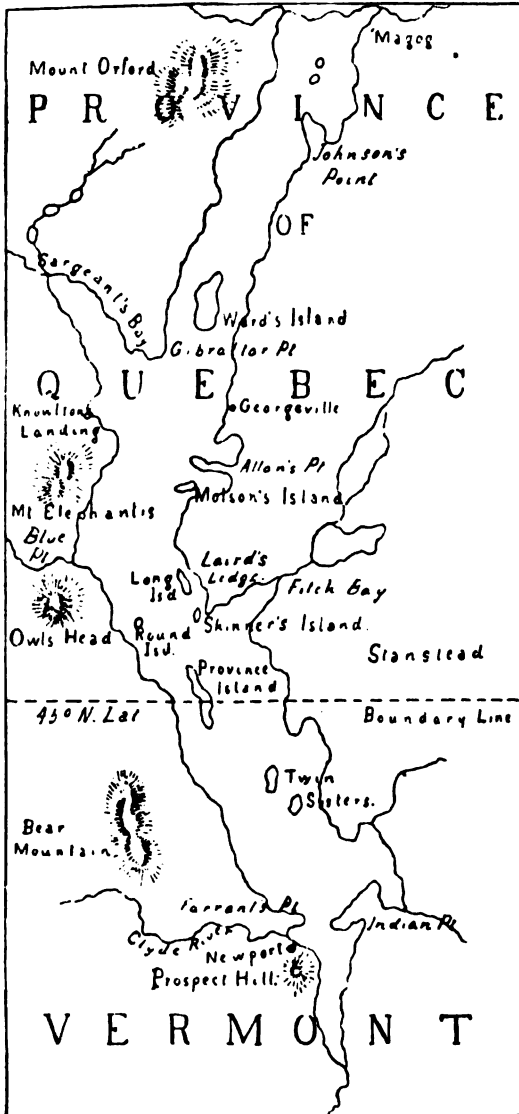
Major Rogers, during the Indian wars, led his band through this region to the banks of the St. Francis that he might surprise and almost annihilate the Abenquis

them to come out and fight. And yet, as allies of the French, they were dreaded in the disputes that arose regarding the boundary-lines after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle—hence the active campaign of Major Rogers. As a barrier against their progress, the northern part of New Hampshire had already been surveyed and partially settled. The northern parts of neither New Hampshire nor Vermont were settled early, because they were exposed to the war-paths through Lake Champlain in the west and along the Connecticut and other rivers on the east. So lately as one hundred years ago the southern end of Lake Memphremagog was in the County of Charlotte in the nascent State of New York—a county which included all the northern boundary westward through Lake Champlain to St. Regis on the St. Lawrence, and southward to Saratoga, the converging lines including the Adirondacks and the larger of the Green Mountains.

Wild as was this region, it was surpassed in wildness by the tract that lay just across the border. What are known as "the Eastern Townships" or the "South-eastern Counties" were settled toward the end of the last century. They were so named to distinguish them from the "Seigniories," wherein the feudal law still held the French *habitant*. The townships were settled by pioneers, who came in a great proportion from New England by way of Lake Memphremagog, and they held their titles "in free and common soccage." These hardy pioneers were early "evangelized" by religious bodies in New England and New York, but more directly by Lorenzo Dow and Hezekiah Wooster. It may be that this accounts for the fact that litigation is so infrequent and criminals are so scarce that a single courthouse and jail serves four large counties at the eastward, and similar accommodations serve five counties at the westward, the lake appearing to divide this tract in halves from north to south; and yet, in one of these very courts, you may find a crier so lost to any reverence for royalty that he will open and close the august proceedings with "Oliver Ditson" in place of the customary "God save the Queen."

The railroad will land you at Newport, Vermont, and there is no other convenient method of reaching the lake, whether you come from the south or from Montreal. It is true that you may find your way from Montreal to Magog, at the foot of the lake, by a devious railway. You may also take a stage-ride over the hills from Sherbrooke. Perhaps the stage is not at hand, and you are tumbled into a gig upon "grasshopper" springs, known as a *calèche*, the driver sitting where the dashboard should be. Or you are so fortunate as to secure a place in a "buckboard" wagon, where you hold the "wagon umbrella"—for none of the wheeled vehicles hereabouts have the "buggy top," so rough are the roads. All of this experience you may save by landing at Newport after the orthodox fashion.

And now, unless we can agree upon certain matters, we had best part company right here, and you may return, after taking a flying trip through the lake by steamer. You must discard all the conventional clothing that makes city life a burden. In place of the white shirt, cuffs, collar and cravat, you have a simple garment of navy blue flannel, with a rolling collar, cut low in the neck. Suspenders give way to a belt of leather: loose pantaloons, large shoes with broad heels, and a broad-brimmed straw hat tied with a bit of black tape complete your costume. For a lady, stout, heavy shoes, old clothes and a "dish-pan" hat are recommended. If it is a possible thing, bring your own boat or canoe with you, or purchase one on your arrival. You will then



THE LAKE AND VICINITY.

before daybreak. You are, rather, upon the spot of which the poet sings:

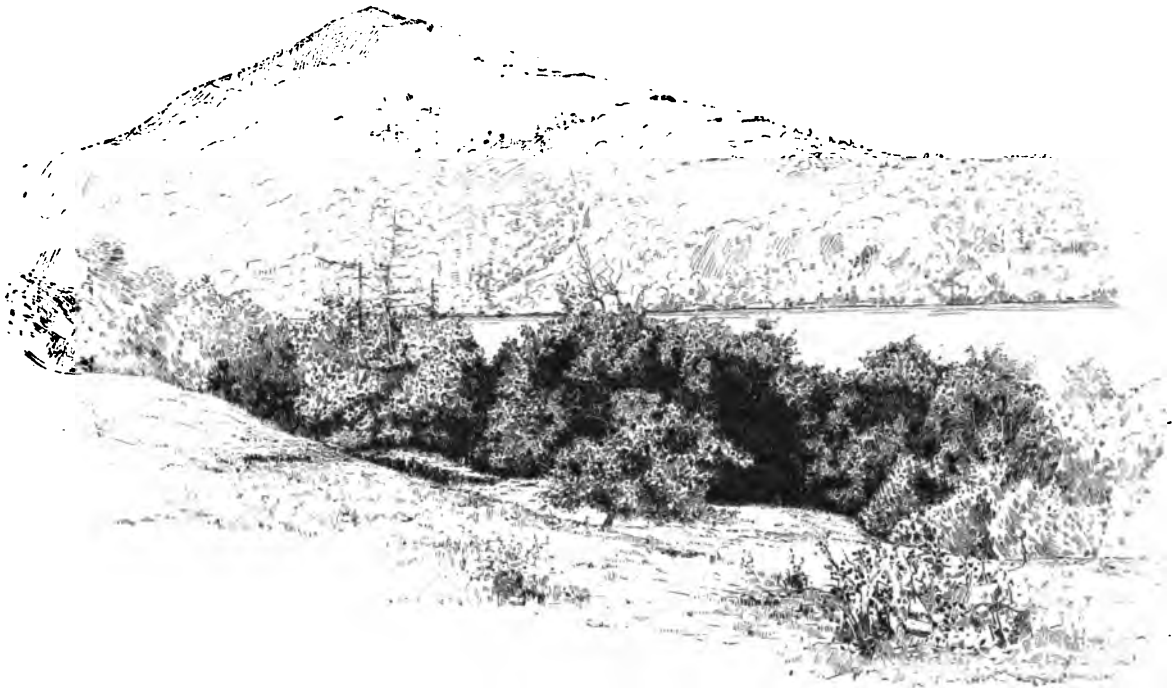
"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock trees:
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away;
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl."

The region is full of Indian traditions, but they are of the sort that one might expect from the peace-loving St. François, who seldom found the three tomahawks suspended in front of their cabins as a challenge for

be independent of every one, and you will have many advantages that others cannot enjoy. And if you are camping out the ownership of the boat is a necessity—almost as much so as the proper equipments and furnishings. But, above all things, in camping out be sure that your companions are of the right sort—not afraid of work, and not inclined to be homesick when the first rainy day comes along.

Although you may enjoy Memphremagog to some extent without these preparations, yet, to have your fill of pleasure, you must carry out all these details. You are then ready for any fortune; and your first objective point should be the "Owl's Head." "And why was it given that name?" you ask of a native. "I dunno," is his reply, "except that the owl is the largest bird around here, and that is the largest mountain." This

room, which covers the whole floor under the sloping sides of the roof. At one end a raised platform is ornamented with a picket-fence, that separates the two violins, the double-bass and the old-style "melodeon" from the dancers. The leader of the band calls out, "All git ready for a polkey redeway!" Then commences a series of tunes the like of which was never heard before—the leader himself confessing that they are a jumble of various dances—but discords are few, and the time is perfect. To this music the gallants dance with their ladies far more gracefully than the average of our American city beaux. When the quadrilles are announced the leader is in his element. Starting off with a kind of swaying motion, he keeps himself going like a great pendulum, while he calls out, "Bal-anstupartners," "Korners," or "Prommenadeall." In



OWL'S HEAD.

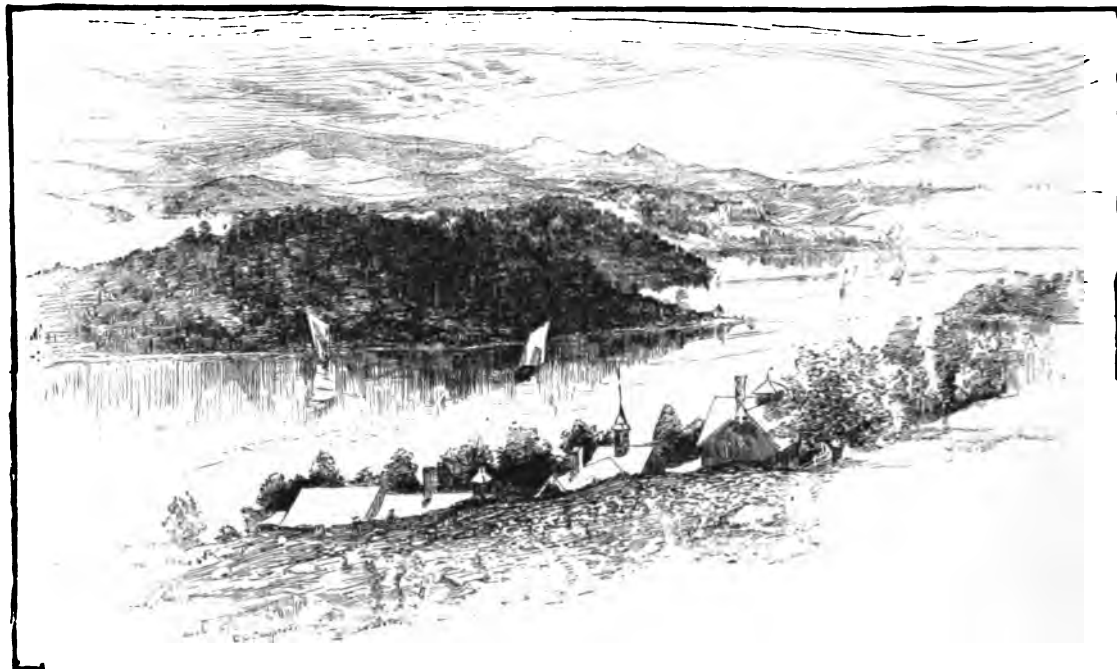
statement is hardly true of the bird, for there are many eagles hereabouts; but it is true of the mountain. The western bank—not the eastern, as at Lake George—is a long chain of mountains from Prospect Hill, at Newport, to Orford at the northern end. The intervening links of the chain are object lessons in natural history, the names being Bear Mountain, Owl's Head, The Elephant and the Hog's Back. The Owl's Head stands twenty-seven hundred feet above the lake-level, and thirty-seven hundred feet above tide-water, both of these figures being greater elevations than Lake George can show. Down the sides of these hills chutes are laid, which serve to convey logs to the lake through the winter, the same being rafted to market during the summer. Fire-wood, you will learn, is dear at two dollars a cord; and as for coal, it is unknown.

We have come from Newport to the Mountain House, at the foot of the Owl's Head, and we are now in the Queen's territory. A dance is on the programme, and the hospitable young Canadians invite us to "shake a foot" with them. The whole party arrives by a small steamer, which has gathered up couple after couple on its way. As the guests are ready they repair to the ball-

room, which covers the whole floor under the sloping sides of the roof. At one end a raised platform is ornamented with a picket-fence, that separates the two violins, the double-bass and the old-style "melodeon" from the dancers. The leader of the band calls out, "All git ready for a polkey redeway!" Then commences a series of tunes the like of which was never heard before—the leader himself confessing that they are a jumble of various dances—but discords are few, and the time is perfect. To this music the gallants dance with their ladies far more gracefully than the average of our American city beaux. When the quadrilles are announced the leader is in his element. Starting off with a kind of swaying motion, he keeps himself going like a great pendulum, while he calls out, "Bal-anstupartners," "Korners," or "Prommenadeall." In every case where the opportunity offers, the arm of each gallant encircles the waist of his inamorata. The climax is reached when the "chorus jig" is announced with one of the young men as leader. It is a Virginia reel and a money-musk combined, so as to offer the greatest latitude for cutting "pigeon-wings" and other pirouettes. After such violent exercise it is not strange that one of the belles remarks: "Law! I sweat so I hardly know what to do." Another belle is dressed in a skirt of drab cloth, trimmed with two bias bands of brown cloth, and ornamented with bows of blue ribbon along the front. A white sacque, belted down with a blue ribbon, forms the waist. But the belle of the ball carries the palm with a dress of heavy black cloth caught up on one side of the skirt into pink satin bows, several of which dot the skirt and the waist in different places. A white cotton scarf is fastened at the neck with a bunch of faded pink flowers. On her head she wears a large hat turned up on one side, faced with scarlet ribbon, and trimmed with old ribbons and flowers of the same color. This remarkable head-gear is tied down by means of an old brown veil. Ornaments, celluloid. Supper is announced, and the whole company

descends several steep flights to the dining-room, where a country supper has been spread. A few more dances, a few songs, an international mixture of "Yankee Doodle" (with cries of "Treason!") and "God Save the Queen," and the dance is over. The rays of sunlight are already streaking the eastern sky opposite as

were attempting to drain it and advanced toward Memphremagog in a wave sixty feet high, carrying everything before it. To the north of Willoughby Lake is the gorge through which the Clyde River cuts its way to Memphremagog. Towering over all are the high tops of Washington, Lafayette, Adams and others of the



FROM ALLEN'S POINT.

the steamer moves away, leaving a long line of sparks and live coals to mark its course.

The ascent of the Owl's Head should be made during the forenoon, as there are no accommodations on the summit for an all-night sojourn. After a brief nap and a hasty breakfast, we start on the three-mile walk to the summit. We do not need the guide of Mont Colon or the Pinge d'Arolla, for the path can be studied out if it is not always plainly visible. A few sugar maples remind one of the climbers of a city-bred man who came hither, and, on being shown a "sugar bush," innocently inquired "where they ground up their trees to make the sugar?" We ascend the stony bed of brook after brook, slipping in spite of our alpenstocks, and puffing like so many steam engines. A huge shelving rock that had once fallen from above shelters a spot whence issues the last spring that we shall encounter. Canteens are filled and the tramp is commenced anew. The trees become more and more stunted, until finally they average but three or four feet in height. A sudden turn and we are at the summit, crowned with rifted rocks in triple groups. From the group that overlooks the lake we may sweep the surface from Newport to Magog. At the south are the islands known as The Sisters—Province (through which runs the boundary between the United States and Canada), Round, Whetstone, Skinusit, etc. Behind and to the eastward of Newport, twelve miles distant, are Mounts Pisgah and Hor, which confine the fathomless waters of Willoughby Lake. Not far away is the site of the famous Runaway Pond, which, many years ago, while still a pond, broke away from those who

White Mountain group. Nestled among the hills close within the Canadian border stretches the long street of Stanstead Plain—for all the world like the street in Woodstock, Connecticut. "Stan' steady there!" was the frequent admonition to the early surveyors, and hence the traditional origin of the name. Toward the east and north we trace the course of the Tomfobia down to Massawippi Lake, which shows its deep waters over the edges of Blackberry Mountain before it pours them through the Massawippi into the St. Francis. Just over the hills is Megantic Lake, an enlargement of the Chaudiere River, along which Arnold, in 1775, descended from the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence on his way to join Montgomery before the walls of Quebec. Clustering along the eastern edges of Memphremagog are the hamlets of Fitch Bay, or "Sucker City," and Georgeville. Long Island, Malson's Island and Lord's Island hug the eastern shore. Magog—not the trim effigy of Gog in the banqueting room at Guildhall, but the busy lumber metropolis of five hundred souls—appears but a step away, although it is twenty miles distant. Turn whichever way you will toward this eastward expanse of farming lands and the impression grows stronger and stronger that the cleared tracts form but a very small proportion of the whole.

A little to the west of north we see Orford, just across from Magog, a peak a trifle higher than the one upon which we stand. Although it is the highest peak in Canada, and although it has the advantage of a carriage-road to the summit, yet the views from the Owl's Head are far more satisfactory. In line with Orford, but so near that we can look down upon his sum-

mit and discover the trout pond in his side, is the Elephant. Over beyond his outline is Brome Lake, source of the Yamaska, with Knowlton nestling at its head. Far away are seen the huge masses of Rougemont, Belœil, and, if the day is clear, the outline of Montreal Mountain as a background to the bright tin roofs or the towers of Notre Dame. Ascending to another group of rocks we may see farther to the westward, discerning the Pinnacle, and then across the border in Vermont, Jay Peak, Mount Mansfield and the Saddleback. Across the borders of Lake Champlain rise the majestic Adirondacks, led by Mount Marcy. Thus from the Owl's Head we may see Montreal, Marcy, Saddleback and Mount Washington. But from Washington we may discover the sea; and from Saddleback one may signal to another on Mount Holyoke, who can readily discern Long Island Sound. Thus the higher points suggest an endless variety of triangulations, while the smaller hills bring up Heine's impressions of a similar panorama: "I beheld the mountains looking at me earnestly, and nodding with their mountain heads and long cloud beards. Here and there a distant little blue hill appeared to raise itself on the tips of its toes, and look curiously over the other hills in order to see me."

And now we are, for the first time, prepared to understand the topography of this region. Yonder Adirondacks form the starting point of the Laurentian system of mountains, a system that crosses the St. Lawrence in the fragments of the Thousand Islands, extends one arm to Georgian Bay on the west, and the other to the Ottawa, which it crosses at Lac du Chat. Forming the watershed between the tributaries of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the St. Lawrence on the south, it follows the course of the latter to Labrador, at varying distances, toward the interior. To geologists it is known as the oldest system in Canada, the highly-altered strata being bent, tilted and invaded by masses of crystalline limestone, gneiss and other obtrusive rock. Ores of iron are found in interstratified layers, and veins of copper and lead cut the stratification. The Green Mountains are the Alleghany Mountains in a more southern latitude. When they cross into Canada they become the Notre Dame chain, the metamorphic masses that range themselves along the western bank of Memphremagog, on one of which we are now standing. From this point it stretches out to the peninsula Gaspé in constantly decreasing altitudes. Along the eastern shore of Memphremagog the strata are pierced by large masses of granite; but, for the most part, the lower altitudes of the range have so far disintegrated that the soil has become superior to that of Northern Vermont or New Hampshire for farming purposes. Aside from the phosphates, limestones and marbles are found in endless variety. Asbestos, soap-stone, talcose slates and ochres form materials for paints; while ores of iron and copper are profitably mined. Indeed, the whole district of St. Francis, which stretches to the eastward, is remarkable, aside from the good quality of the soil, for its elevated morasses and its abundance of small lakes at a level of from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand feet above the sea. So that if the theory of a broad St. Lawrence River, three hundred or four hundred feet above the present level is



"LUNGE HOOK"—ONE HALF "LIFE SIZE."

true, we would in ancient times have found Memphremagog and its neighbors elevated lakes still, although many of the detached mountains that dot the plains toward Montreal and Quebec would have appeared as islands in the vast expanse of running waters.

Our camp furniture, reinforced by our canteens, soon furnishes us with a savory dinner; and while we are enjoying it we listen with interest to the tale of one who has been here before. "You would not believe it," he narrates, "but I once climbed this mountain with a gentleman and his wife. We had a fair-sized lunch, but we neglected to get water at the spring, thinking there was one higher up. After awhile we found ourselves on the top, thirsty, hot and tired, and no water. To descend for a supply was absurd, and our anticipations of a cup of coffee (made from somebody's 'extract') were swept away. The lady soon discovered a pool of brackish water that the rain had kindly left in a crevice. It was too black to use, but still it was water. Our kitchen utensils were a glass jar, from which we had emptied the preserves upon the bread and butter, and an alcohol lamp, whose cover served as a kind of skillet. The first step was to rinse out the jar with the brackish water, and wipe it dry with papers. Then we stretched

the lady's handkerchief—of course it was clean—across the mouth of the jar and filtered a considerable quantity of water through it. From this reservoir a supply was drawn to make skillet after skillet of coffee, first for the lady and then for the rest of us. In this way we managed to have coffee as long as the alcohol held out, in spite of our disadvantages."

The descent from the Owl's Head is no easy matter, although it is not attended with danger. Bears and catamounts are occasionally found, but so seldom that there is little chance of meeting them. The toil and trouble of both the ascent and the descent are amply repaid by the magnificent views from the summit, and the newcomer will never regret that his first acquaintance with the lake included a vision of every square inch of its surface from Newport to Magog. If the visitor is an artist he cannot fail to make the entire circuit of the lake, bearing away with him sketches of the steep cliffs of Gibraltar Point and its dismantled hotel; of Belmere, the summer resting-place so recently enjoyed by the late Sir Hugh Allan, whose presence was always indicated by the peculiar flag of the Allan line of steamships; of Lake View Grove, the Camp-Meeting of the Second Adventists; of Bay View and its extensive picnic grounds; or of Georgeville and Knowlton's Land-

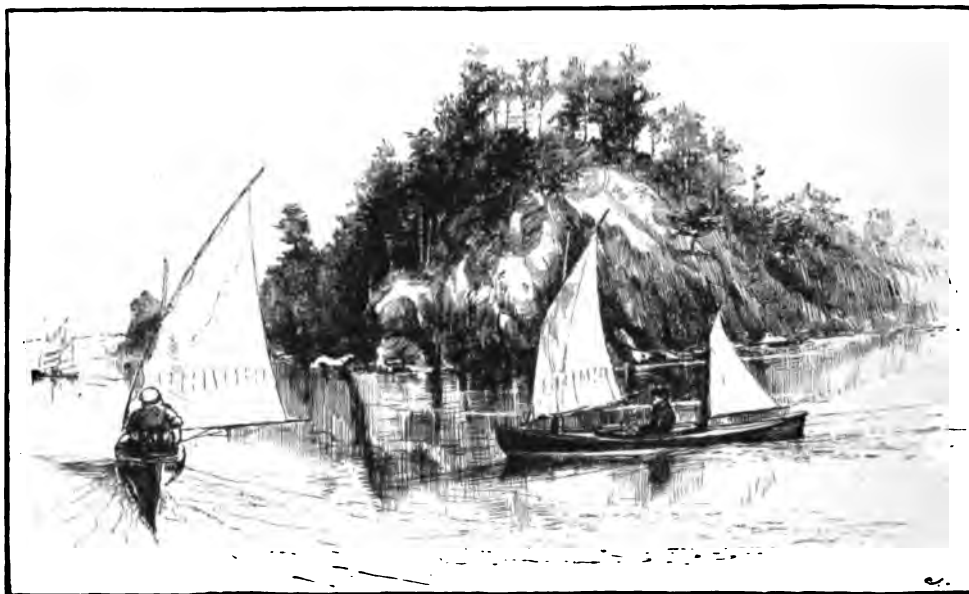


"A LUNGE"—ONE-TENTH LIFE SIZE.

ing, connected by the ferry-boat known as the *Old Grunt*. If he is fond of working up the details his portfolio may be rich in sketches along the shores of slaty rocks tipped on edge and crowned with a thin layer of soil, through which hemlocks and birches strike their roots far down into the gritty substance. Everywhere he will see this strange formation in place of the blue marly clay that forms the banks of the great lakes of the upper St. Lawrence basin. His pencil will be attracted by bits of abandoned lime-kilns, with overhanging vines, or by huge rocks in the shape of stumps, which appear to have been nailed together, the effect of nail-heads being produced by rusted pyrites. Or else his eye is charmed with high walls of serpentine equal to those of Corsica or Cornwall, and almost as rich as *verd antique*. And while he skips from island to island to note the same general formation of the shores with ever-varying details, he will not neglect the infrequent

pastures are filled with bright red strawberries that cannot be resisted, and you will, in the enjoyment of the present, cease to care whether or no the anemones are the tears of Venus for Adonis; nor will you rashly dispute that the violet is blue because it is a maiden who entered the lists of beauty with Venus, and was beaten blue for her impertinence. As the summer progresses, you will see that an occasional housewife, believing that "the flowers are the alphabet of the angels," has arranged a little parterre with tiger-lilies, sweet peas, morning-glories, bachelor's buttons, sunflowers, poppies, dahlias, sweet-williams, marigolds, blue-bells, fuchsias, geraniums, peonies, and larkspurs. As you sit in the cool hallway,

"Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
And white sweet clover and shy mignonette,—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace."



THE PALISADES.

streams that pour their crystal waters into the lake, but will rather ascend them through mile after mile of overhanging rocks, each turn revealing a still more romantic spot than the last.

Should the visitor be a botanist, his success will vary with the season of the year. The flora of these uplands cannot be surpassed in any latitude north of 45°. Of course the trailing arbutus, the May flower of the Pilgrims, can always be found among the traces of the departing snow. Then follow, in almost this exact order, the wood-anemone, dog's-tooth, blue, yellow and sweet white violets, marsh-marigold, spring-beauty, wild strawberry, everlasting, dandelion, purple and painted trilliums, golden saxifrage, crow-foot, gooseberry, huckleberry, raspberry, jack-in-the-pulpit, clintonia borealis, bunchberry, lady's slipper, coltsfoot, shepherd's purse, buttercup, red-berried alder, five-finger, wild ginger, red and black hawthorn, Solomon's seal, wild black currant, yellow and white pond lilies, red and white clover, black snake-root, yarrow, wild red raspberry, silky dogwood, white baneberry, blue flag and golden rod. By the time that you have seen the last of these buds unfolding it will be the middle of June. The fields and

To the visitor who tarries well into the autumn, nature lavishes a far richer display of variegated foliage than she spares to more southern latitudes. The fall of the leaf at Memphremagog is caused by the early frost, and not by the withering heat of a long summer. The warm season is so brief that the leaves lose none of their freshness before they are called upon to die; and, dying, they retain their colors in a most wonderful manner for many years afterward. In a word, the tourist must be impressed with the fact that nature has been kind to the buds and to the flowers and to the autumn leaves in this region, even if she has made it impossible to grow apples without a graft upon a crab-apple stock, or prohibits the raising of any crops but wheat, barley, oats, maize, buckwheat, peas and beans.

Nor is nature less kind in displaying the rising and the setting of the sun. The magnificent sky-line of the mountain-ridge along the western shore of Memphremagog appears to fulfill its grandest mission when it catches the rays of the departing sun and reflects them to the cloudland above. The mid-summer sun is an early riser in this northern latitude; but he is a corresponding late riser when the icy touch of winter has

smoothed the white caps of the lake to a common level. During the long and cool evenings of the early fall the auroral exhibitions can be excelled nowhere else, so clear and pure is the air. Arcs of the great circle dip from the zenith to the horizon, dividing the hollow sphere of the heavens into halves, quarters or eighths-broad bands, like bayadere stripes, define the circles, that grow smaller and smaller as one looks overhead; while darting from one part of this framework to another, and often filling in the spaces as they pass, are hues of red and purple and gold, whose brilliancy it would be difficult to equal, even in a year of electrical storms and the total depravity of the spots on the sun. But whether at sunrise or sunset or in the auroral display,

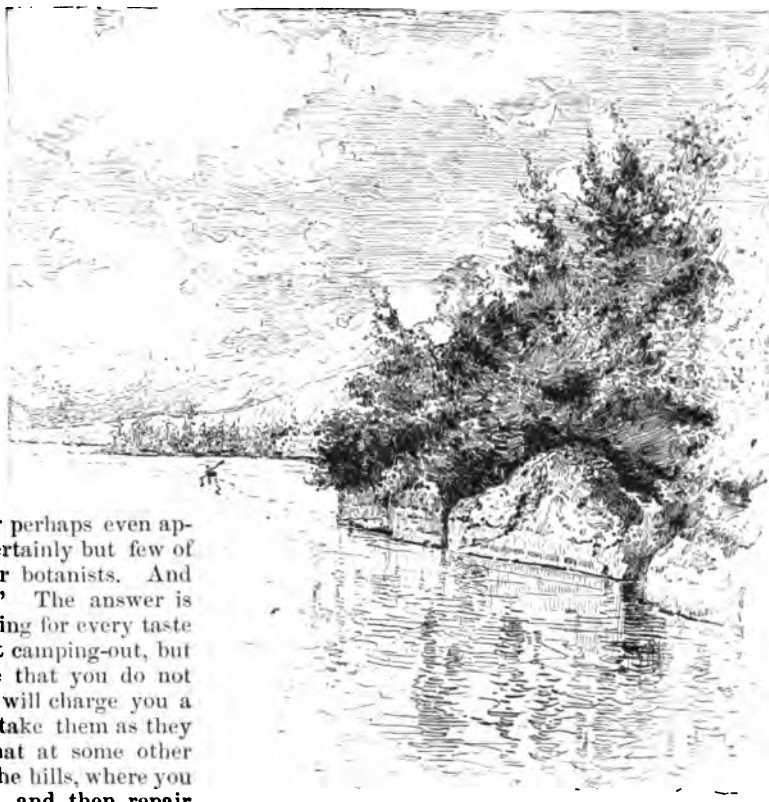
"Filled was the air with a dreaming and magical light; and the landscape Lay, as if new-created, in all the freshness of childhood."

"But all of us are not scientific, or perhaps even appreciative admirers of the aurora; certainly but few of us can lay claim to being artists or botanists. And what has Memphremagog for us?" The answer is simple. Memphremagog has something for every taste and condition in life. If you are not camping-out, but have your family with you, take care that you do not fall into the hands of a landlord who will charge you a dollar a day, children and all, "and take them as they run." You may do better than that at some other hotel or at a farm-house out among the hills, where you can have your dinner soon after noon, and then repair to the "gallery" or balcony for a smoke or a snooze, still leaving a long afternoon for a row or a bath before the eight o'clock tea. The genial head of the farm-house—who excels his neighbors in the very necessary art of being able to do anything—will devote himself to your amusement. Whist, Wagner and Sullivan will serve to pass away the hours while you must shelter yourself from the dampness that gathers without. The host will fill the intervals with a clog-dance, or the recital of his trials when he kept a hotel, and numbered among his guests a lady who often took him to task for keeping a bar.

"Would you believe it?" he asks. "One day a guest ordered champagne for the whole table. The glass went past her. She started, hesitated, and then said: 'Oh, I didn't see what it was! I'll take some of that.'"

If it is your fortune to stay at one of the small hotels in Georgeville or Magog—there are no large hotels except at Newport—you may have several advantages over the farm-house, you may screen yourself from the sun behind the long row of hemlocks that have been brought from the woods and tied against the pillars of the gallery. You may frequent the more ample quarters of the house-shed or lounge within the cooler recesses of the bar-room. You may then learn all the secret history of the village—for bar-room loungers are the worst kind of gossips. You find out that neighbor A churns with horse-power; that the breeze of to-day depends upon the aspect of the Milky Way last night; that the "milt" of the earliest porker killed will show what kind of a winter is coming; and that the surest way to find the cows among the hilly pastures is to

catch a devil's darning-needle, hold him by the wings, and travel in the direction indicated by his tail. You discover that merchant B has a "general store," as well as Wanamaker or Macy, but that his sin consists



BLUEBERRY POINT.

in having no larger stock, and in being postmaster and telegraph operator at the same time. Merchant C, you learn, is bewailing the good old days, when his father could make a profit of "three or four per cent on goods sold." "And what did he call three or four per cent?" you ask. "Why, three or four times what they cost him, of course!" is the reply. You also learn that the general products of the country are few beyond wool, beef, mutton, cheese, butter, hops and sugar, and that, for the most part, the Frenchmen are content if they can have plenty of peas and potatoes.

You are more fortunate, however, if you can claim acquaintance with any of the few proprietors of summer cottages who have established themselves along the banks of the lake. You will find little elegance of surroundings, save what nature has furnished, for that is not the reason why the houses in Montreal have been deserted for the time being. But you will find highly-cultivated gardens, smooth lawns and well-laid terraces. Above all, you will find that which cannot be hidden, even in the wilderness—true English hospitality that makes you feel doubly welcome, if you chance to be welcome at all. This hospitality, you must admit, is far preferable to more costly residences that are surrounded with a cold and forbidding atmosphere.

"But what shall we do," you ask, "if we cannot share this hospitality, or if we do not 'enthus' over the sketch-book of the artist, or if we do not care to listen to bar-room jokes?" Well, you can fish to your heart's

content, and with good luck, too. You may come here with your Limericks, Carlises and Sproats; with your multiplying reels and balance handles; with your lines of braided silk, and with your "split bamboo, six strip, trout fly-rod, two tips, silver mounted, twelve feet long, eight ounce weight, finest finish, quality guaranteed." And yet, unless you listen to the old fishermen you will fish in vain. They know where to fish for bass and where for perch. They know the weedy shallows, where you may troll for pickerel; and, more than all, they have their "anchors" at the deep holes, where the "lunge" loves to doze and wait for his food to be brought to him. The "lunge" is really a lake trout, although the early settlers thought he was the muskallonge. He is the finest as well as the largest fish in this locality, a ten-pounder being "a good average." To secure him you must use the "lunge-hook," the like of which is never seen elsewhere. An old fisherman—and you should never go for the first time without one—will row you to his anchor, which is a float fastened to a sunken stone, with from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet of elm bark. Tying the boat to the float he dives into his minnow pail and brings forth two chubbs or shiners. One of these he pierces from mouth to tail, and shoving it far up the hook, calls it "the shank bait." The second shiner he pierces just under the dorsal fin, and calls it "the wiggler." If the wide jaws of the lunges do not open for this bait he tries bits of perch, or perhaps a piece of pork, so dainty is his game. He cares nothing for rods or reels, but when you have a bite he admonishes you in no uncertain language to "jerk it like the devil and pull him in! By crimps!" You ask him how he tells the days that are favorable for fishing, and he will tell you, with the soberest face, that the signs of the Zodiac settle that question. "You see," he asserts, "when the sun is in Gimminy there's no good luck. In Cancer it is better; but we have to look out for cool and cloudy days. We don't have to be quite so careful in Leo, but in Virgey ther's trouble enough, unless the bait is o' the best. When Librey comes then luck commences to mend, and if you are here at the beginning of the Scorpion you will have the best fishing of all. Come and see us then if you can, mister." And then, as his tongue loosens, under genial influences, he will rant against the use of flies until you are half-ashamed to own that you brought yours with you, so evident is it that you have with you "the best fisherman on the lake; durned if I ain't."

It may be that the fish have taken a prejudice against the fly from the fishermen. At any rate, they are slow to rise to any kind of a cast. You are far more likely to catch an eel, and have him wriggling from one end of the boat to the other, if there is any moisture on the bottom. If you become tired of Memphremagog you may visit any of the numerous lakes in this region, lakes that average eight or ten miles in length, by perhaps a mile in width. There is Brome Lake, source of the Yamaska, with its black bass; Brompton Lake, with its trout; Magog Lake, with its pickerel and trout that will rise to the fly; Massawippi Lake, with its black salmon, shad, sturgeon and pickerel; Sugar Loaf Pond, on the side of the Elephant, where vigilant watch is kept over the trout; or St. Francis Lake, at a farther distance, with an abundance of fish of every variety. The trout-breeding establishment at Magog will also prove of interest.

But, more enjoyable than all, is our excursion to Lake Nick, a spot that you will find in no gazetteer and upon no map. As we land at the Georgeville wharf the same

specimen of an antiquated loafer who, in the bar-room, told us all about the signs of the milt, the milky way and the darning-needle, accosts us with: "And are you going over to the river landing?" "Oh, no," we reply, "we are going to load our boat and horse and wagon yonder on the *Old Grunt* and steam over to Tuck's Landing." "Well, I wanted to go to the river, and I thought you might as well have the money as anybody." Assuring the blear-eyed old fellow that a navy-blue shirt does not make a professional waterman we embark and cross the lake. Then loading the wagon with the boat, which serves as a box, we drive over the hills. The road grows more and more rough. Passing the time of day with an occasional French cabin, we are asked in plain English, "Any rum?" "And what do you take us for?" is our inquiry, as we disappear over a corduroy roadway, overhung with branches. The lane has not been used since the mines were abandoned years ago. After mile upon mile of this jolting we suddenly came upon a sparkling sheet a mile or so around, and this is Lake Nick. Why it was so named no mortal knows; but the origin of the name might have been from the cries of the loon and the howls of animals that commenced at sundown and made the place seem even more weird than before. There is but one farm-house near, and that belongs to one Arthur Sparling, who has lived his natural life in this wilderness. His bounteous table is soon supplemented by our lunch, the horse is turned out and we are seated on his gallery for a chat.

The night is well along before we tire of exchanging stories; but at last the old man leads us off two by two in the direction of his little chambers and bids us good-night. Down, down we sink into the recesses of the feathers until we are lost in dreaming of fish and fishing and lawyers and editors. The break of day finds Sparling on hand with a breakfast, and we are off for two other ponds before nightfall, when we manage to regain the *Old Grunt* and again to sleep in our beds at home.

There are many trout streams that pour their cold waters into Memphremagog; but if you will "run" them successfully you must manage to reach them by daybreak. No sound or sight of you should ever reach the game, or your fishing will be in vain. They may rise to your cast, but the angle worm suits them better. Your canvas shoes are useless when you jump from one point to another over the mossy carpet that covers the rocks. Heavy soled shoes of leather or high-top boots alone are suitable. If ladies attempt the sport they must make up their minds to be carried across the fordings on the backs of the gentlemen; otherwise they had best remain in-doors and knit. If you are a novice in the art of trout fishing, not of lady-carrying, do not waste any time in looking after the veteran fisherman who accompanies you to the stream and then leaves you. Two anglers cannot fish in close proximity, and your veteran friend will not be lost, although he may be hours in reporting himself. When he does come his basket will be full, and he will say something about "fishermen's luck."

Delightful as is this independent way of hooking the trout, it is yet equaled by the nonchalant way in which you may shoulder your gun, call your dog to heel and paddle your duck boat or "dug-out" along the marshy stretches that infrequently border the lake. In the proper season ducks of several varieties, loons, eagles and other large birds are at your command in the air, while along the ground you may secure a fox, a mink or a hedgehog with little trouble.

When Sunday comes you will desert your camp for the nearest sanctuary, and, if your party is so large,

have no hesitation in giving an escort of six or eight to any young lady that may be popular. There will then be no partiality displayed, and the service will be a benefit, because your minds are not lost in abstraction. The benefit of such a service on Sunday will keep you in good shape and preserve your dignity when you repair to a neighboring school-house on a Monday evening, see the good rector put on his robe before the audience, for want of a robing room, and view the total depravity of a lamp—there is only a lantern besides—which goes out while the sermon turns upon the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins.

Whenever you are tired of the beauties of the lake, you may explore the attractions of the interior. You may take a hunting tour among the wild fastnesses that lie half-way toward Quebec on the northeast; or you can, more easily, cross the lake at Georgeville with old "Captain" and the buckboard, unless you prefer to "ride and tie." The range of mountains along the western shore conveys the idea that all kinds of horrible monsters—possibly in human shape—dwell behind them. When you have once ascended through the pass in the range you will descend into the valley of the Mississquoi, with its swift currents and occasional reaches of deep water covered with tangled masses of logs. The Mississquoi, arising in Vermont, turns a huge loop into Canada, and then returns to Vermont in order to empty into Lake Champlain. Following down the valley, you stop at a cross-roads post-office and inquire if there is any mail awaiting you. "Well, I should think there was! Are you that feller? Why, something has been coming for you every day for a week. Goodness gracious! and are you here?"

A little farther along you will come to the most fashionable resort in all this locality—Bolton Springs. As it is Saturday, you will encounter any number of country couples who have taken "a day off," and are enjoying themselves to their utmost. What business has sulphur-water with pleasure, anyway? Whatever the answer, these rustics are making the most of their opportunities. Among them you will meet a literary aspirant, who insists on showing you his productions and declaring that he has not succeeded in having them published, because "the magazines are all run by rings."

In the evening you will meet the same couples at a small hotel near by. Still other groups of rustics have arrived during the afternoon, and the long, round-end

galleries are full. The dance, similar to that of the Owl's Head, takes the time till midnight, when all dancing ceases, and the early hours of Sunday are devoted to moonlight promenades. By special arrangement dinner is to be at noon, so that the visiting couples may have an early start homeward. Unfortunately, such an invasion of guests has drawn so heavily upon the larder that the meat designed for breakfast and dinner has been consumed at the former meal. No one knows this but the hotel-keeper, whom we miss about noon-time. One o'clock comes, and no dinner. Two o'clock gives no better prospect. "Where is old Brown?" is the general inquiry. At last a speck appears on a distant hill. It grows larger and larger. At last the monad develops into a man, who is soon recognized as our hotel-keeper. Driving furiously to the rear of the house, he unloads the carcass of a sheep from the end of his wagon, and then, mingling with some of his guests, he explains his absence thus:

"Boys, I've had a hard time catching this sheep. At one o'clock I was chasing over the hills five miles from here. When I went to pay the man he was mad at me, but I told him the sheep tried to bite me. But here I am. I have cut him up into inch bits, and he is stewing away like a good fellow now."

In spite of this appetizer, the meal is acceptable; the rural couples start for home, and the quiet of the Sabbath is once more restored. We are a long distance from the Owl's Head, but he peeps and blinks at us over the hills. The road that passes the house is a resort for smugglers, and, if you are awake, you may hear the creaking wagons go by on a dark night on their way toward the American border through the dark defiles of Glen Sutton. After resting in this solitude for a few days, we jog along on our return, stopping once in a while to run a trout stream or to read the epitaphs that abound in the private burying-grounds.

Again we are at Memphremagog. Again we are under the care of the genial Captain Achilles—pronounced *Arkless*, and not *Ahsheel*, although it is a French name. Once more we roam the length and breadth of the lake by steam-power. And then—for all good things must have an end—we turn away from a spot upon which the foot of the professional tourist has rarely trodden, and hope for many more days of enjoyment before "old Magog" becomes a thoroughfare for pleasure-seekers.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

A LULLABY.

Ho! dear little west winds, come over the lea;
I pray you speed quickly to baby and me;
Come croon your sweet lullabies softly and low,
The rustling of young leaves, the brook's rippling flow;

The lush of the waves as they break on the shore,
And dreamily mimic old ocean's deep roar:
The bees' drowsy tune set to murmuring rhyme,
The fairy-like music wee lily-bells chime.

Come sing to my nestling the songs you have sung
This eve to the birdlings in leafy nests swung,
Whose green, swaying cradles, high up 'mid the trees,
Respond to the touch of each gay, flitting breeze.

The birds and the flowers are hushed all to rest;
Now lull my bright birdling to sleep on my breast,
While God's holy angels from Heaven above
O'ershadow my darling with white wings of love.

KATE J. ANTHONY.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A FLICKERING LAMP.

IT was a boisterous cavalcade that set out for Sturmhold that afternoon. The Father, it is true, had been but a short time dead, but the Daughter was alive again. She was like one risen from the dead. She had come through the ordeal unscathed. The hot plowshares she had been called upon to tread beneath her feet had not scorched even the tender soles. When they were ready to leave the village, they found a procession ready to escort them. Men, women and children, almost the entire population of Skendoah, with the brass band in the lead, discoursing triumphant music, marched out of the little square down the narrow street, across the bridge and up the hill beyond. The blue waters of Memnona glittered in the sunshine. Hats and handkerchiefs and banners waved adieu. Shouts and laughter and tears spoke their well wishing. Smiles and tears testified the pleasure that even in her sorrow Hilda gathered from this good-will. A few carriages and a gay group of horsemen escorted the lovers homeward. The air was chill, but the December sun was bright; the roads were hard, the pace was brisk, and, despite the trace of sorrow, jocund Love led the procession. Sorrow for the dead could not quench the joy of the living. The old life was ended; the new begun. Trustor and trustee were of the past; the *cestuis que trust* had come into their own. All that the past had sown, the present had come to reap.

As they drew near the gray-turreted mansion, one by one the friends who had borne them company thus far bade them farewell with cheerful words, bright smiles and wind-blown kisses. Despite their joy at her return, they felt that only Love might accompany the bereaved daughter within the home made sacred by the memory of one who would not come again, despite her prayers and tears. Leaning upon Martin's arm, and shielded by the veil which had been her refuge from peril, Hilda entered again the temple filled with her father's memory. Oh, how divine the fragrance that clings about the home where love hath dwelt! The dim, faint memory of a mother's waning life mingled here with the abounding richness of a father's love. His presence was everywhere—upon the graveled walk, beside the gate, within the door—wheresoever she turned her eyes she beheld him—her loved, her lost. She saw the servants through her tears—those who had served him. She thanked them with gentle obeisance for the greeting which they gave his daughter. She half resented the presence of Harrison Kortright and the gray-haired dame who greeted

her with motherly effusion in the hall. Even Martin seemed to be almost an intrusion at that hour. She broke away from them and rushed along the hall to the great stairway. Then she turned quickly, threw her arms about Martin's neck; kissed him through her tears, as if she would do penance for her thought; hid her head upon his breast and wept in his embrace. As she turned away she saw a head thrust out of a door beyond, and a quick, furtive look of surprise and hate shot past her and rested upon Martin. She recognized her old nurse and went forward and spoke pleasantly. A dull, vacant stare was all she received. Then she fled away to her own room, locked the door, and, for the first time since her bereavement, gave way to the sweet, sad luxury of sorrow.

Of the great house which he had builded, three rooms had almost bounded the solitary life of Merwyn Hargrove—the room in which his wife died, that in which his daughter slept and the library where were the treasures of his unfortunate brother's life. These constituted his home—ah, how empty now that he would fill it no more with his strong life! This had been her childhood home. What pleasures had not thronged all the familiar nooks! Safety, repose, love—home. All good things had come to her within its walls. Without, sorrow and danger and unutterable horror! Love had met her on this very threshold. In this room she had bent down from her father's arms to press the first kiss on his lips who was now her lover.

The room adjoining—if the unclosed folding-doors could be said to have separated them—was her father's—the holy of holies, into which she had come each morning since her recollection—a white-robed worshipper—a welcome priestess, with her morning greeting, to receive her morning kiss. From the tower adjoining this—her mother's sunny boudoir it had been in her life, and nothing there had been disturbed—a narrow stairway led down to the library, opening with curious art behind a case of books that seemed only to have been thrust out from the wall to make room for the volumes upon its crowded shelves.

How often in her childhood she had risen in the night and sought her father in the library! How her bare feet pattered down the lonely staircase, and bounded across the warm tufted carpet to the outstretched arms! How often she knew nothing of the return until she waked to find her father's arms about her in the morning! Oh, tender, strong-armed father! Oh, watchful, loving heart! How his presence thrilled her memory!

How his absence chilled her heart! She knelt by his bedside and wept and prayed. How grateful was her heart that he had been; how disconsolate that he was not! Ah, how passionately she kissed the white, cool pillow—kissed it because his head had pressed it, because it would press it no more!

After a time they called her to the evening meal. She begged to be left alone. Then Mrs. Kortright came. She would not see her. Jason came afterward, and, with the privileged persistency of the old servant, knocked until she answered—knocked until she wiped her tear-stained eyes, and opened the door a little way that he might speak to her. He did not ask her to eat—he did not try to persuade, but told her that on the stand before the hearth in the library he had placed a lunch. There was a good fire there that would last all night. If she should get cold or hungry in the night she would remember the stairway in the tower. The fire made it look "mighty cosy" there, he said, "most as if Marse Merwyn himself were there." She thanked him gratefully for his deft attention. Then he went away and left her to live over again the life the dead had shaped and blessed. It was not until long afterward, when the night had grown still and her limbs were numb and chill as if with long embracement of the dead, that youth and health conquered her sorrow, and she stole down the stairs to the library.

No sooner had Hilda arrived at Sturmhold than Harrison Kortright, with subtle forecast of her wishes, directed everything to be removed from the library that could in any manner suggest its occupancy by another since her father's death. During the short time he had been there he had often thought that she might be annoyed at his presence. Yet he had remained because it seemed his duty to occupy the mansion, and no other room was so home-like and comfortable to him. In truth he seemed to be nearer to the man whose interests he had undertaken to guard there than elsewhere. As soon as she came, however, his couch was taken away, and the lounge that Hargrove had used substituted in its place. His easy-chair and all that could betoken his presence was removed. So when Hilda came softly down the stairway, opened the half-concealed door and stepped into the room, she almost felt as if her father would step forth from some dim alcove to give her welcome.

The wood-fire had burned low, but a great mass of glowing embers dispensed a comfortable warmth. An easy-chair stood beside the hearth. A shaded lamp cast a soft radiance through the room. She sat down and warmed her chilled hands. After a time she lifted the snowy cloth and began to eat the luncheon that had been provided for her. The keenness of her sorrow had passed away. A sweet drowsy mood, full of tender memories, came over her. Little by little consciousness receded, and she slept. Thought shaped itself into a dream. She was still sitting by the fire in the library, but now she was waiting for her father's coming. She watched the door, expecting every moment that it would open and admit him. She grew weary with delay, and wondered why he did not come as she dreamed that he had promised. She fancied that some great danger beset him. She thought that he was calling to her, but she could not go. Her limbs were leaden, but each sense was marvelously keen. The wall of the library seemed to open, and she saw beyond. Gradually the personality of her dream changed. Her father faded from her thought, but the sense of peril still remained. Now it was Martin over whom it impended. She was still in the library. He was in his own room—the room in the tower that matched her mother's boudoir. She knew

that he had chosen that since he had lived at Sturmhold, because it had been their play-room in childhood. How strange our dreaming fancies are! She dreamed that the fire rolled out upon the hearth and spread—a livid, seething torrent—to the foot of the stairs that led up to her lover's room. It charred the floor, curled about the steps, caught the banisters, blistered the wall, and gnawed its way slowly upward.

Then she saw a figure—who could it be? It seemed that she ought to recognize it, but she did not. A figure with wild eyes, disheveled hair, and garments strangely disarrayed. She saw it steal along the hall, burst into the library, rush to her father's desk, tear open the lid, grope nervously about for a while, and then, with a sudden, eager cry, snatch something from within, and press it to her bosom. The dream had merged into reality. Hilda was wide awake. She saw a woman standing by her father's desk whom she did not know. She had forgotten for the moment that he was dead. She thought a robbery—a wrong to him—was being committed, and sprang forward to prevent it. She clutched the woman by the arm and shrieked for help. The startled robber turned on her assailant. A brand had rolled out upon the hearth and burst into a blaze. Hilda's pale face and black robe stood revealed by its light. A strange look of terrified recognition flashed across the woman's face. The wild, frenzied glare died out of her eyes. She ceased to struggle, shivered, and shrank away.

"Rietta! Rietta!" she said in a voice hoarse with terror. Then, with a shriek of mortal fear, she sank down upon the floor a shivering, chattering, shapeless mass, and Hilda recognized her old nurse, the crazed and pitiable Alida.

Hilda's cries brought the household to the library. When they raised Alida to bear her away, a curiously-wrought key dropped from her hand. As they went past the room in the base of the tower the smell of fire began to pervade the house. The door was locked. They burst it open and found the flame, half-smothered by its own hot breath, creeping slowly up the stairs. It was soon quenched, and the unconscious sleeper above knew not how near the stealthy root of death had come to him, until he heard a terrified voice calling at his door; and when he answered he heard a fervent "Thank God," as Hilda tripped across the hall to her own room and was back in the library almost before Mr. Kortright had noted her absence. Martin soon joined them. Hilda told the story of the night, and Mr. Kortright of many other nights. Then Jason came with the key that had dropped from Alida's hand. He said it was the key of the strong box that Merwyn Hargrove had built into the wall of Sturmhold. He had lost it just before he went away, and had more than once bewailed the fact. Then they wondered how Alida came to have it at that time, and Mr. Kortright went to examine the desk. Upon the left a secret drawer lay open to his gaze; what seemed the framework of the desk, having turned inward on a hinge, disclosed a tiny recess in which a bundle of papers still lay. Mr. Kortright took them up, and, after merely glancing at the indorsements, handed them to Hilda. There were ten of them, and the indorsements corresponded with those upon the wrapper in the possession of Jared Clarkson, as Mr. Kortright noted at once. In the meantime Jason was searching among the same books Alida had been wont to examine, for the missing volume. Hilda remembered having seen it in her father's room. When she had brought it, Jason turned it over until he found a blue mark drawn around the paging. This was

the combination on which the safe was locked. He drew the heavy desk away from the wall, and quickly threw back a panel of the wainscoting and revealed a small vault filled with papers. A brief examination showed that this hidden store-house contained neither deeds nor bonds nor any evidence of debt or thing of appreciable value, but only the records of love—letters and mementos of the wife he had never ceased to mourn—the letters they had exchanged as lovers, and afterward as husband and wife. There were some letters in a cramped Italian hand from Hilda's grandfather, and a large package of them from Miss Fanny Erickson, in regard to the little nursing who had been left in her care. This was the name which Jason had persisted in calling Rickson. By these, Hilda's history might be traced almost day by day from the hour her mother left her, in Kingston, until the good lady, then on her way to England after her father's death, had written: "I send this by Captain Hargrove, who has been laughing and crying by turns for an hour, over the sturdy little girl I have brought him instead of the puny babe he remembers. She is indeed a beautiful child, and I hope that in the happy life before her she may not quite forget her volunteer nurse, who only wishes she might never part with her little Hilda."

"It is strange," said Martin, "that Alida should have known where the key was hidden."

"Good reason why she knew," exclaimed Jason. "She put it there herself. I could most take my oath Captain Hargrove never knowed of that little till. I never heard of it, certain. Besides, he told me himself the key was lost."

"But how did she know where to find the combination?"

"Jest watched till she found where he kept it," replied Jason. "I told Marse Merwyn that woman was always spyin' round. But he said it didn't make no sort of difference. There was nothing for her to find out, and she was a poor, no-count creature at the best, and could do no sort of harm to any one. It seems she did find out something, though, and might have done a power of harm."

"What do you suppose was her purpose?" asked Hilda of Harrison Kortright.

"It is hard to tell," said he with a sigh, "just what she meant to do. She had undoubtedly watched your father at his desk, and was perhaps aware of the nature of his communication to Clarkson. Her malady, perhaps, was less serious then than now. She had dwelt upon the idea that you were her daughter until it had become the controlling idea of her disordered mind. She probably removed these papers from the envelope and substituted others, not, perhaps, thinking of the character of those put in their places so much as the abstraction of these."

"But why should she wish the key to this vault?" inquired Hilda.

"For the same reason, probably," said Kortright. "She seems to have thought that if she could destroy the evidence that you were the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove, you would of necessity be considered as her child."

"So you think her purpose was to destroy them?"

"Originally that was her design, without a doubt. Of late, in her nightly intervals of semi-lucidity she seems to have had a distinct purpose. Her crazed brain remembered that there was something at the left of the desk that she wanted. She had half-forgotten what it was and where she had hidden it. She dimly remembered, also, that there was something in that set of books that was somehow connected with her general

design. I doubt if she knew what it was. She no doubt opened the drawer to-night by accident, or the sight of Martin may have stimulated her memory so that she recollected where it was. The possession of the key may, perhaps, have enabled her to recall what it was she wished to find in the book she was accustomed to examine on her nightly visits to the library, or it may be that she only knew that your father always looked at the book before opening the safe, and had no distinct idea what it was she sought."

"Poor Alida!" sighed Hilda.

Aye, poor indeed! Her life had exemplified the fearful possibilities for horror that a system destined to swift destruction held. After a life of shame and sorrow and misery her poor crazed brain was soon to be at rest. When one came searching for her a few days afterward, in order that a mother's crime might be in part atoned, he was just in time to gaze upon a still, cold face, note a birth-mark, which the abundant iron-gray hair had hid, and stand by her open grave.

"Poor Lida," repeated Hilda, as she thought of the woes that had beset the life of one whose worst fault had been an unreasoning love for her. Tears fell fast as she thought what Alida had suffered and she herself had escaped.

Aye, weep gentle heiress of sweet memories! The last plowshare is overpast. Ah, not the last! The children of George Eighmie, whom your father has given you in charge to watch over—what of them?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SOME BITS OF GOSSIP.

AMY HARGROVE had at length an answer to her letter. It was very brief, merely referring her to a letter which the writer had sent to Miss Hunniwell. So, in response to her request, the teacher visited her convalescent pupil, taking with her the letter alluded to. It was from the president of the Bank of the Metropolis, and was in response to one of the circular letters she had sent out announcing the discontinuance of the school for the time being, and inclosing bill for Amy's board and tuition.

She had also suggested that because of the injury Amy had received she might require more than her usual allowance for the term. It was in this manner that all of Amy's bills had been paid, and all communication with her guardian had been made through the president of the bank. To this letter Miss Hunniwell received the following reply:

"MADAME: I have yours of the 8th inst., and inclose draft for the amount of your bill. In response to your farther suggestion, it may be well for me to state that the remainder of the sum deposited with me for the benefit of Miss Amy Hargrove amounts to \$674.43, which will be paid to your order or to hers. In case she should desire to draw on us, however, we should require your indorsement as a guarantee that the money actually reached her hands."

"I deem it proper to state here that no farther responsibility will be assumed on account of the young lady by the person who made this deposit. It is needless, therefore, to advise prudence in its expenditure. It will probably suffice to carry her through the next term, when it would be wise for her to seek some means of self-support."

"To avoid needless inquiry, it may be well for me to add that I am strictly prohibited from disclosing the name of the party who provided this fund, save upon his written request or that of his legal representatives."

"With the utmost sympathy for the young lady and yourself, I am your obedient servant,

WILLIS KENTON, President."

Amy's pinched, cold face became ashen in its pallor as she read this letter, and tossing back her curls looked up at the teacher with a wild terror in her great black eyes. Her lips grew white, and a shiver passed through her frame as she asked huskily:

"What does it mean?"

"I do not know," said the teacher kindly.

There came to Jared Clarkson, while yet at Bloomingdale, by the hand of a brisk young attorney, a letter from Matthew Bartlemy to this effect:

"MY DEAR SIR: I can hardly make out what you are all doing up there in Blankshire. Why you haven't put Eighmie where he can have a chance to cool his heels in solitude before this, I cannot imagine. However, I suppose you know. I'm almost sorry for the man, too. He wouldn't have been half the fool he is if his counsel, Bob Gilman, was not so powerful sharp that he can't use the little sense the Lord gave him. He was just possessed with the idea that Hilda was George Eighmie's child, and had been adopted by Hargrove as his own in order to conceal her identity. I don't know why he took up the notion, unless it was just because that was a thing no human being that had a grain of sense would ever think of doing. I knew Gilman had that idea years ago, and I must say I was foolish enough, one while, to be a little afraid it might be true. I even went so far as to sound Hargrove on it myself. But, bless your heart, I never was more ashamed of a thing in my life. Why there wasn't a quiver in his eye nor a flush on his face as he spoke of it. A half-amused, half-pitying smile stole round his mouth as he referred to it, evidently not dreaming that any one but a crazy woman could entertain such an idea. I didn't say anything about it when I came back, because I had a notion that some time or other Gilman would burn his fingers with it, just as he has. That letter to you that was found on Hargrove's body clinched this notion in his mind, and I must say it did squint that way mighty strong. If I had not known better, I might have weakened then. But I knew a man had better try to walk on water than think of standing on that hypothesis. So I only laughed to myself, and watched to see where I could put in to advantage in Gilman's game. I had no fear for Hilda, though I cannot quite understand that letter. Hargrove was a mighty careful man about his papers, and I have no doubt you have the whole riddle at your fingers' ends before now. What has become of Hilda, though, it puzzles me to make out. It isn't like the girl to run away. She don't come of running stock, and always seemed to have spirit enough to do credit to her blood. From what the papers say it looks as if there was something you were afraid of. Knowing it cannot be Hilda, I have wondered if it could be that Eighmie's mistake was nearer what he wished than the game he expected to bag.

"However, I will not try to make any guesses at this distance, but tell you why I send the bearer to you now. He brings almost conclusive proof—indeed I think it is conclusive—that the mother of Alida was never a slave, consequently Alida was not a slave, and Eighmie's marriage with her was valid. This evidence consists of the sworn confession of a woman who has lately died, to the effect that she was delivered of an illegitimate female child at the house of Dr. Gant, which she left in his care—or rather to his pity—for, though she gave him a hundred dollars more than he stipulated for his services, she made no conditions about the child. Indeed, she avers that she never saw it but once, and expressly told him she had no desire to see it again. She had been sent to Dr. Gant under an assumed name, in order to conceal her disgrace, and never informed the doctor what her real name was. She thought little of the matter until many years afterward, when, a childless widow, she began to mourn for the babe she had so inhumanly cast away among strangers. Be-

fore that, however, the doctor had died, and her agent could get no clue to the girl's identity. He happened to strike on me, and told me enough of the story to awaken my suspicion that the daughter was Alida. As the woman was still alive, at that time, and was not exactly ready to admit the whole truth, however, I only hinted at what I knew. At the same time, I made up my mind that if I heard of Salathiel Jenkins being in this state I would get the truth out of him so far as he knew it. There were one or two old things hanging over Jenkins that I knew would incline him mightily toward truth-telling if he could hope thereby to keep me from hooking on to him. After a while I got hold of Jenkins sure enough, and he gave the affidavit which Mr. Torrens will show you. I ought to have said before that the bearer is Alfred Torrens, Esq., of Gleason, Torrens & Torrens, Attorneys, Washington—a most respectable firm. You probably know the old man Torrens, as he is very much of an Abolitionist, though not quite as rank as you. This affidavit closes up the gap pretty closely. The dates agree with the woman's confession, and the doctor's letters, to which he refers, give the name by which the woman was known while under Gant's care. It evidently lay on the doctor's conscience, for Jenkins says he tried repeatedly to find the girl, but he always blocked the way by telling him that he had forgotten what he did with her. I suspect there was some blackmailing, if not some kidnapping, done by Jenkins in the matter. The woman has left property, I think, to this daughter, or her descendants, under some sort of impossible conditions which Mr. Torrens will explain to you if he sees fit. I infer that the gist of them is that the beneficiaries shall take the testatrix's name, and that her youthful frailty shall be entirely concealed. Whether you can aid him or not depends, I think, on whether you understand Hargrove's letter to you. If you do, you probably have the clue in your hand. If you do not, the Lord only knows where the young man will have to go to find that necessary bit of thread.

"My chief interest in the matter is that it cuts Gilman's folks out of all chance to recover Mallowbanks or mulct Hargrove's executors in damages for his spoliation of the estate in manumitting the slaves. We can close the whole thing up now, and when the little girl Hilda comes of age or marries, she can step right into an unincumbered inheritance, which I hope she will enjoy, as her father had trouble enough over other people's folly. By the way, please give the child my regards, and tell her that when it does come off—her marriage, I mean—old Matthew Bartlemy will expect an invitation, and is going to come all the way to Sturmholt to drink her health and dance the first set with the bride. Though I suspect the son of that clear-headed Dutch-Yankee, Kortright, will find the gal and marry her before you find even which way she has gone.

"Please write me all that you think would make me feel good about your experience with Gilman's clients. He's so sick of his relief expedition now that he has taken to his bed. I don't allow that he shall forget it while I live either.

"I suppose the suits here might as well be closed out now. You might get a power-of-attorney out of Eighmie, allowing me to enter judgment. If you have him by the wrist, as I suppose, he will no doubt be in a 'disposing mind,' as the law phrases it, and let you have about anything you choose to ask for. Yours faithfully,

"M. BARTLEMY.

"P. S.—I will send in my bill against the estate as soon as I have everything completed. I suppose this matter will set you against slavery worse than ever, and I admit that it is a pretty hard thing. After all, it is not fair to judge an institution by its worst features or its accidental results. One might just as well denounce the town-meeting because there are paupers in New England, as declaim against slavery because such cases as Alida's are possible.

Such fool business as running all over the North hunting niggers, whether it is lawful or not, will soon end the whole matter. The fact is that slavery only exists now by the tolerance of the North. They have the power and a constantly-increasing numerical predominance. Our fire-eaters laugh at this, but when the tug comes, it is the most men and the most money that wins. I think that in less than twenty years this question will be decided. If it ever comes to an open rupture with the North, likely niggers will not be worth fifty cents a head when the controversy is over. The whole political atmosphere seems to me feverish and excited. If the Secessionists and Abolitionists could all be hanged, we might have peace long enough for those that are left to die of old age. That would be hard for you and your friends, but I don't see any other way. By the way, what do you think of that fellow Jason? Do they ever raise such servants anywhere except in a state of slavery? That man only cost Hargrove about six hundred dollars, and he's worth his

Jared Clarkson was charmed with the manly earnestness and simplicity of this country clergyman. The more he saw of him the deeper grew this favorable impression, and, with characteristic heartiness, he neglected no opportunity to speak of him in his letters in terms that were certain to enhance the regard of those who read. During his entire stay in Bloomingdale the good pastor's library was his favorite resort. Upon the last of his accustomed visits Mr. Torrens accompanied him, and while Clarkson disputed with the pastor about theology in the library, the young lawyer conversed with Amy Hargrove in the parlor.

Of what they spoke none ever knew, but when, two days afterward, Mr. Torrens started on his return, Amy Hargrove went with him. From that day none who had known her ever heard her name again. A few months afterward Gilbert Amory received a draft almost equal to a year's salary. It was mailed in New



AT BAY.

Unthank, raising his gun, drew a bead on the advancing party, but Hargrove forbade him to fire.

[*Hot Plowshares*, Chapter xxxiii.—THE CONTINENT, Vol. III, No. 2, page 240.]

weight in gold. Tell Miss Hilda never to let him go out of her service under any circumstances. Yours,

"M. B."

Gilbert Amory, before he attempted the rescue of Hilda, was an unknown country minister. Ten years of honest work among the New England hills, though not without results of which we need not be ashamed, had certainly been barren of fame. Within a week thereafter the East and the West were engaged in clamorous rivalry for his possession. His unquestioning manhood had struck a chord in the hearts of the people that was to make him welcome throughout the land. Without knowing it he had become a hero. Telegrams and letters poured in upon him at a rate he had never dreamed of. It was evident that this modest yet self-reliant expounder of the Divine Word would ere long leave the little hamlet in the New England hills to take part in the endless Armageddon within the walls of some great city.

York, but there was no clue to the source from which it came. He was greatly troubled about accepting so large a sum from an unknown donor. His wife insisted that it was meant as payment for what they had done for their strange, involuntary guest, and, considering the facts, not at all excessive. As it came at a time when such a windfall was peculiarly acceptable in making preparation for the new field of labor in the far western city, his objection was at length overruled and the draft was cashed. After all, the good woman's speculations were more fanciful than real.

The affair at Beechwood is one of those mysteries that are never cleared up to the satisfaction of the public. There were many guesses at the truth, but none ever knew whether they were right or wrong. The data on which they were based consisted chiefly of these facts: Sherwood Eighmie and his confederates were allowed to depart on merely nominal bail. This bail was forfeited, and the suits, public and private, were allowed to die of

sheer indifference on the part of the prosecution. When Eighmie returned to his home the litigation between "*Eighmie et al.* and Hargrove's executors" was dismissed on the plaintiffs' motion and at their cost. From these facts the people in and about Bloomingdale concluded that public justice had been bargained for private right. They could only have been half right at best, but those who held these views were stimulated thereby to a more active antagonism to slavery. These facts occasioned much comment also in the region where Sherwood Eighmie lived, but he kept his own counsel. There it was generously believed that public sentiment in Blankshire had balked the law, and that, in order to save himself and his fellows from troublesome and endless prosecution in a hostile community, he had agreed to surrender his rights, and had chivalrously kept his word. In the minds of all who accepted this view, it tended not a little to fasten the conviction that the South could not look for any justice at the hands of the North, but only envy, chicanery and hate. Not long afterward Eighmie entered into possession of Mallowbanks, by what right no one knew; but, as nobody appeared to dispute his possession, he continued to hold it. Years afterward there was found upon the Register's books of Clayburn County the record of two quitclaim deeds of the plantation known as Mallowbanks, situate in said county, properly described by metes and bounds, one executed to Hilda Hargrove by Heloise Eighmie, and the other to Sherwood Eighmie by Hilda Hargrove. As these constituted color of title in him, his possession became, in the course of years, an indefeasible right.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE HARVESTING.

ANOTHER year had passed. The Man and the Hour had come. The culmination of half a century's thought was at hand. It was a bright day in October. Where a majestic current burst its way through solid granite walls, nestling in the shadow of overhanging mountains, was a little hamlet turbulent with wild excitement. The pomp of war was strangely interspersed with the garb of peace. Turmoil and frenzy, bravado and fear, were curiously mingled. A piebald soldiery mimicked with quaint oddity the duties which the veteran performs unconsciously. A little squad of men in blue uniforms, under direction of a grave-faced man of middle age, constituted the centre of attraction. A cordon of sentinels was drawn around an open space near the river-bank. A long low building, with a double doorway that occupied almost the whole front, stood at the end of this space. Outside this line of sentinels pressed the populace, citizen soldiers and rustics, old and young, crowding upon each other to see what was within.

It was not much, yet none who saw it—aye, none who read of it in the journals of that day—will ever forget it. Within that narrow space an old man lay upon the ground. A blood-stained blanket underneath his helpless limbs. A son upon his right hand dying. Upon his left another, dead. The sun beat upon his bare head. Eager crowds questioned and jeered. The blood oozed through the matted hair and ran slowly down his neck. A wound upon his forehead was half hidden by a handkerchief, grimy and discolored. Sweat and dust and blood were upon his face and hands. The surgeons said he could not live.

This old man, with less than a score of followers, had startled the world from slumber. In every Southern state the call to arms was heard. Patrols were doubled. Slaves were watched. Terror came to every home in a

dozen states. The sunshine hid unnumbered perils. The womb of night was big with horrors. Thousands were in hourly fear. Millions slept in terror many a night thereafter. He had fallen. His insane attempt had failed. The magazine on which the South had builded was yet unfired. The insurrection of a day was at an end. The flags of two states waved triumphantly over him. The Stars and Stripes proudly attested the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws. A few dead bodies were in sight. Here and there others lay upon the public way—within the shattered building, on the rocks in the turgid river—some black, some white. Even death could not protect them. Insult pursued their poor still clay. Men shot the dead. Pools of blood were about the streets.

Even in his weakened, broken plight the old man was leonine in look and gesture. A word of comfort to the dying son, of pity for the one already dead, but of his own sad hurt no word. No murmur of complaint, no moan of pain. To those who stood over him plying his ebbing strength with fierce inquisition, his replies were clear and calm. To those who uttered curses, he found breath to administer reproof. Even cowards were compelled to admire his courage, and those who hated most to admit his sincerity. "The bravest man I ever saw," said one whose own courage many a bloody field afterward attested. "No man ever lived before who was at all like him," said another, who bent over him that day and sought to drag from his lips the story of some great conspiracy—some Catilinian revolt against "the best government the sun ever shone upon." In vain. At the top and bottom, the beginning and the end, there was but one man—one thought, one name—John Brown. Not boastful nor ambitious; not seeking power or wealth; not looking to overthrow a nation or found a dynasty—the one man "unlike all other men" had drawn unto himself a few whose hearts were fused with the fervor of his own high purpose, and had undertaken a movement perilous and rash beyond any in history.

The Martyr had appeared. Self-immolated he lay upon the soil of Virginia. The world knows the story. That "strange Mr. Brown," as Hilda had called him. "Old Brown, of Ossawatamie," as his enemies named him. "Old man Brown," as the most friendly of the metropolitan journals of that day termed him. "Captain John Brown," as he modestly avowed himself upon his capture—the incarnation of a thought that already colored with its fervid glow the life of one-half of a great people—John Brown had offered himself and the poor lives that clung to his a sacrifice for liberty and a protest against slavery. "Guilty," said they who saw only the blood that flowed. "Mad," said they who pitied. "A fool," cried those who measured his act by their own weak spirit. "Unlike all other men," said the statesman who saw and wondered. "John Brown," is all the world has yet found to say of him. Uncomprehended, because the world has so few standards by which he might be measured. Revered as a martyr through one-half the land. Execrated as a monster by the other. Looked upon with reverence in many thousand Northern homes. A name of terror at every Southern fireside. To the North the forerunner of justice and liberty. To the South the incarnation of bloodshed, rapine, woe! To the one his act meant aggression. To the other his execution meant defiance. When he died, throughout the North the church-bells tolled and prayer was uttered for the passing soul. In the South thanksgiving was offered for deliverance from evil. John Brown! Monster and Martyr; Conspirator and Saint; Murderer and Liberator; Cause and Consequence! Animating one-half the

land to emulate his example; stimulating the other to meet aggression; inciting both to the shedding of blood!

Brave, humble, single-hearted, simple living. Seeking not his own gain. Cruel in the scathing intensity of his hate for wrong. Grand in the impossibility of his attempt. Sublime in his faith that through his death the purpose of his life would be performed. The climax of one age and the harbinger of another!

Upon the bridge that spans the river stands a restless crowd gazing at a half-naked body that lies upon a rock midway of the rushing stream. It is long since dead, but many a shot is fired at the bare breast and cold, set face that overhangs the boiling eddy beneath.

"D'ye see that mark upon his face?" said one.

"For all the world like 'Lathiel Jenkins," answered his fellow, curiously.

"Don't you know him?"

"No."

"Why, it's that boy 'Lathiel used to own—the one that run away."

"You don't say?"

"Yes; I knew he'd go to the bad. He was always saying he'd *'rather die than be a slave.'*"

"Well, he's had his choice," said the other carelessly.

"Yes," was the reply. "It's a pity, too. He was a right likely boy if he hadn't been so high-strung."

Skendoah has a holiday once more. The wheels are still; the looms silent; the factories closed. The houses are decked with flags. Martial music echoes through the streets. A thousand bayonets catch the sunbeams. The tread of serried ranks is almost drowned by the clatter of attendant feet upon the sidewalks. There are moist eyes and quivering lips. Mothers and wives and

sisters are sacrificing to the sentiment of freedom. Skendoah has given of its best and bravest. A thousand households have yielded up a chosen life—a first-born or a best-beloved. In the front rides one with grave, flushed face, still young. The end of preparation and of waiting has come at length. He is not one man but a thousand. Behind him are the ripening years. The labors of a generation have brought forth fruit. The lost lake yields up its treasures. The busy years have transmuted into gold the waters of Memnona. Skendoah sends its heroes forth, equipped for the soldier's work, and Martin Kortright leads them.

The train is filled; the engine puffs and shrieks; the crowd cheers lustily; the tears are hidden and the sighs are drowned. In an open barouche stands a fair young wife whose eyes are bright and dry, waving a farewell. So long as the train is in sight the spotless signal of her love waves good cheer to the departed. When the last glimpse of it is lost she bows her head upon the shoulder of the gray, decrepit man who sits beside her, and utters to the coachman the one word, "Home!" Ah! how sobbingly weak and vain it sounds! Sturmhold once more has lost its master. As they drive through the thronged streets—past the silent factories, across the bridge above the empty channel, and see the soft spring sunlight kissing the blue waters of Memnona, Harrison Kortright waves his hand toward the quiet lake, the clustered homes, the silent caverns where the gnomes of labor sleep, and says:

"This day cometh the Harvest!"

The nation faces the ordeal the Past has prepared. HOT PLOWSHARES lie along her path, and she is led blindfold and barefoot to the trial. The ages wait to sit in judgment!

[THE END.]

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER V.

It is Miss Churchill's maxim always to make herself as comfortable under any given circumstances, as those circumstances will permit; nor has she failed on the present occasion, to live up to her own precept. Beneath the garden wall, where the shade spreads coolest, a fur rug, filched from the drawing-room floor, is extended; cushions, unlawfully thieved from the drawing-room sofa, mollify the hardness of back of the garden chairs. Upon the unlikely hypothesis of her conversation running short, she has unearthed all the novels she can find. At her feet the dogs alternately sleep, and gnash their teeth—rarely successful—at the flies. In the sun, close by, stands the parrot's gilded cage; so that, if other resources fail her, she may fall back upon his loquacity. In addition to the dogs, at her feet also lies Rivers, unworthily occupied in tickling the inside of the dozing Pug's ear with a flower-stalk. This is the tranquil Arcadian picture that salutes Mrs. Forth's eyes as she issues from the house. He has his back turned toward her! He has not cared enough for her coming, even to place himself so as to watch for it! How is she to know that it was only a moment ago, in obedience to

Sarah's orders, and in dread of the remembered penetration of her eyes, that he had adopted his present position? How cool they look! How much at ease! What a pity to disturb them! After all she might as well have finished the proofs. As she draws near them, walking so softly over the turf that they are not immediately aware of her, a new burst of laughter fills and grates upon her ears.

"You seem very merry," she says dryly.

Sarah exhibits no surprise—as why indeed should she?—at her sister's advent. With her head thrown back comfortably over her chair, she finishes her laugh luxuriously out, but of Rivers' mirth, Belinda need no longer complain. There is not much that could be called mirth in the face that—suddenly leaping to his feet—he turns toward her. What a death's-head she must be to work such an instantaneous transformation in him?

"You seem to be very merry," she repeats.

She is conscious of the resentful dryness of her tone; of the fagged flush upon her cheeks; and the sullenness that she has not quite been able to banish from her eyes; but she is as powerless to correct the one as the

others. What has he done to deserve that tone? Beneath it he stands tongue-tied.

"May I not know what your joke was?" she says, struggling not very successfully for a greater amenity of manner; "why should it not amuse me, too?"

"It—it was nothing much!" he answers, deprecatingly; "I do not know why I laughed; it was only—" looking unhappy and ashamed, "that Miss Churchill was telling me that Punch had once been engaged to the parrot; and that it was broken off because she bit his tale to the bone!"

There is such a contrast between the very mild wag-gery of this anecdote, and the deep humiliation of the tone in which he narrates it, that Sarah sets off laughing helplessly again; but not a muscle of Belinda's face moves.

"That respectable old jest," she says, with a slight shrug; "it has been for many years a family Joe Miller!"

"It was not a Joe Miller to him!" replies Sarah, standing up in indistinct defense—indistinct through much laughing—of her pleasantry; "he may pretend now that he did not like it—but he did!"

Belinda sits down; but the cloud still lowers on her brow. To her own heart she says that she does well to be angry. That here, for the first time face to face with the tragedy of their two lives, he should be in a condition to be genuinely amused by so miserable a jest—by any jest! Nor does the crushing of his merriment please her any better. She then is the wet blanket who stifles his jollity. Times are indeed changed! If she were to leave them, no doubt the peals of laughter would at once break out afresh. But for the present they are effectually stilled. Painfully and sorely conscious of this, she makes another difficult effort to recover her good temper.

"I think I am losing my sense of humor," she says awkwardly; "it must be the effect of Oxbridge air. Punch, will you, too, lose your sense of humor?"

She has lifted the lively little dog up on her knees; and is half hiding her hot face against his.

"He is losing something else, is he not?" says Rivers, made bold by her gentler tone diffidently to draw a little nigher to her, and to raise his eyes in painful questioning to hers.

As he speaks, he lifts his hand and touches the locket habitually worn round the neck, and as habitually tried to be scratched off by Punch; and from which a lock of hair is at present obviously escaping.

"Why, Punch, do *you* wear locks of hair?" asks the young man, laughing nervously; "Whose is it? Pug's, let up hope!"

"It is always coming out," interposes Sarah in a disgusted voice; "the fact is," lazily drawing herself up into a sitting posture, and looking round explanatorily, "that people have a way of giving me locks of their hair—I am sure I do not know why—and as I cannot possibly wear them all, Punch is good enough to wear some of them for me! Punch has worn a great deal of hair in his day, have you not, Punch?"

As she speaks, she calls the dog to her; and becomes absorbed in the contemplation of his jewelry.

"Is it German or English hair, should you think?" asks Rivers, almost under his breath.

There is a smile on his face as he puts this question; but a smile with whose mirth she need not quarrel. In a moment how the Hussars and Uhlans are clanking round her again! How the soft wind is pelting her with cherry flowers! How the old Schloss is towering up against the German sky! She cannot answer him;

but those few words seem to have given them back something of their former intimacy.

"Now whose is it?" says Sarah reflectively, having taken out the little lock, and being now contemplatively eyeing it with her head on one side; "what a memory I have! Belinda, can you help me? whose is this lock of hair of Punch's? Oh, but it must have been since your day; it is not unlike *yours*" (turning to Rivers, and coolly setting the little tendril against his hair to compare them). "Did you ever give me a lock of your hair?"

He turns with a start. He has been unwisely allowing himself to drift into one of his old speculations, as to whether any woman's ear had ever sat so daintily close to her head as does that of the wife of Professor Forth.

"A lock of my hair!" he cries, jumping up, and falling on his knees before Sarah, with an air of exaggerated playfulness; "if I have not, I am quite ready to supply the omission; whereabouts will you have it from?" passing his hand over his own crisp curls. "May I take your scissors, Mrs. Forth?"

It is the first time that he has so addressed her. It is with untold difficulty that the name crosses his lips, and consequently he enunciates it with unusual distinctness. It is in reality a cudgeling that he is administering to himself for his late lapse, but to her it seems a wanton cruelty.

"May I take your scissors, Mrs. Forth?"

Mrs. Forth's head is, however, bent so low over her work-basket, that apparently she does not hear. Behind the shelter of that convenient receptacle for tapes and needles, her hands are trembling and writhing. At Dresden would he have talked even in joke of giving Sarah a lock of his hair? Why, he never even heard her when she spoke to him! Happily for Belinda, at this point, she is summoned to the house on some trifling errand, which detains her for ten minutes—ten minutes in which she is able to resume some hold upon herself; and it is well that it is so, for the sight which greets her is one not calculated to promote her equanimity. Sarah has abandoned her lazy reclining, and is sitting up, and holding Rivers' hand; not, indeed, when one comes to observe closely, in any very lover-like manner, but as one who is examining it with an air of the liveliest interest and curiosity.

"I should be ashamed to own such a hand," she is saying, with her accustomed candor; "it is like a workman's hand."

"But I *am* a workman," he answers bluntly.

And then he is suddenly aware of Belinda's presence, and snatches it away.

"It really is quite a curiosity in its way," says Sarah in a pleased voice; "it is as hard and horny as a day-laborer's; do show it to Belinda!"

He looks toward her, hesitating and uncertain. She has resumed her former seat, and her work-basket.

"Do!" she says, trying to speak with her newly summoned tranquillity, and he holds it out to her, palm upward.

It is a beautiful hand still, shapely and vigorous, but on it are disfiguring evidences of hard, coarse toil. There is nothing particularly affecting in a work-roughened palm: it is a condition to which are subjected the hands of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the human race; and yet, as she looks at it, she has much ado to prevent the tears from springing to her eyes.

"You know," he says, "I told you that I could not stand the confinement of an office life!"

"We know?" cries Sarah, pricking up her ears. "You

told us? What do you mean? When have you ever had the chance of telling us?"

He stops—staggered and white. He had forgotten the presence of an auditor. Nor is Belinda in a plight to help him.

"I mean," he says, floundering, "that I—I intended to tell you; and so," hurriedly resuming his narrative, "I—I went as an ordinary hand in the iron-works; and was set to work at the puddling-furnace."

"The puddling-furnace!" cries Sarah, delighted with the sound; "and what is a *puddling-furnace*, pray?" repeating the phrase with emphatic relish.

"A puddling-furnace is a furnace where the pig-iron from the smelting-furnace is worked about at a great heat with iron rakes—*rabbles*, they call them—and I had the honor and pleasure," with a shy laugh, "of working one of these rakes, until the iron became malleable."

Belinda's pretence of work has dropped unheeded on the grass beside her.

"H—m!" says Sarah, still agreeably interested; "no wonder that your hands are not so pretty as they might be. And was it very hard work?"

"It was not exactly child's play," he answers dryly; "but they gave us high wages; they were glad to get hold of a good strong chap like me. We had need to be pretty strong!"

"And did you work at it all day?"

"We were relieved every six or eight hours. We could not have stood it longer on account of the heat; that *was* pretty bad!"

He pauses a moment, passing his disfigured hand, half in absence, half in kindness, along Pug's roomy back; then adds:

"It is the heat that does it! As a rule, puddlers do not live long; it is the heat that does it."

He says it with complete simplicity, neither expecting nor wishing for compassion; as if to spend eight hours a day in a puddling-furnace were the natural and ordinary sequel of an education at Eton and Oxbridge.

So this is how he has spent the twenty months, passed by her in listening for the postman's knock—in this life-shortening, mind-deadening brute toil! Well, even so, he has had the best of it!

There is a silence of some moments' duration, broken by Sarah, whose sharp ear has caught a sound of footsteps.

"Ha!" she cries with animation, "here comes my little flock; and as ill-luck will have it, I have forgotten every one of their names. Belinda! quick! help me! which is which?"

Belinda lifts her downcast eyes; lifts them to see three young gentlemen, whom apparently the parlor-maid, with that contempt for undergraduates inherent in the native Oxbridge mind, has left to announce themselves, timorously advancing. They are evidently not very easy in their mind, and are somewhat obviously each pushing the other to the front.

Clearly, Professor Forth's house is no habitual lounge for undergraduates. A movement of irrational relief thrills through Rivers' heart as he realizes this.

"They must indeed be fond of you, Sarah, to have faced me!" says Mrs. Forth, with a dry smile. "How frightened they look! as frightened," with one quick glance at Rivers, "as *you* used to be!"

She does not pause to see the effect of her words; but rising, walks with her long slow step to meet her guests.

"I do not wonder that they are frightened," says Sarah in a stage aside to the young man. "Does she

not look as if she were going to ask them to w^{d. Sker} owes the pleasure of their visit? If I do not fly^{ousane} to the rescue even now they will turn tail and run!"^{born o}

But Sarah for once is mistaken. They have no^{ushed} desire to turn tail and run. It is doubtful, indeed, wheth^{iting} on their homeward way, and over their evening cigars, t^{und.} their limited and artless vocabulary of encomium is m^{f a} ore strained to find epithets of approval for Miss Church^{ds} ill than for her austerer sister. But indeed, to-day, Be[;] linda is not austere.

"Why should she snub them?" she asks herself sadly; "has she not had enough of snubbing people for all her lifetime?"

And so she is kind to them—too kind, Rivers begins presently to think with a jealous pang, as he sees her pouring out tea for them with her all-lovely hands; endowing them with her heavenly-smile; lightening their darkness with her starry eyes. Nor is he, even yet, wise enough in love's lore, or coxcomb enough to suspect that it is he himself—he sitting by, apparently neglected and overlooked—who has lit the eyes and carved the smile.

Sarah is very kind, too; but they are rather hurt at the hopeless muddle into which she has got their names.

By-and-by, when well be-tea'd and be-caked, they are embarked upon a game of tennis, and the sound of callings and laughings, of balls struck and racquets striking, breaks the Arcadian silence of that hitherto virgin inclosure—Professor Forth's tennis-ground. It is too small to admit of more than one set at a time; and Belinda, as a good hostess, despite the warm urgencies of the now tamed and happy strangers, retires in favor of her visitors. It boots little to inquire whether the sacrifice costs her much.

"Do you play?" cries Sarah nonchalantly, flourishing her racquet under Rivers' nose. "No? Ah!" with an impudent smile, "you are more at home with your *rake*!"

Though it is morally impossible that they could have understood it, both Bellairs and Stanley are contemptible enough to laugh at this sally; a fact which would no doubt have made Rivers disposed to punch their heads, had he heard them; but the jest and its prosperity both fell upon deaf ears. Sight and hearing are stopped by the anxious fear:

"Is she displeased with him for refusing to play? Ought he to have played? Will she now expect him to go? At parting, will she say any word of farther meeting?"

A lump rises in his throat. Not presuming again to take up his place on the grass at her feet—though, after all, it is a privilege that no one grudges even to the dogs—he stands, uncertain and unhappy, before her. If she so wills it, this must be the end. Nor does she seem in any hurry to put him out of his incertitude.

Upon her the day's earlier mood is returning. In what life-giving whiffs comes the kindly wind! Did ever homely-coated bird say such sweet things as does the blackbird from among the cherry-boughs? and the little vulgar villa-garden has grown like that of which Keats spake:

"Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume that on earth is not!"

He is here before her, waiting one lightest sign from her to lie down at her feet and be trampled on. Is it any wonder, that being a woman, she lets three minutes elapse before she gives that sign?

At the end of that time, "Are you at it still?" she asks abruptly.

It is half an hour since the subject was dropped, and a dozen others have intervened between; yet he seems to have no difficulty in understanding at once to what her speech alludes.

"No," he answers with a sigh of relief (for it is evident that had she wished to be rid of him, she would not have introduced a new, or resumed an old topic), taking possession as he speaks of Sarah's forsaken chair; "I am promoted to be foreman."

He pauses for her to comment or congratulate; but she does neither. She only stitches feverishly on.

"It struck me that the same thing might be done with much less expense of labor by machinery," he continues, with the hurry of one who has no assurance that he is not wearying his listener; "and in consequence of this—this invention of my mine, which our firm has taken up, I have been promoted to the rank of foreman."

He stops so decidedly that she is compelled to make an observation of some kind.

"And in due time, of course, you will be taken into partnership, and marry your master's daughter," she says with a difficult flippancy.

The blood rushes to his face. He had expected a kinder commentary. Surely no jest ever so ill became her whom, in his eyes, all becomes. There is a silence. The sun's rays are less vertical, and the dogs have wakened. Punch indeed, under the mistaken idea of being obliging, is officiously retrieving the tennis balls, and being warmly slapped by the heated players for his good nature.

"Well," says Belinda, with nervous asperity in her tone, "is there nothing more? Go on."

"Others have invented machines of the same kind," he continues spiritlessly, for her jest has taken the heart out of his narration, "but they have turned out either complete failures, or only very partial successes; if mine has better luck, our firm holds out hopes of taking out a patent, and giving me a small share of the business."

"Did I not tell you so?" cries she, laughing rather stridently; "why, my prophecy is already half way toward fulfillment."

Again his face burns, but he deigns her no answer. If she can stoop to so unworthy a merriment, she shall at least enjoy it alone.

"It is evidently all for the best," he says, trying to

catch her callous tone; "it seems that I have a kind of turn for mechanics. It was news to me that I had a turn for anything convertible into money; if—if things had gone smoothly, I might have lain down in my grave without finding out where the bent of my genius lay; and that would have been a thousand pities, would it not?"

He ends with a laugh. Her mirth, which had offended him, has long died; nor has she any answer ready to his question. Her long arms (even arms can look sad) lie listless on her lap, and her great veiled eyes see visions. Vanished from before them are the little square garden and the tennis-players. They see only his future life-path stretching before her; his life growing ever fuller, fuller, fuller of busy, prospering, eager work, with ever less and less room in it for the gap left by her. By-and-by that gap will close altogether. The sooner the better for him!

But for her? Over her there pours a rush of frantic longing to tear it wide; to keep it ever, ever yawning. But it will not so yawn always. It will close so that scarce a scar will be left to show where it once was. He is fond of his work already. In how different a spirit he addresses himself to it from that in which, sulky and half-hearted, she turns to her hated toils. A sense of injury and offense against him rises in her heart. He can never have suffered as she has suffered; his meat has never been ashes, nor his drink tears!

"It is clear that you are Fortune's favorite," she says in a hard voice; "I congratulate you."

"Thank you," he answers, deeply wounded; "you have hit upon the exact phrase that describes me."

There is such a sharp pain in his tone, that, though she has been anxiously averting her eyes from him, they must needs seek his in apology.

"Forgive me," she says with a remorseful watery smile; "you know that I was always bitter; and somehow," her lip trembling, "time has not improved me!"

Seeing the sorrowful twitching of that lovely and beloved mouth, he loses his head for a moment.

"It would have been nothing from any one else," he says, murmuring under his breath; "but it came ill from you."

She offers no denial. Only she drops her eyes; and a stealing selfish sweetness laps her senses. Not yet, then, is the gap filled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SWEETHEART.

THE stars shine out on the wide, wide sea
With a light that is ne'er forgot;
But your eyes, sweetheart, shine out on me
With a light that the stars know not.

The larks sing soft, in the fresh green grass,
Their heaven-taught melody;
But the birds are dumb as your sweet words pass,
Swift-winged as the light to me.

You have feasted me, love, as the rose the bee,
On the sweets of your lips and your eyes;
You have opened love's portals and given to me
The cycles of Paradise.

The rose climbs up to my window-seat,
And faints in its rich perfume;
But the breath of your lips is sweeter, my sweet,
And their crimson is love's ripe bloom.

Oh, lips that were fashioned for kissing mine,
That whisper in love's low tone!
Oh, eyes that out of love's vast deeps shine!
Sweet heart of my heart, mine own!

THE PRUDHOMME PRIDE.

BY SOPHIE WINTHROP WEITZEL.

PART FIRST.

BAYVILLE wondered what the Prudhommes lived on. Some people said it was their pride. Yet one would think there could not be a great deal of that left. One would suppose that must have melted away almost as fast as the property.

The fine sweep of lawn, its elms cut down, had been sold before Judge Prudhomme died, to pay his sons' debts. The stately box-alleyed garden had been cut through by the railroad. The full-length portrait of old Governor Prudhomme had been "parted with." To be sure, it had been bought by the state, and was to hang in the State Capitol—not at all an ordinary business transaction, Mrs. Prudhomme said. Most of all, James Prudhomme had come home, and he was certainly not a thing to be proud of.

Pride, however, lives on meagre diet. If the Prudhommes lived on pride, and pride lived on the faded glory of the Prudhommes, it may have been a sorry story, but it may also have been a true one.

The old house certainly kept up its dignity, standing with its great wings and Mount Vernon front in the dreary solitude of a commonplace modern street. Long lines of portraits still hung in the hall. Brocade gowns, which had stood before kings, and slippers which had danced with Washington and Lafayette, glorified the garret. There was believed to be silver of untold value in the house, and china in the deep, shady closets which it was simply distracting to think of.

Mrs. Prudhomme, or "Madame," as she enjoyed being called, though white-haired and faded, still carried her head like a goddess, as she did when she came home a bride fifty years ago, bearing upon it the honors of two proud families. Even now, on her rare appearances in the streets, obsequious Bayville—obsequious, though critical—bowed low before the old ark of a carriage, ignoring the fact that coachman and steed were Mike, the grocer, and his yellow nag, hired for the occasion. Many persons even bowed to the carriage when nobody but poor James was within. And when Miss Rachel drove out they did more than bow—they smiled.

Miss Rachel, however, seldom did drive out. She liked better to walk. Every morning she stepped briskly down the street to do her marketing, and would have carried a basket on her arm if her mother had allowed it. Sometimes of an afternoon, when her mother was busy with Trollope's latest story, and James was out of mischief, Miss Rachel would stray off quite alone into the country and up the hill for a far view of the beautiful bay and the sea beyond. Once she had been seen running in the garden with her little dog for company. But that indiscretion was not repeated. Such behavior Madame Prudhomme said was highly unbecoming a young woman over twenty-five years old. And so it was, Miss Rachel blushing confessed, and ran no more.

The evenings, and indeed the days, were chiefly passed in the sober old drawing-room with James, if he happened to be at home, stretched on the sofa where Washington had once sipped coffee, and Madame Prudhomme stately by the fireside, reading or dropping stitches in her perennial afghans. There was little conversation. James never talked. Rachel's little comments on Bayville topics did not interest her mother.

After the daily paper had been read there was not much of common interest to the three.

Madame Prudhomme clicked her needles and thought, not of her work, but of those painful gaps, those dropped stitches that fifty hurrying years had left, and nobody could stop to mend. Daily she went over that catalogue which every mother carries next her heart.

Regina, John, James, Christina, Charles, Joseph—at every name there came a sigh.

Regina, the eldest, was not dead. She lived in Europe. It was cheaper, she wrote her mother, after you knew the ways. Her husband, who called himself a cosmopolitan, and spent his best years playing dominoes at a dull little German bath, had nothing to call him home. They would stay for the present, certainly.

John—the less said about him the better. He was dead now.

James—here he was on the sofa, come home again.

Happy Charles and Christina died young.

Joseph was shipwrecked on that last voyage to the Islands, from which he was to have come home with a competency and marry his cousin Jane. Instead of that neither he nor the competency came, and Jane lived ten years and died.

At the last name on her list—Rachel—Madame Prudhomme forgot to sigh. This little maiden had come late to her mother—a November daisy, a kindly afterthought of heaven. To be sure she was very little like the other Prudhommes—not much more than a daisy is like a Victoria Regia. But then she was always there looking you brightly in the face. She made you think of spring. She was "capable," too. She read well. She picked up the dropped stitches. She was Rachel!

If it had not been for James even these faded autumnal years of the Prudhommes might have been peaceful years. But there was James, an obtrusive, a sorrowful fact. If he had practiced evil for himself alone, Miss Rachel thought—if he had *merely* gone through the very slim bank account and driven her to her wits' ends for the daily family supplies—she could have borne it better.

But he did not confine himself to these mischiefs. With the attractions and graces of a gentleman, with the weight of his honorable name and his superior years, with his generosity and good-fellowship, he easily gathered about him a bevy of admiring young men, the sons of the rich business men of modern Bayville. He could not talk to his mother and sister, but he could keep a room-full of these youths in breathless interest or ecstatic laughter an entire night.

It grieved Miss Rachel to see these young men drawn into her brother's idle, gross and evil ways. She set herself to think what she could do about it. Many an elegant little supper she contrived, at the risk of several family dinners, that she might at least keep the party for a time in a sweet atmosphere and an innocent house. She was much younger than James, and a good deal afraid of him. But in the face of his wrath and of her mother's proud displeasure, she would sometimes have her brother's callers shown into the drawing-room, and keep them busy through a long evening with music, chat or a game of whist.

Miss Rachel felt particularly sorry about Charley

Newman, whom she had known since they both were children. They had been at Sunday-school together, and a bowing acquaintance had since been kept up, though until of late they seldom met. Young Newman's father was the richest man, and many persons would have added the best man, in Bayville. And Rachel believed her old playmate to be good-hearted and innocent, though just now a little wild and thoughtless.

More and more frequently were James Prudhomme and Charley Newman seen together—on the streets, in the hotel porches, at the Prudhomme mansion. Oftener and oftener Rachel invited Charley in when he came to the house, and more and more cordial she became. Madame Prudhomme was chillingly tolerant. She did not approve of these upstart families. Mr. Newman she supposed was a respectable man, an inventor or something of that sort. She wished James would not choose such companions, and she wondered Rachel encouraged him in it.

Still Charley Newman came and came, and still Miss Rachel grew cordial and delightful. She went for a sleigh-ride with him and her brother. She coaxed them to take her to "Pinafore," instead of going off with a so-called shooting party. Once or twice she wrote a note to her old playmate, arranging for some meeting or slight festivity.

How should innocent Miss Rachel, twenty-seven years old, guess that Bayville, multiplying the sleigh-rides and "Pinafore," the visits and the notes, had quite made up its mind that the Prudhommés were about to mend their shattered fortunes by an alliance with the Newmans? How should she guess that her brother had discouraged neither the gossip in the town nor the hopes of the young heir? How should she suspect what those hopes might be till one summer day he found her alone, and she was smitten suddenly with sore dismay.

Miss Rachel was not experienced in this feeling; but she recognized it. She had had it once before, in her boarding-school days, when the handsome young minister fell at her feet and implored. And so, half an hour later, this other young man sadly went his way, and Rachel Prudhomme, twenty-seven years old, ran up stairs and cried—a sad lack of the Prudhomme pride! But love was sweet to the lonely little woman.

And then, how was Rachel to foresee—to dream—what followed? The fortnight's hunting expedition—the desperate flirtation with a pretty country girl—the newspaper announcement which took all Bayville's breath away:

"In Littleton, September 1st, Charles Newman, of Bayville, to Miss Flossie Brown, of Littleton."

"I left him there last week," said James in explanation. "He said he should marry her now he'd gone so far. He's a young goose! And here's all Bayville gloating over the story that he's broken an engagement with you, and disappointed the Prudhommés! I hope you enjoy your work, miss. So much for not consulting your brother!"

Rachel had been breathless like all the rest of Bayville, and speechless unlike them; but at this she found her voice.

"Please understand, James," she said, "that it makes no sort of difference to me what the young men on the street say, or what anybody else says, of my affairs. I don't understand this matter at all; but I know this—that the opinions and beliefs of the young men of your acquaintance, or indeed of the whole town, do not affect me in the least; and you know it, too, James."

The touch of family pride became her well, and James had nothing but a prolonged whistle to offer for answer.

One other person in Bayville had been as ignorant as Rachel of the current gossip. Mr. Newman, the millionaire, occupied with extensive business and schemes of far-reaching charity, had known too little of late of his son's pursuits and whereabouts. It was in a puzzled and uncertain condition of mind, most unusual with this man of business, that he lifted the knocker of the old Prudhomme house the day after James' return. He had learned enough to lead him to make this call before pushing his investigations farther.

Rachel saw Mr. Newman coming. She knew very well the tall and portly form; she knew the fringe of grayish hair falling beneath his hat, and she knew the bald spot that was under the hat. The families had long been neighbors in church, and, though she had scarcely exchanged twenty words with this man in her life, she felt on quite intimate terms with his face, it had looked pleasantly upon her so many years.

"You will forgive my calling, Miss Prudhomme," he said, "though it may seem to be upon my own business. My son has been so much with your brother, perhaps I can get a little light here. I don't know what Charley has been doing lately. He's been rather wild, I'm afraid. I've neglected him, I'm afraid. But, to tell the truth, I came chiefly to say to you, Miss Rachel, that if my son has been annoying you in any way—if he has been thoughtless or too ambitious, or troubled you in any way, why, I've come to beg your pardon in his stead."

"Oh, Mr. Newman," cried Rachel, "there is nothing for me to pardon. It is all my fault—what passed between us, I mean. And before that, I am afraid—Charley is easily led, and my poor brother, you know—"

"Yes, I know, I know," said the good man soothingly. He could not bear to see this shadow of grief and shame on Rachel's fresh face. "I know; we mustn't judge too harshly. We mustn't forget that there's only One who sees the whole life. Now, were you going to tell me a little more about that other, my dear? Or would you rather not?"

Rachel told the story with all her blushes flying about her face, and good Mr. Newman was by turns so very sorry for Charley and so charmed with the narrator that his own countenance was quite a study in light and shade.

"I hope you will forgive my thoughtlessness," she finished. "I think Charley must have done so, and I do so hope this marriage—"

"Well, we'll do the best we can about the forgiving," he said, with something between a laugh and a sigh. "And now about this young couple. I shall start this afternoon to catch them, and we must make the best of it—make the best of it! I thank you very much, Miss Rachel—very much indeed."

It was a day or two after this that the postman brought Miss Rachel a letter:

"MY DEAR MISS PRUDHOMME: I have found our young people, and I think you will be glad to know that after a talk with each I feel much relieved about them. The little girl seems sweet-tempered and affectionate—just seventeen—and she is very pretty. Charley had made arrangements to go into business here, but has now decided to go home and take a position in my office. The young people will live with me for the present. If you should feel inclined to give my little daughter the pleasure of your acquaintance, I should take it very kindly of you.

"Yours sincerely, JOHN NEWMAN"

Miss Rachel did not often get a letter. There were

the regular family bulletins from Regina, and now and then a few lines to herself personally from her distant nieces or from an old school friend. Her most precious treasures of this kind were those that came to her long ago from her brother Joseph during his voyages. These she kept in a beautiful little Eastern cabinet which Joe had himself brought her. When she had read this new letter two or three times she laid it away near those old ones, in a little compartment by itself. And she thought, as she did so, how she should always value it as proof of a pleasant *camaraderie* with a good man, and how she should call on that "little daughter" as soon as possible.

PART SECOND.

THE young married pair, having been first sent to a sister of Mr. Newman's, in New York, for the proper outfitting of the bride, came home to Bayville. Their father met them with the carriage in a state and elegance he seldom affected. As they drove up to the beautiful house on the hill, lights streamed out, servants stood waiting, a richly appointed dinner-table gleamed at the end of the hall, and the choicest rooms of the house stood ready for their use. Charles Newman grasped his father's hand in a corner, as a man can grasp another man's hand, and said, with a husky laugh, that if this were not a case of the prodigal son, it was certainly a case of the prodigal father.

Shortly after, cards were issued for a wedding reception at the Newman's.

When Rachel's came Madame Prudhomme examined them with a stately amazement.

"Really quite an elegant affair," she said. "You will have to send a refusal, I suppose. There's a little of that nice note-paper left in my secretary."

"But, mamma, I want to go," said Rachel flushing up.

"Want to go? *Rachel!* You never did such a thing in your life. What are you thinking of?"

"I must tell her," thought Rachel. "I must certainly tell her something." For the little woman was quite determined to go.

"But, mamma dear," she began, "there is a special reason this time. Do you know?—I have never told you because it was so silly—but that young man has been here so much, James and some other people have thought that he and I cared for each other. So you see—"

"Nonsense! Who would think of my daughter caring for one of these townspeople?"

But Madame Prudhomme dropped the subject, and when she next took it up it was with the question:

"What are you going to wear if you go to that party?"

"The garret will settle that," said Rachel gayly, and ran up stairs.

Nothing but a happy combination of past wealth and present poverty could have produced so charming a costume as Rachel's that evening. The garret had yielded a soft-shining satin of nameless tint. Over it fell lace that might have made a duchess weep, and the single curiously-set gem that sparkled in its midst was such as could not easily have been purchased anywhere in the world to-day. There was nothing new about our little lady, except her gloves and flowers and the dimples that seemed always freshly bubbling up on her bonnie countenance. Mike, the grocer, acted as coachman, and Madame Prudhomme insisted on old Margaret, in white apron and cap, attending as maid. The faithful servant sat dazzled in the brilliant dressing-room among the

handmaids of the house of Newman, and I hope she may be shriven for the lies she told about her family's greatness, and the magnificence of daily life in the Prudhomme mansion.

Rachel had never had so good a time in her life. She was twenty-seven years old, but she had never had so good a time in her life. It was a trifle dreary for an instant going into the drawing-room alone; but the host stood near the door, and himself took her to his sister, who was helping him welcome his friends, and to the newly-married pair. He introduced to her a delightful professor, who told her about fossils, and then a gentle youth, who roamed with her through the great conservatories. He himself brought her dainty ices, and took her for a walk in the lighted garden, where he left her with another delightful professor. It was a distinguished and brilliant company, for men of letters and of science and women of high standing were proud to know this man of active mind, royal heart and upright life. The host was everywhere, with his kindly little jokes, his infectious cheeriness; and when Miss Prudhomme's carriage was announced, and the shabby old establishment stood exposed among grinning coachmen in the brilliant light, it was the millionaire himself who handed her in as if it had been a chariot and she a queen. Certainly Rachel never had so good a time in her life! And all the way home she had to pinch herself hard to make sure that she was not a young girl in a story-book, but Rachel Prudhomme, twenty-seven years old.

Life in the Prudhomme house now returned to its usual calm. Madame Prudhomme was more rheumatic this winter, and read Trollope and dropped stitches up stairs. Nothing more festive than a Sunday-school teachers' meeting ever took place in the drawing-room. Madame Prudhomme approved of church and Sunday-school, was glad to have Rachel attend them, and wished James would do so. Now and then a guest appeared of the order with which Rachel had been familiar from her childhood. "My name is Smith. My grandfather married a Prudhomme," was a formula well known to her. She knew how most quickly to silence the inquirer by plunging him at once into the family documents. She knew on just what top shelf of a remote closet to place the genealogical volume which was sure to follow (with compliments) in due season.

Toward spring two distant cousins of her father came for a stay of a week to investigate and oversee repairs on the family tomb. This visit had a most reviving effect on Madame Prudhomme. She sat down stairs more than she had for months. She even drove out to the cemetery, and in the evenings the three gray heads were bent with great delight over musty records of the dead. Rachel felt very insignificant, but she could get up very little interest in these far-away people. Now and then, to be sure, some brave deed or noble life shone out like a jewel in the dust, and gave her a thrill of proud delight; but, for the most part, the present, dull as it was, anxious and perplexed as it often was, interested her more than the misty past. As for the future, she seldom thought of that, though a general rosiness seemed to suffuse the horizon before her.

Trouble, however, new trouble, was in the immediate foreground.

Late one afternoon a dingy, reluctant country wagon, covered with a black cloth and followed by an increasing crowd of men and boys, passed through the business streets of Bayville and stopped before the police headquarters. Its burden, still covered with the black cloth, was slowly carried within, while the low-toned tidings

ran through the crowd. It was James Prudhomme, shot, probably, by his own unsteady hand while hunting. The excited officials gathered over the body and consulted. They were much relieved when the crowd, giving way to right and left, admitted Mr. Newman, who, passing up the street, had heard the news.

The man of business stood for a time with head uncovered, considering. He then undertook such arrangements as were necessary, and agreed to inform the family. "But I must go to my office a moment first," he said. "And let me see; perhaps there are some papers." The officials had already found a shabby and ill-furnished purse. This Mr. Newman took, and going to his office filled it with bank notes as liberally as he dared, returning it to the dead man's pocket.

I need not tell how, as carefully as possible, the wretched fact of the young man's death was conveyed to Rachel and her mother—how long grief and shame mingled with a new shock and sorrow in the mourners' hearts—how Bayville gaped and moralized and pitied.

In a few days Miss Rachel found herself much perplexed about that roll of bills. It was far too large a sum, she thought, for James to have had with him in any natural way. She inquired among the young men of his acquaintance, but could get no clue. She was on the point of advertising the sum as found, but she decided to send first for Mr. Newman.

"You have been so kind," she said, "I am going to trouble you still more."

"Precisely the right thing for you to do," he answered. "I am very glad you sent for me. I know a good deal, of course, about such matters—being in my sort of business, you know. And I happen to be informed of all the circumstances in this particular case. The money is yours by every right."

Rachel still looked puzzled.

"We business men mustn't tell tales, you know. But we know a good deal. We have facilities, you see. And now I wish you would promise me, my—my dear, that if you are ever troubled or in doubt about any matter of business you'll send for me."

Rachel looked up in his good face, believed him with all her heart, and promised.

Mr. Newman was, in general, a happy man. But one thing made him miserable, and that was trouble of any kind which he could not relieve. The rubbings of that bald spot on his head, the wrinklins of his broad and sunny countenance and the deep ponderings of heart which went on within him as he watched his little neighbor in church and thought he saw a deepening shadow on her face, were such as might have threatened a permanent gloom had it not happened that there were a good many other poor and troubled people in the world, and more especially a young pair at home to be knit together and made happy in every possible way.

At last the good man hit upon a stratagem by which, he thought, he might get the better for a time of even the Prudhomme pride. He encountered Rachel casually at her gate one morning and stopped for a few words. "I beg your pardon, Miss Rachel," he said at last, "but there's that poor Historical Society of ours." The millionaire took off his hat, rubbed his head, and looked as unhappy as he could make himself look. "You see we've got a big list of officers and an elegant hall and plenty of capital, but I declare we haven't so much as a case full of things to show—things that are really historical. I've been thinking that if you could—if Madame Prudhomme could, you know—make up her mind to part with some of the interesting things in your house—that urn, for instance, that Washington had

coffee out of—or, well, 'most anything—why it would be immensely valuable to us; and I know she was once prevailed on to let the state have that portrait—"

The good man rubbed his head again and tried to keep up a despondent expression; but he was so delighted at a gleam of relief he thought he detected in the face before him that it was a most transparent fraud, or would have been to one less personally interested than Rachel.

She half suspected him at first, but much contriving was beginning to make her mercenary, and suspicion was lost in a swift calculation of the comforts that old urn would bring her mother.

"I don't know, Mr. Newman," she said. "Thank you for thinking of it"—she really could not help thanking him, he looked so good—"I will ask mamma and let you know what she says."

What Madame Prudhomme said was this: No! She should certainly not think of such a thing. She wondered the man could ask. That Prudhomme urn, to be sure, sold to a little society of tradespeople! But Miss Rachel, as I have said, was certainly growing mercenary, and at this juncture she showed herself capable of *finesse*. Her mother now sat up stairs altogether, and never looked at the silver. Rachel left the old urn in the baize-lined box, but she rubbed up a tankard of equal age and had it ready to show Mr. Newman when he called for his answer. "I really think," she said, laughing, "it had quite as much to do with Washington as the urn, for I have been looking into the old journals somewhat, and I think that particular urn went to another branch of the family."

"Never mind, Miss Rachel, never mind," answered Mr. Newman beaming. "Anything that can add a couple of ciphers to its age, you know—that's all that's needed now-days!" He might have been some glorified miser chuckling over his gains. "And if you ever think of anything else you can possibly spare, why—that Historical Society is so poor, you see—it would be such a favor."

And now again the days went on more monotonously it seemed than ever before. Even the genealogical gentlemen seemed to come more rarely. Even the Sunday-school teachers' meetings were less frequent, for Rachel was more and more confined to her mother's room and bedside. Acquaintance with Charley Newman's wife had been progressing all this time, and the development of the affectionate little country girl into a pleasing young woman, and the growing content on the husband's face, were among the happiest circumstances of Rachel's life at this time.

The young pair were now in a home of their own, and Rachel found herself taking a matronly interest in their little housekeeping experiments. It was novel and sweet to her to have the right to feel so familiar a concern in the affairs of any one outside the family.

The problem of daily life grew no easier. But Rachel remembered her promise, and more than once she took pity on the Historical Society, which body, through its president, certainly rewarded her most handsomely for her offerings.

At last there came a day when sorrow and loss crept closer than ever before to this woman's heart—when the mother's beautiful, proud head lay low, and the poor little heart-chilled daisy stood alone in the autumn wind.

It was so very still and empty in the house when all was over. Kindly relatives had lingered, but the last was now gone. The last letter of sympathy was laid aside. Friends had been thoughtful. Houses of cousins

all over the land stood open to her for visits of indefinite length. Bayville had nothing but kindly words to offer now. Charley Newman and his wife heaped up fresh flowers in her rooms, fresh kindnesses in her heart. These things eased the pain, perhaps, but they did not fill the emptiness.

She sat alone one morning, and the world looked very bleak. The door-bell rang, and the clouds suddenly lifted. At the same moment a friend came in. "I have been so sorry to be away all this time," said Mr. Newman, "so very sorry, Miss Rachel."

"But now you have come back," said Rachel smiling. They said a few words about his journey. He asked a few questions in his sympathetic yet cheery tones on the subject nearest her heart.

"But I came this morning to ask you a question," he said at last. "I am sure you will answer it frankly and freely, and—kindly. And if you can answer it as I wish, I shall—I shall be very happy. Your home is broken up. I came—I came to ask you if you could make up your mind to come and make a home for me? I hardly need to tell you about myself. You know it all, I think. I have worked with my hands a large part of my life. My grandfather was an honest man, I believe, but you never heard his name. I'm a widower; you know that, too. My wife died twelve years ago."

A vision of Mrs. Newman's good-natured face and rather striking costumes passed before Rachel's eyes. But it was quickly shut out by the earnest face bending over her.

"Maria was a good woman, and I loved her," said the widower loyally; "but she wa'n't a—a rosebud!"

Rachel by this time deserved the simile. She was one bewitching confusion of blushes, smiles and tears. And here was this good man waiting for her to speak.

"Mr. Newman," she said, looking up into his eyes, "you are my very best friend, and I honor you more than any man in the world!"

His face was a sunrise. He stretched out his warm strong hand.

"Then does that settle it, my—my blessing? May I kiss you? And now when will you come home?"

Miss Rachel paused in her sewing the next day. "I do believe," she said to herself—"I do believe I am doing that dreadful thing, marrying for a home. I am! A home means to me love, and honor, and obedience. I am! I certainly am! I wonder, too, what Regina will say. I must write her at once."

Regina said, in short, that she was very much surprised. On what the house would bring Rachel could live very genteelly in Europe. She knew nothing about this Mr. Newman, but she presumed he was a good man. She sent a Swiss carving for a wedding present, and hoped her sister would be happy.

And was this the end of the Prudhomme pride? I am not so sure of that. The last time I was in Bayville, passing the Newman place, I saw a little maiden—six years old perhaps—who carried her head like a duchess, and who bore at the same time a striking resemblance to the elderly man by her side. A lady came out on the lawn to meet them. I thought she looked proud of them both. I thought the Prudhomme pride, instead of dying, had begun a new and healthier life.

THE HOUSEHOLD—A SPRING WORD.

Now and then the editor who has settled upon a certain topic and is casting about for the best words in which to present it, finds that the desire has been simply a pulse of the thought-wave which has passed simultaneously through many minds, and that every exchange gives an article, long or short, on the same subject. The wastebasket in every sanctum holds its proper percentage of poems on Spring, and there is even now and then a new word, a fresh method of singing the old song, that half atones for singing at all. But aside from its poetical aspects, spring has small attention. It is the season of fresh colds, of house-cleaning, of moving—of everything that is shifting and uncertain and depressing. And with all the other afflictions comes spring fever. Appetite goes; headache and languor come. The housekeeper is in despair; and till June and a comparatively unchanging temperature bring one to the proper point of summer endurance and summer enjoyment, there is a sense of discomfort, and often of positive suffering. The editor of the *Christian Register* has summed it all up in words which tell the same story and make it eminently useless for the Household editor to seek new ones in which to say precisely the same thing, in, very probably, by no means as incisive a way.

From the first of April to May, or even later, is this miserable intermediate state of which he writes:

"The average town-dwelling American probably finds the ensuing month or six weeks about the most unsatisfactory portion of the year in which to enjoy life, unless it be the dog-days. The approach of warm weather relaxes the system. He has the 'spring appetite,' which means no appetite. He feels listless and dull. If he consults the doctor, he is probably told that he

is 'bilious'—a word that covers a multitude of sins in patients, and conceals a great deal of conscious ignorance in physicians. Or, if he depends upon old housewives' traditions, he drenches himself with bitters or peppers himself with pills.

"Why cannot people put a little more common sense and thought into their living, and take a hint from nature and the calendar? 'Throw physic to the dogs'—the sagacious animals will not touch it—and change your diet and habits to match the changing season. Avoid heavy and heating food. A little judicious starving is a good thing for the squeamish spring appetite. If a man isn't hungry, why should he eat? Dr. Tanner has proved, what many persons have found out for themselves, that abstinence is not so fatal as many seem still to suppose.

"If one can eat breakfast and relish it at ten or eleven o'clock, but can only force down a few mouthfuls into a protesting stomach at seven, why shouldn't he conform to the situation? Not a fifth part of the civilized world breakfasts in the fashion in vogue in this country. Many a man or woman would find their appetite equal to a plate of oranges or a dish of oatmeal or a biscuit and a cup of coffee in the morning, who cannot eat chops, fried potatoes and griddle cakes. A head of lettuce and a slice of bread and butter will often be relished for lunch, when hot soups or cold meats would go untouched. Fish and eggs are plenty and cheap in most markets, and they afford a great variety and combination of dishes especially adapted to the season.

"Another point is too often forgotten: spring means renewed activity. If the city men, who have huddled in ill-ventilated cars all winter, will walk to and from their business, or far enough to get up a good glow every day, they would soon have less reason to complain of biliousness. A good jogging and aerating will do the blood more good than any nostrums. If the women would get out into the air, spy around the markets for nice things with which to switch the home table out of the

well-worn ruts, visit their children's school, walk for the novelty of it, or even to see the spring openings, out doors and in, the change from the nerve-rasping perplexities and stifling air of the house would revive their interest in the bill of fare.

"We are all too prone to sit still and 'see the wheels go round' in the same old fashion in matters religious, political, social and gastronomical. If some of the pretty, pious mottoes that adorn our homes could be traded off for the golden text, 'Variety is the spice of life,' and the useful truth it embodies could be applied as it ought to be, there would be a good deal better living and more fun in the world, a better relish and more good digestion; and, therefore, it would be less of a dog-kennel of a place in which to live than the dyspeptic philosopher declared it to be."

WHEN TO BE IDLE.

THERE are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait; when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking, great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow. For the book that is read at dinner-time or in the street, or a language that is learned in recurring spare moments, is very apt to be half done, except by the occasional few, who really have strength of mind and body sufficient for such achievements. As a usual thing, there is more loss than gain in such a habit, and both conversation and manners suffer when there is a trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labor, pen, pencil or needle, at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable. All such acts come under the same category of virtue with the housewife's economy of time, which made her sit up in bed to knit stockings in the dark, or re-thread her needle at the infinite expense of time and eyesight to save an inch of cotton. Work done in odd moments is never good work if it interferes with meat, mass or rest. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man knows how to use time, and has the sense to recognize when time is not worth using in any definite way.

"I laid me down and slept," sang David, and when he awaked he answered, "I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about." It is a good help, and a great help, to "commune with your own heart," and many times to fold your hands and be very still.

M. A. BARK.

A CHEESE-MAKING BERRY.

NATURE has, it appears, provided a substitute for rennet in the manufacture of cheese, the article being the berry of the plant known to botanists as *Withania coagulans*. This shrub, says the *London Globe*, thrives in the Punjab and Trans-Indus territory, and has long been used by the Bellocches and Afghans to curdle milk. But its complete efficacy was not demonstrated until lately, when the berry was officially experimented with at a farm belonging to Sir James Ferguson, the present Governor of Bombay. The report published by the government says that a complete success was achieved, a perfect curd being produced and the cheese turning out excellent in every respect. The method of preparing the *punera*—so is the berry called, from the Persian name of cheese—is to put some ounces into a small quantity of cold water, and to allow this to simmer by the side of a fire for twelve hours. At the end of that time about half a pint of the decoction will suffice to curdle fifty-five gallons of milk, the quantity of berries employed being two ounces. With a view to the more extended cultivation of the shrub, an experimental plantation is about to be established at the Government Botanical Gardens at Saharanpore.

HOW TO TAKE EXERCISE.

THE aim of exercise, says the *London Lancet*, is not solely to work the organism which is thrown into activity,

though that is one, and a very important, part of the object in view, because, as the living body works it feeds, and as it feeds it is replenished; but there is another purpose in exercise, and that is to call into action and stimulate the faculty of recuperation. Exercise with a view to recuperation should never so much exceed the capacity of the recuperative faculty as to prostrate the nervous energy.

A LITTLE COMPANY.

Chicken Soup.

Little Neck Clams.

Lamb Chops Breaded.

Tomato Sauce.

Roast Haunch of Venison.

Boiled Potatoes.

Oyster Plant Fritters.

Salmi of Grouse.

Cheese.

Cream Crackers.

Chocolate Puffs.

Apple Pie.

Lemon Water Ice.

Fruit.

Coffee.

CHICKEN SOUP.—One large chicken, an old hen answering quite as well. Cut it up, and put over the fire in four quarts of cold water, seasoned with one large tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one or two sprigs of parsley. Add a cup of rice when it has boiled slowly three hours, and boil an hour or so longer. Then skim off every particle of fat, letting the kettle stand on a table till boiling stops. Strain through a sieve, take out all the bones and pieces of meat and the parsley. Press the rice through the sieve, and stir into the soup. Save a cupful of it to use with the pieces of chicken, either as mince or croquettes.

PANNED CLAMS.—Allow one patty-pan with nearly upright sides to each person. Cut stale bread in rounds to fit the bottom of each pan, butter it, and wet with clam liquor. Fill each pan nearly full of clams, pepper and salt them, and lay a bit of butter on each. Put them in a dripping-pan, cover with another, and bake till the edges curl—about ten minutes. Serve in the pans.

LAMB CHOPS BREADED.—Trim the chops carefully into French chops—that is, scrape the bone clean down to the circle of meat. Dip each one in beaten egg, and then in rolled bread crumbs, and fry a bright brown, seasoning them with pepper and salt.

TOMATO SAUCE.—One can of tomatoes, one small onion, cut fine; three cloves, three allspice and three pepper-corns, half a small carrot, and a sprig of parsley, one teaspoonful of salt. Boil all together half an hour, then rub through a sieve. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, and add a heaping one of flour. Stir till perfectly smooth, and add the strained tomato slowly, letting all boil five minutes.

ROAST HAUNCH OF VENISON.—As in No. 4 of THE CONTINENT.

BOILED POTATOES.—As in No. 1 of THE CONTINENT.

OYSTER PLANT FRITTERS.—As in No. 42 of THE CONTINENT.

SALMI OF GROUSE.—This may be made of any cold roasted game. Cut into neat pieces. Put all the bones and trimmings into a saucepan with one quart of stock, an onion sliced, four pepper-corns, a blade of mace, and a teaspoonful of salt. Boil one hour, then strain, skim off the fat, and heat the pieces of grouse gradually. The broth should be reduced to less than a pint. Pile the grouse in the centre of a platter, pour the sauce over them, and garnish with fried bread cut in points.

CHOCOLATE PUFFS.—For the cakes: One cup of butter, one pint of sifted flour, one pint of hot water, six eggs. Melt the butter in the water, and bring to boiling-point. Add the flour, and boil one minute, beating it smooth. Let the mixture cool. Beat the eggs light and add to it. Drop in large spoonfuls on buttered pans, and bake ten minutes in a quick oven. Fill with the following mixture, passing a sharp knife around each when cold: One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three eggs, two cups of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Wet the corn starch with a little of the milk, boiling the rest in a double boiler. Beat eggs and sugar together, and add when it boils, and then the corn starch. When smooth and thick stir in the chocolate and vanilla, and, when cold, fill the puffs.

APPLE PIE.—Make of evaporated apples soaked two hours, and then treated as in No. 44 of THE CONTINENT.

LEMON WATER ICE.—As in No. 28 of THE CONTINENT.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



GENERAL GREENE B. RAUM, who has just resigned the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has manifested more skill in keeping worthless men in office, and getting credit for them as good officers, than any man ever possessed before. During the years of his administration the "Revenue Rings" of the South have been a stench and an abomination to every honest man. The iniquities and outrages that have been perpetrated under the forms of law, the complicity with fraud, and the utter absence of all regard for honesty or justice that has marred the administration of this system, have been such as to justify calling it infernal rather than internal. It is, of course, a difficult law to administer at the best, but its administration has been such as to make it a thorough disgrace to the government. Mr. Raum was not responsible for all of these evils. The system could not have been administered at the South without serious difficulty by any one. He was only responsible for keeping in place men whose moral characters were a disgrace to any service, and whose associations and pecuniary relations showed that they were the silent partners of "blockaders" and "moonshiners." Mr. Raum was an efficient officer in the sense that he was active and attended strictly to accounting for the immense collections of his office. Only an infinitesimal proportion of the collections actually made was lost. It is not probable that the revenue suffered to any serious extent from his remissness in keeping in office the men he did in various parts of the South. The whole production of the illicit distilleries of the South is not very great in comparison with the monster establishments of the North. "Blockading" is abundant, but it is on a petty scale. It has probably cost the government about as much to break them up as it would to let them work on. It is in the character of the men whom he has chosen and kept in the service that he is chiefly reprehensible. The result has been a state of affairs so generally believed to be fraudulent that the Revenue service has become the heaviest load the Southern Republicans have to carry. Men whose lives were reeking with moral filth have been the petted favorites of the department. The protests of men were disregarded, and the whole machinery was dedicated to the most infamous political abuses.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER ROGERS, who, it is intimated, will have the place, is thoroughly capable, and the worst thing that can be said of him is that he has been exposed to the flavor of the office for so long a time. The scent of an odoriferous service clings to him, and may defeat his appointment. If he should get the place, however, and have the nerve to do it, he is just the man to clean out the stable—he knows where the dirt is.

THE Civil Service Commission, by their very first act, have demonstrated that the millennium did not begin with their appointment. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton takes two newspaper columns to explain why this is the case. He need not have done so. The work of sorting men by rule is one that the merely impractical doctrinaire may dream of and talk about with a zest that would seem to promise

miracles, but it is one that has never yet produced good results in any branch of life or thought unless supplemented with a tact that overrides formularies and wins its way above rules by the multitude of the exceptions. The method of civil service appointment that has just been inaugurated is but the beginning of a long and doubtful experiment. It is an attempt not to purify the sources of power, but to fix an iron rule by which its improper exercise shall be balked. We do not believe that the system can be made a success under our form of government, and we believe that it would be a national calamity if it should. At the same time, we are very willing the experiment shall be tried, honestly and fairly, and its operation and tendencies fully demonstrated. A bad system, like all bad laws, is best overthrown by a strict and literal enforcement.

THE article on "The Right to Bear Arms" has attracted so much attention and elicited so many letters of inquiry from people whose right in this regard was not set forth in the article, that we have decided to make a collection of heraldic material, with the purpose of publishing, when reasonably complete, a work on *Heraldic America*. It would seem, from the number of communications we have had on the subject, that there are very few Americans who are not of more or less titled lineage. The few which our contributor happened to select from Philadelphia and its vicinity appear to have been only just sufficient to awaken the attention of many others to the subject, and they have come forward with great unanimity to ask that equal justice be done to them. In order that we may be in a position to meet this demand for heraldic recognition, we have secured the services of one curious in such matters, to examine all communications upon the subject and arrange the matter for publication. Parties desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity may address "Heraldry," at this office. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the person sending them, an account of the manner in which the right is derived, and a reference to or copy of any evidence there may be of such right. A copy of the crest in wax or an accurate drawing should accompany each application. For ourselves, we think that the American who occupies his time with these things is employing the moments of a limited career in a very unprofitable manner. An aristocratic name and a trace of so-called nobility may be an enviable possession, but "the guinea's stamp" has somehow an unaccountable inclination to appear on spurious coin. What has been called nobility under the varying forms of imperialism in the Old World is of such an uncertain character as not unfrequently to make the coat-of-arms a badge of shame rather than of honor—

"Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary."

However, there are many thousands of worthy people who, even on our soil, and with the priceless heritage of our American citizenship, regard these badges of accidental rank with peculiar pride. The matter has a pleasant side, and the inquiry is at least harmless. Indeed, in

one sense it may be accounted profitable as showing how much better the life developed here has become than that from which it sprung. The proudest lineages of the Old World have here been crossed and mingled with the lowest stocks, with every now and then a bar sinister across the field. Yet the whole has been exalted. Our American life can stand a large admixture of foreign nobility without serious injury. It welcomes prince and peasant alike, and makes of the children of both stronger and braver men than their fathers were. It does us no harm to look back at what our fathers were, even though we should find, as Saxe assures us, that

"Your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
Than choked some near relation."

The scaffold has been the fountain of more real nobility, perhaps, than the herald's office. The patriot's halter is oft-times a prouder bearing than the king's favor could bestow. Considering *THE CONTINENT* bound to minister to the enjoyment of all, we offer this opportunity to such as may desire to avail themselves of it.

**

APROPOS of our view of the comparative value of American citizenship and inherited rank, we are reminded of an anecdote told of a prominent Philadelphian, who was connected with the construction of the first railroad in Russia. At the formal opening, the Czar was in attendance, and rode upon the first passenger train that passed over the road. The nobles who accompanied him were obliged by the etiquette of the court to remain standing while in his presence throughout the whole trip. The American projector was seated. The tired courtiers complained of this to the sovereign.

"You are wrong," said he. "Not one of you can by any possibility be a king. This man may be made President and the head of a great nation to-morrow."

**

We are reminded, too, by a little incident connected with the article in question, of an expression which an old neighbor in another state frequently made use of in regard to old families:

"I tell you, gentlemen, old families are powerful apt to run out."

A very "dudish" young scion of an ancient stock made his appearance in *THE CONTINENT* office a few days after the appearance of the number containing the article, and asked to see a copy, explaining that he wished to ascertain whether it made mention of his family arms. Seating himself at a table, he read the article carefully through. Then, rising and laying the number on the desk before a busy clerk, he said with an air:

"It is not there, sir—it is not even mentioned; yet it is one of the oldest families in the country. *I think if it had been noticed I should have bought a copy!*"

The clerk recovered after a considerable time, and volunteered his opinion that the young man's family was much like a hill of potatoes—the best part of it under ground.

**

THE commendations which the "Housekeeper's Year Book" has received are among the most gratifying things that have attended *THE CONTINENT*'s career. From every part of the country have come from housekeepers of all sorts of experience thanks and suggestions. Our attempt to systematize and facilitate the labors of the housewife, to simplify her accounts and to enable her to keep a correct and convenient inventory of her belongings, has met with such unqualified praise and commendation that the large edition is likely very soon to be exhausted. It is furnished to the trade by Fords, Howard & Hulbert of New York, or may be obtained of us either by sub-

scribing to *THE CONTINENT* for one year, or by remitting the price—fifty cents.

Only one poor fellow seems to find it superfluous. He writes:

"While not in itself essentially a humorous publication, your 'Year Book' is full of rich humor—to a bachelor. Its various prescriptions read well at least. If they feast the body as well as *THE CONTINENT* feasts the reason, what more can be desired?"

We are sorry indeed for our solitary well-wisher, and hope the "Year Book" will prove a constant remembrancer of the one thing he lacks to make his life complete.

**

THE financial disaster that recently befell Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist and fruit-grower of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, is in some sense a public calamity. Few men have exerted a healthier influence upon the life of to-day than Mr. Roe. In these times, when the novel with a purpose is made a matter of artistic ridicule by over-refined dilettanti, and the novel without a purpose is corrupting the heart and brain of the rising generation, it is well worth our while to give a moment to the consideration of the life and work of this earnest-minded, simple-living author, whose works, if not always of the highest literary merit, have always been of the very best tone and character. Not only this, but the very large sales which his works have had disclose to us the pleasing fact that our American reading public is not yet entirely given over to the worship of that realism which insists that fiction shall be given up to painting life as it is, dirt and all. Neither has it yet risen to the exalted plane from which life is regarded as one eternal flirtation, and romance only to be found in the debatable ground that skirts the line of the immoral. Mr. Roe has given pleasure to many thousand readers, and no man can point to a word or a line that has made any man or woman worse or corrupted the heart of any child. His books have not always scintillated with the light of impossible epigram, nor have his characters been able to sustain the strain of endless self-analysis. They have not been loiterers along the path of life, who had nothing to do but to make eternal inquisition as to microscopic trivialities. They have been men and women who touched the world in honest, homely ways sometimes, but always in ways that our American life exemplifies, and exemplifies to its beauty, honor and credit. Judged by his works, our life of to-day is not absorbed in inanities of an estheticism which is merely a tawdry varnish of unhealthy ease. His characters show us a life fresh, sweet, honest, with that undercurrent of ambition for good that, above all things else, distinguishes the American home.

Living simply and unostentatiously on his little fruit-farm, with his own hands performing the labors which his pen has brought to the knowledge of thousands, who have thereby been enabled to make their home-life easier and sweeter, he has been an exemplar as well as the delineator of honest, manly living. His life has been a busy one, not busy with the feverish, restless rush and hurry of the stock-gambler or the man whose whole life is devoted to gathering gold by overreaching his fellows, but filled with that labor that bespeaks a healthy manhood.

In short, Mr. Roe is a good man who has made the world better by having lived in it. By reason of an over-confidence in one whom it does him honor to have trusted even to his own hurt, the accumulations of his life have been swept away. When we read the story of Scott, after middle life overwhelmed with financial disaster, chiefly through his own greed of display and desire to adorn the title he had won, calling upon his weary brain year after year for some new and marvelous work, and finally staggering to the very edge of the grave, pen in hand—drawing upon his broken brain to the very last hour for thoughts that might be coined into golden guineas to meet the de-

mands of his creditors—very few can abstain from tears. We always wish that we might have been allowed to bear a little of that weary burden in order that the world might have been enriched by a longer life-tenure for the wonder-working brain.

Mr. Roe is not a Scott either in power or love of ostentation, but he is none the less worthy of grateful sympathy. This he will receive from many thousands of appreciative readers and admirers. It is a little saddening, however, to believe that it will end in sympathy. Mr. Roe has shown himself in his misfortune the brave, sturdy man we had a right to expect from his works that he would be. He asks no favor, but faces his load of debt as becomes a man. He will discharge it, no doubt, but it may consume his life. There is a method by which his admirers might aid him. If each one would buy one more of his books, it would be a practical exhibition of sympathy that would no doubt be valued by him far beyond the amount he would receive.

"THE INTERNATIONAL STANDARD" is the name of a magazine published by the International Institute, Boston, for the purpose, it declares, "of the discussion and dissemination of the wisdom contained in the great pyramid of Jeezeh, Egypt." It is a little saddening, however, to the world to know that Jeezeh has an organ finally. He has waited a long time for it, and there are people who think that all the wisdom that ever was in the pyramid has been injected into it during the past century. All the same, it needs "dissemination," and we know of nothing that will stand "discussion" better or longer. It has braved Bedouins and the sirocco so long that it may well bid defiance to Boston.

OWING to the non-receipt of expected advance-sheets from England, the editor has been obliged to curtail the weekly installments of Miss Broughton's story, "Belinda," so as not to be obliged, even temporarily, to suspend its publication. This contingency may yet occur, in spite of the utmost economy of present material.

THE thrill of horror and pity felt by every one who read the final record in Captain De Long's diary, given to the public in the daily press, is felt again in reading the volume in which Colonel Gilder describes the search for the survivors of the ill-fated *Jeannette*. "Ice Pack and Tundra" is a reprint of the letters written by Colonel Gilder for the New York *Herald*, revised slightly, though their picturesqueness and faithfulness in the beginning made this almost unnecessary. There are three excellent maps and forty-eight illustrations, some of especial interest, being copied from Esquimaux drawings. From cover to cover the interest does not flag for an instant, from the time when the search-steamship *Rodgers* gets under way to its sudden destruction by fire and the consequent change in every plan. As a result of this burning came the journey across Northern Siberia, accomplished in the face of unending difficulties, perils from man in the shape of unfriendly guides, and in nature from freezing and semi-starvation, all piling up together. The book abounds in quotable passages, vivid and curious bits of description of housekeeping in native homes, and innumerable accidents of travel, as in the following case:

"At last we reached a hill-side swept by the wind, and found sled-tracks which Wile-dôte recognized as the right trail, and we trotted along merrily until the sleds were caught by the wind and swept over a precipice. I saw Wile-dôte and his team disappear over the edge of the cliff into a cloud of whirling snow, and knew that in a second we must go, too. I could do nothing but close my eyes and set my teeth when I felt myself in the air

and falling, I knew not where. Fortunately it was a fall of but about twenty feet to a snow-bank, down which the dogs, the sled and I rolled to the bottom, while I saw Wanker, who had been sitting on the other side of the sled, with his back to the cliff, shot over my head and reach the bottom first. I knew no one had been hurt, for the snow was very soft, and we were almost buried by the drift before we could regain our feet; and I could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure poor Wanker cut as he passed over my head, rolled up in a little ball, and desperately grasping his brake. He looked like a witch riding on her broomstick. . . . Time and again we were compelled to throw ourselves down in the snow and rest for ten or fifteen minutes before making farther exertion. . . . Several times during the morning I had to remove from my face a perfect mould or mask of frozen snow half an inch thick, and my nose, cheeks, chin and forehead were badly frozen. My companions fared no better."

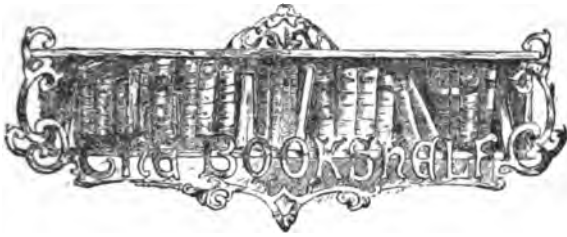
The end of the volume is familiar to all, and needs no farther recalling to the mind, the whole forming one of the most thrilling of the many sombre narratives of Arctic exploration, its beautiful make-up rendering it a valuable addition to any library.

ANY knowledge of Latin literature has been thus far the possession only of the classical scholar, and even for him there was no systematic chronological outline, save as personal effort and arrangement brought about recognition of the subject as a whole. But any popular work in this direction had never gone beyond projects, and there was grave doubt if sufficient popular interest existed to make such a venture successful. Interest in the dead languages has flagged. There has been a conviction in many minds that the amount of time they demand may better be spent on scientific study or modern languages—anything having a more positive practical bearing on modern life and its needs; and the fact has been ignored that to understand the past is a necessity in any real comprehension of the present. History in recent years has only rewritten itself on this basis, and given us not the dates of successive reigns and the chief acts of the various kings, but the daily life and thought of the people. The history of literature has followed in the same lines, and has come to be philosophy as well as history; and Mr. Simcox has planned his crowded volumes on this principle, the result being the best history of the period that is to be found in equally compact form. He has been accused of straining after effect, and caring more to take a novel view of established reputation than for dispassionate judgment. Here and there are passages that suggest such a suspicion, but, as a whole, the work is singularly well balanced, and one which at once takes its place as an authority for every general reader, and valuable as well to the critical scholar and student.

For Latin literature there are no gaps as in the history of Greek literature. For over eight hundred years a succession of poets and philosophers, historians and playwrights fills the scene, the work of each moulded by the characteristics of the time, and in turn moulding that which followed. Mr. Simcox opens each volume with elaborate chronological tables, the first dating from B. C. 753 to A. D. 39, and from A. D. 30 to A. D. 569. He describes the people of the Alban hills, the slow growth of any national literature, and its dependence on Greece, dividing his story into three parts: the literature of the republic, the literature of the empire, and the literature of the decline. The Augustan age naturally has fullest space, but detail for every division is far more minute than the average reader would ever require. Yet all are full of interest, and the result is a sense of intimate knowledge of these stately names, such as nothing else has ever given, and a corresponding sense that Roman history has suddenly become alive and is a vital part of to-day.

(1) ICE PACK AND TUNDRA. An Account of the Search for the *Jeannette*, and a Sledge Journey Through Siberia. By William H. Gilder. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 344. \$4.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

(1) A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE, from Ennius to Boethius. By George Augustus Simcox, M. A., Fellow in Queen's College, Oxford. In 2 vols, 12mo, pp. 463, 481. \$4.00. New York: Harper & Brothers.



MISS HOWARD'S "One Summer" and "Aunt Serena" are to be brought out in Edinburg by Mr. Douglass, who already has one or two of Dr. Holmes' books on his list.

THE spring success is evidently Professor Hardy's novel, "But Yet a Woman," three editions having already been brought out, the first proving entirely inadequate to fill the orders received.

MR. RUSKIN is hard at work on the new edition of "Modern Painters," the second volume of which has just appeared. It contains not only a new preface and critical notes, but also an "epilogue, with autobiographical account of the author's early art studies." A new edition of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" is also forthcoming. The recent Oxford lecture on "Rossetti and Holman Hunt" is to be published immediately, and will be followed by others to be delivered next term, under the general title of "The Arts of England."

IT is an artist of forty years' standing who gives his chatty reminiscences in "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome," by James C. Freeman. A former volume, under the same title, held material of much the same nature—bits of Roman life, recollections of artists, distinguished and otherwise, a rambling and genial record, warm with local coloring, and a pleasant companion for an idle hour. Mr. Freeman was one of the first American artists to take up residence in Rome, and no one could have more intimate acquaintance with the life he describes. (12mo, pp. 357, \$1.50; Roberts Bros., Boston).

THE nineteenth century is giving a lesson to the twentieth which will undoubtedly put a heavy tax on all letter-writing and journal-keeping, unless the doers of these deeds become wise enough to let their last act in life be the kindling of a bonfire for every scrap of written paper in their possession. It is the grand-nephew of Benjamin Constant who gives, in a Parisian court-room, his views of his great-grandfather's infatuated correspondence with Madame Récamier, but he failed to accomplish his purpose of suppressing the book. The court declined to sanction his claim; and, indeed, it would have been odd if the writer of a book were bound to insert in it a virtual censure of its propriety and good taste.

MRS. M. E. BLAKE'S dainty little volume, "On the Wing: Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific," has much more justification for being than the ordinary newspaper correspondence. Hackneyed as the topic is, she has made it fresh and charming. Her descriptions never bore one, and her sense of color is so fine that flower and tree and atmospheric effect have seldom been more perfectly reproduced for the reader. The book is a tacit argument for the excursion system, the writer having journeyed with one of the Raymond parties, but this comes up incidentally, and not as advertisement. In any case, a delightful little book has resulted, the hints as to dress, baggage, etc., being of especial value to every traveler. (16mo, pp. 231, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

NOTHING more incisive and decisive has ever been written about books than is to be found in Mr. J. C. Van Dyke's little treatise, "Books, and How to Use Them: Some Hints to Readers and Students." There are various manuals on this topic, all interesting, all the work of men whose words deserve attention, and all of more or

less value to the reader; but this is the essence of them all. Mr. Van Dyke is not arbitrary; he suggests rather than insists, but his suggestions carry such weight that the reader adopts them instinctively. His common sense is as refreshing as his way of presenting it, and no one can read the little book without a sense of gratitude to the man who brushes away illusions and delusions like so many cobwebs, and whose demand for a reasonable use of such powers as one may own, is as cheerful and inspiring as the call of a trumpet. There is a careful index, and the book is essentially a well-made one—good paper, clear print, and broad margin joining forces with the contents to make something well worthy of long life and many editions. (12mo, pp. 159, \$1.00; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

MRS. ALEXANDER'S new story, "The Admiral's Ward," is the old one after all, but told with so much grace and skill that one forgets to be critical, and encounters one after another of the old acquaintances with a delightful sense of friendliness and satisfaction in another meeting. There is a handsome sham hero, an artful clerk in a lawyer's office, who comes suddenly into an inheritance and five thousand pounds a year. There is a genuine hero, not so handsome, who in the end wins the prize the first one has failed to keep. Laura Piers is the orphan niece of an English clergyman, who prefers residence abroad, and who brings her up with his own daughter and son, Winifred and Hubert Fielden. All are left almost destitute on his death, and the admiral, a most unworldly and admirably-drawn character, assumes the charge of all. Laura has been sister and mother both, and bears the brunt as usual, using her artistic gift as one means of support. Reginald Piers, the first hero, and a distant cousin, apparently falls in love with her on renewing their old boy and girl acquaintance, and Laura accepts him and is blindly happy till a day on which she suddenly overhears him in the midst of a passionate protest to Winifred against the fate that binds him. Why he should have chosen it becomes the puzzle, until by means that the reader must discover in person, it is found that Laura is the true heir, and that Reginald has known it almost from the beginning. In the meantime, Denzil Crewe, the second hero, has fallen deeply in love with Laura, whom he finally wins. A long procession of very individual characters file through the pleasant pages, and the story ends with full satisfaction for everybody. ("Leisure Hour Series," 16mo, pp. 478, \$1.00).

NEW BOOKS.

A CHELSEA HOUSEHOLDER. "Leisure Hour Series," No. 147. 16mo, pp. 337, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE. From 1815 to 1883. By S. C. Hall, F. S. A. A Man of Letters by Profession. 8vo, pp. 603, \$3.00. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRENEES. From Basque-Land to Carcassonne. By Marvin R. Vincent, D. D. With Etchings and Maps. 12mo, pp. 276, \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AFTERMATH. From City and Country. Berg and Thal. Gathered and Garnered by Mrs. B. M. Buckshout. 12mo, pp. 265, \$1.25. W. B. Smith & Co., New York.

HYGIENE OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES, And the Cure of Nervousness. With Twenty-eight Original Letters from Leading Thinkers and Writers Concerning their Physical and Intellectual Habits. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. 12mo, pp. 272, \$1.25. M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S MANUAL. Part II. The Functions of Governments, State and Federal. By Worthington C. Ford. Questions of the Day.—V. 12mo, pp. 184, \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

MY TRIVIAL LIFE AND MISFORTUNE. A Gossip with no Plot in Particular. By A Plain Woman. Part I. Spinsterhood. Part II. Meum and Tuum. Paper, 50 cents per vol., pp. 374, 352. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

ALCOHOLIC INEBRIETY. From a Medical Standpoint. With Cases from Clinical Records. By Joseph Parrish, M. D. 12mo, pp. 181, \$1.25. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.



"MIBBS."

Are those little boys playing "hookey?" Oh, no; they are only pegging at marbles.

What is to be Expected.

Now the milkman wakes us early,
With his long and mournful cry;
And the greens look fresh and curly
As the peddler carts them by;
And the youth with mustache twirly
Sports a vest whose hue is pearly,
As he goes to meet his girlie
On the sly.

Now the father thinks with groaning
That the boys all want new boots,
And the mother knows with moaning
That the girls *must have* spring suits;
And the plumber-
Man looks glummer,
For he has no show in summer;
But not so the merry drummer,
Setting out with heart of glee
To talk people deaf and dumb, or
To death, as it may be.

Now the man who owns a garden
Issues forth to view the same,
And begins his hands to harden
And his back to make quite lame;
And the small boy thinks of "hookey"
In a calm, determined way,
And, hiding slate and book, he
Pegs at marbles all the day.

Now the poet searches madly
In last spring's rejected verses—
Searches wildly, searches sadly—
And with language that much worse is
Than Bob Ingersoll's deep — remarks;
And the gentle maiden yearneth
For the long, long golden days,
As she, planning wisely, turneth
Her last summer's polonaise;

And the young man's bosom burneth
For one or two damp days—
He is wishing
To go fishing—
So he says.

Now the painter is most precious,
And engaged for all he's worth;
While the builder's hopes are spacious,
And the rag-man's full of mirth;
And ten million schemes fallacious
In ten million brains have birth.
About this time, good gracious!
All sorts of things come forth.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

Darwinism.

Two lovers sat in a shady nook:
Intent was she upon her book;
Intent was he upon her hair
That crowned a face so passing fair.

"I wonder," she said, "if it can be true—"

"I wonder," he said, "if eyes so blue—"

"Pray, don't interrupt, but hear me out—"

"Or sweeter lips or more charming pout—"

"As Darwin said, that we all descend—"

"Or cheeks where such roses and lilies blend—"

"From the ape? I'm sure I don't think—"

"Or ears just tinged with the sea-shell's pink—"

"I do, but of you I am not quite so sure—"

"Graced a fair maiden so sweetly before?"

"When you—when I say that now we have found
The missing link by which two hearts are bound?"

Two lovers sat in a shady nook,
Forgotten was Darwin's latest book;
Soft kisses fell on the golden hair,
Soft blushes stole o'er the face so fair.

MARY A. SAWYER.

THE CONTINENT

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THE THOUSAND ISLES.

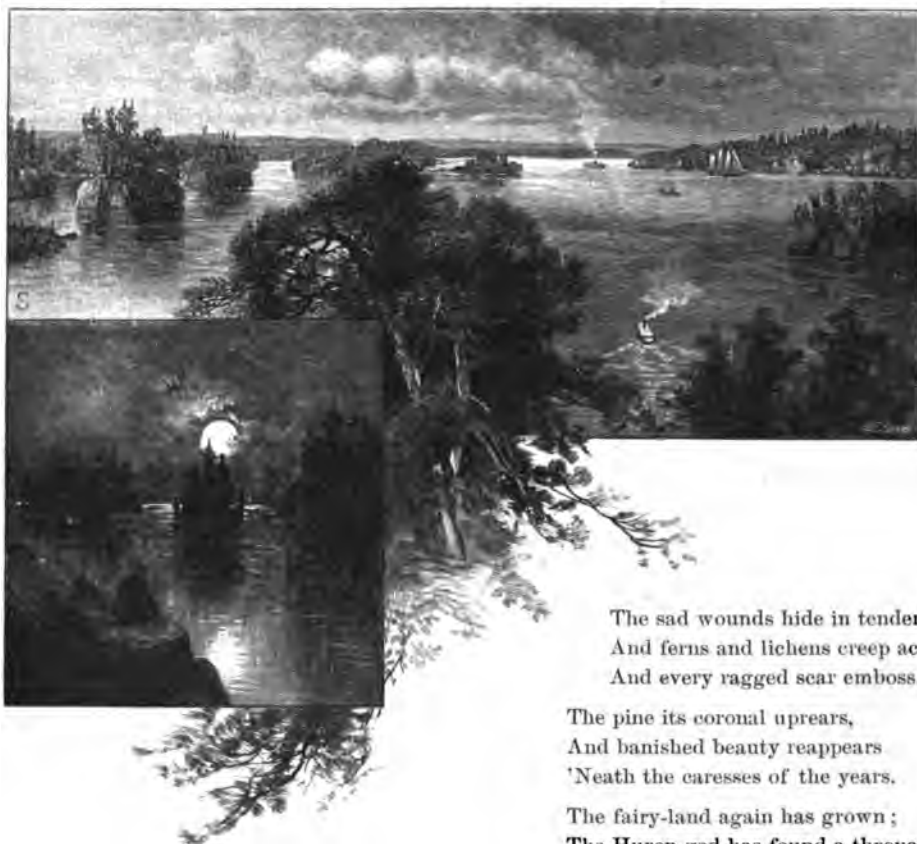
BY W. A. CROFFUT.

My wandering soul is satisfied ;
I rest where blooming islands ride
At anchor on the tranquil tide.

The sky of summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers flow between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

'Tis sunk beneath the wave ! No trace
Reminds me of its native grace
And witchery of loveliness."

But Time repairs the wreck of old,
And veils, with touches manifold,
The shining shards with green and gold.



The sad wounds hide in tender moss,
And ferns and lichens creep across
And every ragged scar emboss.

The pine its coronal uprears,
And banished beauty reappears
'Neath the caresses of the years.

The fairy-land again has grown ;
The Huron god has found a throne,
And Manito reclaims his own.

And so the summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

And so I drift in silence where
Young Echo, from her granite chair,
Flings music on the mellow air,

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Until her phantom carols wake
The voices of the Island Lake.

I know the tale the red man sung—
How, when this Northern land was young
And by a smiling heaven o'erhung,

Its beauty stirred the Arch-fiend's ire,
Till, burning with insane desire,
He smote it with a shaft of fire

And shattered it to fragments. "See !"
He cried with diabolic glee,
"The paradise that mocked at me !

Beneath my skiff the long grass slides ;
The muskallonge in covert hides,
And pickerel flash their gleaming sides,

And purple vines the naiads wore,
A-tiptoe on the liquid floor,
Nod welcome to my pulsing oar.

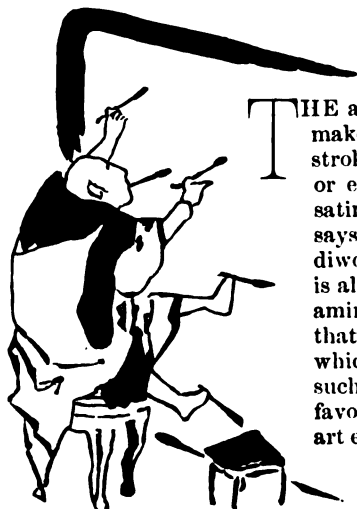
The shadow of the waves I see,
Whose silver meshes seem to be
The love-web of Penelope.

It shimmers on the yellow sands,
And while, beneath the weaver's hands
It creeps abroad in throbbing strands,

The braided sunbeams softly shift,
And unseen fingers, flashing swift,
Unravel all the golden web.

So, day by day, I drift and dream
Among the Thousand Isles, that seem
The crown and glory of the stream.

A LESSON FROM JAPAN.



A "JAP" ARTIST AT WORK.

THE amateur decorator who makes a few unmeaning strokes upon the panel, or embroiders them upon satin, and straightway says, "Behold! my handiwork is Japanese art," is always interested in examining the history of that curious workmanship which has, of late, gained such hold upon popular favor. The philosophy of art endeavors to penetrate the causes of the idiosyncrasies of the Japanese, and to learn not only the conditions but the

governing motives of their pictorial representations. For every nation has its own perceptions of beauty and its own ideal, toward which its limners work.

Japan, the land of wonder and romance, has been, until lately, like a sealed book to the outer world. Its curiously-devised covers were all that foreigners were allowed to see, and curiosity was sorely tempted to turn the leaves writ with such cabalistic signs to learn something of its customs, scenery and art.

Practically the lids of the book were not opened until the year 1853, when Commodore Perry, reaching the shores of Japan, armed by a letter from the President of the United States, succeeded in concluding a treaty by means of which her ports were thrown open to all the



"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS."

world. It is true, however, that the Dutch had possession of a small island near Nagasaki two hundred years previously; but other people were none the wiser in consequence of that settlement.

To an English ambassador, Sir Rutherford Alcock, may be given the credit of the first large exportation of Japanese curios. His magnificent collection in the English Exposition of 1862, awakened general surprise, just as the similar department of the exhibition of 1876, in Philadelphia,

aroused here a novel interest in the bizarre yet attractive work of the Mongolian race.

The public has since learned more and more of this singular country, but we may briefly recapitulate some of its salient features. The feudal system obtained from its earliest history, which the learned men of Japan pretend to say extends back ten thousand years. They seriously declare that the Mikado, or Emperor, has descended from the Sun god without a single break. Indeed, it is considered proven that the present incumbent is the one hundred and twenty-fourth in direct descent.

When we take this into consideration, and the fact that mentally, as well as physically, Japan is an island, that a sea of mystery ebbs and flows about its shores, bearing on its tide strange tokens of its physical features, its social life and its religion—there is little wonder that it has a character at once so unique and so attractive.

It appears that the ancient territorial nobles were conquered and made vassal princes under the subjection of the Shogun (Tycoon), the generalissimo of the Mikado's forces. These provinces were divided among the



AT HOME.



CONVENTIONAL.

relatives of the Shoguns, so, at the time of the making of the treaty there were about two hundred princes or Daimios, who exercised authority over the common people, while yielding obedience to the imperial power. These princes were highly cultivated in certain ways; they attached to themselves artist-artisans, whose offices were hereditary, like their own. Each had his insignia of certain forms and colors, and his loom and weavers by whom his own fabrics were woven. Intensely loving out-of-door life, the sunshine and the free air, they became inimitable in the harmonies of color and styles of decoration.

So it comes to pass that the Japanese Empire, sixteen hundred miles long by about two hundred wide, consist-

ing of four large and thirty-eight hundred and fifty small islands, covering only one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, has been able to profoundly affect the artistic sense of the Caucasian race. Hardly a rude cabin of a western pioneer but bears on its rough walls, fans, panels or hangings on which, with a few deft strokes,



EARTHWARD.

are outlined curious grimacing figures, smirking and posturing under cumbersome robes of gaudy yet pleasing hues. Yet so thoroughly do their original combinations suit the universal sense of the pleasing that the most cultivated and refined rejoice in Japanese designs and workmanship. Pictures of such inexpensive materials that ten of them can be purchased in the streets of Tokio for a cent, are exhibited in a multitude of ways, lighting up with their dashes of vivid brightness dull, stiff, stereotyped American homes.

Those who have purses sufficient for the outlay, rejoice in rooms crowded with objects of Eastern luxury. There may be a quaint, lacquered cabinet, its shelves powdered with gold-dust, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with birds of wondrous plumage, or fish whose every scale is a gem of color, with insect or shell true to life. On them are arranged egg-shell porcelain, light as thistle-down, and fit only for the handling of Titania's fingers—bubbles blown by some oriental Puck in playful mood.

There, too, is a vase of bronze, with grotesque figures chasing one another about the base, at which one must laugh who never laughed before; jars with raised ornaments, exquisitely inlaid, carvings in

ivory—an old man or woman smiling, shrewd and full of character; bits of precious crackle-ware, creamy Satsuma, or treasures from Kioto or Kaga, beside the deep coloring of the favorite egg-plant; cloisonné enamel, whose metallic outlines are filled with paste ground to a subdued yet matchless splendor; trays and bowls, parti-hued and of varied shapes, suggesting, but never repeating, birds, flowers and bees; impossible dragons, mailed and bristling, witching even in their ugliness; surfaces on which heavenly blues, live greens, pinks and blood-red crimsons or warm, creamy tints blend and intermingle—all are there. Then there is a sword with lacquered and silver inlaid scabbard, and stuffs from old looms, stiff with priceless embroidery in gold and silver; these and a thousand more charm the eye and cultivate the esthetic sense, even when we scarce know how or why.



AMONG THE CLOUDS.

It is a long and pleasant lesson to learn, that how and why. To do it, we must not only comprehend the social and intellectual condition of the race under question; we need to go farther than their mere physical surroundings. Under outward determinative influences lies the spiritual nature of the Japanese artist, those convictions which inhere in his character and help to shape, unconsciously, the very ideals toward which he works.

The insular position of Japan, while restricting its artistic limits, has assisted in fixing its peculiar character. Any people having great vitality, yet shut

out from others, will exhibit strong distinguishing features. And here is a race whose first known ruler antedates the first Catholic pope by eight hundred years—a race which has had time and repose in which to work out its own original conceptions without shirking or skimping. What to them that Western nations declare :

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!”

We confess their hold on truth when we go back and take from their hands the clues to the laws and methods of Nature, which they have followed leisurely and lovingly until they have approached very near her secret places.

Isolated as they have been, yet the wandering winds have borne to them faint tokens of what others had done, since, mingled with their own, are traces of Hindoo, Assyrian,



FUSYAMA, FROM THE SEA.

Grecian and Persian art. But, from its contiguity, China exercised the greatest influence over their development. The first teachers of art came from that country in the fifth century.

In the thirteenth century was founded the Yamati, or Japanese school.

Toward the end of the last century it attained greater freedom and

breadth, till, at the beginning of this, arose a new set of artists. Those who now take their places have given tokens unhappily of decadence, which different writers attribute to different causes. Hoffksai, one of the most original and versatile of all, can be studied in his various albums, which have been duplicated in this country, and nothing more interesting and spontaneous, within certain limits, can be found. Like all genuine artists, he has

striven to catch the key-notes of Nature. His decorative effects are not copies, but variations upon some spirited theme, carried out with the most pains-taking fidelity.

The native workman's inspirations have been a love of Nature. He depicts her phases, not in timid fidelity, but with the gay abandon of a child playing with familiar toys, and arranging them into all sorts of new conventionalized combinations. Dwelling in a country liable to be devastated by earthquakes, his house is made of flimsy materials, unsuited to elaborate pictures, yet everything on his walls or in use satisfies the canons of beauty. Ornamentation is chaste and unhackneyed; nothing is left bare and nothing overloaded. With his passion for out-of-door life, picturesque scenery, blossoms and birds, he has taken these for his friends and teachers. The glad procession of flowers is held sacred in festivals, beginning with the plum, then the cherry, the wistaria, the iris and the chrysanthemum, and all lend themselves to his facile pencil.

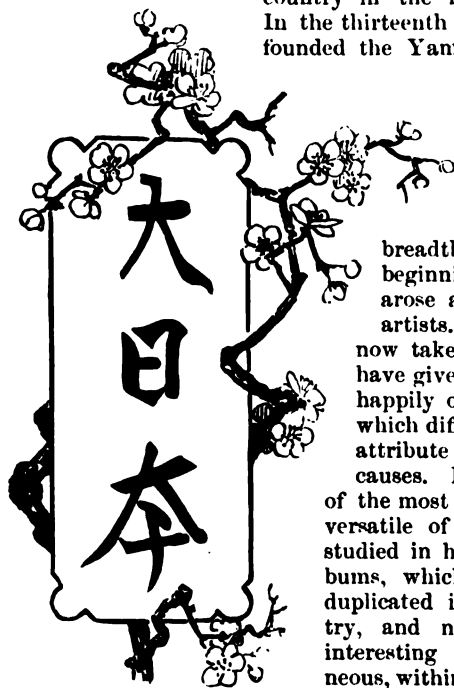
How does the native artist acquire his light, firm touch, delicate, swift and dainty as the flight of a bird? He begins, a child at school, by learning to draw at the least estimate one thousand characters which form the basis of

the Japanese alphabet—these are often increased to ten thousand. They are repeated during weeks, months and years, so that his eye and hand are

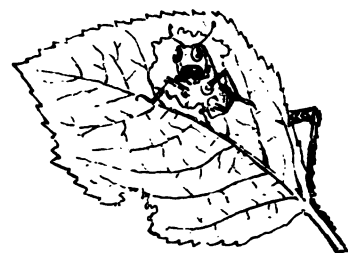
trained to steady, rapid work. Instead of slate and pencil he employs brush and paper. The latter, cleansed, is used over and over again. Then he fixes on some object, which he paints continuously till he is its master. In the more common art-work, crouched upon the floor, with paper or silk before and pots of paint beside him, with swift strokes and great economy of effort, a turn here and a dash there, the picture is outlined and tinted. Throwing it aside to dry, he finishes another—like, yet unlike—a kindred strain with slightly varying notes. No two flowers are shaped or placed alike, no two lines exactly regular or of the same curve, and all so conventionalized as to be strictly decorative. He hates monotony.

His hand-work partakes of the qualities of the artist as well as the artisan, and his very ignorance of machinery serves him in good stead, making his dexterity as perfect as his eye for form, color and arrangement. Just as Persian and Turkish carpets please by their slight irregularities, which no Jacquard looms can produce, so the most common hand-made article decorated by the Japanese partakes of an inequality which is as much more fascinating than dull regularity as sentient man exceeds the soulless machine.

Nor does the native artist forget the laws of symmetry. Underneath seeming disorder run proportion and harmony; ever-recurring notes repeat the strains that make music out of color and sing chorals of chromatic harmony. We must not expect of the Japanese more than mere decorative art—he never reaches the dignity of high or pictorial art. His religion forbids him to glorify the body, though he sometimes represents the human form in intense action or passion. His great power is in a kind of keen sixth sense of detecting the unexpected, the humorous, the grotesque. His exaggerations are as ludicrous as they are original



A SIGNBOARD.



A STUDY.



SOLITUDE.



KALEIDOSCOPIC.

It is a question if eyes turned inward at such a curious angle do not indicate a corresponding mental twist. The bowed, distorted manikins which figure in their landscapes, clad in garb of which each button and fold marks a certain rank, may indicate the incongruous way in which the Japanese mentally views whatever he represents.

What has been the influence upon the art and manufactures of America by contact with this "Land of the Rising Sun," or "Land of Peace," the "Great Japan," whose name is written in characters as bizarre as her people?

In the first place, it has flooded the country with

neighbor of the Orient on his own ground; life is too short for that. But he can and does take numberless suggestions and work them into loftier pictorial effects. He has learned that it is a mistake to copy from the Japanese too freely. The spirit of any object, more delicate and elusive than the dust on a butterfly's wing,



"VARIOUS SHAPES OF THINGS."—PANEL.

cheap designs, made by workmen with the esthetic intuition quivering at their very finger-ends. The most common of these pictures are alive with the very spirit of nature, yet show the result of long, patient training. They are perfect in finish, and are entirely adapted to the end in view. The art-morality of the native artisan is unimpeachable, in which sphere he is a standing rebuke to our veneers and shoddy workmanship. We must confess that, under the crudity of the present rage for decoration, the influence of the Japanese has been to vitalize the reverence for nature and love for her essential loveliness.

The American can never expect to compete with his

cannot be represented till it be felt and loved. He has also learned simplicity—that is, ease in attaining ends; hinting at the exact surroundings, yet never drawing attention from the main object of the picture.

Designers and decorators have been the first to feel the impetus of new art-motives, since our "kin beyond the sea" are strongest in these two respects.

Jewelry was first to show the effects of this influence, resulting in a freedom and variety of art-forms that has grown rapidly in accordance with the demand for them. Our artist has given here some original designs with the Japanese *motif*.

Silverware has been somewhat influenced by Oriental

metal-work, but awaits much improvement. Often the manufactured ware is cast or raised separately, and clumsily fastened to the manufactured article. For instance, an ice-pitcher with hammered ground of oxydized silver is ornamented with a branch made separately. To this branch are fastened gold leaves, wild roses of silver, and perhaps a bird or butterfly of still different colored metal. This of course can have nothing of the effect of beautifully manipulated Japanese-work, where the decoration is both delicate and bold, with a touch of bright metal at special points. At other places it is in such low relief and so artistically blended with the background as to gleam out like stars in a twilight sky. This can never be produced by the stamping press.

Porcelain shows some Japanese influence in bands and medallions. Furniture, too, in cabinets and small tables, follows somewhat the style indicated. A good deal is decorated in the semi-Japanese manner. In carpets the manufacturers have made little improvement, still using the old floriated and Persian patterns, such

as have, with slight changes, flooded the market for years. Wall-paper and woven fabrics have responded more fully to the demands of the age, many new artistic designs having been furnished. Some of them are in the styles of old Dutch and Venetian work, but others bear unmistakable evidence of Oriental influence. The stripe and simple repeat is seldom seen, and the "crackle" of porcelain has probably given hints for wall-paper.

In decorative work generally, where the whole design is complete within certain limits, and there is no "repeat" as in pictures for lithographs and illustrations, there is a subtle but very complete improvement. Here lies the scope and aim of Japanese influence, and a broad field it is. The house and all that is within may just as well be varied, picturesque and pleasing, as stiff, tawdry and inharmonious. And in its construction Jack and Jill, while embodying the improvements of the age, will not forget to consult the esthetic sense of the art-artisans of "The Land of the Rising Sun"—"Great Japan."

HESTER M. POOLE.



AN IMPOSSIBLE DRAGON.

THE ARMY OF THE GRASS.

WITH clover white and clover red,
It hides the stain where heroes bled,
Its tender secret keeping;
And spreads its mantle where the dead
In peaceful rest are sleeping.

It finds the graves of blue and gray,
It comes on Decoration day,
With violets and daisies;
It keeps dear memories green for aye,
Where wild birds sing their praises.

Down the calm vale where waters run,
The grass looks up to greet the sun,
Happy in shining weather;
A million joyous blades, like one,
Rejoice in light together.

The army of the grass is true,
Waving its flowers red, white and blue,
When called by winds to rally;
And, like the hosts of Roderick Dhu
It springs from hill and valley.

Creeping in silence up the mound,
It holds its conquest of the ground.
Below the captured hill is;
Its emerald flag embroidered round
With buttercups and lilies.

Like liberty crushed in the dust
By tyranny, the grass will thrust
The spear that shall dis sever
The clod, for, like the truth, it must
Rise victor by endeavor.

Let flowers of every hue abound
Within the silent camping-ground,
Where rest the brave immortals;
For Heaven is near the hero's mound,
And love waits at its portals.

JOHN TRUE'S DECORATION DAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

JOHN TRUE came home from his work one day with a slower step than usual. It was a June day in 1861. John True lived in Dogberry, a Massachusetts village. He was a house painter by trade, and had on his working clothes, which were not becoming, being of an unassured bleached-cotton color to begin with, and splashed with conflicting tones of paint, in which red had obtained a murderous predominance. But John had one of the figures that conquer clothes; he swung easily at the hips, carried a straight shoulder, and put down an elastic foot. He had curly hair, and the indefinable expression in the background of the eyes, belonging to a man who has a happy home.

It was not a sharply individualized home, seen from the outside, being a cheap white house, like other cheap white houses in Dogberry; too heavy in the brows, too narrow in the cheeks, uncertain in the jaws, and of a chilly expression. It had white shades and a white fence, and an acre or two of land, wherein nature seemed to relieve herself in a gasp of green, and to dash up the deep sepia loam where the potatoes grew, in a riotous outburst of personal feeling. There were currant bushes in the garden, and a tall cherry tree, which budded late, now pale with dropping blossoms. As the master of the house came up the front yard he stopped to examine the cinnamon rose-bush, and looked over at the cabbages in the southwest corner.

A child's voice came through the open door and windows—a little boy's voice; he was singing; he sang one of the Sunday-school hymns taught in the emaciated (white) meeting-house on the hill beyond the village. The result of his musical effort was somewhat to this effect:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere;
Ven wy shoulda ma-a-ma,
If twyalsypere!"

Another voice sounded clearly within, but that one sang a wordless lullaby, "'sh-shing" to sleep a gurgling baby; and neither the coo nor the lullaby struck a false note against the shrilling song of the theologically-minded little musician, who piped on gloriously.

John True, out by the cinnamon rose-bush, said to himself:

"Happy to-day, ain't they?" And then, when he had said it to himself, he said it aloud to the roses:

"The folks seem happy to-day, don't they?"

Nobody from within had seen him yet, and he lingered about, fussing with the bush. In general, he held that the floral kingdom was created for the amusement of the female mind; cabbages called for a certain masculine force. But he picked a rose-bud, clumsily, before he went to examine the cabbages, which he did with a vague attention that overflowed upon the potato-patch; he had a sense of strengthening his character by concentration upon these sturdier facts. It took him a good while to get into the house.

He came at last, with what seemed a reluctant step, in which there was this curious thing to be noticed, that he trod softly, like a man who is afraid that he shall wake the sleeping. Yet clearly the baby had nothing to do

with it, for little Mrs. True's was one of those exceptionally blessed households in which the baby's nap is not a thing of terror and a gloom forever to all mature existence. As a rule, the more noise you made, the better the True babies slept.

The door was open, as I said, and John True stepped in on tip-toe. A rag mat, clean enough but very old, lay in the little entry; he looked down at it as he entered, wiping his feet, which were dusty dry, with mechanical patience. The mat had a blue-flannel rose on it, touched off in black alpaca on one of the petals where the flannel had given out. A child's tin horse, without a head, stood in the entry, and trundled about when his foot hit it.

The little tinkling noise betrayed his presence, and the lullaby in the inner room stopped abruptly. A woman's voice said:

"That you?"

"It's me," said John. He hung his hat up and stood hesitating. The little boy was singing with piercing shrillness:

"Wy shoulda ma-a-ma
If twyalsypere!
My omeizzen Ye-ev—"

"'Sh-sh, Tommy!" interrupted the woman's voice, dropping on meanwhile contentedly into her lullaby. "Go see who that is in the entry, Tommy. 'Sh-sh-sh-h, my dear! Lie still and slu-umber!"

Tommy checked himself in the midst of his religious aspirations and ran to the door, where he stood peering—a pleasant little rogue, well built and red; he had on a green gingham apron, and had been eating gingerbread. Tommy said:

"W'y, it's Pupper!" with the eternal surprise of childhood, to which all things are forever new. His father patted him on the head, and said:

"There, there!" while he re-hung his stained straw hat, which had tumbled down. The hat was brown, and had a row of air-holes perforated about the crown—a new fashion then. True began to count them as he stood staring. The child crept back and tugged at his mother. True heard him tell her that "Pupper" didn't kiss him, but only spat him. The mother crooned on to the gurgling baby.

"I believe I'll change my clothes first," called John, without entering the room.

The lullaby stopped short.

"Why, John!"

John flushed, and went in at once. As he entered the room, details blurred and slipped away before his eyes; he perceived chiefly that the windows and blinds were open, and the late summer light came quivering into the western corner of the room where the woman sat with the baby; the child fell heavily back upon her long, maternal arms away from her half-draped breast. The light blinded her a little, and she moved out of it, holding up her face like a Madonna to the Lord. John kissed her with the silent reverence with which even a house-painter, my esthetic friends, may kiss his wife when she gets one of these aureolas about her.

"Now, Father," she said, with sweet mock reproach

in the voice of a woman to whom clearly reproaching is not natural, "you may go change your clothes! The idea! I guess it would have been the first time for twelve years, wouldn't it, Tommy? Think of Pupper stopping to clean up before he kissed us, Tommy!"

"I'd got an extra daub on to-day," said John True, glancing down at his unbleached cotton blouse and overalls. "I've been to work to Seth Grimace's. There seemed to be such lots of—red."

He went away into the shed and hung up the splashed and spattered clothes. It took him longer than usual to "clean up," a process which he conducted by the aid of the yard-pump and kitchen roller. Some of the paints especially would not come off his fingers, even for the turpentine.

"I hate to paint a red house," he said.

His wife called him two or three times to supper before he answered:

"Yes, yes, Mary," and with a deep breath joined himself to them. He felt all the dear and delicate currents of daily life sweep him on. It was like any other supper, after all. He sat, shining and soapy, at the head of the pine table. Tommy was beside him; the baby was well asleep in the sitting-room. Their mother had brushed her hair, and sat smiling. She talked about the doughnuts and the hash. He eat both with relish—he felt very hungry. Everything seemed to be going on, and would go on forever.

"Where 's Sissy?" asked John suddenly, laying down a pickled cucumber that was already melting at his lips.

"Why, she 's gone to the Sunday-school picnic, you know," said Sissy's mother. "She wore her pink cambric. I gave her some of that cold mutton, with the sausage and pie. I made her take the umbrella, in case it should rain. She won't get home before nine. Jenny Severby went with her."

"They've got a letter from Severby. He ain't wounded much," said John absently. He was thinking about Sissy, and to himself he said: "One less."

He was glad Sissy was at the picnic, and yet he wished, too, that she were at home; an empty place made the table look so. He finished his pickle, and took another doughnut.

"I hain't had squashed pienough," announced Tommy at this juncture. This was a point upon which Tommy and his mother cherished differences of opinion and a gentle domestic flurry celebrated the controversy. It was difficult even for his parents to conceive the inconceivable, so far as to believe that any boy *could* cry louder than Tommy. John ate on calmly; he was used to it, and Mary had a way with the child. He wondered sometimes which groggery he should have selected, if he had married a scolding wife. Simpson's had its advantages, but Joe's was farther from home. This was the deepest metaphysical speculation in which John True had ever gone adrift. He pursued it dreamily now, as Tommy, subsiding from agony to theology, as so many wiser than Tommy had done before him, struck up again:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere;
Ven wy shoulda ma-a-ma
If twyalsypere?"

"What is that boy singing?" asked his father.

"Why, it's plain enough. I'm sure," said Mary, in a gently reproving tone. "He says:

'My home is in Heaven,
My rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur
When trials appear?'

It's easy enough to understand the boy. He speaks very plain, I'm sure he does. I think he's going to have a beautiful voice when he's old enough. Let's send him to singing-school, John, shan't we?"

"I guess I'll go and get my smoke," said John. But he came back in a moment, fumbling awkwardly in his pocket, whence he drew an abject-looking cinnamon rosebud, which Tommy had freely sat on more or less during the evening meal.

"I meant to have put it in your gown before supper, Mary." John came bashfully up, and held the flower between his thumb and little finger.

His wife said: "You dear old thing!" for he did not often give her flowers. He was not one of those men. She put the rose in her bosom coquettishly, and nodded at him. A fine color flowed over her face. She felt ten years younger, and looked five. She began to sing as she washed the dishes, on a full Baptist-choir soprano, merrily joining Tommy in the statement that his home was in Heaven, till it seemed to become a general family joke, they were all in such spirits about it.

John listened to them as he sat smoking on the back door-steps. He looked over the potato-field; the arms of the cherry-tree leaned around the corner of the house toward him; the chickens came up and pecked confidently at his boots, but the rooster disliked tobacco and kept at a distance. Tommy came out and strangled him from behind with two little green-checked arms. The child's kisses produced the effect of a vertigo upon the man. He got up to put away his pipe, and stood staggering.

His wife came out and talked about the cherries and the chickens. She hung upon him, and they wandered about the little yard and garden till the sun sank behind the meeting-house belfry, and the currant leaves looked no longer like thin gold, but like thick agate or lava, and drooped with dew. In the sky, purple forms, like banners, came up and on, and the mists in the valley moved solemnly, as if they had been thoughts. In the fading of the day the woman's face seemed to grow shrunken and desolate.

"You look thin," said John.

"I don't *feel* thin," said Mary.

It seemed she was not thinking about the sunset, but about the potatoes. She had many questions. Should they plant pink-eyes next year? How did the new fertilizer affect the cabbages? Mightn't she have a fuchsia and three geraniums under the L window? Tommy must have a swing on the cherry tree. In the fall, where should we put Sissy's teeter-board? She'd been promised one in September. And when should the chicken-house be painted red? And, John, could we get a rabbit for Tom? And, John, did Sissy grow so fast that we must cut her hair?

"Don't you think it's getting a little damp?" asked John.

He spoke in the high throat-voice his wife was used to when he had the toothache. She said:

"What! that old wisdom at it again? Poor fellow!" and reached up to pat him upon the cheek before she took the boy in.

He watched them as they went. Tommy, half asleep, leaned heavily, tugging at his mother's bright calico dress, which in the dusk had faded to a gloomy color. Mary half lifted, half led the little fellow. The baby woke, and cried faintly from the dark house.

John True stood under the cherry tree and stared after them. He did not smoke any more. He felt the delicate white blossoms falling to the ground around him.

He was a man to whom nothing had ever happened. The impossibility of change was like the remoteness of death. He tried to fix his mind upon the passing hour. He thought of little things. It occurred to him that he would go into the house and look at the green check on Tommy's apron.

The lamps were lighted before he got in, and he groped dizzily toward them through the heavy, sweet-scented night air, across the narrow yard. His wife glanced at him as he came in, but did not at the moment speak. She had brown eyes and brown hair, and always looked prettier by lamp-light. She had put the cinnamon rose into her hair because the baby snatched at it.

John sat down on the hair-cloth sofa in the sitting-room while Tommy was being put to bed. He felt like a visitor in his own house. Tommy kissed him good night hilariously, and said his prayers for Pupper in a metrical manner, closely resembling the tune of "Three Little Kittens," and replacing by an emphatic Amen, the historic "basket of saw-aw-dust."

Then Sissy came home from the picnic. Sissy was a tall, bleached girl with freckles, and wore her hair in two long braids behind. She did not look like her mother or her father, but like a queer great-aunt who made an unfortunate marriage. It was necessary to talk a great deal about the picnic, and Sissy had lost the umbrella.

John remembered that he had not collected his mind by counting the squares on Tommy's apron, which had disappeared with Tommy; it seemed that a great opportunity was lost.

But Sissy too was tired, and would go to bed. When she came to say good night, her father asked her how old she was, and Sissy told him she was eleven, and her mother said:

"Why, John! what a funny question!" And John said nothing at all. And so, presently, Sissy too had gone to bed, and her mother went up with her; and John said he would finish his smoke.

He did not smoke, however, but stood in the sitting-room where they had left him. When he was quite alone, he stretched his arms with one mighty, pathetic gesture above his head. The awful power of a human home was on him; he felt as helpless before it as the child in the cradle. His soul shot out tendrils everywhere; he could have clasped the tall rocking-chair, the baby's sock that had fallen beneath it, the old mat that stood before his wife's sewing-chair, the scraps of her work scattered about. Her voice and Sissy's came from the bedroom above. Tommy was singing himself to sleep with a droning sound:

"My ome —lizen Ye-ev-ing."

"I'll bet the chap that wrote that, never had one to his name anywheres else!" cried John True.

Mary came down stairs. As she entered, she glanced at him, but said nothing.

She moved about with gentle bustle, picking up scraps of cloth and spools, and the children's playthings; she drew the green paper shades, and smoothed the worn red table-cloth, and pulled her rocking-chair around away from the light.

"Wy shoulda ma-a-ma?"

sang Tommy, and so sank into his first nap, from which he aroused but once to ejaculate—

"Twyalsypere!"

in a firm voice, before silence settled for that summer night upon the cheap white house.

Mary True sat beside her husband in the quiet room;

she was run-and-back-stitching the seam on a red de-laine dress for Sissy.

"It's her fall dress," she said, "but I thought I'd begin. I made it over out of that one of mine—do you remember, John?"

"I guess so," said John, with a mighty effort of the imagination. "It looks as if I'd seen some woman wear it. I guess I remember it, Mary."

"Why, John! It's the dress I had made up one wedding-day two years ago, to surprise you in. And, John! you kissed me three times extra in it the night I put it on, and said I looked younger than Clara Severby. I should think *even* a man would remember that!" with great contempt.

"Why, yes, I *said* I remembered it," replied John, meekly. "Clara looks old," he went on, "since Severby—are you going to send Sissy to the High School, Mary?"

"I—have always thought we would educate Sissy," said Sissy's mother, speaking slowly. "And John, dear—"

"Well, Mary?"

"Don't you suppose—"

"Don't I suppose?"

"Don't you think we might, *somehow*, manage—other folks do that ain't better off than we are—don't you think we might—if I didn't have any new dresses, John, only the children's things—and if we didn't have much doctoring—don't you think we *might* send him to college?"

"Send who to college—Severby?"

"I *meant* Tommy," said Mary, hanging her brown head, "but I know it's—"

"Yes, Mary, it is," answered John in a deep voice. "The boy must work—like his father—he must help you—he must help us all. God must help us all."

He got up and paced the little room, shook off her hand; then, returning, lifted her work-worn fingers, with the courtliness of love, close to his set, strong lips.

The woman had dropped her sewing now. Sissy's red dress-waist fell to the floor. Her mother, after a moment's silence, picked it up, folded it methodically and laid it away for the night.

"I think I'll go see if the children are covered up," she said lightly. "It has changed to the east."

The rocker of her little sewing-chair creaked as she moved; Tommy half waked and called her; and, from the inner room, she could be heard hushing the stirring baby in inarticulate, beautiful, maternal polysyllables. The east wind drove in at the open front door, and sounds from the distant village, broken, stirring and solemn, came in.

Mary came back soon enough, and they sat together and talked of many things. Her thoughts ran wild with the future that night: what trades the boys would like; how old Sissy should be when she married; whether he, John, would grow tired of her, Mary, when she grew old. They talked about a new oil-cloth in the entry and the prevention of profanity in a boy like Tom. They discussed the lining to the kitchen stove and the last lie that Sissy told. They considered the price of rump-steaks and whether, if John were a church-member, he would have family prayers. They talked of when he must have new shirts and how long they had been married. They criticised the old rooster and the new minister. They spoke of the pudding they would have to-morrow and the good they would have done if they had been rich people. They spoke of the last time they were cross to each other and of how they would love each other forty years to come.

John got himself through it all in a stern, soldierly fashion. He kept his hands clasped behind his head at first, and gave her his sad, straightforward eyes, regarding her with the pathetic reticence characteristic of certain men; his look seemed to lift her up as if she had been one of the children like Sissy or Tom, and to hold her to the heart of thoughts as unspoken as his pure and perfect love. It was as if this awful individuality of the purpose of a man, stepped out like another being between the husband and the wife, and made three of them. She apprehended it before she spoke. She was not wise enough to put it into words, but she knew, from the bottom of her heart, and felt, from the limits of her understanding, that she had for the first time come up against that in the man's nature with which she, Mary, his wife, whom he had sworn to cherish till death did part them, could not, by might or right or love or longing, hope to intermeddle.

As they talked, her face blanched sadly; but she was not a crying woman; she looked steadily on straight before her. She had been sitting in the low rocker all this while without her work, her hands, in the rare and awkward idleness of working-people's, crossed clumsily in her lap. She had not touched him.

But now, at last, she put out her fingers and slid them timidly into his. She rose then, and, still timidly, she gave him the other hand. For a moment so, she looked down at him.

"John," she said, "do you want to take me in your lap a minute?"

In the silence he held up his shaking arms. The distant drum-beat from the village sounded out as she crept to him.

"John, do you—Oh, hush! hush! Oh, I *know* you love me! Oh, I won't ask! I'll never be so cruel. I'll save you, dear—you shall not tell. Oh, my poor boy! my dear boy! I know you have enlisted. I knew it when you first came home!"

II

THE crimson panorama was comfortably folded away at last from our sensitive sight. The disbanded armies and the disbanded lives had dispersed as best they might. The silken battle-flags, splashed and rent, were esthetically draped in the State Houses, and still pointed out to rural visitors on a pleasant Saturday afternoon. The birds sang shrilly in the great cemeteries at Arlington, at Gettysburg, and the rest. The old uniform was cut over to make a coat for the boy. Men had learned to pass the red cap of the messenger without touching their own. Women had already dared to scold the saved soldier, for whose life they would have sold their souls. The crape was worn out, and the tears were dry. It was beginning to be too much to ask of one to follow the procession on Decoration Day. It was ten years after the war.

It was wearing to the end of a November day, and a poor sort of day even at that. The wind had blown from the east for forty-eight hours, and was rising still. The trees objected heavily to this fact with groaning bare boughs, and in these little suburban places there seemed to be a dismal superfluity of trees. They stood about forlornly in rows, like veterans who were no longer wanted. Now that the elm and maple leaves lay crushing paralytically under foot, or whirled hysterically over head and athwart through the gray air, of what use was all this gauntness of outline and tenacity of existence, except to drip into one's eyes and make the houses damp?

It was going to rain when it could make up its mind

to. No one stayed out of doors who could help it. The pedestrians were few out here in these wide spaces. The afternoon drives were over. The fat horses had bowled the carriages away to the luxurious stables. Ladies prattled shivering within, and ordered the parlor-fire lighted. The gentlemen had come earlier, and crosser, than usual from their business. The lap-dogs sat in the bay-windows, occupying crimson cushions and wearing bows to match. The horse-car on the long single track made the chief sign of motion in the windy dusk, unless one noticed the milkman or had a personal stake involved in the coming of the evening express. Even the leaves had the air of trying to get in-doors, and the whirls of dust wore a dejected look, as of objects dependent on private charity for shelter.

It was no night, it was no place, for a peddler, as anybody but a peddler would have known. The poor fellow who came toiling on behind the half-past five Scotch-plaid horse-car, which had stopped to let off the stout gentleman at the large, high-art green house that stood back from the streets, looked as if he would have shown more discouragement if he had been more used to hope. He walked most wearily, and as one observed him one might have seen that it was the weariness of disease, which differs from that of healthy fatigue with a kind of distinction that the well cannot perceive. He had a little bag or knapsack strapped across his shoulders in an easy way, as if they were well used to it; he bore it, indeed, with a certain grace. He had the figure of a man who would have walked erect if he had been well. He was tall and well put together. He had a pair of fine blue eyes, but these no comfortable person would have cared to examine, for fear that he should remember them; would have gone on perhaps, as the stout gentleman did, whistling down an uneasy sense that he had seen the saddest thing yet in the whole November landscape.

"I might try it myself," said the peddler, pausing before the high-art green house. That house was a novelty then, the daring freak of a young English architect. It attracted all manner of moths like this, by the sheer barbaric force of color. The people who lived there—Hathaway by name, though that is of small importance to us or the peddler—had observed it. Mrs. Hathaway complained that she could halve the number of beggars and other tramps by a coat of cool gray paint—something after the manner of Ruskin, who doubtless had these social facts in view, in the promulgation of his architectural theories.

"I've tried most all sorts," said the peddler patiently, "the big and the little, yellow and white. I haven't tried a *green* house yet. There's a deal of yellow ochre in it. It's a very well painted house—unfashionable though. I might as well venture. Unfashionable folks ain't so likely to have fashionable hearts; nor their views about tape and needles ain't so stylish either," he added aloud, as he turned into the dusky avenue.

Of sane people, only the very solitary talk aloud. As he turned from the avenue to strike the little winding path that led to the back of the house, the great front door of the mansion opened, and several people came out. There were perhaps four ladies and two gentlemen. A carriage or two had now driven up, and stood waiting. The hostess herself followed her guests to the door, saying something about the Scotch-plaid car, which was overdue. They were all people of elegant dress and easy demeanor. They were talking earnestly among themselves, and lingered on the porch.

"I wonder," said a gray-headed gentleman with a

classic profile and a bronchial cough, "if it would do to loan Michael Cavarini ten dollars?" The classic gentleman spoke timidly.

"I am afraid it would pauperize him," answered one of the ladies.

"I presume it would," replied the classic gentleman sighing.

"We cannot be too firm, Mrs. Wax," suggested Mrs. Hathaway, "although there must be exceptions to all theories. Do you not think Michael Cavarini has had time to become self-supporting? There is the wood-yard, and the snow-shoveling will soon come on."

"His visitor says he can't get into the wood-yard, you know," observed the youngest person present—a very young gentleman, who had a conscientious mustache.

"True," replied Mrs. Hathaway, "and snow-shoveling has not been a fruitful means of livelihood since April, poor fellow! Well, we must think again. Don't you think it would do to continue his case at the next council?"

"Unless I get more light on the subject before Tuesday," said Mr. Wax earnestly, "I shall vote for the loan. I might even advocate its being fifteen dollars, and reduce the interest."

"As to Mrs. O'Flaherty," urged the very young gentleman, "it seems to me we might give her a pair of shoes. I really don't see how she is to go out scrubbing—I think we decided she was to scrub on trial, didn't we?—without shoes. One of the committee said she could wear rubbers. Then she said she needed something flannel—I'm not clear what—some of the ladies may know. She said she preferred it red. I have been in great perplexity over Mrs. O'Flaherty. My mother offered me an old dress for her. Do you think it would demoralize her past redemption?"

"I once traced the whole downward career of a man to somebody's giving him a pair of pantaloons," said the lady who thought Michael Cavarini would be pauperized. She spoke without a smile, but the rest of the little company broke into merriment at this, and as the car came swinging round the corner they parted laughing, the ready, nervous laugh of people who have dwelt upon great responsibilities too long for their ease of heart.

"There," said one of the party, as they went down the avenue, "there is one of them this moment, Mrs. Hathaway. Your theories are at your threshold. If they don't keep away from you, what hope is there for the age? Of what use is it for us to lavish our souls and bodies on those problems when we can't keep beggars off from our own doors? Why should we—"

"I'm no beggar," said a sturdy voice from the uncertain shadow that the dusk was building by the servants' doors.

The little group stopped and stared at the peddler—all but the very young gentleman with the conscientious mustache, who ran to catch the plaid horse-car, and lost it; whereupon, I regret to say that he devoutly expressed the wish that he had never made the acquaintance of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"What are you?" asked Mr. Wax, trying to speak sternly (he had a vague impression that the man had been impertinent), but not succeeding in the least.

"I'm a peddler," stoutly. "I've never taken charity from no man—yet."

"Very good. That is excellent. I hope you never will," said Mrs. Hathaway hastily. "You talk like a man."

"Anything would be better than to pauperize your-

self," suggested the lady who did not smile. "Cold and hunger are not the worst things in the world."

"Marm," said the peddler, "did you ever try it?"

The four refined, benevolent, perplexed and comfortable faces glanced hard for the moment at the peddler's sickly, shrinking one. He had a hunted look, glaring across the dark at them, where he stood apart.

"My horses are getting restless," said the lady who thought cold and hunger were not the worst things in the world, "and I must really go."

But Mr. Wax said he should stay and see a little more of this.

"Go round into the side porch," suggested Mrs. Hathaway to the peddler. "We will look at your things there."

The peddler did as he was bidden, walking slowly. He stood on the uppermost step but one, and looked up at the lady and gentleman who waited in the open doorway against a background of bright, indefinite interior, as delicate and mysterious to the man as the heart of a rose. His arrested attitude was not without significance; it was that of one who could not go up, and would not go down.

"What is your name?" began Mrs. Hathaway promptly. The question came kindly, yet with a certain mechanism, from the delicate, philanthropic lips which had asked it so many times of so many "cases."

"Tape and needles, pins and ruffling, lace and hair-pins—oh! John True, marm."

"I will look at the needles. Do you make a comfortable living?"

"Sometimes," said the peddler evasively.

"Have you a permit?" asked Mr. Wax, with the determination of a man resolved to say the proper thing.

"Sir?—Yes. Those are American pins, marm. I've got no English to-day."

"Have you sold much to-day, John True?"

"Not much to-day, nor yet yesterday," said John True, hesitating. "I got a breakfast for a couple of box-plaits and some pink tape."

"You look hungry," said Mr. Wax, with blunt compassion.

The peddler looked at the Committee of the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism. He did not speak. The stout gentleman had come out and joined them; he called Mrs. Hathaway "My dear." The pug had followed also, and stood airing his crimson ribbons with high personal reserve on the door-sill; he had the aspect of a sub-committee not expected to give advice, but admitted to unfathomable confidence.

"We will have some supper," said the lady with vague kindness. Her thorough training as a social economist prevented her from saying, "I will give you a supper."

"Thank you, marm," said John True, "if the needles will pay for it."

"This is an excellent spirit, Mr. Wax," said Mrs. Hathaway. A child at this moment ran from somewhere and dashed at the stout gentleman's neck—plainly a boy, by his boisterous loving.

"Ah!" said the peddler, with a change of manner, "he's a pretty little fellow."

"Some of your own, perhaps?" asked the lady.

"Hush!" said Mr. Wax, who was a bachelor, "you—you hurt the man."

"Thank you, sir," said John True. There was an awkward silence. The peddler was the first to break it.

"I find it hard—" he fumbled weakly with an imitation Valenciennes ruffle, drawing it through and through his gaunt fingers—"I don't find it easy, yet, to talk

about it all. I'd ought to by this time. My boy had the scarlet fever while I was in the war—him and the baby. They both died in one week. My wife wrote me about it. It broke her all up. She kind of pined away. She didn't live long after I got home, herself. That's how it comes I haven't anybody. She was a good wife. My boy's name was Tommy. He was just the size of yours, sir—much them ways. My wife wanted him to go to college. I don't think she ever thought he could die. I never thought of it myself till the letter came. I wasn't so much acquainted with the baby; but he was a cunning little thing. I suppose he would have grown up. My wife was very fond of him. My wife was a brave woman." He drew himself up. "She never asked me not to go—not once. I got wounded once or twice, and once my name got into the dead-list. It broke her up—I think it broke her up as much as the children. She said a woman had to sit at home and read the papers. She said a man didn't know. I got home unexpected one day. When I come in—Madam, if you are suited with the needles, I will go."

"Wait a little," said the lady gently; "we would like to hear some more about you before you go. Perhaps you would like your supper first?"

"If I've got to talk," answered the man after a silence, "I'd rather be over with it before I eat. But I don't want to be asked any more questions about *her*—nor yet the boy. I ain't in the habit of talking—about 'em. I ain't very well. It tires me. My breath don't come right."

"The man has asthma," said Mr. Wax in an undertone.

"Asthma and shakes," replied the soldier, cheerfully, "and an old wound in the hip, and some other troubles that soldiers have. There's *sorts* enough if that would answer."

"Helen," said the stout gentleman, speaking for the first time, "bring this man in out of the cold, and order up his supper in the hall, wouldn't you? It's warmer for us all in there. Mr. True, come in. We won't plague you about your family."

The peddler stepped in reluctantly to the great crimson-carpeted hall. He glanced at the engravings and statuary, and removed his hat, but stood uncertain.

"I'd rather eat below, sir, but I'll set a moment if you wish. I *am* tired." He sank back, panting, upon one of the tall carved chairs.

"Don't sell much, I take it," said Mr. Hathaway, with the directness of the business man, who had little or no time for philanthropy.

"Not much, sir—no. It's a poor business. I wouldn't be at it if I could get my pension. Folks don't like peddlers."

"But you must have had a trade," suggested Mrs. Hathaway, "and why can't you get your pension?"

"I was a house-painter, but that gives you the lead-colic, marm, if you ain't pretty tough to start with. I tried it at first, but the shakes come on, and I fell off the ladder one day. They wouldn't have me after that. Marm, I've tried *everything*—you needn't ask me. This is all I can get. I hoped I'd get my pension. I applied in '65. They say it's a clear claim. But it ain't come yet. I hope I'll hold out till it does. I've got a right to it, I think."

His gaunt blue eyes flashed out once—he glanced about the warm, luxurious place. It occurred to him at that moment, that the lady might not have had all these things—and her live husband—and be able to send that boy to college, if it had not been for men like him. But he thought it would be impolite to tell her so. He was her company just now.

"Take all his things, Helen," said Mr. Hathaway turning away abruptly, "and come to dinner when you can." The man made him uncomfortable. He almost wished he had not sent a substitute himself. His easy gray eyes fell before the staring blue ones of the peddler.

There was no end to the pension question if one got into it. Helen, thank fortune, had never been drawn into *that* yet. People had got tired of soldiers before she took up philanthropy. They were outworn, unfashionable long since. Government was supposed to look after *them*. There were a hundred other whims, now, for the occupation of elegant leisure and well-meaning consciences. Hear her now, with her beautiful persistence, going at that poor fellow!

"But surely, Mr. True, if you are a deserving man, you should have got your pension long before now. I do not understand this business. I have—been occupied in other—directions. I should wish to help you if I knew how. We owe a debt—we are under obligation to you."

She stopped suddenly, remembering what obligations her sheltered, happy life was under to this peddler of tape and needles, lace and hair-pins. She was a young woman yet. She was of the generation that had sprung up since 1865. Her husband was older than herself. She had never picked lint or rolled bandages. She looked upon Memorial Day as a questionable popular festival, calculated to make drunkards, and teach the poor unthrifty habits. *She* had never searched a list of killed and wounded in the morning papers. She was able to hear military music with composure. She did not have to lock herself away alone, with her hands pressed like the clods of the grave upon her ears, when a soldier's funeral passed the house. She could meet a blue uniform in the street without the heart-throb that tore the life, or the blinding mist in the eyes that darkened the face of the heavens and the earth. She did not have to get out of the room, when young people sang army songs, and wander about till they came calling, and wondered why she was not there to play the waltzes. She was one of the blessed among women who had not lived the war.

"We are under obligations to you," repeated the gentle philanthropist, not without embarrassment.

"There's hundreds of thousands of us," said John True, monotonously. "I hadn't ought to wonder so much if I'm one of 'em. It's queer how folks always have a feeling of surprise at their own troubles; but I guess," brightly, "I'll get my pension come January." He closed his little valise and shifted it cheerfully across his shoulder. His breath came in pants, with a painful sound. "I've got one of those holes in the lungs," he said carelessly. He thrust his hand under his thin shirt up to the knuckles in a pitiful concavity, such as his disease sometimes wears out of the living bone and tissue. "It makes me stoop," he added, "and it's bad about breathing; but I kep' my arms and legs—and eyes. I thank you, marm, for buying so much stock of me. It will keep me a good while—it will keep me several days."

"Have you consulted no physician?" asked Mr. Wax, as John True moved to the door. A great gust of the damp night swept in. The peddler coughed and shivered. It was beginning to rain.

"Oh, I have my quinine," said the soldier evasively. "There's nothing else for it."

"There are objections to medicating yourself with t'is drug and—risks," suggested Mr. Wax earnestly.

"Sir," said John True, "did you ever have the shakes under McClellan along the Potomac?"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Wax deprecatingly.

The pug was sniffing superciliously at the peddler's heels, as one who was constituted an advisory committee for the emergency, and must officially remind him that the open door would chill the house. The little boy, too, was calling his mother in to dinner. He could be seen through the open library door making darts at his father from behind, and strangling him with uproarious kisses.

"Go below for a good hot supper, and I should like to give you the address of our society," suggested Mrs. Hathaway thoughtfully. "It may serve you in some emergency. We make it a point to help honest people to be self-supporting. We have our industrial branches. I will write it for you—There. We do not give in charity, except in extremities."

"I haven't fallen that far yet," said the soldier, lifting his head. He looked at the sky, but there were no stars—it was deadly dark. "I guess I'll get my pension in January" cheerfully. "I hope I'll hold out. I thank you, marm, for the supper. Next time I come around this way I'll bring some extry crimped hair-pins for you. I have a kind in a box with a lady on it in a pink gown. Generally I ask something extry for the box. I should like to have you have it to remember me by. I wished I had something in my stock that would please that little fellow. But it's all women's gear. Good night, sir," to Mr. Wax, who held the door open and said nothing.

But the chairman of the committee of the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism, hastily excusing himself from his hostess and colleague in philanthropy, shut the door of the high-art green house, and followed the peddler down the piazza steps. The two stood for a moment in the now heavily-falling rain.

"You have no umbrella," said the representative of the Extinction of Pauperism under his breath.

"Well, sir, no. I parted with mine one day for a—well, for a supper. I hadn't had anything to eat, only a few blackberries that was pretty well dried with the drought, since the day before of a breakfast time. I haven't any umbrella, but I'll get under shelter in a place I know before long, now; thank you, sir."

"You must take mine," said Mr. Wax guiltily. "I insist upon it. And I wish—here—I—I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Wax, looking all around him with a scared air, "but I never enlisted myself. I had an invalid sister, and I—at any rate, I didn't. I do not enjoy it to see a soldier going about the State of Massachusetts in the condition you are in. I really do *not* enjoy it!" repeated Mr. Wax, wiping his forehead; "and if you won't look upon it as a charity—for we seldom give in charity, nor even as a loan, for our loans, you know, are subject to the advisory committee—and, in fact, if you would be so good, Mr. True, as not to look upon it—officially, anyhow—but just to give one human being the privilege of putting some comforts, such as umbrellas and other necessities of life into another human being's way," finished Mr. Wax wildly, "I should be infinitely grateful to you. As a civilian," added Mr. Wax, "who is under obligations to a soldier, I must say that I will *not* have you look upon this as a charity. It would be contrary to your excellent instincts; it would be contrary to all our principles; it would be— Good night, sir," cried Mr. Wax severely, and, glancing about him with the air of one detected in a felony, the chairman of the committee of the Association for the Prevention of Pauperism tucked a fat bill into the peddler's thin hand, and fled for his life.

III

THE nation had come up like a convalescent from a fever, not without a certain incredulity of the disease which it had survived. The public credit was sturdy. The reduction of the war debt had become one of the financial wonders of the world. The business outlook was clear. So long as England ate our beef, and our superfluous grain went as ballast to the merchantmen, what would we? Since the great Western crops were assured, the chinch-bug to be disposed of by kerosene and milk (one could hardly respect even a chinch-bug who refused to surrender life upon that diet), the forest fires out, the floods down, and the Hutchison and Saint Gray Railroad managed by Boston capital, who could complain? If the banking system is safe, and the kindergarten semi-annual has subscribers; if pencil-lined summer silk is fifty cents a yard, the Prohibitory law defeated, the three-and-a-half per cents afloat, and we have a country week for sick babies, "what can we want besides?" A chorus of fifty million voices adopts this national anthem from the hymn-book, and chants piously.

It is the day when we look in the morning papers for the score of the last national base-ball match. It is the day when we thrill over the accident to the stroke of the inter-collegiate regatta. It is the day when we play lawn tennis with the ladies. It is the time when all the ardor of our soul is flung into the cut of our landau; when we discuss the bang on the tails of our horses; when we camp out in the Yellowstone on an August vacation, and our wives pray for us as for men in mortal peril. It is the time when we give thirty thousand dollars for a French painting; when we agonize over the "punkin"-colored frieze claimed as old gold upon our summer villas; when we amuse ourselves chasing what we call a fox, at the watering-place affecting imported fashions and humanities; when the crack in the faience vase stirs our natures to their depths. It is the day when gamboge yellow china monsters, costing a hundred dollars a pair, sit over against our thresholds in the front hall. It is the day when we give five hundred for a lap-dog, and three dollars a visit for the calls of the dog-doctor. It is the day when we have adapted social science to the impulses of the heart. It is the day when we know to a copper how much it is right to give our starving sister. It is the day when we are generous to a fault with our thoughts, with our time, with our nerve, with our privacy, with all the sweet and sacred resources which have a value to human need, beside which, indeed, mere money may be a slight and chilly contribution. It is the day when we find ourselves proud of the extent to which we have become our brother's keeper. It is the day of harbor excursions, and women's prisons; of the society for educating you at home, and the great firm that takes you from behind its counter to send you abroad. It is the day of the flower charity and rides for invalids. It is the day when we stubbornly investigate insane hospitals, and when women on the State Boards of Charity discover that female convicts have not been supplied with night-gowns. It is the day when the merciful executioner of our superannuated dogs or horses gives a new trade to society and a new humanity to life. It is the day when the law takes a child away from a drunken parent, and a man may be arrested if he kicks a donkey. It is the day when our navy consists of fourteen unarmored cruisers, and twelve old-fashioned monitors. It is the day when the applications for pensions are coming in at the rate of three thousand a month. It is the day when two hundred thousand pension claims remain un-

settled. It is the day when over one hundred Massachusetts soldiers are found in almshouses. It is twenty years after the war.

On a hot, bright day in May, 1882, the physician in charge of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury received a summons to attend a sick pauper as promptly as possible. It was not the first call; the man had troubled him before; but of late had kept more quiet. At one time there had been talk of sending him to the insane wing, but for this reason and that, it had never been done. The doctor went to the pauper's bedside with a dubious expression, as one who distrusts his own leniency.

The patient was the last in the long row in the men's ward. His cot came up blankly against the wall. Some of the men had a window.

"I get tired of the wall," said the patient abruptly, as the physician entered.

"It's always something, you know, True," answered the doctor carelessly. "Well, how is it to-day? Choking again?"

"It's *always* chokes, Doctor," patiently, "but it's the cannon in my head I mind the most to-day. There's flashing and firing enough to blow Lee into eternity. Off and on I feel shells—then they bust and scatter down my backbone. Seems I was blown up nigh all night. Jiggs says I kep' him awake. I think very like. I thought he was Beauregard, till it come sun-up. But I hadn't nothin' to fling at him, only the pillow, and I ain't strong enough to fling the pillow. You needn't find fault; I laid still, Doctor. It was hard not to go at 'em, but I kep' still. I'm better to-day, Doctor—if you could muzzle them cannon."

"Oh, yes, I'll muzzle the cannon," said the physician lightly. He poured a teaspoonful from a vial, which was labeled *Bromide Potass*.

"You can't muzzle 'em!" cried the patient contemptuously, "and you know you can't. I ain't a luny—yet, nor I ain't a born fool. That sort of talk don't help a man in his senses. We used to have a doctor to home I'd like to see. My wife was very fond of that doctor. He understood my constitution, she said. He'd know whether I was dying or not. I never thought I'd come to a poor-house doctor."

"Dying fiddlesticks!" retorted the doctor good-humoredly; but he took in the man, soul and body, at one long glance, before he left him. The eye of an anxious physician is like a sharp-shooter.

"Take the medicine, and let the cannon roar, if they will, True. They won't hurt anybody. I'll be back if you don't feel easier."

"I fought in fifteen battles, Doctor!" the patient cried after him—his voice re-echoed through the long, gaunt room—"I fought in fifteen battles. I was at Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hills, and Bull Run, and Antietam, and—oh, I've forgotten the rest. I was wounded twice. Once I got on the dead-list, and my wife read it in the papers. I was—look here, I never told you before. I don't often speak of it. I fought the war out; I didn't talk about it while I was peddlin'; I was afraid folks would say I was tradin' on my miseries. You know you couldn't be the same man after all them years if you was to try. I did the best I could at peddlin'. I never thought I'd come to Tewksbury—I never *thought* of it!"

His voice rose to a kind of wail which was the worst thing in the world for the paupers. Some one ordered him sharply to keep still. The doctor went down to discuss the patient with the superintendent; it was not

a case exactly for the State visitors who were coming any day now; yet it seemed hard to turn him into the asylum.

"He's only quinine-crazy; it isn't like the genuine thing, you know. I don't incline to disturb him; he's a pretty sick man. He takes the whole business hard. He wasn't cut out for a pauper—the more's the pity."

"Look here, True," said Jiggs, after the doctor had gone, "I'm sorry for ye, upon my word. I'd *give* ye somethin' to fling at me if I had it. I'm nothin' but a dummed fool that drank himself into this, but by the Lord Harry, if I'd fit for my country—too drunk; they wouldn't have me—I should call this a dummed shame. Be as crazy as you like, for all me—I won't complain of ye."

"Thank you, Jiggs," said the sick man patiently. He fell silent after this; so silent that they thought him much improved. He turned over on his little cot with his face to the great white wall, and dropped into a stupor, half doze, half day-dream, through which his thoughts stirred with a sluggish fear, like lost things that dared not move lest they should get farther still astray. He had always had these sullen times since he had been at Tewksbury. He had been there over two years. They had found him a tractable pauper; helpless with malaria and asthma, and his other ails; deranged at times with the over-use of quinine—a poisoned wreck. His fine blue eyes were hollow, and his lips livid. He was no longer a pleasant-looking fellow. One wondered what this defender of his country might be thinking of, lying there with his face to the poor-house wall. His lost life? His last battle? More probably his next dose. He muttered a good deal and stared about. He had quite outlived his own romance (a pitiable fate for the most attractive of us), and no longer appealed to any but the most keenly imaginative sensibilities.

Some one spoke to him softly, as he lay there stupidly enough, that hot June day. At first he thought it was the robin that sang afternoons on the tree that grew across the street on the other side of the poor-house; but after a moment's attention he perceived that it was the voice of a woman. When he turned, he saw that several people were by his bedside, some gentlemen and this lady. He made a sign to intimate that he had seen her before, and that he welcomed her.

"I have often thought of you," said Mrs. Hathaway, "but I had never expected to find you *here*. My duties bring me here to observe the condition of the inmates. I am sorry to find you one of them."

"I want to speak to that man," said John True faintly. He pointed to Mr. Wax, who shrank a little in the background. The gentleman advanced and leaned over the cot.

"I won't tell of you," whispered the pauper.

"Don't," sighed Mr. Wax.

"But it did a heap for me, sir. I got boots and flannels come winter. It kep' me in comforts, till you seemed to me, as I thought on you, most like own folks, sir. But I never told on you."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Mr. Wax, coughing heavily. His bronchial condition explained a great deal of surplus emotion that a philanthropist must find inconvenient.

"I am very sorry to find you here," repeated Mrs. Hathaway gently. "We will hope soon to have you self-supporting and happy." She looked vaguely about; then suddenly her fine eyes filled. The peddler was greatly changed. She was not used to sick people, but she began to see that he looked very ill.

"He's crazy as a coot," volunteered the amiable

Jiggs from the next cot; "but I let him fling pillows at me," complacently. "I'm nothin' but a dummed drunkard myself."

"You're an excellent fellow," said Mr. Wax helplessly.

"Tell us," urged Mrs. Hathaway, "how you came here, Mr. True, can't you? I am so very sorry. I have a better place for you I think. I see you are not able to work at present. We are establishing a home—"

"It takes a pensionable status to get into hospitals," interrupted John True. "They wouldn't have me—I've never got my pension yet. Something was always the matter. I thought I'd get it come January when I was to your house, but it was always *something*. Last of all, the surgeon he up and died. I had to have his testimony as to what ailed me at time of my discharge. We got most all the other witnesses—one of 'em he'd cleared out to Indiany after a divorce, and it took all that time to captur' *him*—then this feller had to go and die. They said my claim warn't good for nothin' without the surgeon's testimony. That clean discouraged me," added the soldier. "I'd been in fifteen battles! I'd been wounded twice! I fought in Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hills, and Bull Run, and Antietam, and—oh, seems to me if there wasn't so many folks round I could remember the rest." He looked wildly about, panting.

"I hoped that sedative would work better," said the doctor, who had joined the group.

"But this is not to be a national hospital," persisted Mrs. Hathaway. "It is to be a state affair, where you will not have to wait for anything. There is to be as little red tape as possible. I have become very much interested in it—I am one of the committee. I confess I think it is rather late, but better late than never. We must get you into it, Mr. True."

"I don't know nothing about it," said the pauper apathetically.

"We will speak to the superintendent at once," urged the lady nervously. "We will have you made comfortable there for the rest of your days."

"Thank you, marm; but it's too late for that."

The soldier turned his face to the wall. He was tired of all these fine people. He had no faith in their homes and hospitals. It would be like the pension.

"There'll be sure to be something the matter. You'll see, they won't let me in. They'll find reasons agin it. They won't want me. I don't know why. It ain't because I didn't fight. It ain't because I wasn't wounded. It ain't because I wasn't honorably discharged. It ain't because I ain't sick. . . . Lord! I never thought I'd come to the poor-house! I never *thought* of it! I've been here two years and three months, and I ain't dead yet. . . . Lord, how I took on at first! I've got used to it now."

"What *made* you come at the last?" some one asked him gently.

"They took me, sir. They said I was starving. The selectmen found me in a corn-field of a November night. I wasn't very well. It was in a town where I hadn't sold much of anything."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Hathaway, restraining herself with much emotion, "we will take you out of the poor-house. We will come back for you next week."

"Marm," said the pauper, "I ain't an object of interest for a lady now. I wouldn't trouble yourself if I was you."

He turned his face to the wall again, and said no more to them. Only, as the gentlemen passed out of the ward, he beckoned once, and Mr. Wax returned and asked his pleasure.

"Will this be a *real* thing, this place you tell of?" asked the pauper. "No play-work, an Orderly, and a flag, and other soldiers? I'd like to die under a roof where the flag belonged, if I could as well as not. It *would* be something not to *die* in the poor-house, wouldn't it, sir?"

They had moved him, although he was very weak. It was thought best, at the last moment, to make the experiment, and they bore him with what tenderness they might, on the little journey from Tewksbury to Chelsea, and so through the welcome dashes of the sea-winds up the Powder-Horn Hill and into the home which Massachusetts had provided for her scattered heroes. It was an exceedingly hot day, and as he got out of the carriage, which he tried to do without assistance, he turned his face to the salt breeze and looked pathetically about.

"It's cooler here than it was in Tewksbury," he said. "I've nothing against 'em at Tewksbury; but it was a hot place for sick folks."

Then, glancing up the height of the building, his gaunt, dull face flashed fire.

"Oh, there's the Flag! See! How she flies! Ain't she a living beauty! Oh, I'm glad to get under the Flag!"

He made the military salute gravely, then bared his head, his face upturned to the solemn symbol for which he had sacrificed youth, health, home, hope and life. Not much, to be sure, but this obscure man gave what he had. We may remember it, now and then, although we are truly busied about many other things. Thirty years are a generation. Half of the men who sent him forth are in their graves. We who remain have more modern subjects of thought and care than these poor wrecks, who have sifted through the strain of broken business habits, incurable disease, growing age and increasing friendlessness. You who have sprung up since the rank and file were our hope and our glory, to whose happy young ears a drum-tap has no more solemn meaning than a serenade, and to whose fancy a soldier presents the form of the sleek cadet disporting himself at Magnolia, or the useful messenger who carries your invitations—it is our fault if we have suffered you to forget that sacred debt whose bonds bear interest unto the third and fourth generation of them that owe it, and shall reflect the military quality of loyalty upon thousands of them that honor it and reverence its obligations.

These were our trust; how fare they at our hands?

Our saviors then; are they our heroes now?

John True went into the Soldiers' Home quietly; they helped him on either side, for the outbreak of life with which he had greeted the flag passed quickly, and he moved and breathed with difficulty.

Comrades saluted him as he crossed the threshold, and the "Orderly" about whom he had asked, was there. They took him to the place assigned him. Its coolness, size and comfort seemed to confuse him.

"These are your quarters," said the Orderly.

"Eh? Not—here?"

"Yes, *these* are your quarters."

"But this must be officers' quarters. I wasn't an officer."

"No; these are *your* quarters."

The pauper soldier began to tremble, looked appealingly about—made as if he would entreat to be left alone; then:

"My God! My *God*!" he cried aloud, and sank down sobbing mightily before them all.

He lingered for a little while, not in great pain, and

with so much comfort that they had at first hopes of his regaining life. He knew better than this himself, but he did not try to deceive them. He lay quietly, sleeping a good deal, and smiling upon all who spoke to him. He often said :

"Oh, I am so comfortable, so comfortable!"

Sometimes he told the boys that he never *thought* he should have come to the poor-house; and once he said again that it was a good deal to die with the flag over your head.

One day he called the Orderly and said :

"I forgot to tell those gentlemen why my daughter couldn't support me. I had a daughter, but she married at sixteen—that's why. Sissy married a drunkard. He was a Dogberry fellow—his father drank before him. They're out West somewhere, but I haven't heard from her for a long spell. Sissy couldn't do the first thing for me. It would have been better for Sissy if she had had the scarlet fever when the boys did—but she lived instead."

At another time he said, with some anxiety :

"I forgot to ask that lady whether she ever got the extry box of hair-pins I owed her for my supper. I sent it by another peddler I knew. It had a picture on the cover—it was a pretty box. I wish I'd asked her."

It was noticeable that as he failed, the more unpleasant aspects of his appearance gave place to a certain touching refinement which might have been native to the man. As death advanced, the most painful marks of disease retreated. Fire returned to his fine blue eye. That weak drooping of the under lip fell into firmer lines. The muscles of his face began to move with a kind of precision, like men on duty under clear orders. The vacillation of pauperism departed from the soldier's face in those last days. He spoke less and less; when he did, it was usually to say something about Mary, and some one asked him one day if Mary was his wife. He nodded silently. He did not feel that he cared to talk about her to these strange men.

He thought of her—it seemed to him that he thought of her all the time. It was as if he had forgotten everything while he was in the poor-house. Now, it was like getting home again, after these twenty years.

Whether adream or awake—who should say that has not himself come to that haze which separates the facts of this which we call life from the mysteries of that which we name death?—he experienced much that had gone from his memory, leaving a blankness like that which rests in one's mind upon the lives of other men.

He remembered the row of holes perforated in the brown straw hat that he hung up in the entry the day he had enlisted. There was a little tin horse under foot, and he hit it, so it trundled away with a tinkling sound. There was a rag-mat in the entry; it had blue roses, and one of the petals was worn and pieced out with black alpaca. As he looked down at it, fumbling and delaying, dreading to tell her as he had never once since dreaded death when under fire, the child from within piped out shrilly :

"My omelzzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere;
Ven wy shoul'da ma-a-ma,
If twyalsypere?"

And Mary was hurt because he went to wash himself without first kissing her. But he was so covered with red paint! He had been painting a red house—Seth Grimace's house.

They had doughnuts and hash for supper, and Sissy was not there. Sissy was at the picnic; she had the umbrella, lest it should rain, and was coming home

with Jenny Severby. Sissy looked like her great-aunt who married a dissipated fellow. Poor Sissy! But Tommy crushed the cinnamon rose in his father's pocket, leaning so close against him at supper-table. . . . How she looks with the rose in her bosom—pretty! The baby pulled at it, and she put it in her hair. That was more becoming. Mary was always neat.

See! we go out into the garden after tea to walk. He throws away the pipe, and the rooster objects to tobacco; that pleases Tommy, strangling him with kisses from behind. Tommy has on a green-checked gingham apron. Let us count the checks to steady a man's mind against this thing he has to do, that is so much worse than the deadliest battle of them all, though he fought the war out and was taken out of Tewksbury poor-house before he died. There are the currant bushes; the cherry tree is in blossom, and the flowers fall like snow. There are the cabbages in the southwest corner, doing well. The sun is setting. Where shall we put Sissy's teeter-board? Shall Tommy have a rabbit? Yes, Mary, have your geraniums, my girl, anywhere you like. She hangs upon his arm now, leaning toward him; puts up her hand. Oh, how soft it is! There were only men—men out there. In all these years, Mary, I have never *touched* another woman—not even her hands. You never need be jealous in your grave, my girl! . . . I'll tell you when we get into the house. Not yet! not just yet! Give me a few moments' time! I can't tell you this minute!

Then coming to himself—with a sense of suffocation—"I'm choking!—Doctor!—Sir, excuse me. I have made you trouble. I was thinking about another matter."

He drifted off again into half-dreaming soliloquy.—The baby cried and she went in. I think I'll put it off. I will not tell her to-night. I had rather get a little stronger before I tell my wife I have enlisted. . . . That was just like her! To spare me—everything. She always did. But I would have told her if she'd waited a little longer. When I felt better I'd have told her. Oh, my girl, come here! Come here!

I haven't held no other woman in my arms, Mary,—and it's fourteen years since she died. Come here, and let us talk it over if we can. . . . I say, boys, do you hear that? No? Oh, no. I see—it is some music that I heard. My little boy used to sing. This is the hymn. Why, I hear it :

"My home is in Heaven."

Don't hear it, boys, none of you?

"My home is in Heaven,
My rest is not here."

I can hear it very plain. We didn't get much home here, did we, boys? Broke up somehow—upset seems to me—come to an end before its time. I had a pleasant home before the war.

"Home is in Heaven!"

Well, maybe—I wouldn't undertake to say; but it's asking a good deal of folks . . . to wait . . . so long.

It was noon on the thirtieth of May. All over the land flags floated at half-mast, and from every United States military post came the boom of heavy guns fired in honor of the nation's dead. John True heard the solemn sound as it came at regular intervals from the distant harbor forts. It started his slow heart-beats and he roused himself with a flash of the old spirit :

"Ready! Aim! Fire! he cried. . . . Fair Oaks!—Malvern Hill!—Bull Run!—Antietam! Give it to 'em, boys! give it to 'em! Look at the Flag and think of

your folks at home! Shall we give our lives for nothing? Aim low, boys! Government will look after ye, don't ye fear! Old Massachusetts won't allow us to suffer! Each mortal man of us has got the promise of the United States of America to care for him and his'n if he drops! Let 'em have it, boys! Hurrah for the old Flag! *Fair Oaks!—Malvern Hill!—Bull Run!—Antietam! . . .*"

They went swiftly to his bedside, and held him to the strong salt air. They spoke affectionately. There was little to say. Some one prayed aloud, but it was

doubtful if he heard. He stretched his arms out with a gesture of infinite tenderness, and to the comrade nearest who supported him he said:

"I've got my discharge, old fellow, and *now* I'm going home to see my wife. I almost daresn't, for she isn't very strong. Do you think it will be too much for her—so sudden—when she—when she—sees me coming in?"

The minute guns timed his failing pulse-beats, but he no longer heard them, and so Private John True kept his last Decoration Day.

DECORATION DAY.

SWEET sleep our heroes, couched beneath the sod,
 Wrapped in their winding sheets of blue and gray;
 While o'er their heads the fairest flow'rets nod,
 Kissed by the breath of May.

War-wasted, weary, sank they down to rest,
 Spent with the struggle in their country's need;
 No gentle breathings heave the placid breast,
 No signs of love they heed.

And yet new life through all the world doth beat;
 Its rhythmic splendors throb through space afar;
 It blossoms in the daisies at their feet,
 It glows in yonder star.

And so the souls of heroes whom we sing
 Sleep not; but far in Heaven's fadeless clime,
 O'er all the nation's grateful offering,
 Keep watch and ward sublime.

HESTER M. POOLE.

"IDAHHO."

THE name of the great northwestern gold-fields, comprising Montana and Idaho, was originally spelled *I-dah-ho*, with the accent thrown heavily on the second syllable. The word is perhaps of Shoshonee derivation, but it is found in some similar form, and with the same significance, among all Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. The Nez Percé Indians, in whose country the great black and white mountain lies which first induced the white man to the use of this name, are responsible for its application to the region of the far Northwest.

The literal meaning is "sunrise mountains." Indian children among all tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, so far as I can learn, use the word to signify the place where the sun comes from. Where these tawny people live out of doors, go to bed at dusk, and rise with the first break of day, sunrise is much to them. The place where the sun comes from is a place of marvel to the children; and, indeed, it is a sort of dial-plate to every village or ranchera, and of consequence to all. The Shoshonee Indians, the true Bedouin of the American desert, hold the mountain where the first burst of dawn is discovered in peculiar reverence.

This roving and treacherous tribe of perfect savages, stretching from the Rocky Mountains almost to the Sierras, having no real habitation, or any regard for the habitation of others, but often invading and overlapping the lands of fellow savages, had some gentle sentiments about sunrise. "Idahho" with them was a sacred place; and they clothed the Rocky Mountains, where the sun rose to them, with a mystic or rather a mythological sanctity.

The Shasta Indians, with whom I spent the best years

of my youth, and whose language and traditions I know entirely, as well as those of their neighbors to the north of them, the Modocs, always, whether in camp or in winter quarters, had an "Idahho," or place for the sun to rise. This was a sort of Mecca in the skies, to which every Indian lifted his face involuntarily on rising from his rest. I am not prepared to say that the act had any special religion in it. I only assert that it was always done, and done silently, and almost, if not entirely, reverently.

Yet it must be remembered that this was a very practical affair nearly always and with all Indians. The war-path, the hunt, the journey—all these pursuits entered almost daily into the Indian's life, and of course the first thing to be thought of in the morning was "Idahho." Was the day to open propitiously? Was it to be fair or stormy weather for the work in hand?

But I despair of impressing the importance of sunrise on those who rarely witness it; although to the Indian it is everything. And that is why every tribe in the mountains, wherever it was, and whatever its object in hand, had a Mount "Idahho." This word, notwithstanding its beauty and pictorial significance, found no place in our books till some twenty-one years ago, and then only in an abbreviated and unmeaning form.

Indeed, all Indian dialects, except the "Chinook," a conglomerate published by the Hudson Bay Company for their own purposes, and adopted by the missionaries, seem to have always been entirely ignored and unknown throughout the North Pacific territory. This "Chinook" answered all purposes. It was a sort of universal

jargon, was the only dialect in which the Bible was printed, or that had a dictionary, and no one seemed to care to dig beyond it.

And so it was that this worthless and unmeaning "Chinook" jargon overlaid and buried our beautiful names and traditions. They were left to perish with the perishing people; so that now, instead of soft and alliterative names, with pretty meanings and traditions, we have for the most sublime mountains to be seen on earth (those of the Oregon Sierras, mis-called the Cascade Mountains) such outlandish and senseless and inappropriate appellations as Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Washington and Mount Rainier. Changing the name of the Oregon River, however, to that of the Columbia is an impertinence that can plead no excuse but the bad taste of those perpetrating the folly. The mighty Shoshonee River, with its thousand miles of sand and lava-beds, is being changed by these same map-makers to that of Lewis and Clark River.

When we consider the lawless character of the roving Bedouins who once peopled this region, how snake-like and treacherous they were as they stole through the grasses and left no sign, surely we should allow this sinuous, impetuous and savage river to bear the name which it would almost seem nature gave it, for Shoshonee is the Indian name for serpent. How appropriate for this river and its once dreaded people!

The dominion of this tribe departed with the discovery of gold on a tributary of the Shoshonee River in 1860. The thousands who poured over this vast country on their way to the new gold-fields of the north swept them away almost entirely. Up to this time they had only the almost helpless and wholly exhausted immigrant to encounter, with now and then a brush with soldiers sent out to avenge some massacre. But this tribe perished, as I have said, before the Californians, and to-day it is not, except as one of the broken and dispirited remnants familiar to the wretched reservations scattered over the vast far West.

Captain Pierce, the discoverer of gold in the north, located "Pierce City" on the site of his discovery, in the dense wood away up in the wild spurs of the Bitter Root Mountains, about fifty miles from the Shoshonee River. Then "Orofino City" sprang up. Then "Elk City" was laid out. But the "cities" did not flourish. Indeed, all these "cities" were only laid out to be buried. The gold was scarce and hard to get at, and the mighty flood of miners that had overrun everything to reach the new mines began to set back in a reflux tide.

On the site of the earthworks thrown up by Lewis and Clark, who wintered on the banks of the Shoshonee River in 1803-4, the adventurous miners had founded a fourth and more imposing city, as they passed on their way to the mines. This they called Lewiston. It was at the head of steamboat navigation on the Shoshonee, and promised well. I remember it as an array of miles and miles of tents in the spring. In the fall, as the tide went out, there was left only a few strips of tattered canvas flapping in the wind. Here and there stood a few "shake shanties," against which little pebbles rattled in a perpetual fusillade as they were driven by the winds that howled down the swift and barren Shoshonee.

"It oughter be a gold-bearin' country," said a ragged miner, as he stood with hands in pockets shivering on the banks of the desolate river, looking wistfully away toward California; "it oughter be a gold-bearin' country, 'cause it's fit for nothin' else."

I had left California before this rush, settled down

and been admitted to the bar by ex-Attorney-General George H. Williams, then Judge of Oregon, and had now come, with one law-book and two six-shooters, to offer my services in the capacity of advocate to the miners. Law not being in demand, I threw away my book, bought a horse and rode express. But even this had to be abandoned, and I, too, was being borne out with the receding tide.

Suddenly it began to be rumored that farther up the Shoshonee, and beyond a great black-white mountain, a party of miners who had attempted to cross this ugly range, and got lost, had found gold in deposits that even exceeded the palmy days of '49."

Colonel Craig, an old pioneer, who had married an Indian woman and raised a family here, proposed to set out for the new mine. The old man had long since, through his Indians, heard of gold in this black mountain, and he was ready to believe this rumor in all its extravagance. He was rich in horses, a good man—a great-brained man, in fact—who always had his pockets full of papers, reminding one of Kit Carson in this respect; and, indeed, it was his constant thirst for news that drew him toward the "expressman," and made him his friend.

I gladly accepted his offer of a fresh horse, and the privilege of making one of his party. For reasons sufficient to the old mountaineer, we set out at night, and climbed and crossed Craig's Mountain, sparsely set with pines and covered with rich brown grass, by moonlight.

As we approached the edge of Camas Prairie, then a land almost unknown, but now made famous by the battle-fields of Chief Joseph, we could see through the open pines a faint far light on the great black and white mountain beyond the valley. "Idahho!" shouted our Indian guide in the lead, as he looked back and pointed to the break of dawn on the mountain before us. "That shall be the name of the new mines," said Colonel Craig quietly, as he rode by his side.

The exclamation, its significance, the occasion and all conspired to excite deep pleasure, for I had already written something on this name and its poetical import, and made a sort of glossary embracing eleven dialects.

Looking over this little glossary now, I note that the root of the exclamation is *dah*! The Shasta word is *Puu-dah-ho*! The Klamath is *Num-dah-ho*! The Modoc is *Lo-dah*! and so on. Strangely like "Look there!" or "Lo!" is this exclamation, and with precisely that meaning.

I do not know whether this Indian guide was Nez Percé, Shoshonee, Cayuse, or from one of the many other tribes that had met and melted into this half-civilized people first named. Neither can I say certainly at this remote day whether he applied the word "Idahho" to the mountain as a permanent and established name, or used the word to point the approach of dawn. But I do know that this mountain that had become famous in a night, and was now the objective point of ten thousand pilgrims, became at once known to the world as Idahho.

Passing by the Indians' corn-fields and herds of cattle and horses, we soon crossed the Camas valley. Here, hugging the ragged base of the mountain, we struck the stormy and craggy Salmon River, a tributary of the Shoshonee, and found ourselves in the heart of the civilized and prosperous Nez Percé's habitations. Ten miles of this tortuous and ragged stream and our guide led up the steep and stupendous mountain toward which all the prospectors were now journeying. At first it was open pines and grass, then stunted fir and

tamarack, then broken lava and manzanita, then the summit and snow.

A slight descent into a broad flat basin, dark with a dense growth of spruce, with here and there a beautiful little meadow of tall marsh grass, and we were in the mines—the first really rich gold-mines that had as yet ever been found outside of California.

“Lead and silver hath a lead; but gold has a place where they fine it,” says the Bible—meaning that the only certain place to look for gold is where they refine it. Certainly the text never had a more apt illustration than here; for of all places for gold in the wide world this seemed the most unlikely. The old Californian miners who came pouring in after us, almost before we had pitched tent, were disgusted. “Nobody but a parcel of fools would ever have found gold here,” said one, with a sneer at the long-haired Oregonians who had got lost and found the new mines. But the wheat-like grains of gold were there, and in such heaps as had never been found even in California; and so accessible—only a few inches under the turf or peat in the little meadows and little blind gulches here and there in this great black, bleak and wintry basin that had never yet been peopled since it came fresh from the Creator’s hand.

In less than a week the black basin was white with tents. Our party located a “city” where we first pitched tent, with the express-office for a nucleus.

Look at your map, tracing up from Lewiston over Craig’s Mountain and Camas Prairie, and you will find “Millersburg,” looking as big on the map as any town in the West. Yet it did not live even the winter through. A man soon came with a family of daughters, Dr. Furber, an author of some note at the time, and settled a half mile farther on. My “city” went with and clustered about the ladies. The doctor named the rival “city” after his eldest daughter, Florence. It flourished in the now falling snow like a bay, and was at one time the capital of the territory. There is little of it left now, however, but the populous graveyard.

And alas for the soft Indian name! The bluff miner, with his swift speech and love of brevity, soon cut the name of the new mines down to “Idao.” And so when the new gold-fields widened out during a winter of unexampled hardships and endurance into “Warren’s Diggin’s,” “Boise City,” “Bannock City,” and so on, and the new territory took upon itself a name and had a place on the map of the republic, that name was plain, simple and senseless Idaho. Should any one concerned in the preservation of our native and beautiful names care to know more particularly the facts here sketched, let him address Colonel Craig, of Craig’s Mountain, Idaho, a well-read and the best-informed man on the subject to be found in the far West; and he is the man who found and named Idaho.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE DIARY OF MISTRESS MARY HOWARD.

BY LEILA WEBSTER.

Aug. 8th, 1580.—I cannot write often in my sweet book, for that the French Ambassadors are here, and we have nothing but feasts and spectacles, dancing and cards from one day’s end to another’s. No one knoweth what Elizabeth’s mind is toward this French marriage. She doth conceal it, and Burleigh is beside himself with anxiety. She even deceiveth the Lords of Council, sometimes seeming to approve and then to disapprove, which they do take as very willful, as that she will not show her real intention to those whose place it is to advise her.

Methinketh Elizabeth would little like to share her power and glory with a husband. She loveth to be king as well as queen; and also she feareth that her favorites would withdraw their devotion were she wedded.

She seemeth to be keeping these Ambassadors to dazzle them with the wealth and greatness of her kingdom. Then, it appeareth to me, she will dismiss them with smooth and soft promises, which, when they return to their own court, they will find are only words.

This evening we did have a great banquet in their honor on the eastern terrace. M. de Montmorenci and M. de Foix ate with Elizabeth at her own table. She was dressed in her French gown of black satin, covered with rubies and pearls. The gems we sew on each gown as she weareth it, and much time doth it take. The rest of the lords, both French and English, did sit with us maids of honor at a long table, and a gay feast we had till midnight. I wore my new bodice, powdered with gold and pearls, and the velvet suit belonging, which moved all the maids to envy. M. de Manelon called for a toast in my honor, naming me as the queen

of the table, and all the lords drank it with loud praises, till Elizabeth did look at us, frowning heavily. M. de Manelon is a pretty gallant, and much I like him.

After the banquet we all went into the western court. Soon an old man appeared leading two damsels, and besought succor for them of Elizabeth. Mistress Lettice Arundel and I played the part of the damsels, and much did we enjoy it. The Earl of Essex entered, followed by ten knights in white, and, engaging to defend us, put his following in array against our pursuer, the Earl of Rutland, who led ten knights in blue. They fought stoutly on horseback with swords until the dawn of day, when Elizabeth declared that we were rescued, and dismissed all the company to bed. I did privately give Essex, as our knight, a white handkerchief sprigged with gold, and I fear Elizabeth did espy it, for she gave me many black looks.

The sun is just rising, and I must leave my book and take me to my bed, for need there is that I should be early in the Queen’s chamber, lest she give me more than black looks!

Aug. 9th.—Alack-a-day! I have indeed found out the meaning of Elizabeth’s frowns. This morning she would not let me approach her at her toilet, and gave no reason, only telling me to attend her after the council, and then I would discover the cause of her anger. The council was long, and I did tremble so that I could with difficulty help in sewing the aglets on her purple gold cloth. At last she came, dressed in my new robe, which she had secretly taken from my chamber. It was too short, and did become her most unkindly. She asked each one of the ladies how they liked it, and finally de-

manded of me if I did not find it too short and ill-becoming. I dared not but to agree. Then she said: "If it become not me as being too short, it shall never become thee as being too fine. Take it to thy chamber, and never put it on again." I did so, and well I know that out of the meanness of their hearts the other maids did rejoice at my disgrace. When I returned Elizabeth had discovered that the handkerchief Essex had worn was given him by me, and she was extremely wroth. She beat me cruelly, so that my arm is black and blue, and forbade me to take pleasure on the river with her to-day. So here I sit, whilst all the court, with gay music and much mirth, are floating down the river to Westminster, where there will be the grandest bull-baiting since the Ambassadors came. I have been highly desirous for this day, and had wagered the rose I wore last evening against M. de Mancelon's pearl snuff-box that my favorite bull would win; and now I am constrained by my tyrannical mistress to stay behind. Shame on a queen to be jealous of her maid of honor—her own kinswoman also!

I have here for consolation a sonnet dedicated to me by young Will Shakspeare. It is a proper, pretty sonnet, and I will copy it into my book; for I must burn his writing, lest Elizabeth find it, when she would surely consider that she had great cause for anger against both of us:

"Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That, having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it had my added praise beside!
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful striving these to mend
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it."

Will Shakspeare is the best rhymers in the kingdom, so my Lord Essex saith, and I must find means to give him a knot of my colors in return for this honor.

Elizabeth set me a task before she went away, and I must needs betake myself to it. Little time may I have to myself in the Queen's service.

Sept. 15th.—Not one moment have I had for writing in my dearest book in all this weary time. The French Ambassadors have at last gone with all their train, bearing proper sweet messages to the Queen Regent that will make her hopeful, but Elizabeth doth daily make sport with the ladies of d'Alençon, and I believe nothing will come of these negotiations.

The great excitement of the court now is that Elizabeth hath dispatched Sir Walter Raleigh to the Tower, for that he hath dared to marry the fair Mistress Elizabeth Throckmorton. His bride is also banished from court, and thus they must languish till the royal displeasure doth abate.

Elizabeth bitterly hateth that any one of her court should marry, and does ask us often if we love to think on marriage. But we, knowing her judgment, do conceal our liking thereto. The young Mistress Arundel, newly come to court, did not understand this, and answered that she thought much about marriage if her father did consent to the man she loved. Elizabeth said, "You seem honest, i' faith; I will sue for you to your father." And so she did, greatly to Sir Robert's surprise, who said that he had never heard that his daughter had liking to any man, but he would give free

consent to whatever was most pleasing to her "Highness" will an' pleasure." "Then I will do the rest," said the Queen, and called the maiden, telling her that her father had given his free consent. "Then I will be happy, an' please your grace," replied the simpleton. "So you shall, but not be a fool and marry," quoth Elizabeth. "I have your father's consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession. So go to, to thy business. I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily." At which the poor maid did grieve bitterly, and we have much sympathy with her.

Sept. 18th.—Francis Bacon had audience with the Queen to-day, and she bade me stay by her in the conference chamber, not that she loveth me, but that she feared I should get speech with Essex, who was present. Francis Bacon is most anxious for the Attorneyship, and yet he is so afraid lest he offend her Majesty that he endeavoreth to veil his desire under great pretence of gallantry. Quoth Elizabeth: "We have sent for you to avail ourself of your counsel in filling a vacant position most important to our safety and protection. Advise us of some one who would fulfill the duties of Attorney-General with diligence and credit." I marvel that he did not see she was but trying him, but he answered: "My liege sovereign, many there be who would fill the place with honor, I doubt not, but there is one whom I dare not name, who cherisheth such a deep admiration for his Queen that her welfare, and the dispensation of justice for her glory, would be the care of his life." "Fie on your modesty!" saith Elizabeth; "who is the man?" He did have the grace to blush when she did smite him on the shoulder and exclaim: "You need not name him; we know the man, and will consider his desire to be useful to us."

Bacon retired, thinking his cause won, but well I know that Elizabeth has already chosen another for the position, and did but question him to see if he would expose his anxiety. She doth well love to lay bare the weaknesses of her courtiers.

Essex will be greatly chagrined at this failure of his friend. He doth love Bacon like a brother; why, I see not, for I judge him to be of a cold heart, and loving no one but himself. He is as full of knowledge as an egg is of meat, but he thinketh only of his own interest, and clingeth to Essex, methinks, as he is in high favor with the Queen.

Essex is the friend of every poet and man of letters in the kingdom. They are all full of poverty, and he doth strive greatly to aid them. Elizabeth grudgeth that she hath promised to Edmund Spenser £100 for his poem, "The Faerie Queen," dedicated to herself, and Essex laboreth most earnestly to persuade her to keep her promise. Spenser himself hath addressed this epigram to her:

"I was promised, on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
Since that time until this season,
I have had nor rhyme nor reason."

I think me that she will consider her queenly honor as suffering if she doth not keep her promise which she hath neglected, through Burleigh's advice, who is more parsimonious even than Elizabeth herself.

Sept. 23d.—Elizabeth did change her mind twenty times yesterday as to which dress she should wear to Greenwich Fair. She did finally wear her dark blue kirtle, and over it her royal mantle of scarlet, lined with white fur. She rode behind her master of horse, I followed close, and sometimes the people did gather around the Queen to look upon her and touch her robe so thickly that we could not move forward, and were almost suf-

focused. The earl beat back the crowd with his whip till Elizabeth did graciously exclaim: "Prythee, my lord, take heed that you hurt not my loving people. Pray, my lord, do not hurt any of my loving people." But when he did desist, and she was again surrounded so that she might not move, she said to him in a low voice, "Cut them again, my lord, cut them again."

The fair was of great interest. To show their thankfulness at the honor of the royal presence, the people displayed many strange and wonderful things, and presented memorials at every step. On one stage they did have seven looms, actively doing divers kinds of work, such as the weaving of worsted, the weaving of crape, and many other manufactures.

At one end of the stage stood eight small women-children spinning worsted yarn, and at the other end stood as many more knitting of worsted hose; and in the midst a pretty boy stood forth and stayed her Majesty's progress with an address in verse, declaring that "in this small show our city's wealth is seen," etc. The weavers are from Norwich, and the last verse of the address did say:

"God's peace and thine we hold and prosper well;
Of every mouth the hands the charges save.
Thus through thy help and power divine,
Does Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine."

Elizabeth was greatly pleased with this show, and did stop and examine the works of these small women-children most carefully. She is ever kind to the common people and feeble like a mother to them. Would she were only as kind to her poor maids of honor! Of all the other things we saw at the fair I may not write now, for I am ordered to attend Elizabeth in her walk, and though it raineth dismally, she will surely go, and I

shall ruin my new mantle. Perhaps Essex will walk with us this morning, and I may get word with him. He did give me a lovely brooch at the fair, and I must wear it, that he may see how it pleaseth me.

Sept. 30th.—Alas! alas! I may never write in my book again. For this week I have served Elizabeth at table, and have been the taster. It seems that she conceiveth I have misbehaved, and hath complained bitterly to Mr. Fenton. He is my friend, and hath sent Sir John Harrington to tell me of the great wrath of the Queen. She declares that I have refused to bear her mantle when she walked in the garden (which I confess is the truth, for I had my own to hold up, and Mistress Bridges could serve her as well as not); then she saith that I have given her unseemly answers when she has rebuked me, and have refused to bear her cup of grace during dinner in the Privy Chamber, and do not attend her at prayers. She swore that she would no longer show me countenance, but dismiss me "for an ungracious, flouting wench!"

Sir John advises me to be more dutiful, and not to absent myself from prayers and meals, to bear her mantle and to wait on her more than all her servants; also to go first to her chamber of any of the maids, and try in every way to win back favor. He says I must not detain my lord Essex in conversation, but rather shun his company, and be less careful in attiring myself, which Elizabeth doth imagine is done to attract the earl rather than to gain her own good will.

Indeed I little thought myself so far out of favor, and shall earnestly endeavor, by diligence and service, to win it back. Though life at court be hard, I should die to be sent away in disgrace. I dare write no more in this book, so will hide it away forever.

THE COPPER-BEECH.

WHEN, in the flowering Maytime, the restless maples have shaken
Down from their swaying branches a rustling carpet of crimson,
Quickly each leaf-bud unrolls, its emerald treasures revealing.
Side by side with the maples the feathery elms are unfolding;
Delicate green are their plumelets, in the clear sunlight translucent;
Birches with slender branches, glossy and rich and low bending,
Brush rudely the long flowing tresses of willows forever a-weeping.
Out from the light-tinted maples, out from the paly-green birches,
Out from the willow and ash, stand the dark copper-beeches, so sombre—
Sombre and dark and gloomy—a cloud on the face of the morning,

Save when the sunlight strikes them, the miracle old reproducing—
Kindling a bush unconsumed, with every branch brightly burning!
Dark and rich are its robes; yet strangely its mantle of purple
Shows in the fresh-blooming spring-time—a garment befitting the autumn.
Has it forgotten the time? Or is it, like some of earth's pilgrims,
Doomed to a life with no spring-time—a life without even a summer?
Does its past hold some dark deed of midnight, to which alone it bore witness,
With shame for the treacherous act deep blushing forever and ever?
Blow gently, ye breezes of spring, ye breezes of summer and autumn!
Wave softly the garments of purple, whose secret is hid in its bosom!

THE HOUSEHOLD—EASY SOUPS.

WHY is it that so many people think it a hard matter to have soup for dinner, and why is it that those who have the most available material for this purpose often use it the least? Now, if you are rich enough to have an experienced cook, she will either know how to make a certain number of good soups, or she will scorn any simple methods you may suggest to her; but, if you are not rich—have perhaps one girl, who is only a good plain cook—there is every hope for you to begin most dinners with a tasty and nourishing soup. It has been said that a plateful of soup makes a warm place in the stomach for the dinner proper, and that digestion is much aided thereby. This may be so or not; but it is only claimed now that it is *good* to have soup for dinner, and that it is *easy* to have it, too. For example, you need not go to your butcher's and spend fifty or sixty cents for a beef-bone or a knuckle of veal. Don't you have roast beef once a week—say a rib-roast, two or three ribs? When you have had your one, two or three meals from this, take the bones remaining—crack them if you can, leave them as they are if you can't—and put them over the fire with say two quarts of boiling water. Now you need not take a big iron pot for this. It is heavy to lift, and your material does not require it. Some particular housekeepers will exclaim with horror, when I say, use a large tin saucepan or skillet. Cover this, and just let those bones cook all day, replenishing with hot water as it boils away. "You cannot have your soup till to-morrow." You ought not to have it till to-morrow. The last thing at night pour off the liquor, and throw away the bones. If you wish, strain the soup, which is now what is called stock; but it will not be very bad if you don't, for most of what is undesirable will either sink to the bottom or form a cake of fat on top.

Now, from these few bones please make the following: A rice purée, a vegetable soup, a tomato soup, a potato soup—almost anything except a clear soup. It all depends upon what you put into it. Have in the house always a bottle of celery-salt, some bay leaves and whole cloves. Five cents' worth of bay leaves, to be bought at a druggist's, will last a dozen years. Into perhaps a quart or more of soup-stock, having removed the cake of fat from the top, put, one hour before dinner, half an onion sliced and three tablespoonfuls of well-washed rice. Let this boil gently. A few minutes before dinner add a saltspoonful of celery-salt, pepper and salt to taste. Chop a little fresh parsley fine, and put into the tureen. It will not flavor much, but will look pretty. A little here means a teaspoonful when chopped. The rice meantime has boiled itself into a thickish substance, forming what is called a purée. The color of your purée will be whitish, and its taste will be good. Try it. For a vegetable soup, chop fine one medium-sized carrot, half a turnip, one large onion; add a small bay leaf and one clove, and boil with as little water as possible for one hour. If you have any cooked or uncooked tomatoes, add a few spoonfuls. Let the soup-stock come to a boil, skim, and put in the vegetables. Thicken slightly with two tablespoonfuls of corn starch or flour, and your soup is done. For a tomato soup, take the quart of stock and let half an onion and half a can of tomatoes boil together for three-quarters of an hour. Strain, add a teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper, one cup of milk, and, if the stock is not very rich, a small bit of butter. Thicken with about two tablespoonfuls of flour, rubbed to a smooth paste with a little cold water or milk.

For potato soup, or purée rather, boil five medium-sized potatoes and one onion together until the potatoes are ready to fall to pieces. Drain well, sprinkle with salt. Have the stock hot, skimmed. Then rub the potatoes through a collander into the hot stock, and to make it

smoother stir in one or two tablespoonfuls of flour, blended smoothly in a little cold water as in the tomato soup. Add pepper and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

I have spoken so far only of beef bones. A leg of mutton will furnish just as much material in the way of bones as the beef. Then there are the beefsteak and veal cutlet bones, small ones, to be sure, but just put them on the fire in a small skillet, and they will be the nucleus of another soup, or give enough more for another plateful. The quantity given here is intended for a family of four. With a larger family, of course there will be more bones, therefore more soup possible. Neither is it claimed that one can make a dinner of these soups. They are simply a relish—a preliminary to the dinner, and it is hoped have been presented in such a way as to seem easy to make.

E. M. N.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"PLEASE tell me in the correspondents' column how to clean the flagee on silverware which cannot be reached by a cloth.—Mrs. W. A. M., Chicago, Ill."

"Pearline," which is a powder sold by the box, directions for the use of which accompany it, will clean flagee, which must be dipped in or allowed to lie for a time, and then dried as thoroughly and carefully as possible.

"I HAVE heard of '*jellies that would not jell*,' but in that regard have no trouble myself, so would like to give my recipe for the benefit of *those who suffer*. For currant jelly, squeeze the freshly-picked fruit; add to a pint of juice a pound of sugar. Put juice in preserving-kettle to boil, and at the same time put required amount of sugar in the oven in large dishes, that it may be thoroughly heated, but not upon any account let brown. When juice has boiled twenty minutes, remove to a cooler part of stove, and stir in hot sugar until melted, and then pour into glasses as quickly as possible, or it will be jelly and hard to manage. It is well to have the glasses on a wet table-cloth, doubled many times, not allowing the glasses to touch; then the jelly can be poured in boiling hot without danger to glasses. I have tried this recipe for years—always with success. It is so little trouble, requiring no standing over a hot stove. The jelly has just the taste of the fresh currant, is also just the color, and will keep any length of time with paper covers over glasses. By following this recipe, one can have jelly as much of a success as '*Grandmother's*' spoken of some weeks since in THE CONTINENT.

K. H. C., Baltimore."

"THE HOUSEHOLD,' THE CONTINENT: Your 'Letter from Mrs. Blossom,' in THE CONTINENT, for March 28, expressed my thoughts on the subject in consideration to a nicety. One more thinking woman coincides with Mrs. B. Could the 'Household Department' of Judge Tourgée's admirable magazine be instrumental in abolishing the 'sawdust-box nuisance' in America, many of Columbia's daughters would be only too grateful.

"ERNESTINE."

The above correspondence explains itself, and we give place to both letters with the calm dispassionateness which distinguishes the "Household" editor.

"THERE is a remedy for rats which does not poison the entire family. If directions are strictly followed in the use of a rat exterminator—by name, 'Rough on Rats,'—it will work. I have tried it, and experienced safe and satisfactory results.'—E. E. B., in THE CONTINENT, March 7th.

"KILLING HIS WIFE WITH RAT POISON.—COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 26.—A horrible murder was perpetrated in Chesterfield County on Saturday night. About a year ago E. J. Terrey, a farmer, married a worthy young woman, but has since fallen in love with another woman. As the divorce laws in this state have been abolished, Terrey resorted to a surer and quicker plan to make himself a free man. He purchased a box of 'Rough on Rats,' which he mixed with a quantity of whisky. On Saturday night, his wife being unwell, he gave her a drink of the mixture, and then fled. On Sunday morning the neighbors found Mrs. Terrey in bed dead.'—From the New York Tribune, March 2d.

"It seems E. J. T. has tried it, too, and 'experienced satisfactory results,' as it did not 'poison the entire family,' but the wife only. 'Rough on Rats' is *arsenic*, in proportion, say in a twenty-five cent box, of two cents' worth of powdered arsenic, colored, to twenty-three cents of newspaper advertising.

"CHEMIST."



Our Premiums.

THE history of our Premiums, Nos. 8 and 9 (see double-sheet advertisement), has been very singular. They were suggested to us by the numerous inquiries for Judge Tourgée's works in connection with **THE CONTINENT**. Having control of his own works, the proprietor of the magazine concluded to put them at cost. This he was enabled to do by foregoing his own profits, as author, on the volumes of his works. By these means he was enabled to put the works to his subscribers at a lower rate than a jobber could procure them by the ten thousand volumes. It was not supposed at the time that the demand for them would be very considerable, and they were regarded as a sort of make-weight in the list of premiums of which we could very truly say that so much value was never offered for so little money to every subscriber. In this, however, we were disappointed. Wherever one of these premiums went there was sure to be a call for another. The demand was so great as to exhaust our supply, and several of the books had to be reprinted. To our very great surprise, *more than 5000 of our premiums were called for in the month of March*. Rather than disappoint our patrons we put forth extraordinary exertions to renew our stock. At present rates we have enough to last about a month, and to avoid any misunderstanding, we give fair notice that our list of premiums will expire on the first day of July. We shall not feel ourselves bound to supply orders for any of the premiums on our list mailed after that date. We wish also to say that we will not send Nos. 8 and 9 by mail except at the risk of the subscriber, and upon prepayment of postage. The premiums are put at the lowest possible rate, and we cannot pay freight in addition. If parties choose to take the risk of delivery, we will send by mail, on receipt of 40 cents for No. 8, and 70 cents for No. 9. Otherwise we will send by express at the subscriber's expense.

A Few Words on Irish Affairs.

"CAN you refer me to any clear, dispassionate statement of the Irish question?" The inquiry comes to us from one of the leading physicians of the country. He says he has not time to study the matter in detail, gathering his facts from isolated sources, but wishes some complete philosophical statement of the question at issue between the Irish people and the English Government. Our friend is not singular in his desire for such a work. The American mind is fully satisfied that Ireland represents many centuries of folly and injustice. It is clearly convinced that the present issue between the people of Ireland and the Government of Great Britain is the logical outcome of ages of bad government. There is no more foundation for the idea that Ireland cannot be made prosperous and contented than there was for Dr. Johnson's prejudice against Scotland. Coming to this country, when they once recover from the nightmare of ignorance and reach our average of intelligence, there is no more vigorous and successful element in our American life than the Irish. It is no question of the capacity of the Irish people for peace or self-government. It cannot be doubted by

any sound-minded man that, had its government in the past been equally well adapted to the character of the people, Ireland would now have been as peaceful and prosperous as England. In other words, the evils under which Ireland suffers and which England periodically confronts with a fussy determination to put aside, are the result of misgovernment. This much is generally admitted, and our best American thought has gone farther and decided that it is the duty of the people of this country, as one of the great commonwealths of nations, to give the moral influence of their civilization toward the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people. For half a century the United States has contributed yearly immense sums to the support of the Irish people. Not only have we received year by year thousands upon thousands of the most impoverished and most degraded of her peasantry, but hardly a brother or sister, son or daughter, has come to our shores who has not remitted a part of his earnings yearly to the "ould counthry" for the aid of some needy kinsfolk that remained behind. A country that, with these advantages, still grows poorer and more squalid every year, it is pretty safe to conclude, is not only a victim of past misgovernment but also of present incapacity. Most thoughtful Americans, we venture to assert, have arrived at these two conclusions: the past misgovernment of Ireland is the cause of her present evils, and her present misgovernment is likely to continue them. These conclusions, however, have not been arrived at from any clear, comprehensive, dispassionate review of the past or statement of the present that has been given us by those calling themselves the friends of Ireland. Of impassioned protest and vehement denunciation there has been no lack. Of eloquent expostulation and angry threatening there has been more than enough; but if there has been written any work that can give to the American a fair idea of the present state of the Irish people and of the past conditions from which it sprang, we do not know it. Like our correspondent, we have long desired just such a work. We have wished for one that would define and delineate for us the Ireland of to-day—not the work of a mere reporter, who sees only what his eyes behold, but of one who can read between the lines, see beneath the surface, and show how to-day was evolved from many yesterdays. During the past three years, despite all the declamation and excitement of the struggle, no work worthy of such a crisis has been produced. Yet it is only by such a work that the relief that is desired can be obtained. After all that may be said, it is the English people who rule England and are, in fact, the English Government. To them the appeal must be made. The manhood of England must be made ashamed to stand by wrong. The appeal must be put in such a form that every one may clearly apprehend the evil, and the remedy must not be in support of any preconceived notion. What is needed by Ireland now, so far as the sympathy of the world is concerned, is not conspiracy nor dynamite, nor any form of war against England, but a clear and comprehensive statement of its ills, in order that the universal mind may consider of the remedy, and urge the English people on to its adoption.

THERE is evidently too much truth in the oft-repeated assertion of the Land Leaguers, that the present Land act is a farce. Yet it must be confessed that it was a great way for the British Government to go. It is a very radical measure, and by its interference with vested rights overturns perhaps more of the traditions of the common law than any legislative measure ever before enacted. The simple admission that the government can and will, under proper circumstances, interfere between landlord and tenant, remit a portion of the rent, and compel the acceptance of a price not the result of contract, is one that may well startle the student of English law. But that this doctrine should be affirmed by a British Parliament, representing the governing classes of a nation in which only little better than one in a thousand owns land in fee—a country in which the farmer, properly so styled, has become almost extinct by the absorption of the land by large estates—seems altogether incredible. So far as the system of land-tenure is a cause of evil in Ireland, it is the source of like evil in England. Indeed, it is probable that the middle and lower classes of the English land-workers have been more endamaged in pounds and shillings by the exactions of the land-holding class than Ireland herself. The evil has not been so acute, and the oppressed classes have been better able to secure temporary relief by emigration. Nevertheless, the evil is the same in character, and the ultimate danger the same. Already it is asserted by careful statisticians that one in every sixteen of the inhabitants of Great Britain is a pauper—at least a recipient of some form of public charity. The interference with the prescriptive right of the landlord in Ireland is only the entering wedge. What is done, no matter how languidly and indifferently, in Ireland to-day, must ere long be done thoroughly and effectually in England. That this principle, lying at the very root of all English jurisprudence, should have been overthrown and discarded in the attempt to relieve Ireland should, at least, teach the Irish people that brains are more effectual for their cause than bombs or bludgeons.

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OUT of the present conflict between the Irish people and the English government have arisen two questions, which are likely to be of serious interest to us as Americans. The demand for the extradition of Sheridan and Tynan as accomplices in the Phoenix Park murders, raises questions which will not be decided without serious consideration by our government. While no one of any fair pretensions to decency or humanity can regard the murderous ravings of such fomenters of assassination as Rossa and Most with anything but horror, and while there is no doubt a growing tendency in the minds of our people toward the belief that a man ought not to be allowed to utter such infamous doctrines in any country; yet it must not be forgotten that England has herself always drawn the line between political crimes and those of a private character. The case of the Orsini bombs has often been cited as one in point. Almost a hundred lives were destroyed by them. There was no doubt that they were manufactured in London, and with the express purpose of being used for assassination; yet the British government refused to surrender accomplices of the assassins. It may be that her hatred for the Napoleonic dynasty had something to do with it, and it is certain that there was no extradition treaty to compel her to do otherwise. At the same time it must be remembered that political offenses are expressly excepted from our own extradition treaty. While the indictment is for murder, and not for treason, we must remember that it was a murder purely political in its animus. The revolt in Ireland is just as positive a fact as if the malcontents were under arms. So far as this offense is concerned the civilized world condemns it, and, for the time, there is little doubt that the public sentiment would fully approve the extradition. It is worthy of care-

ful consideration, however, whether there is not under it a principle which it would be hazardous to abandon, even for the satisfaction of seeing such reckless scoundrels as the dynamite plotters hanged. Just at this time, too, it is a matter of some gratification to call to mind the fact that the British flag was made the cover for the most infamous and notorious conspiracies against our government during the war of rebellion. Canada was the rendezvous of the Confederate agents, who sought to weaken our armies in the field by organizing rebellion in their rear.

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NOTHING shows the intimate relations between this country and England in a more striking manner than the fact that the present controversy between the mother country and Ireland seems altogether likely to become an important factor in our national politics. For many years the free-trade organizations of England have been accustomed to interfere in American politics, by the circulation of free-trade pamphlets, and, in many instances no doubt, by furnishing money to secure the election of candidates favorable to their interests. It has been freely charged that this course has been habitually pursued when the chances of success were at all reasonable. As to the distribution of such documents, there can be no real objection to it beyond the mere impropriety of the citizens of one country meddling in the affairs of another. It is very much the same as the American Land Leaguers furnishing money to secure the election of Land League candidates, or scattering Irish pamphlets broadcast through England. Now, however, English interest in free trade seems likely to have a very different influence upon our politics. Hitherto a large portion of the vote of that party most favorably disposed toward free trade has come from Irish-Americans. There is good reason to believe that a great part of this vote is now inclined in favor of a tariff that shall be almost proscriptive of English manufactures—not from any sudden change of heart as to our national polity, but from a desire to cripple English prosperity. This phase of international politics is a new and interesting one. There is no doubt that the Irish vote—which is first of all things Irish—in several states represents the balance of power, and it is quite within the range of possibility that we shall see an almost entire reorganization of parties effected by a desire to compel England to yield to the demands of Ireland.

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THE "Twilight Club" of New York is a new exponent of the tendency of the over-worked business men of our cities to seek recreation by some form of co-operative association. In the ordinary acceptance of the term it can hardly be called a club. It has nothing in the nature of a lounging-house, a restaurant, reading-room, billiard-room, smoking-room or drinking-rooms, that are inseparable from the imported club idea as it has taken root and developed with us. The one feature of club life—that which it most vaunts itself upon, too—is really almost lost sight of in ordinary clubs. The man who does not play billiards or drink wine—who prefers to smoke at home, and has on his own library table all the periodical literature he has time to read—has really very little to gain from club life except the mere privilege of being reported as one of the members of the "Age," the "Haut Ton" or the "Tip Top," or whatever may be the name of the club to which he may be attached. As a restaurant it offers as good an opportunity as any other for him to get a breakfast or a luncheon, except that it is usually more inconveniently situated. As a rule, the man of brains who is a worker in any specific field is only a club man for the reason that Tom Owen gave for enlisting as a volunteer—"not for fame, not for fun, nor for patriotism, but just for the *big of the thing*." Of real rest, the club usually affords the worker who does not wish to take it on a billiard-table the very minimum amount obtainable for the money he

expends. He helps to pay the interest on a palace, support a French caterer, pay for esthetic furniture, keep up a magnificently-bound and little-used library, and perhaps passes as many hours of unsatisfactory leisure within its walls as it costs him dollars every year. The really clubbable men, the thinkers and workers, can only afford this luxury by a self-sacrifice that it is painful to contemplate. Such a thing as a club at which a man of moderate means may pass a pleasant evening with others of like circumstances and inclination, without feeling that he is doing violence to his own sense of duty to those dependent on him, is at least very rare in our modern city life. This want is one that the "Twilight Club" is an attempt to supply. How it may succeed is yet a problem. The movement is certainly radical in its character, the club being dedicated to "the new gospel of relaxation," and laying down its platform in the following quaint formula:

OBJECTS.—To cultivate intellectual good-fellowship, and to enjoy rational recreation.

EXPENSES.—Each member pays for his own dinner.

PRINCIPLES.—No constitution; no by-laws; no president; no dues; no initiation fees; no salaries; no debts or pecuniary obligations; no defalcations; no watering stock; no decamping treasurer; no cliques; no duelling; no scandal; no profanity; no late hours; no excess in drinking; no puns; no gush; no lengthy speeches; no "papers"; no "high ideal"; no "grand reform"; in short—no red tape; no formality; no humbug.

PROGRAMME.—A dinner, without wine, at 6 o'clock, sharp, \$1.00; interspersed with music, recitations, and ten-minute practical shop-talks by members.

INVITATIONS.—Members may invite friends to attend any dinner upon at least one day's written notice to the Secretary.

It is simply a company of intellectual workers who come together at an early hour, without the formality of full dress, sit down to a good toothsome dinner (served for a dollar apiece without wine), and when it is over spend an hour or two in short impromptu speeches upon some subject of which each one has specific knowledge. At a recent meeting the general subject was "the effect of Democracy upon individualism." Each one was expected to illustrate from his own standpoint some phase of this general idea. There were men of all professions present, and without any previous preparation or seeming effort each one gave from his own experience, or from the work of his own profession, something bearing more or less remotely on the subject. It was a most restful exhilaration that pervaded the gathering. Men of great wealth and men of very moderate means sat side by side, all giving and receiving equal recreation and advantage. The club at each meeting invites a few guests, so that there is always an element of freshness and variety, as well as the general feeling of good-fellowship that invests the gathering with its genial glow. The results of this movement will be watched with interest by all our tired brain-workers. If it shall be that its originators have devised a form of club-life to which a man may belong who is not a millionaire, which will give the advantages of intellectual fellowship to those who most need them, they will have deserved more of their age than many more pretentious reformers.

APROPOS of this subject we hazard the inquiry, why should not this system of securing social intercourse and relaxation, at a reasonable expense, be applied to families as well? Very few thinkers and workers can afford to be entertainers. Until a man of moderate means becomes eminent enough to be in some sort a lion, he has little chance of enjoying what we to-day call society. Even then he is likely to receive such left-handed compliments as that which a leading New York journal lately bestowed upon Oliver Wendell Holmes. "To have been invited," said this journal, "to dine with Mrs. B. should amply have satisfied his ambition." If Mrs. B. had been an

intellectual star of great brilliancy this extravagance might have been pardonable; but if Mrs. B. had not been the representative of several million dollars, it would not have been made. The truth is, the necessities of our modern life are such that the bulk of our best people live almost without society. There is no half-way house between the call and the dinner of ceremony, of the reception or party, the preparation for which is a matter of terror to the household economist. The Twilight Club is really only a weekly picnic. Why not extend it and let it include the wives and daughters and sons? In our great cities there is to-day an absolute dearth of healthy society for people of moderate means. The American is, first of all things, proud. He knows that he is a king, and if he cannot do things in a royal way, he will not do them at all. Why not remand our present formal social displays to their proper sphere, and let little groups of families band together for pleasant weekly or monthly reunions at some pleasant place of public entertainment, each paying for his own dinner, and being at once host and guest? One of the pleasantest gatherings we have ever attended was a family party of twenty or thirty, who went from Philadelphia to Gloucester to a dinner of "planked shad" at a public house. There was wit, hilarity and unrestrained social intercourse. The cost was trivial and evenly divided. No one was oppressed with the consciousness that he could not afford it, and it left a green spot in every one's memory. Why should not just such a coterie of friends unite to give a dozen such receptions every winter, each inviting one or two guests, and bringing their families into close, healthy, honorable association without embarrassment or obligation to any one. A ball or a dinner at Delmonico's is good form for the highest society. Why should not co-operative social clubs take advantage of a similar method of securing unrestrained intercourse and rational recreation?

It would be difficult just now to find any one who is not more or less interested in the passenger lists of outgoing European steamers. If one is not going in person he or she at least has friends who are going, and there is a certain satisfaction in seeing their names misspelled in the papers. People talk nowadays of the pleasures and miseries of ocean voyages—by steam, of course—and Mr. John Burroughs recently published such a charming essay on the subject in *The Century* that the privileged few of his readers who have made the same voyage under sail, in a real ship, driven by the forces of nature—not by a mighty tea-kettle over a fierce volcano, manned by real "sailors," not by stokers and waiters—could not but regret that the author was as yet a stranger to such an experience. The writer of this paragraph is only a landsman, but he loves and longs for the sea, and has twice crossed the North Atlantic through the "roaring forties" in November. He can truly say, that after several experiences of the ocean under steam, he vastly prefers the older and more leisurely method. There are comfortable old-liners still afloat, although their ancient glory has departed.—A word to the wise is sufficient.

It is funny enough to hear an able-bodied "Reformer" like Mr. Wolfe bewailing the fact that he and his fellows have been used by the Democrats of Pennsylvania to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the delectation of the Democracy. Did Mr. Wolfe suppose that "ye hungry Democracie" aforesaid intended to give the chestnuts to him and his fellows?

THE legislature of the Empire State has been wrestling with various propositions designed to increase and improve the water supply of New York. Philadelphia has just gotten over its annual controversy as to whether clean water or sewage is most conducive to health, and

has concluded to experiment a while longer with the sewage.

THE habit of daily washing the steps and pavement is so universal in Philadelphia that strangers, who only hear it laughed about, generally suppose it to be a very cleanly city. On the contrary, it is not many removes from the filthiest in the world, and will probably remain so until a pestilence comes and makes funerals too fashionable to be forgotten.

THE CONTINENT is not responsible for Mr. Joaquin Miller's rendering of Job xxviii, 1, in his charming account of "Idahho," and the derivative meaning of its musical name. The revised version of the Old Testament will shortly be published, and, in the meanwhile, independence is permissible in the matter of translation and comment thereon.

GOVERNOR BUTLER seems to have a decided penchant for Herculean jobs of cleaning up. For the first time in its history New Orleans was thoroughly cleaned under his administration. Lately he has grappled the Tewksbury Almshouse.

WITH the publication of the letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, Mr. Froude has finished what must before this have presented itself to him as a thankless task; and when we consider the results we are forced to admit that it seems altogether an unnecessary one. Left to his own judgment, he has seen fit to lay bare before the world the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, and the reputation of his dead friends must pay the penalty.

When Mr. Froude remarks that there "ought to be no mystery about Carlyle," he doubtless strikes the keynote on which he has proceeded in the whole matter. It is a bitter irony of fate that has warped Carlyle's saying that "human portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls," into any recognition that such livid photographs as are given by the "Reminiscences" and by these letters are to be desired. These are not "portraits;" they are not drawn, either faithfully or otherwise; they are at best but negatives, from which we must evolve our pictures with greater or less fidelity, as we know little or much of men.

"To be honestly forgotten" Carlyle might indeed have considered an enviable destiny; to have himself thus brought to the hopeless level of the commonplace could hardly have entered into his anticipations. It is no credit to our civilization that this revelation is not more deplored; that what would be legitimate interest in the methods of work, the habits of mind, of a great thinker, such as Carlyle undoubtedly was, has degenerated into a vapid curiosity as to the private relations with his wife, and the question whether or not the life of a charming woman was miserably sacrificed to a selfish churl. Her letters may be supposed to hold the solution of this problem, and in this their value lies. The eclipse from which Mrs. Carlyle suffered in life has followed her after death, and all admiration or blame for her is bound to go into the scale against or for her husband. Indeed, Carlyle himself, with unconscious egotism, starts with us at the outset. The letters, which comprise only those written after their removal to Chelsea, are introduced by a most characteristic note, in which he recalls his own wretchedness at the time, suffering from the heat and the torture of a stiff hat, which he remembers he wore in compliance with fashion.

The altogether unlovely aspect in which he appeared in the "Reminiscences" at first sight does not seem appre-

ciably toned down by these letters. But if we accept their internal evidence we are bound to acknowledge that there must have been a side he does not display in his own writings, either in the "Reminiscences" or his notes to these letters. There has been a deal of sympathy expended upon the woman who gave up wealth and social prestige to toil in poverty and loneliness for a man far beneath her in station; but here is no proof that such sympathy was needed. Human nature is alike the world over. That these two have been brought into prominence does not alter the fact that they were instigated by the same motives, possessed of the same faults and the same virtues as the rest of mankind. Jane Welsh Carlyle, viewed alone as the self-sacrificing wife of a man by no means gently bred, selfish by nature, the victim of a frightful temper, aggravated by the torments of dyspepsia in its worst form, seems little short of a martyr, who deserves sainthood for her loyalty and toil; but when we test her virtues by those of other wives we find that, though beautiful, they are, fortunately, not rare; all women are the same; given the duty to perform and the love to strengthen the heart and the hand, and toil is no burden, privation no evil. Judged in this light, Mrs. Carlyle is presented to us in these letters as a woman who chose her own path and found her happiness in it. There is no room for us to doubt but that she felt her own "Scotch thrift" a much more respectable possession than wealth.

Carlyle's ill humor she could make a subject for jest upon occasion, a good proof that it was not an unbearable crop. After that weary time at Craigenpultock she could still write merrily. "Indeed, I continue quite content with my bargain; I could wish him a little *less yellow* and a little more *peaceable*, that is all." The many letters to Carlyle are too full of apt, witty and personal allusions to which he supplies the key, not to make it evident that their intercourse was unusually pleasant and intimate. She did not hesitate to "chaff" him upon his ill temper or upon his want of foresight or of common sense; and if his harshness grieved her she told him of it with the greatest tenderness, as he himself records. It is quite evident that his letters to her must have been as loving and kind as hers to him; and Miss Jewsbury's assertion that she lived without any evidences of affection from him seems disproved by a letter from him to his mother in 1835. She writes: "I have only him, only him in the whole wide world to love me, poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me, after their fashion, far better than I deserve; but then his fashion is so different from all others, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am;" and we have a pleasant picture of Carlyle giving to her and her mother each a sovereign from the gold earned by his first lecture "to buy something with as handsel of this novelty." This was in trying times for them; they were very poor, their money was "most gone," and this thoughtful act on Carlyle's part has a significance we should not overlook. Her constant endeavor to shield him from anxiety about her when they were apart is good proof that such anxiety was felt, and that he was never really unmindful of her, though, with a blind selfishness, he suffered her to undergo hardships often really needless.

The misery and unhappiness of their married life appears to have been confined to the period when Mrs. Carlyle resented his constant visits to Bath House and became bitterly jealous of Lady Ashburton. Of this Carlyle has not a word to say; his moans and self-reproaches are expended upon things which really never disturbed her serenity. Extracts from her diary, these partly chosen by Mr. Froude, who adds a few explanations carefully dividing his blame between the two, and some additional words of Miss Jewsbury, who was Mrs. Carlyle's confidante, are all we have to base our judgment upon. If the evidence of the letters before and after this period of estrangement is any indication of Mrs. Carlyle's feelings, this question

(1) THE LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF MRS. CARLYLE, ANNOTATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by J. A. Froude. 8vo, 2 vols. \$4.00. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

of neglecting his wife for Lady Ashburton's society is the only one to be made against his treatment of her. But Mr. Froude does not leave a pleasant impression with his remark that "his displeasure rushed into expressions not easily forgotten." Knowing the power of Carlyle's English, one is likely to try the imagination to find what "expressions" he visited upon the poor, jealous little wife.

The only acknowledgment we have from Carlyle that any such trouble ever existed is Mr. Froude's record of a remark of Carlyle that he had "cared for her through all that unhappy time, but she never knew it."

The diary is a sad record. Nothing could be more touching than her pathetic little entry, "I have learnt to suffer 'all to myself.' From 'only childless' to that is a far and a rough road to travel." This arouses a pity that the assurance of Miss Jewsbury that "any other wife would have laughed at Mr. Carlyle's bewitchment with Lady Ashburton" fails to lessen. But in justice to the husband we must look on the other side. The society at Bath House was just what Carlyle needed. Without some human stimulant he could not carry on his work. It was not in his nature to understand his wife's feelings. He regarded his work and his own mental state as his paramount interests. We may well believe him ignorant of any such power for suffering as his wife possessed, and it is hardly credible that Miss Jewsbury's remark that he "lingered in the primrose path of dalliance for the sake of a great lady," is literally true.

It is impossible to deprecate too much the publication of this diary, or the bringing up of this question by Mr. Froude. It is evident that the estrangement was only temporary, and that Mrs. Carlyle, upon the death of Lady Ashburton, regained her old feeling of content, and again lavished upon him the affection she had never lost. Her conduct affords a curious subject for study. For the first time in their married life she looked at him as he really was. She despised his selfishness, though he was not one whit more selfish than before. She did not spare her disdain nor her satire. For that time in his life Carlyle probably had the plain, unvarnished truth told him about his own deficiencies, an experience no man cares to go through, and no man less likely to be pleased with than he; but no sooner does Lady Ashburton die than she becomes again as oblivious of his faults and shortcomings as she was before the estrangement occurred, and in the piteous letters written during her sickness it is evident she clung to him as to none other in the world. Faithful, tender, loyal wife; unselfish in giving, but humanly demanding her own in return.

The letters must prove disappointing to those who have expected to learn from them anything of any wider interest than this. They have, it is true, a charm of their own. Their literary excellence is great; they are delightful records of every-day life. But we find little in them to inform us about her actual self; the little they show us makes us feel that her opinions and feelings were a reflex of his. It is amusing to read her charge "that Emerson had no ideas (save mad ones) he had not got from Carlyle," and her assertion that she "should be surprised and grieved to find Carlyle sentimentalizing over a pack of black brutes" (the negroes in Jamaica), indicates that her whole mental tone took its color from him. There is the same sharp comment upon the peculiarities of their friends that we find in his own "Reminiscences," and how much of mutual sympathy they may have had, there was no charity for the weaknesses of others.

With all their brightness and vivacity there is in these letters little of thought, of speculation or of ennobling sentiment, such as we might expect from such a woman to her husband; and we are forced to conclude that two volumes of purely personal matters, headaches, dyspepsia, servants, dog, birds and house-cleaning are not calculated to create any great enthusiasm regarding Carlyle's wife or himself.



"DEMOCRACY" is still in favor abroad as a historical estimate of American politics and politicians, and is now running in a French translation, a German one having already appeared.

MRS. FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE shows the family capacity for continuous work, and has her usual new novel in press, the title being after the Walter Besant order—"Like Ships Upon the Sea."

THE beautiful Riverside edition of Hawthorne's works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has reached the eighth volume, twelve comprising the set, and no finer workmanship has ever been given for the same money, the volumes being but \$2.00 each.

THE publication of translations of three of Luther's principal works is to celebrate his fourth centenary in England, the titles being: "Christian Liberty," "The Babylonian Captivity of the Church," and the "Address to the Nobility of the German Nation."

No autograph is so rare as that of Moliere. The longest is but six lines long, being a receipt for money. One genuine and interesting signature, on Corneille's "Imitatio Christi," was cut off with the fly-leaf and lost by a country bookbinder. An example is said to have been bought for a few cents in America.

AMONG the numerous "studies" in biography now before the public, nothing is more enjoyable than the "Study of Maria Edgeworth," by Mrs. Oliver, soon to have longer notice in our columns, and worthy a permanent place as a delightful record of quite as delightful a woman. (12mo, pp. 571, \$2.25; Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston).

MR. HENRY JAMES is hereafter to be enrolled as one of the regular critics of the *Century* corps, essays on Anthony Trollope and Alphonse Daudet following the one on the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence in the June number. To many Mr. James' critical work is of more interest and value than his stories, his trained ability showing here to the utmost advantage.

DR. D. G. BRINTON is preparing and will soon publish in his "Library of Aboriginal Literature" "The Iroquois Book of Rites," giving the original text with a literal translation, notes, glossary and introduction. The original book, which is more than a century old, is written partly in the Mohawk and partly in the Onondaga languages, and comprises the speeches, songs and ceremonial order of the United Nations. This volume will be ready in June.

REFERENCE books, more and more a necessity to the student, are to have a very desirable addition in the shape of "Folk Etymology," by the Rev. A. S. Palmer. In it Mr. Palmer gives the results of his study of the influence upon the language of the use and misuse of words, the work being done in a compact yet exhaustive manner, and likely to prove of great use to both the literary man and the careful reader.

THE many readers who have learned to prize the sweetness and devotion in the work of Frances Ridley Havergal, will welcome a volume in which several of her smaller books have been incorporated. She is both an impressive and an inspiring writer, and has become the friend and comforter of thousands who have been soothed and uplifted by her tender yet genial thought. (Square 16mo, pp. 564, \$1.00; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.,

THE John W. Lovell Co. has issued Professor Ernest Haeckel's "India and Ceylon" in its cheap form, one of the best printed and most convenient in size of all the cheap "libraries." Professor Haeckel is Professor of Zoology at the University of Jena, and belongs to the Darwinian school, being one of the first German scholars who followed his lead. The field gone over in the book is an almost unknown one, and the translation by Mrs. Boggs, though very free, gives the spirit of the original excellently. (Paper, pp. 174, 20 cents).

"FANCHETTE," the latest Round Robin story, is preposterous, but then it is also amusing, and one can forgive improbabilities and impossibilities when their putting is vivacious and breezy. The ends of the earth meet together, and naturally, for much of the scene is in Washington; and a Russian prince, an American East Indian rajah, the owner of a Virginia plantation, an indefinite series of *nouveaux riches*, a popular actress and various newspaper men work together and separately in a series of plots and counter-plots, which in the end untangle. As a work of art the book has no place, but it will amuse the reader heartily and thoroughly, and that is much. (16mo, pp. 369, \$1.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

A RECENT tourist describes Olney, Cowper's old home, as changing very little with time. Its long street of old houses, still looking fresh, because built of calcareous stone, though some bear the date of two centuries, has one unvarying aspect of dullness, if not of gloom. The tall red-brick house in which Cowper wrote "The Task" stands in a roomy angle of the street, towering most unpicturesquely above its neighbors. It is now divided into three separate tenements. The place and its associations are very little changed since the days when the postman's horn was heard as he came over the long bridge, "news from all nations lumbering at his back." Weston Underwood, the seat of the poet's friends, the Throckmortons, has lately been sold by the present baronet, who has two other estates. The old mansion was long since razed.

Books about books are multiplying swiftly, but the three little ones lately published by F. Leypoldt, whose *Literary News* is a standard authority as to current literature, are worthy the attention of all readers. "Libraries and Readers" (16mo, pp. 136, 50 cents), by William E. Foster, Librarian of the Providence Public Library, is, as its title indicates, devoted to the subject of how to read and how to use a library and books in general. "Libraries and Schools" (16mo, pp. 126, 50 cents) covers the same ground in its bearings on younger readers, and is made up of various addresses selected by Samuel S. Green, Librarian of the Worcester Free Public Library; while "Books for the Young" is a list prepared by Miss C. M. Hewins, of the Hartford Library, which will be found of great use to both parents and teachers. (25 cents).

A LETTER from Mr. S. C. Hall appears in the *Spectator* in relation to the English edition of Emerson's poems. "When Emerson was last in England, in 1873, he spent his last evening with me before sailing for Boston. When in my library, he asked me if I had an English edition of his 'May Poems,' as he said he had been asked whatever the one on 'Brahma' could mean, to which he replied, 'Call it 'Jehovah' and perhaps you will understand it better.' But another friend had said to him that it seemed only nonsense! I found the poem for him, and, on looking it over, he exclaimed: 'Well might they call it nonsense! Not only is the word "not" omitted in the third line (as you pointed out), but in the seventh line they have printed "vanquished," instead of "vanished," which, of course, spoils the whole meaning of the poem.' I have always admired this poem, as clearly giving the Brahmin belief that each soul is part of the Divinity, and hope this correction will help to make it more clear."

THE reader to whom the novel of the day has become a weariness to the flesh, and whose mental palate has tested flavors so steadily that, as with the tea-tasters, there is temporary paralysis, will find a tonic in the forty-second number of the International Scientific Series powerful enough to insure a reading of the volume, even if everything else be set aside. "Ants, Bees and Wasps" is an old story to the public, any book counting as "old" which has been out a year; but this "Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera," is as fresh and vivid as it must continue to be for an indefinite time to come. Sir John Lubbock's patient and enthusiastic labor is supplemented by the ability to give the result of those labors in a style that is as charming as the stories he tells; and there is small excuse for not finding the books of our greatest English scientist more attractive than anything fiction has to offer. The readers of *THE CONTINENT* have already had a suggestion of the enjoyment to be found here, in Dr. McCook's valuable papers printed in the first volume, and the testimonies of both observers agree. On the whole, ants are superior in many points to man, whose strength, speed and endurance are all far less in proportion than that of these "curiously knowledgeable beasties," as Carlyle put it, while their methods with intoxicated ants offer a solution of the temperance problem that man may eventually find it best to imitate. (12mo, pp. 448, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

ESSENTIALLY uncomfortable and disagreeable as is the atmosphere of Daudet's latest novel, "L'Evangeliste," it contains two very powerfully-drawn characters. In Jeanne Antheman, the president of the Evangelist ladies, more familiar to us as members of the Salvation Army, we have the best example of a modern fanatic. She has suffered, and believes it right that all should suffer. Human claims sink into nothingness before those of God, and she separates parent from child with the composure of a familiar of the Inquisition. The organization is represented as having something of the same power, and every act of its members is known and recorded. Eline Ebsen, the devoted daughter of a poor Danish widow, falls under Madame Antheman's spell, and, though repelled at first, finally yields, and after a six months' novitiate goes out into the world as a preacher. The mother in vain pleads with her to return, and is left heart-broken and helpless. The only gleam of light in the sad story comes from Pastor Aussondon, who has risen from the post of a simple Swiss pastor to that of the most popular preacher in Paris. He believes Madame Antheman's religion to be morbid and false, but she is the richest and most powerful member of his congregation, and he dreads to denounce her, or even seek to convince the Ebsens of her mistakes. At last he suddenly rises to the emergency, and the scene in which he repels Madame Antheman from the communion is one of the most powerful in modern fiction. Of course he is deposed and leaves his church defeated, but all the sympathy is with him and the gentle old wife, who remains his faithful co-worker and sympathizer. The book is a brilliant one, but will hardly result in any practical benefit. (16mo, paper, pp. 304, 75 cents; T. B. Peterson & Brothers).

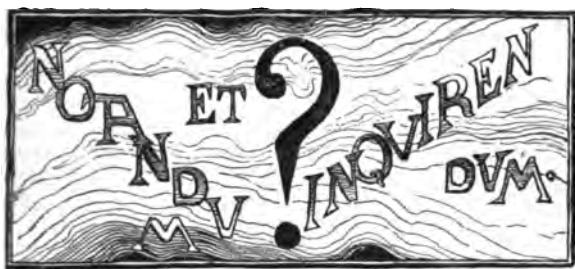
NEW BOOKS.

LIBRARIES AND SCHOOLS. Papers selected by Samuel S. Green, Librarian of the Free Public Library, Worcester, Mass. 16mo, pp. 126, 50 cents. F. Leypoldt & Co., New York.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By John T. Morse, Jr. American Statesman Series. 12mo, pp. 351, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Poet. Litterateur. Scientist. By William Sloane Kennedy. 12mo, pp. 356, \$1.50. S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. 12mo, pp. 292, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York.



The following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—Under *answers* the bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question.

Answers.

1—[1] Why cannot the Government of the United States be sued for debt? has provoked numerous and interesting replies. We can give only a few of them, and these not always in full.

C. M. E., of Weedsport, N. Y., gives an answer, which, for lawyer-like brevity and clearness, can hardly be excelled.

"Perhaps," he says, "this extract from the decisions of our highest court may be found a satisfactory answer:

'Rapallo, J., in *People v. Dennison*, 84, New York Court of Appeals Reports, pages 272-281, says: "While the government may, through its courts, enforce its claims against its citizens, this right is not reciprocal, and the government cannot be sued except by its own express permission. This is a universal principle applicable to every sovereignty, and often recognized in the courts of the United States. The right of a debtor of the United States Government, when sued by it, to interpose a counter-claim, or counter-credit, even to the extent necessary to protect himself against the claim of the government, is conceded in all the cases to rest upon the provisions of the act of March 3, 1797, sections 3 and 4, which require that such counter-credits be first submitted to the proper accounting officers. No action can be sustained against the government except by its own express consent under some statute allowing it.'" (11 How. 290.)

"Lex Brevis" sends us from Keokuk, Iowa, this answer:

"The theory of the English law, from which we got the large body of our American jurisprudence, is that the King is the source of all justice. Originally this was true in fact. The King heard the disputes in person, and dealt out justice between the parties. It is true now in theory under our government. All the sovereignty of the King of England was transferred to the state. It is thought to be inconsistent with the dignity of the state to allow itself to be sued. There are no means of enforcing a judgment against the United States. The proper mode for prosecuting a claim against the sovereign power is by petition, and not by demand, believing that justice will always be done by the state when it ought to be. Common law actions were commenced in the name of the King, and if he withheld his consent a party could not bring his suit. And it was not supposed that even a state would allow itself to

be sued. The United States may at option become a party to a suit."

C. W. M., of Indianapolis, Ind., takes a contrary view, and says:

"The United States Government can be sued for debt. That was the purpose for which the Court of Claims was organized. Individual states cannot, nor, prior to 1855, could the National Government, the reason given being that for a citizen to sue the state would endanger its sovereignty. It is unreasonable—so the lawyers say—that a citizen should be able to coerce a sovereign. The old legal maxim is, 'The King can do no wrong.' See the case in Allen's (Massachusetts) Reports, Vol. II, p. 162, for an interesting discussion of the rule."

With this view W. B. K., of Washington City, coincides, and cites Section 1059, Revised Statutes of the United States, to the effect that the Court of Claims is given jurisdiction to hear and determine "all claims founded upon any law of Congress, or upon any regulation of an Executive Department, or upon any contract, expressed or implied, with the Government of the United States, and all claims which may be referred to it by either House of Congress."

This would seem, to the layman, at first sight to be a case where doctors disagree. Yet it is not. In no proper sense of the word can the Government or any state of the Union be sued. The proceeding in the Court of Claims lacks one vital element of a suit, to wit, the power to enforce the judgment rendered. It is, in effect, a commission which the sovereign has established to hear petitions against itself, and determine what sum ought to be allowed in satisfaction of their claims. Whether this sum will be allowed depends, even then, upon the gracious will and favor of the Government.

Perhaps it might not be uninteresting to summarize the reasons why a sovereign state cannot be sued, even by its own consent:

- 1—"Law is a rule of action prescribed by a superior."

The sovereign has no superior.

- 2—The king can do no wrong, because he is above the law, being its source, and there can be no wrong but by its violation.

- 3—The writ runs in the name of the sovereign, and is supported by his power. It would be absurd for the sovereign to call himself into court to answer for violation of his own law under penalty prescribed by himself.

- 4—There is no power to enforce judgment. The state compels the individual to obey the judgment of its courts; it cannot compel itself. The judgment of the court is the will of the sovereign, and consequently cannot be made use of to coerce the sovereign.

Claims may be prosecuted before the Court of Claims to determine the amount which, in some cases, may be paid out of appropriations already made, and, in other cases, the finding of the Court is merely recommendatory to the legislative branch of the Government. In both cases the recovery is of grace, and not of right.

2—[9] (a) "SENEX" is informed that the sentence of Andrew Low, junior, the material part of which is copied by him in his quotation, can be found in printed form in the "New Haven Colonial Records, Vol. I (1642-1658)," published in 1858 by Charles J. Hoadley, State Librarian of Connecticut. If "Senex" desires farther information as to Andrew Low, junior, I shall be pleased to place him in communication with a friend well advised as to the early settlers of this city and their history, who can give him particulars, as shown by the records, as to the career of the young man, which culminated in the sentence quoted.

New Haven, Conn., April 29, 1883.

H. G.

(b) "SENEX" will find the facts which he relates in "Barber's History and Antiquities of New Haven," published in 1870, on page 80. The planters of New Haven Colony had no written or printed code of laws. They took the Bible as their standard of faith and practice, and its "authority" was enough for them. Misdemeanors were punished by their views of justice and propriety, and they applied the rod to the fool's back with unction, as per authority.

Respectfully,
Glencoe, Minn., April 22, 1883. H. WADSWORTH.

3—[13] THE poem entitled "A Woman's Execution, Paris, May, 1871," from which the verses in question are quoted, was written by Edward King. It will be found on page 500 of Vol. II of *Scribner's Monthly* (now *The Century*).

Lake Benton, Minn. HERBERT H. BRYAN.

4—[10] IN Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," Vol. I, can be found a very interesting description of the building of the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore by Brunelleschi with dates, etc.

S. F. C. BAXTER.
Rutland, Vt., April 20, 1883.

IN Number 60 of *THE CONTINENT*, a correspondent complains of the use of the "gaudy, smutty-faced" sunflower in church decoration, and shows by such complaints that, however well versed in "esthetics" she may be, she is very ignorant in the matter of Christian symbolism. The use of the sunflower as a religious symbol is very old, and very far antedates the esthetic craze—indeed, unless my memory fails me, it owes its name to the idea involved in its use in churches. It is said to keep its face always turned to the sun, and thus was deemed typical of the enlightened soul, which always has its face turned to the Sun of Righteousness. Your correspondent need not go to England for an example of its use in church decoration. St. Clement's Church, in this city, has its roof decorated very beautifully with the sunflower, and it was used there for the same purpose as it was used in the English church—its symbolical teaching.

ICON.
Philadelphia, April 2, 1883.

Questions.

(Continued from No. 63.)

18—PLEASE publish an account of the process of raising silkworms, their habits, etc.

R. E. B.

It would take too much space. Write to the American Silk Culturists' Association, Philadelphia.

19—WHAT is the origin of the phrase, "Pouring oil on troubled waters," or its equivalent?

20—WHAT are the real facts regarding the birthplace of the Torvaldsen referred to as an "Icelandic Sculptor," in No. 12, Vol. II, of *THE CONTINENT*?

G. F.
Walla Walla, W. T.

Answers are in order stating the rival claims of land and water.

21—WHO is the real author of the poem beginning:

"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon a fairer shore."

It has been attributed to Edward Bulwer Lytton, "Howard Glyndon" (L. C. R. Searing, *née* Redden), "Three Stars," etc.

H. A. L.

22—PLEASE state through *THE CONTINENT* who precedes the other in the case of a lady and gentleman going up a flight of stairs, and also who precedes in descending, according to the latest etiquette.

W.

This question is received in one form or another, with such alarming frequency, that it is a hopeless task to answer it every time and in all its different phases. In

brief, the gentleman should always stand aside to let the lady lead the way. It is her privilege, however, to indicate her wish in the matter, and at a sign from her the gentleman should at once take the lead.

23—WILL you please inform your readers what the "O Grab Me Act" of American history is? I have consulted several college faculties and historical works, and obtained no satisfactory answer.

Yours sincerely,

WM. J. MORAN.

Do you mean the Embargo Act?

24—As you sometimes take the allowable liberty of amending the faulty verses of your poetical contributors, I cannot help wondering that you should have permitted that very creditable piece, "One Man and One Woman," to go into print with such a line as this:

"Uplift at times toward the peaks,"

a line which cannot be read rhythmically without a barbarous mispronunciation of the preposition *toward*. Since this word, in poetry especially, is often pronounced as a monosyllable, a slight transposition and a change (which the sense really requires) in the form of one word, will rectify both the rhythm and the grammar, thus:

"At times uplifted toward the peaks."

Hoping you will not regard this as either pedantic or impertinent, but rather as the result of a laudable desire on my part to render a *quid pro quo*, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Cresco, Iowa.

C. S. PERCIVAL.

Thanks! the criticism is good. One who bears the name of Percival is entitled to a hearing in matters poetic, but perhaps if you had to "tinker" as many verses as the editor does, and usually to receive an indignant protest from the author, you would not make unauthorized changes when you could conscientiously avoid them.

25—WILL some one inform me by what right the officials of the penitentiaries of the country deprive the inmates of their cells of the use of their lawful names, and require them to be designated by numbers only?

G. P. H.

26—IN "Migma" recently, in a paragraph headed "The Dark Horse of 1880," the phrase, "manual avocations," is used. The words do not and cannot be made to mean the same thing. It is a shame that a magazine like *THE CONTINENT* should lend itself to such a misuse of words. The *Times*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Post* all do it. But do not you!

H. G. F. W.

New York.

We beg H. G. F. W.'s pardon, and even at this late date withdraw the superfluous "a," which was somehow overlooked; but is he not a little sweeping in his strictures in this particular instance? Usage, which justifies almost anything in English, largely sustains this use of the word avocation. Still, the other is the better word, and should have been used.

27—ARE there any examples from American authors of the complete rhymed "Sestina" besides the one by H. C. Faulkner published in No. 60 of *THE CONTINENT*?

N.

28—WILL you please tell me the meaning of "Migma?" I have looked in the dictionary and inquired of my most learned friend, but all in vain.

PITTSBURG.

This is one of the regular *CONTINENTAL* questions. For a full answer see No. 42 of *THE CONTINENT*, or any Greek dictionary.

29—WHAT surgical operation is supposed to be in process of performance in the engraving of Eakin's portrait of Dr. Gross, published in *THE CONTINENT* of January 17?

SEVERAL READERS.

In order to be perfectly sure of our ground a note of inquiry was addressed to Dr. Gross, and called forth the following reply:

DEAR SIR: The operation referred to in your letter of yesterday was performed for the removal of a diseased thigh bone, seldom a bloody procedure, although so represented by the artist in my picture. Very respectfully,

S. D. GROSS.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

April 6.—An official report published from Lieutenant Raymond P. Rogers on the state of the De Lesseps Panama Canal. Mr. Rogers inspected the whole line of works under orders from Admiral Cooper, of the North Atlantic Squadron. He believes that company is working in good faith to carry out the project, and that the canal can be finished, or at least put in working order, for the sum called for by the estimates, namely, \$120,000,000. He thinks, however, that the expenses will exceed this sum, and that the work will not be actually completed until after 1888, the year contemplated by the contract.

[See U. S. Navy Department Reports of explorations and surveys for a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, 1872, '73 and '74: R. W. Shufeldt, *Nature*, Vol. XX, p. 59; *Eclectic Engineering*, Vol. XXII, pp. 241, 305; *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Vol. XLII, pp. 18, 217, and Vol. XLIII, pp. 304, 361; *Nation*, Vol. XXX, p. 90.]

Brigadier-General Joseph K. Barnes, Surgeon-General of the United States Army from 1864 to 1882, died at his residence in Washington. Two years' agitation of the temperance question in Ohio resulted in the adoption by the Legislature of two Constitutional amendments, which will be submitted to the people. One of these provides for the regulation of the liquor traffic by the Legislature, its power of taxation being unlimited, and the other absolutely prohibiting the manufacture of or traffic in intoxicating liquors.

[See "United States Liquor Laws, Prohibitory, License, Local Option and Civil Damage," National Temperance Society, New York: *Catholic World*, Vol. XXVII, p. 182; *Journal of the Statistical Society*, Vol. XXXV, p. 25; *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. XVI, p. 166; *Nation*, Vol. IX, p. 429, and Vol. XII, p. 353.]

April 9.—A bill was introduced in the English House of Commons relating to explosives, and assigning a penalty of imprisonment for life for maliciously causing an explosion by which life or property is imperilled. The mere keeping of explosives under suspicious circumstances is punishable by imprisonment for twenty years, and all accessories to these crimes are to be treated as principals. The bill was passed at once, confirmed by the House of Lords on April 10th, and at once signed by the Queen—unprecedentedly quick work for a British Parliament. Sir William Harcourt was the mover of the bill.

April 11.—The new Postmaster-General, Walter P. Gresham, took the oath of office, and at once entered upon his duties. One of his first acts was to approve the design for the new two-cent postage stamp, which will take the place of the three-cent stamp for postage after October 1st.—A bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of infernal machines and devices for the destruction of life and property was introduced into the Pennsylvania Senate.

April 15.—Major Phipps, the absconding Superintendent of the Philadelphia Almshouse, was brought back from Canada under the extradition treaty, and locked up to await trial.

[See *International Review*, Vol. III, p. 433; *American Journal of Science*, Vol. II, p. 117; *Nation*, Vol. XXII, p. 331, Vol. XXIII, p. 101, Vol. XXVIII, p. 25; *New Englander*, Vol. XXIII, p. 133. These are treatises on laws of extradition.]

Joe Brady, the first of the prisoners arraigned for the murder of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke in Dublin, was convicted after a trial which lasted only three days, and was sentenced to be hung on May 14th.—In Russia, the trials of Nihilists accused of plotting against the life of the Tsar are proceeding with great secrecy and despatch. The publication of details is prohibited, but many confessions are said to have been made by the accused.

[See *Temple Bar*, Vol. XVII, p. 47; *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. LXXIII, p. 232; *Nation*, Vol. VIII, p. 166, and Vol. XVI, p. 193. These treat of capital punishment.]

Specie payments have been resumed in Italy, and are proceeding regularly.

[See "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange, by W. S. Jevons: New York, Appleton; "History of American Currency," by W. G. Sumner, New York, Henry Holt & Co.; "Robinson Crusoe's Money," by D. A. Wells, New York, Harper & Bros.; "Inexpediency of an Irredeemable Paper Currency," by J. S. Mills; *Bankers' Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, p. 435; *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. IV, p. 210; *Nation*, Vol. XXII, p. 490; *Quarterly Review*, Vol. XVI, p. 54.]

A Franchise bill introduced by the Government into the Canadian Legislature provides that adults, sons of qualified farmers

and mechanics, shall be entitled to vote; also, that spinsters and widows may vote on a property qualification of \$400.

[See Quincy, "The Protection of Majorities;" McCrary on "American Law of Elections;" Brightly, "Leading Cases in the Law of Elections in the United States;" Bushnell on "Women's Suffrage;" M. A. Dodge, "Woman's Wrongs;" *New Englander*, Vol. XVIII, p. 433; *Macmillan*, Vol. XXX, p. 139; reply to same, Vol. XXX, p. 377; *Harpers' Magazine*, Vol. XLI, pp. 438, 594.]

April 18.—The National Academy of Sciences, in session at Washington, elected Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor Rogers.—Daniel Curley was found guilty in Dublin of participation in the Cavendish murders. He was sentenced to be hung on May 18.

April 19.—The centennial anniversary of General Washington's order announcing the cessation of hostilities at the close of the Revolution was celebrated at Newburgh, N. Y.

[See Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," Irving's "Life of Washington."]

Another Irish-American turned informer in the matter of dynamite plots, and his testimony in the Dublin Court goes far to prove the existence of a society in this country whose purpose is to free Ireland by force.

[See references under April 25.]

A copyright convention has been signed between Germany and France.

[See H. C. Cary's "Letters on International Copyright," *North American Review*, Vol. LV, p. 245; *Nation*, Vol. XIII, p. 301; *Fortnightly*, Vol. XXVII, p. 237; *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. XIII, p. 618.]

April 21.—Suleiman Pasha, the famous Turkish soldier, died, at the age of forty-three. He first gained fame as the defender of Shipka Pass during the war with Russia, in 1877. He then succeeded to the general command of the Turkish forces, was beaten, was tried for treason, and sentenced to exile for fifteen years.

[See Forbes' and McGahan's Correspondence in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, *Macmillan's*.]

April 22.—Terrible cyclones or tornadoes occurred in Mississippi, Louisiana, Iowa. Some eighty persons were killed, three hundred injured, and a very large amount of property was destroyed.

[See "Avoidance of Cyclones," *American Journal of Science*, Vol. LXXIII, p. 205; "Phenomena of Cyclones," *Every Saturday*, Vol. II, p. 38; "Storm Waves," *Nature*, Vol. XV, p. 311; "Tornadoes and Waterspouts," *American Journal of Science*, Vol. CXXII, p. 33.]

April 25.—The Irish Land League Convention assembled and organized at Philadelphia. It remained in session three days, changing its style and title to The Irish National League of America, and adopting resolutions denunciatory of English policy.

[See Froude's "The English in Ireland," J. Godkin's "Land War in Ireland," W. T. Thornton's "Plea for Peasant Proprietors," etc.; Burke's "English Misrule in Ireland," Haverly and Phillips in reply to Froude, *Nation*, Vol. XXXVI, p. 186; *Dublin Review*, Vol. CXXII, p. 181; *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. XXXIX, p. 64; THE CONTINENT, present number.]

April 27.—A tornado passed across Texas from northeast to southwest, destroying life and property throughout a wide belt of territory.

[See reference under April 22.]

Rear-Admiral Edward Middleton, U. S. N., died in Washington.—General William Browne, late Assistant Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy during the rebellion, died in Athens, Georgia.

May 1.—The new Civil Service rules were published. They provide that the general examinations for admission to the public service shall be limited to the following subjects: 1. Penmanship, orthography, copying, letter-writing. 2. Arithmetic, fundamental rules, fractions and percentage. 3. Interest, discount, and elements of book-keeping and of accounts. 4. Elements of the geography, history and government of the United States. Competitive examinations, of a suitable character to test the fitness of persons for promotion in the service, are also provided for.

May 4.—On Friday, United States officers seized a large quantity of letters in two private post-offices for the distribution of city letters and circulars in New York. These offices do a large business by delivering letters at a rate less than regular postage. This is held to be contrary to law, and it has been decided to suppress them.

May 5.—Major Phipps, extradited from Canada on the 13th inst., was convicted of forgery.



LOGICAL.

Master.—“What made your cousin stay so late last night?”
 Servant.—“Faith, sur, he wus afeared to go home, sur.”
 Master.—“Why didn't he go home earlier in the evening, then?”
 Servant.—“Shure an' it wusn't till it wus late that he wus afeared!”

“Uncle Ike's Roosters.”

Las' Sunday I was settin' 'pon de bench beside de do',
 An' feelin' sort o' chilly, kase de sun was gittin' low,
 An' wishin' dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas'—
 For I pintly hates de cuttin' ob a Janewary blas'—
 An' thinkin' dat to-morrer I would git sum light wood in
 An' stack it in de cornder 'fo' de winter should begin.
 I knows de one what's comin', too, is gwine be stingin'
 cold,
 Kase de 'simmon trees is hangin' jus' as full as dey kin
 hold,
 De 'possums an' de squir'ls jus' as busy as kin be,
 A-storin' corn an' ches'nuts up for Krismus jubilee.
 De pigs is 'gun der squealin' when de keen win' cut 'em
 so,
 An' de wild geese, like der betters, all is flyin' “westward
 ho!”
 I was studyin' 'bout dem ar signs, as 'pon de bench I sot,
 When I see my two young roosters come a-struttin' 'cross
 de lot.
 Dey was showin' off der elegance an' dandifyin' ways,
 Same as me an' my ole mars'r used to do in courtin' days;
 A prinkin' dis 'ere way an' dat, an' watchin' all de while
 To see ef some de ladies wa'nt admirin' der style.
 De maskerlines is all alike whar eber dey is foun';
 Dey all will strut and show dersef when hens is knockin'
 'round.
 One rooster he was black like, wid some red upon he wing,
 Rale ole Virginny game stock, dat kin beat mos' anything.
 T'other one was game, too, ob the very self-same breed;
 Dey was bof de same hen's chickens, an' was raised upon
 one feed.
 De las' one was de han'somest, he had a golden bres',
 And he nake an' sides were yaller, like Melindy's Sunday
 dres'.
 I know jus' fum de minute dem two roosters come in sight
 Dat bof of 'em was longin' an' a-spilin' for a fight.
 Dey had'nt been to public school, nor larnt to read, you
 see,
 Nor hearn as how sweet bredderen mus' dwell in unity.
 So dey crowed at one anudder, an' dey wall up bof der
 eyes,

Jus' de same as politicians when de 'cite-
 ment 'gins to rise.
 Dey was bristlin' an' a-sparrin' out der in
 de open space,
 When a big ole 'backer worrum come a
 trabin' by in haste,
 Like he had a heap o' business for de pub-
 lic on his min',
 Or was runnin' for an office wid his 'ponent
 close behin'.
 No matter what he business were, dem
 roosters spied him out,
 An' bof pounce down upon him wid a
 crowin' sort o' shout.
 Der bills hit up togodder 'pon de 'backer
 worrum's back,
 An' dey butt 'gin one anudder wid a mighty
 yearnest whack.
 Den bof let gode worrum in der anger an'
 surprise,
 An' stared at one anudder wid der fury-
 flashin' eyes.
 Dey turn de matter over in der min's a
 little spell,
 (An' de indignation in 'em made dem
 chickens fairly swell).
 Den dey buckle to de business wid a des'-
 pret yearnestness,
 Kase dey's fightin' for “a principle,” an'
 boun' to do der bes'.
 Each *knowed* the worrum was his'n, an'
 de odder was a thief,

An' greedy an' rapacious, too, an' mean beyond belief;
 Each thought de odder's sassiness was past all standin',
 too,
 (An' den de *hens* was watchin' for to see de fightin' fru).
 When de eyes o' *beauty* 'gards 'em den I pintly does per-
 sume
 It would take a sorry rooster for to show de snowy plume.
 Dey fit an' fit unt'wel de blood was runnin' from der head,
 An' I thought I better part 'em 'fo' dey kill one 'nudder
 dead.
 I had jus' got up to do it when I see'd de big black hen
 Jus' a gobblin' up de worrum dat had made de fuss begin.
 I bus' right out a larfin', as I grab dem chickens' leg,
 An' t'un two boxes ober 'em, to cool 'em down a peg.
 It seem so awful foolish like for dem to fight an' squirm,
 An' dat ole hen come walkin' 'long an' gobble up de
 worm.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

Jerry Greening's Sayings.

“Ef time is money, they's dead loads o' people hez
 more money than they know what to do with.”
 “Poverty ought t' be considered a good friend o' man,
 fer it allers sticks to him when all other friends desart
 him.”
 “The best gold comes from the roughest country, and
 the best and truest hearts are found under th' ugly faces.”
 “Necessity is like a good many lawyers I kin call to
 mind—it knows no law.”
 “Lots of men talk b' the yard and thinks b' the inch.”
 “Doctors hev the best o' all professions. Ef they do
 good curin', th' earth proclaims it, an' ef they fail, why
 th' earth covers it. See?”
 “I b'lieve that th' bread o' repentance we sometimes
 eat durin' ol' age is made out o' th' wild oats we lev
 sowed earlier in life.”
 “When a man an' woman's married, they are made one
 by th' minister. Now the question is which is the one?
 I've obsarved that often there is a terrible scrimmage
 afore the matter is settled.”

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 23.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1883.

Whole No. 69.

THE PIRATE OF THE PIANKATANK.

BY G. R. IFFLING.

AN hundred years ago and more,
The lawless ocean rover,
With black flag floating at the fore,
The southern seas sailed over.



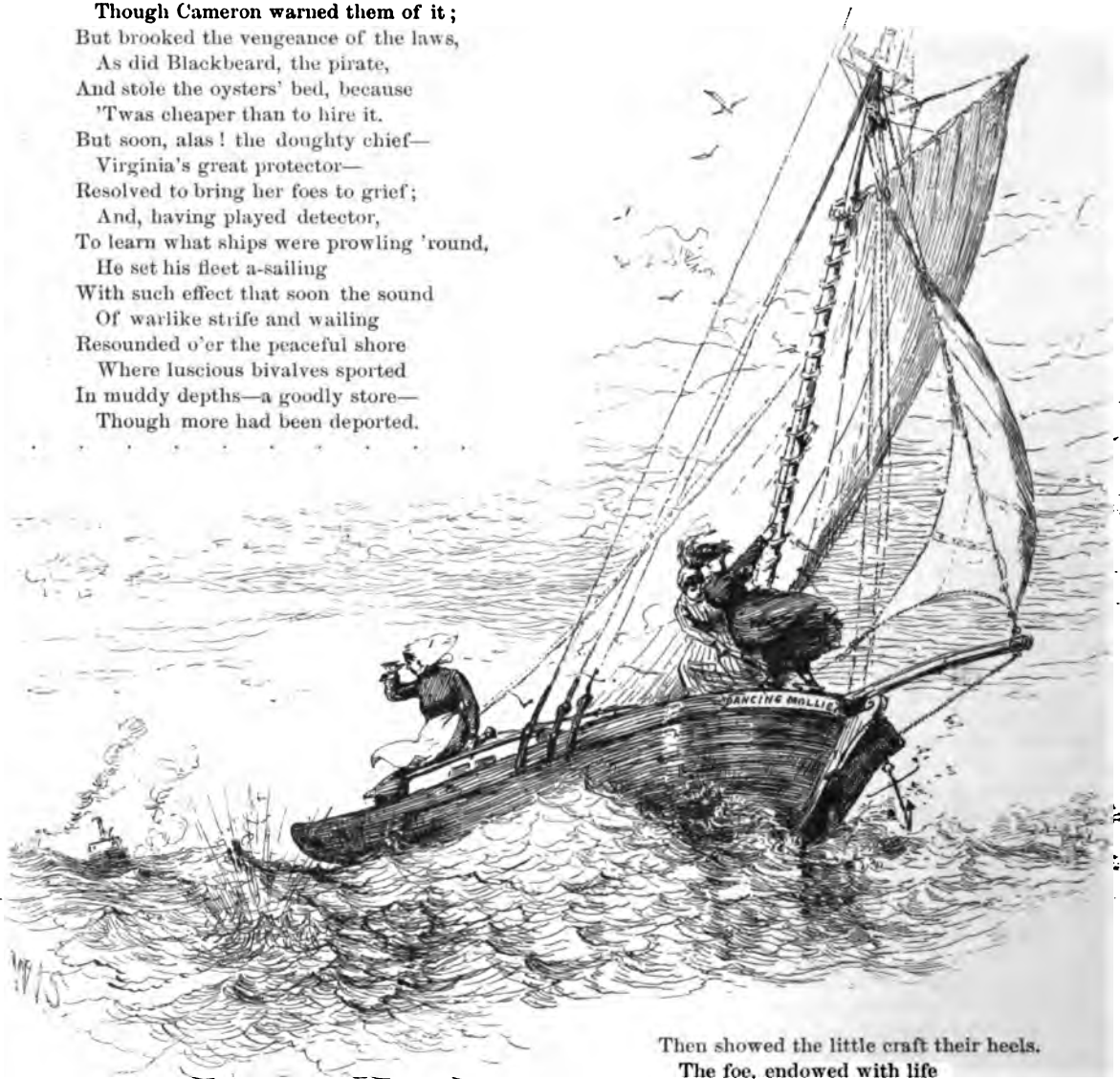
From Mexique's Gulf to Cuba's Isle
That lay, a fair medallion,
Upon the waters to beguile
Rich freighted ship and galleon,
The pirate chief his courses bent
In search of lawful plunder—
(At least 'twas lawful in intent,
If none but foes went under).
But bold Blackbeard, and all his mates,
Have long been under hatches,

Where cruel punishment awaits
Whom e'er the devil catches;
And yet, though gone, those buccaneers
Live in the nation's story,
And unto some their fame appears
Tipt with immortal glory.
And some who live would emulate
Their deeds of lofty daring,
Though shunning every adverse fate—
The profit only sharing.
But most unlike those sea-dogs old,
Who robbed for love of royster,
As well as for their love of gold,
These latter make the oyster
The chosen object of their greed;
And where the beds are thickest—
Where those sweet morsels thrive and feed—
Their prows are turned the quickest.
And men and women plow the main
(Virginia's peaceful waters),
Bold men and women without stain—
(Proud Maryland's sons and daughters)



To pillage from each thrifty bed
 The choice sub-aquean treasure,
 To barter, at so much per head,
 Or, may be, sell by measure.
 Though knowing 'twas against the peace
 To thus steal others' profit,
 They 'd not their wild marauding cease
 Though Cameron warned them of it ;
 But brooked the vengeance of the laws,
 As did Blackbeard, the pirate,
 And stole the oysters' bed, because
 'Twas cheaper than to hire it.
 But soon, alas ! the doughty chief—
 Virginia's great protector—
 Resolved to bring her foes to grief ;
 And, having played detector,
 To learn what ships were prowling 'round,
 He set his fleet a-sailing
 With such effect that soon the sound
 Of warlike strife and wailing
 Resounded o'er the peaceful shore
 Where luscious bivalves sported
 In muddy depths—a goodly store—
 Though more had been deported.

Rose to his vision, and his lips
 Spoke forth in accents high
 Unto his crew : " Give up the ships ?
 By jiminy, not I !"
 Then sped the myriad pirate keels ;
 Then boomed the guns of strife ;



Jim Skaggs, of the Piankatank,
 A Rover bold was he—
 A pirate chief—who oft had sank
 His dredge in fathoms three
 Along Virginia's eastern coast,
 To scoop the oysters in—
 "Lynn Haven Bays" for stew or roast—
 And lawless profit win.
 One morn, when busily engaged,
 As honest men should be,
 Behold, the foe he had enraged
 In war's dread panoply
 Bore down upon the little fleet
 With muskets and with cannon !
 The Dredger thought not of defeat ;
 The Chesapeake and Shannon

Then showed the little craft their heels.
 The foe, endowed with life
 By fire and water, got up steam,
 And sailed and sailed away,
 Until its captain caught a gleam,
 Within a little bay,
 Of one small craft, unmanned, 'tis true—
 The *Dancing Mollie* named—
 Which, when he saw, he cried : "*Mon Dieu !*
 I 'll catch *her* or be—blamed !"
 Then came a sight to thrill the blood
 Of man, or maid, or child ;
 Then came a chase across the flood—
 A chase, to draw it mild,
 That showed how when a woman wills
 She's certain to succeed—
 That when a breeze her canvas fills
 She's bound to take the lead.
 Upon the *Dancing Mollie's* deck

No man or boy appeared
 As Cameron's steamer at his beck
 Was toward the pirate steered.
 No man or boy; but at the helm
 The oyster pirate's wife
 Stood fast, nor fears could her o'erwhelm.
 She thought not of her life;
 She only prayed for room to tack—
 To get in open water—
 And swore she'd show the foe her back.
 So shrill she called each daughter:
 "Loose the main sheet! Let fly the jib!
 Stand by!" 'Twas done as quick
 As spoken, were her words so glib.

"We'll show 'em yet a trick!"
 Again she cheered. The breezes blew;
 The schooner drew ahead,
 And, manned by petticoated crew,
 Across the waters sped.

Virginia's Gov'nor—where was he,
 That doughty chieftain, then?
 He climbed aloft the prize to see,
 And then climbed down again.
 He saw 'twas useless to contest
 With steam against such arts;
 So sadly his defeat confessed,
 And sailed for other parts.

THE PERVERSITY OF PARTNERS.

BY WILTON BURTON.

"How you comin' on deze days, Marse Jimmie?"
 "Pretty well, Uncle Toby."
 "Looks like you got a powerful sight o' stuff in dis yer sto'."

"Well, yes; we have a large stock of goods—more than we shall ever sell, I'm afraid."

The speakers were a merchant and his former slave. The latter had walked to the back part of the store, and, with the air of one that feels himself a privileged character, had taken a seat unbidden in the best chair by the fire.

The appearance of the store justified the comment. In one corner, by the fireplace, was an island of bacon surrounded by a miniature sea of brine; in the other, a group of syrup-casks, one of which rested horizontally on two billets of wood, and shed its contents, drop by drop, through a leaky faucet into a tin can. Between the fireplace and the ends of the two counters, that ran lengthwise of the room, was a tangled maze of flour-barrels, sugar hogsheads and cracker-boxes, threaded by a narrow footpath that led to the door. The counters were piled high with "domestics," gayly-colored calico and ready-made clothing, so that there was scarcely room for the two broken show-cases, with their display of cigars, neckties, pocket cutlery and pinchbeck jewelry. The shelves were filled to their utmost capacity, and up above the cornice the spiders had woven a net of cobwebs over a long array of dusty crockery and woodenware. Truly, there was a "powerful sight o' stuff" in the store.

For some time Uncle Toby sat silently smoking a clay pipe. Presently the fire made him drowsy, and he fell to nodding. This pastime might have continued indefinitely had not his pipe fallen from his lips to the hearth. The crash aroused him, and he resumed the conversation:

"Seem like to me I ain't never been see no better fire to roas' a tater in dan what dis yer fire is, ef I des had de tater."

"There are some in that barrel—help yourself."

"Thanky, sah."

And Uncle Toby buried a potato in the ashes and put two or three others in his pockets for his wife, "Marthy Ann," he said.

"You ain't got no pardner in yer, is you, Marse Jimmie?"

"Yes; Mr. Humphrey owns a half interest."
 The negro grunted disapprovingly.

"Mr. Rumpless mighty clever man. He gin me a quarter for hol'in' his horse onct. I ain't a-sayin' nothin' agin him, an' I'm hopes you an' him'll git along harmonikle; but ef ever you year tell o' me a-goin' cahoot 'long of a yuther nigger agin, you can make a hen nes' out'n my ole hat."

"Did you ever have a partner, Uncle Toby?"

"Yas, sah, I had a partner onct—a crappin' pardner—an' me an' him couldn't 'gree no ways we could fix it."

"That was bad."

"Hit was bad, but it couldn't be hope, bekase pardners is naicherly de meanes' folks in this newited worl'. But I ain't a 'sputin' but what Mr. Rumpless mighty clever man."

"I suppose you think Mr. Humphrey may be an exception to the rule."

"To be sho'."

"I can't vouch for that; but what did you and your partner disagree about?"

"Well, sah, ef you wants to know all about dat, take a seat and set down in dat cheer, bekase dat tater'll have plenty time to roas' 'fore I git done tellin' you 'bout Sandy Brooks."

"Was that your partner's name?"

"Dem was his entitlements, an' he was a biggity nigger, too. He use more big words dan what deze yere Methodis' circus-riders uses. He think hissef some punkins bekase he could read an' write. He 'low he knowed it all."

"I declar' to gracious, Marse Jimmie, dem cheese smells so good I don't b'lieve I kin tell you 'bout Sandy 'thout I has a slishe of 'em to toas' on de een' o' dis stick."

"Thanky, sah. Deze cheese is good, sho'; but cheese looks sorter lonesome 'cep'n' you has crackers to go 'long wid 'em. Thanky, sah. I always knowed you was de free-handest one o' old master's boys. Ax Marthy Ann ef I didn't tole her so."

"Well, dat Sandy nigger he w'ar sto' cloze, an' he smoke seegyars ever' time he could pick up a ole stump on de groun'."

"In dem days Mr. Waggintire use to keep a sto' in dis yer same town."

"Yes, I remember, McIntyre and Wagner."

"Yas, sah; dem's um, only dey fell out, an' Mr. Wagintire he tuck an' tuck the whole sto' to hissef.

"Well, Mr. Wagintire he had a piece o' lan', an' he rent it to me an' Sandy for the fo'th o' what we could make on it. Sandy had two big stroppin' gals, named Ritter and Suse, which he 'low dey was es good a fiel' han's es Mr. Anybody. He put hissef an' dem in, an' I put in mysef. I was to git de fo'th an' Sandy was to have three fo'ths, bekase he wuk three han's. Mr. Wagintire 'vance for us.

"Twaren't long 'fore I seed Sandy was gwine to git de egwantage o' me. Ever' day he sen' to de sto' atter sump'n ner'er. Marthy Ann 'low we better buy ever'thing we wants, or Sandy 'd git it all. Sandy keep his 'count in a little ole book; but ever' time I buy a dollar worth I make a tolerable long mark on the chimibly wid a fire-coal. Ef it warn't dat much I make a sorter short mark, 'cordin' to de 'mount. I know my 'count was de kereckes'.

"No sooner we start to pitch de crap de fuss begin. I want to plant de long slipe by de branch in cotton, an' Sandy want to plant co'n dar; I want to plant de chaueyberry fiel' in co'n an' taters an' goobers, an' Sandy swar by de pint o' his knife hit got to be plant in cotton. Me an' him 'spute an' 'spute about dat tell Mr. Wagintire had to come an' 'cide 'twix' us. An' he 'cide jes' like Sandy want it, too. Deze yer pardners dey kin always git somebody to 'cide in favor o' dere side.

"Ever' Sat'dy Sandy seem like he jes' 'bleeged to take holiday."

"Didn't you take holiday every Saturday, too?"

"Yas, sah; but don't you see, ever' time Sandy stop three han's stop; when I stop hit was jes' me one.

"When we was layin' by de co'n de sun was powerful hot. I was plowin', an' Sandy an' his two gals was follerin' me wid de hoes. Ever' few minutes Sandy gwine to de branch atter a drink o' water. Den his two gals dey stop an' listen at de peckerwood tappin' on de dead tree tell he come back.

"Atter a while I says, says I, 'Sandy, you must be got de tarryfy fever f'om de way you drinkin' de branch dry.'

"He 'low, 'You ain't got no larnin', nigger. Don't you know water 's a good Sude-er-ritter* for to make you sweat an' keep off de sunstroke?"

"I says, says I, 'Ef you talkin' 'bout Suse an' Ritter, dey look mighty jack-an'-dipper,† leanin' on dey hoe-han's an' de crab grass a growin'.'

"Well, sah, dat nigger like to bust hissef laffin'. I was a great a mine to make a rock zoon by his head, jes' to let him year how it soun'. But I hilt mysef in dat time.

"Atter dat Sandy kick up a rumpus 'bout sump'n nigh ever' day. Dey warn't no livin' in peace wid him. His wife she had to have a han' in de fuss. She 'low my ole 'possum dog suck her aigs. Marthy Ann tuck it up, an' dey had it. When womens gets mix up in a 'spute hits bound to git wuss an' wuss. My ole 'oman 'low I oughter whip Sandy, but I ain't payin' no 'tention to what she sayin', bekase I knows jes' how womens is. Dey always anxious for dey husbands to fight a ner'er man what dey 'spises, but dey don't never tink 'bout ter'er man fightin' back.

"When we went to gether de co'n Sandy says, says he, 'Look yere, I wants to have ever'thing fa'r an' squar now, an' I wants you to onderstand all 'bout it.'"

"I 'low, 'Dat 's all right.'

"Well,' says 'e, 'you know Mr. Wagintire gits one fo'th of ever'thing.'

"I says, says I, 'I knows dat,' says I, 'an' I gits a ner'er fo'th, an' you gits de yuther three fo'ths.'

"Sandy sorter smile to hissef.

"Well,' says 'e, 'de way for us to do when we hauls up de co'n is to put three loads in one pile for me and you, an' one load in a ner'er pile for Mr. Wagintire.'

"I says, says I, 'What de use o' mixin' mine an' yone? Dat jes' be makin' double trouble for nothin'. Let me 'vide dis co'n, an' I 'll 'vide it right.'

"How you gwine 'vide it?' he says, says 'e.

"I says, says I, 'Mr. Wagintire gits a fo'th an' I gits a ner'er fo'th. Ever' time we puts a load on his pile we mus' put a load on my pile. Den all de balance 'll be yone.'

"He says, 'Dat won't do,' says 'e, 'bekase dat er way you 'll git more 'n yo' share. You got to pay part de rent same es me.'

"I says, says I, 'I sees what you up to. You wants to take out Mr. Wagintire's part, an' den you ain't a gwine to give me but de third. But I-se gwine to have my rights ef somebody nose have to be mashed for it.'

"He says, 'Who nose gwine to be mash?' says 'e.

"I 'low, 'I speck you 'll ha' ter furnish de nose.'

"We kep a 'sputin' an' 'sputin'. One word brung on a ner'er, an' atter while Marthy Ann jine in, an' de fus' thing you know me an' Sandy hitched."

"You fought, did you?"

"Yas, sah, we fit—but I speck it 's time for me to be knockin' 'long home. Dis yer tater look like hit's done. I wish you mighty well, Marse Jimmie, an' I 'm hopes you an' Mr. Rumpless 'll git along harmonikle."

"But wait. You haven't told me about the fight. Who got the best of it?"

"Well, sah, Sandy he tuck an' crope up on me an' knock me down wid a 'ax hel', an' den he kick me in de short ribs. Dat was toler'ble hard to take, as you know yo'sef, Marse Jimmie, but I ain't sayin' nothin' tell Marthy Ann run up like she gwine ter 'tar up all creation, an' Sandy call her a ole heifer. Dat sorter 'xcite my riserbles."

"What did you do then?"

"I says, says I, 'Go 'way f'om yer, nigger, bekase you mought make me mad, an' ef I gets mad somebody 'll git hurt.'

"When you argy wid Mr. Rumpless an' try to show him how de bes' way to manidge, he don't knock you down wid a ax' hel', do he?"

"No, but he's as stubborn as a mule, and keeps on buying more goods in spite of my protest."

"Well, dat always de way wid pardners. Dey de contraries' folks I ever see."

"How did you come out dividin' the crop?"

"I come out de leetle en' o' de ho'n. No sooner I git up off 'en de groun' an' bresh my cloze I went to see lawyer King, bekase ever'body gin him de name o' 'bein' a hones' man, what don't know no different 'twixt a cullud gempleman an' a white man. I tole him all 'bout it, same like I done tole you. All de whiles I talkin' he settin' dar scratchin' his year wid his pen handle. Atter I git thu he 'low I couldn't git no more than salt an' batter out'n dat case. I 'low I was atter co'n an' cotton. Salt an' batter wouldn't sassify me.

"When I got back home dar stand Mr. Wagintire. Sandy sont atter him whilst I was gone. He tuck an' 'vide de crap out jes' like Sandy want him to, an' what 's more 'n dat he tuck all my share, bekase, he say, I done trade it all out in de sto'.

* Sudorific.

† Careless, unconcerned.

"Whenever you git a ner'er man to come in an' settle 'twix' you an' yo' pardner de pardner sho' to git it all. Pardners is mos' too 'ceivin' for my use."

"You are about right," said the white man. "At any rate, if I live to see New Year's this store shall be all mine or all Humphrey's, and I don't care which. I am tired of partners."

"Now you heerd me," exclaimed the negro. "You's a talkin' now, and you ain't a was'in no bref. Fur es I 'm concern, pardners kin go 'long Liza Jane."

"Marse Jimmie, you ain't got nar ole pa'r shoes 'roun' yer settin' in de cornder gapin' for bones, is you ?

'Kase ef dey 's too little for me dey 'll 'bout fit Marthy Ann."

"Yes, I believe there 's a pair in the back room you can have."

As Toby passed out with the shoes he said :

"I wish you mighty well, Marse Jimmie, an' I 'm hopes you an' Mr. Rumpless 'll git—"

But he saw that nobody was giving any heed to what he was saying, for Mr. Humphrey had come in, and the two partners were engaged in a heated discussion of some matter of business upon which it was evident they could not agree.

ALL OUT-DOORS.

By E. C. GARDNER, Author of "The House That Jill Built," etc.



HERE is a difference in architectural clients—a great difference and a great choice. Some look upon the architect as a sort of small soulless manufacturing corporation, a machine-shop for turning out plans and specifications for the general market; bound to fill any given order in a purely formal, business way; the lines of whose duty and interest are as simple and definite as those of a milkman or a bank president.

Others accept him for what he really is—or ought to be—a human being with a soul inside his body, full of sympathy and inspired by an ardent wish to help each client to the home just suited to his own peculiar, exceptional and altogether unique conditions and needs; who will not count the lines he draws, the counsels he gives and the opinions he utters at so many shillings apiece, but, like a wise and faithful family physician, will do all in his power to serve and save his patient, whatever becomes of his own fees or his personal interest. Between these two classes of clients there are various grades. The second class are the more interesting and satisfactory—by far the more likely to receive the aid and comfort they desire. Of such clients John was a bright and shining example. The entire confidence with which his wants were made known and the frank assumption that his needs, intentions, emotions and ability were understood and respected, received their sure reward. Whatever he asked in the way of aid, advice or sympathy was promptly granted. His house had been completed several years, and was slowly moving back in the long gallery of pleasant pictures "that hang on memory's wall," when it was suddenly brought into the foreground by a characteristic letter from John himself, which may be given without farther introduction.

"MY DEAR ARCHITECT: You helped me to fight one battle, now I'm ready for another, and want you to enlist. Choose your own rank—orderly sergeant, commander-in-chief or 'high private.' I expect to do all the work and pay all the bills, and I can stand the work a good deal better than I can the bills. You will think me a slow coach when I tell you it has taken me five years to build the house, and it isn't finished yet. But the neighbors think it is, and are beginning to ask why 'John's folks don't fix up a little outside. Folks that have as much taste as John's folks pretend to have shouldn't spend everything on the house and leave the yard to look like a sheep pasture.' It's a mistake about the taste. 'John's

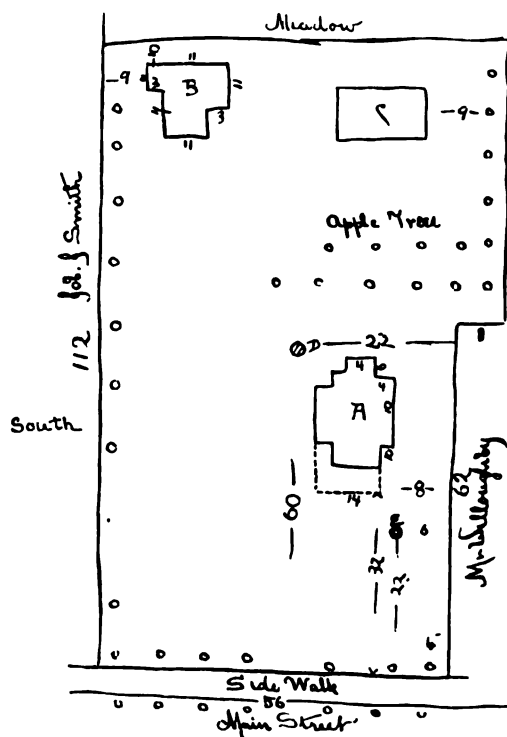
folks' never pretend to anything; but in the main the neighbors are right, and that's the worst of it. I never troubles me to have a man call me a thief and a rascal unless he proves it on the spot. Then I resent it.

"I expected to have something left after building the house, but it swallowed up every dime. I couldn't run in debt, so I've been learning to labor and to wait. If I had been as wise at first as I am at last I should have saved one or two hundred dollars somewhere on the house and planted them in the ground around it. They would



A RELIABLE AND INTERESTING VEGETABLE.

have brought forth at least thirty-fold, and the place would have been five hundred dollars the better by this time. However, I've got the greenbacks at last, and want you should tell me what to do with them. If you have forgotten how the premises look, come and see; but meanwhile, perhaps you can send me something to be thinking about. Yours,
JOHN."



JOHN'S FIELD-NOTES.

Certainly it would have been better to go and see, for all the verbal descriptions and topographical surveys that can be piled upon an unoffending bit of landscape fail to convey the true spirit of it. One can easily construct an imaginary scene from such data, but this fanciful picture-making is like calling spirits from the vasty deep. It is easy to call, but the real thing never answers the summons. No place or person, however graphically described, ever "looks exactly as we expected." But it was not possible to go and see at the time, and the following reply was accordingly sent to John's appeal:

"DEAR JOHN: It is pleasant to know that you have a few hundred dollars to spend as you please; pleasanter still to find you disposed to invest the funds so wisely. The commercial value of your home, not to mention its added beauty, will surely increase every year in consequence of such a sensible outlay; while, in spite of your tenderest care, its worth would otherwise slowly diminish with age. A most conspicuous and deplorable fault in country and village homes is the custom of ornamenting the houses excessively, while the surrounding grounds, with their various accessories and adjuncts, are left in a condition woefully stale, flat and uninteresting. Undoubtedly the trouble begins with the attempt to secure too much for a given expenditure, and the owner finds, as you did, that every dime of his appropriation is absorbed by the house itself, leaving nothing either for inside or outside furnishing—if happily he escapes a worse fate. When a man, who has barely money enough to build the house he needs, wishes to make his home a bright-looking spot on the face of the earth, and to feel that he is adding to the permanent beauty of the town or village, he should omit every attempt at decoration upon the building, making it merely a protection against the elements, and thus, if there is no other way, reserve a small percentage to invest in his out-of-door surroundings.

"It would be quite within the bounds of truth to say that

if one-fourth of the money that is wasted in vain endeavors to make houses themselves ornamental could be wisely applied near the house, but not upon it, the change would be almost beyond belief. After such a transformation, many a man would need to be introduced to his own house, and would be quite bewildered and lost in the strange beauty of his native village. But I remember your aversion to long sermons, and forbear.

"Mahomet cannot go to the mountain; the mountain must, therefore, come to Mahomet—on paper. You must send me a map of the premises. If you cannot afford a surveyor, and do not know how to make the map yourself, I will tell you. First draw on a large sheet of paper—no matter how roughly—a sketch, giving, as nearly as you can guess at it, the shape of your land. Then walk along each side of the lot with your customary stride—don't try to 'pace' it, unless the natural length of your pedal vibration is just thirty-nine and six-tenths inches—and count the steps, marking the number on each straight side of the rough map. Then find the number of steps from the front or rear line of the lot to one corner of the house, of the barn, or any other building, and to all small fixed objects; also from each of the same points to one of the side boundaries, taking, in all cases, the shortest route possible. Lastly, walk around the buildings, counting the steps for each side separately, and record the numbers on your sheet. If the principal angles of the lot are nearly right angles; if the fronts of the buildings are about parallel with the street, and the surface of the land not very uneven, such a memorandum will answer for a beginning. If you will also ascertain how many feet and inches ten of those natural strides carry you, it will leave nothing to be desired in the way of field notes. By-and-by it will be necessary to supplement this map of your premises, and the statement of your own intentions, by a description of what your immediate neighbors have done and propose to do; for, however highly we may value our independence and originality, we cannot ignore our partnership in the universe."

Naturally this led to a second letter from John. It was hoped there would be a convenient delay before it came, and the hope was founded on experience, for it



MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S "HOMELY BUT GOOD-LOOKING HOUSE."

seems to be one of the things impossible to be understood or remembered that any delay in beginning an enterprise, especially building a house, means precisely the same delay in concluding it. The argument seems to be that even if we do lose a little time in starting we can easily "push things" enough to make up for such lost time. The fact that no more pushing is possible

after a tardy setting forth than would have been possible if we had set out on time, is ignored. But John was dreadfully prompt. By the very next mail came his second epistle.

"MY DEAR ARCHITECT: There's the maps and here's the explanation: A is the house, B is the barn, C the garden, D the well, and E a fine old white-oak tree that I wouldn't sell for its weight in silver. It is the only reliable and interesting vegetable on the premises, the only one that prospers and bringeth forth fruit in its season. There is a double row of maples along the street, and the remnants of an apple orchard behind the house and near the north line, but neither of them count, for everybody has maples, which seem to belong to the public; and the apple trees are hardly worth the ground they cover. Once in three or four years they groan under their burden of fruit, but when there is an active demand for mince pies and sweet cider they are certain to bear nothing but leaves. It seems almost wicked to cut down a fruit tree, even when it produces nothing but caterpillars and rose-bugs, and I should like to keep a few for conscience' sake, but don't let them interfere with your plan. Everything else on the place is movable.

"The gate is now in the centre of the front line. We drive up near the southeast corner of the house, and thence on toward the barn, which isn't convenient, because, unless we go quite out to that building, there is no chance to turn around without driving over the turf. I am bounded on the south by Mr. Job Smith, on the north by Mrs. Willoughby, east by Main Street, and west by a meadow that will remain a meadow; that is to say, it will not be devoted to 'ornamental' purposes; in fact, it will be used as a pasture after haying, and must be separated from the home lot by a fence of some sort. The ground where the house stands is about four feet higher than the street, descending a little toward the south and rising in the rear. I never graded the surface, which is just as the flood left

it, except for the general leveling tendencies of age and agriculture.

"I'm not good at reporting my neighbors' doings, but imagine that Mrs. Smith has aspirations somewhat above those of the 'common herd.' I know the house is very tall and white. The walk to the front door is as 'straight as a string,' paved with bricks—which is reckoned a great extravagance in the country—and bordered in summer by parallel rows of rare and radiant 'house plants.' There are a dozen evergreen trees, that look like solid blocks of wood turned in a lathe and painted green, symmetrically stuck up near the house, and a row of the same sort just inside of the street fence. Spattered over the lawn at regular distances are flowering shrubs, also pruned with great propriety; bunches of dahlias tied to green stakes, and two flaming red flower-pots on a pair of stumps. The last-named articles stand one at each side of the walk, about half way from the house to the street. There is also a tripod of red poles suspending a vermilion iron pot; from all of which you will perceive that Mrs. Smith is 'well up' in the latest styles of out-door art.

"Mrs. Willoughby's house, on the north, is an old one, homely, but good looking. It stands on the topmost of two little terraces, and the yard contains bunches of old-fashioned red peonies, some lilacs and cinnamon roses, green grass and maple trees. The three houses toe the same mark, and face the street squarely.

"My southern neighbor generously built a fence between our domains at his own expense, in order to have it uniform with his other visible boundaries. It is a white picket. Separating my lot from Mrs. Willoughby's is an old tight board fence that must be replaced by something better, and what shall I do for a fence along the street?

"I wear number eleven boots, French heels and box toes. Ten steps carry me just twenty-six feet and three-quarters of an inch inclusive. Is that sufficiently accurate? Yours,
JOHN."



SOMEBODY'S SECRET.

SOMEBODY and I, in the moonlight,
Went down where the golden-rods grow;
He told me a beautiful secret,
That nobody ever will know;
For I'll keep it well—
I never will tell
The secret he whispered so low.

He told the sweet story so softly,
It did not e'en waken a bird;
The katydids kept such a chatter,
I do not think they could have heard;
But they'd never tell,
I know very well,
No, not if they knew every word.

The moon and the stars heard the secret,
I know by the smile that they wore;
They winked at each other so slyly,
I'm sure they had heard it before;
But they'll never tell,
I know very well;
They've heard it too often before.

For, 'tis said the story's an old one;
But *that* I will never confess;
If old, it keeps up with the fashion,
And oftentimes wears a new dress;
And I'll keep it well—
I never will tell
The secret—I'll leave you to guess.

J. E. MACKAY.

THE GOOSE.

Written by ALFRED TENNYSON.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason,
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg.
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

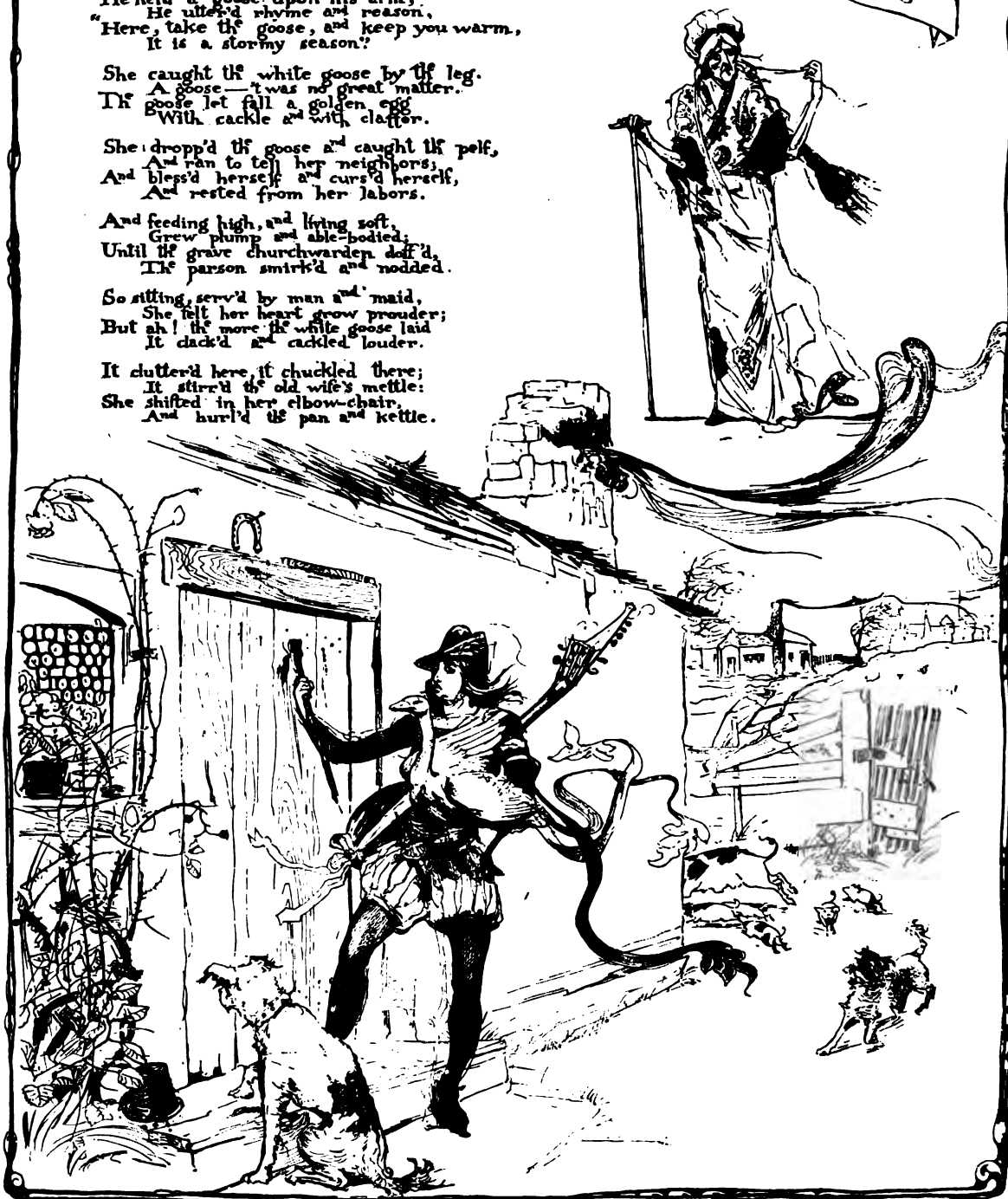
She dropp'd the goose and caught the self,
And ran to tell her neighbors;
And bless'd herself and curs'd herself,
And rested from her labors.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doct'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, serv'd by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder;
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clatter'd here, it chuckl'd there;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle:
She shift'd in her elbow-chair,
And hur'd the pan and kettle.

PICTURED
BY ALFRED HERMAN.





"A quinsy, choke thy cursed note!"
 Then wax'd her anger stronger;
 "Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
 I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;
 Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer;
 The goose flew this way and flew that,
 And fill'd the house with clamor.

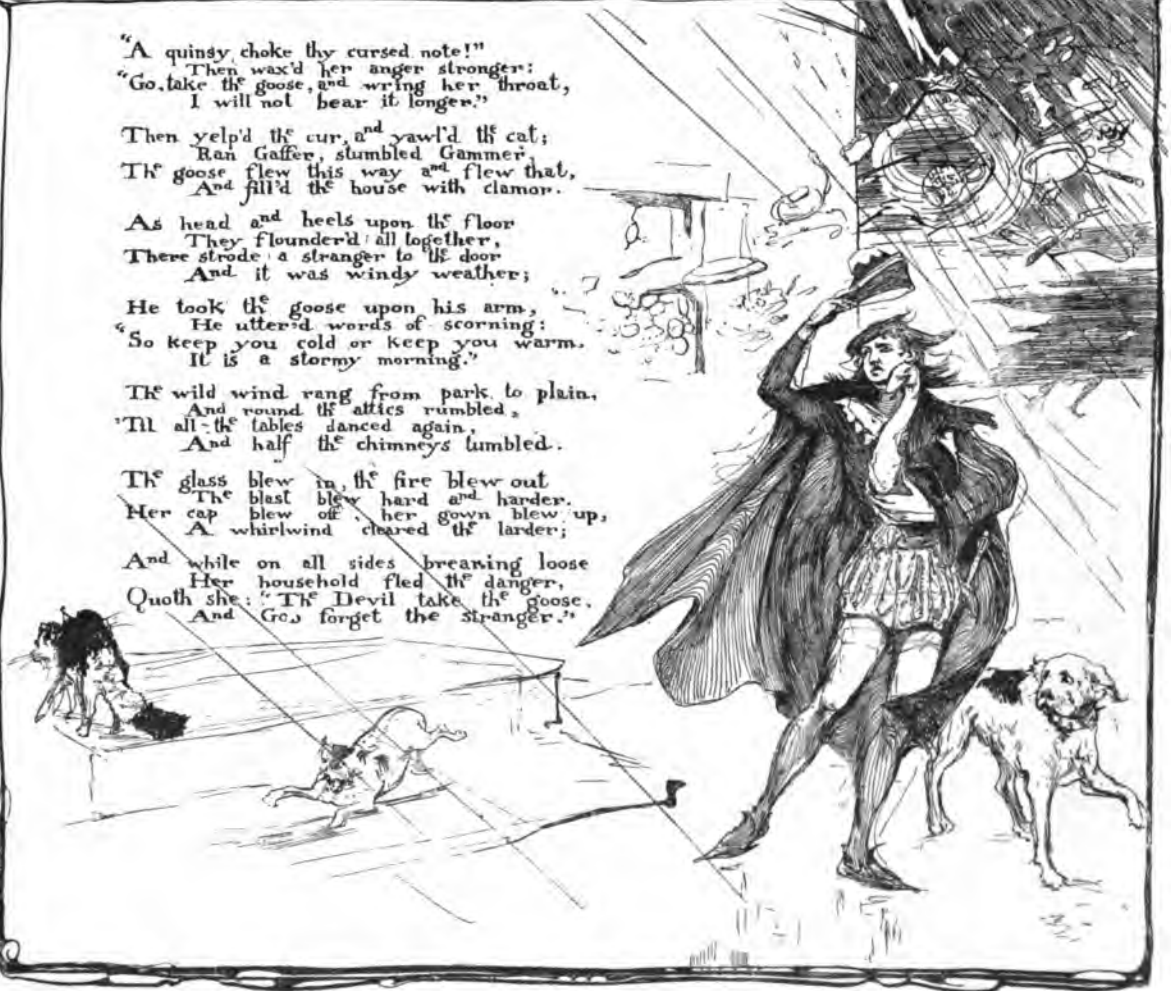
As head and heels upon the floor
 They flounder'd all together,
 There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather;

He took the goose upon his arm,
 He utter'd words of scorning:
 "So keep you cold or keep you warm.
 It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park to plain,
 And round the attics rumbled,
 'Till all the tables danced again,
 And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out
 The blast blew hard and harder,
 Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
 A whirlwind cleared the larder;

And while on all sides breaching loose
 Her household fled the danger,
 Quoth she: "The Devil take the goose,
 And God forget the stranger."



A MISSISSIPPI MARTYR.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

I.—A MAN-TRAP IS SPRUNG.

"BLAMED if I don't feel just like Job!" said Mr. Silas Dickison, addressing himself suddenly and energetically to Mrs. Silas Dickison.

The flushed face, bristling hair, snapping eyes, and general air of irateness about the speaker so completely excluded all idea of meekness as the parallel between her husband and the man of Uz, that it was quite natural Mrs. Dickison should ask, with wifely solicitude:

"Boily, dear?"

Now, it is a well-established fact in sociology that when a man has reached that pitch of exasperation which requires but one more feathery addition to carry him beyond the limits of possible self-control, he is apt to discover that final feather in whatsoever expression his wife may use to convey sympathy, curiosity or interest. Let her formulate her utterances never so discreetly, they will but act as so much fuel to a fire under certain circumstances.

This is the only solution that can be offered in explanation of the fact that Mr. Dickison's face grew a shade redder, his hair bristled a trifle higher, his eyes snapped with more vicious energy, as he roared:

"Boily! No, madam! By Jove, I have not a drop of boily blood in my veins! Do I look boily? do I walk boily? do I sleep boily?"

"Not at all, dear," Mrs. Dickison hastens to assert in her most soothing tones of apology, "only—"

"Only!" Her husband catches the word in mid-air, like an expert base-baller. "Only it is no trial to a man's patience, I suppose, none at all, to be overflowed ten feet deep; to see his orchards, that he has been half a lifetime bringing to perfection, killed in a week; to hear one day that his carriage-horses have broken through the floor of the coop they're penned up in like bantam chickens, and broken their infernal legs; to hear, the next day, that three of his very best mules are drowned; the day after, that his Alderneys are starving to death on Spanish moss; that his gin-house has been washed away; that wreck and ruin stare him in the face on every side; but next his son, his only son (only sons, you know, are generally regarded as props and stays and comforters, and all that sort of bosh), must try his hand to see what he can do to add to the general peace and comfort of the establishment!"

"What has Lewis done now?" Mrs. Dickison asks with a languid interest born of staleness; for Lewis, his deeds and misdeeds, his sins of omission and commission, his predestination to the gallows or the dogs, were more than thrice-told tales in that family circle.

"Nothing but drowned himself," Mr. Dickison says, with a faint gleam of satisfaction displacing the anger in his eyes.

"Lewis drowned!" three women shriek in chorus. "Our precious boy dead!"

"Not that I know of," says the ogre, who has thrown this bomb into the domestic camp with malice prepense.

"But you said so, father," two girlish voices insist reproachfully, *vice* Mrs. Dickison, removed, who had left under full head of steam to satisfy her maternal fears by ocular demonstration that Lewis was not drowned.

"Said that Lewis was dead?" Mr. Dickison asks,

growing amiably cool in proportion as the feminine element waxed hot.

"Said he was drowned, and—"

"Well, a person need not necessarily remain drowned, need he? Lewis was drowned—fell out of the dug-out into ten feet of water out yonder by the gin-slough. Fortunately Moses and Bob were at the gin getting cotton-seed to feed the calves on, and saw him go down. They pulled to the place as fast as they could, and fished him out, with apparently not a breath of life left in his scampish young body. Oh, that boy! Well, he was brought to old Rachel's cabin as dead as a door-nail, to all appearances. They sent for me to come there quick, and by myself, wanting me, I suppose, to break the sad news to your mother gradually. We worked on him for about two hours, rolling him over, holding him up by the heels, rubbing him with hot flannels, and brought him round at last. He's all right now—all the better, I expect, for the scare he's had. He is sound asleep in his own room, as snug as toast, and I had just come in here to tell your mother about it quietly, when she flew off, as usual, into one of those nervous excitements of hers, which make a calm discussion of any matter almost an impossibility in this house."

Mr. Dickison paused to wipe his forehead with an injured air, and his wide-spread handkerchief veiled from him a glance of mutual understanding and congratulation which passed from Miss Sophie Dickison over to Miss Annie Dickison—two young women in the early flush of beauty, and who, their father was in the habit of declaring, by turns were his torment and delight.

It was warm weather, and the Dickison ladies had all been clustered on the front gallery when Mr. Dickison had disturbed their equanimity by the startling announcement that Lewis was drowned. And a most remarkable-looking front gallery it was, considering that the Dickison mansion was a handsome frame building, capacious and comfortable, with broad galleries front and rear, and that Mrs. Dickison was a notably neat house-keeper. But the flood was at its height, and every house and cabin of slighter elevation than the mansion-house was entirely submerged, so that the broad verandahs and the noble central hall had been dedicated to strange uses. The cooking-stove was on the back gallery, together with all the rest of the kitchen furniture. The hall was appropriated to the storage of barrels, boxes and casks of every imaginable size and description, and on the front gallery was a miscellaneous collection of everything for which no other place could be found. The family barouche reposed in exalted leisure in one corner. Bales of hay and sacks of oats crowded another. Tubs and boxes and pots of such plants and shrubs as were deemed too precious to be yielded to the waters, were standing about in irregular confusion. The Irish setter's kennel had been promoted to this social eminence. Lewis' now useless bicycle impressed its presence disagreeably upon encroaching shins. One hen of foreign extraction, the *élite* of the poultry-yard, was being permitted to rear her tender and ill-timed progeny as best she could amid such unfamiliar surroundings. And on this gallery all the family took their daily constitutional, finding it more than ever before necessary to be as

wise as serpents (in the matter of sinuosity) and as harmless as doves.

It is more than probable that having to wind in and out of such a variety of misplaced articles—meandering between two bales of hay only to bring up suddenly against a big tub with a bigger oleander in it; steering clear of the barouche wheels for the apparent purpose of mashing a baby-chicken to death under his bewildered heels; assuaging his anguished remorse thereat by kicking the Irish setter into the nest of a setting turkey—had resulted in some of the general crookedness of things getting into Mr. Dickison himself; for although quick in temper, he was generally regarded as one of the most thoroughly good-hearted men in the world.

Trading upon this well-established fact, Miss Sophie Dickison now steered her way cautiously among the impedimenta, and seating herself sociably beside him on the bale of hay, where he had thrown himself for refuge, said soothingly, while her designing little hand roved in and out of his thick gray hair:

"Things do look pretty rough just now, papa, don't they? And you say the Alderneys are dying?"

"Fast as poisoned roaches!"

"But Lewis is spared us," Annie sighs demurely, as, with arms crossed patiently over her plump bosom, she promenades in zig-zag fashion toward and from them. "Just to think, that dear child might have been drowned sure enough! He really ought to be in some city, going to school every day. He needs civilized surroundings. A plantation is the last place on earth to rear a boy. Don't you think so, papa?"

"Hang Lewis, he's all right!" Mr. Dickison growls, looking out with a moody brow over the dead, muddy level of the waters.

"Well," says Sophie, cheerfully, "I expect it will eventuate in that. As this is the third effort he has made at drowning, I suppose he is being reserved by Providence for hanging. I feel morally convinced that Lewis is destined to make the name of Dickison famous in some fashion or other."

"Or infamous," Annie suggests.

"He is undoubtedly capable of committing as much rascality in a given space of time as any boy of his limited chances that I ever saw," Mr. Dickison grunted, rising from his seat on the hay to go and measure the depth of the water for the tenth time that morning.

It was evident that the whole family were banded together temporarily in that state of irritation against Lewis which generally succeeds to active but causeless alarm.

"What a pity about the orchard," says Sophie. "Imagine this long hot summer without a particle of fruit. Horrible!"

"Or milk, either, if the cows continue to drop off like poisoned roaches," Annie adds, industriously seconding her sister's best efforts to paint their home life in all its existing hideousness. "In fact, I can't imagine what we are going to live on. There is not a hog nor a sheep left in the country. Poultry of all kinds will be so scarce that no one will kill. They will be saving it all for a fresh start. Gardens all destroyed."

"Plenty of pickled pork left in Cincinnati and St. Louis," Mr. Dickison says, coming back from his water mark, wiping his wet hands on his handkerchief; "you can live on that."

"We can die on it!" Sophie asserts desperately.

"And of course we will be too poor this year to take ice."

"Pretty rough outlook, children, and no mistake."

"Well, sir?" turning with an air of wrathful expecta-

tion upon an anxious-looking freedman, who has just paddled his canoe through the front gate over the garden paths and up to the gallery steps.

"I come to tell you, boss, that w'en we went to de mound fur to feed de cattle we found dat de Alderney bull, which we had tied by de lef' hin' leg to a log uv wood, 'cordin' to yo' directions, to keep him from swim min' away, had tangled hisself all up in de rope, and broke his neck a strugglin' to git free."

Mr. Dickison sat suddenly down on a sack of oats and groaned.

"Papa," said both girls in pathetic chorus, "let's move off this horrid plantation. There is nothing but disappointment and misery on it from one year's end to the other. I don't care how hard you work, you are never sure of anything. You are getting old enough now to begin to take your ease. If Lewis don't get killed here he will grow up a disgrace to the family. We'll all die, anyhow," they added logically, "living on pickled pork this summer; no ice, no fruit, no vegetables."

"I'll do it!" Mr. Dickison says hastily, extending a ratifying hand to each conspirator, falling irrevocably into a trap that had been set for him years before.

Thus circumstances played into the hands of the Misses Dickison. And this is how Silas Dickison, at the mature age of sixty-five, came to turn his back on the old plantation and seek the haunts of men, or, as he himself afterwards said more concisely, "played the fool."

II.—LED TO THE STAKE.

A REMOVAL from one habitation to another is airily called "fitting" in Scottish and provincial English—a term which could be but poorly applied to the process of removing the Dickisons. The time, the day, the hour finally arrived for Mr. Silas Dickison to put into execution the rash promise he had made to his daughters under the final culmination of all his woes in the loss of his thousand-dollar bull, and remove his family from their watery surroundings to the dry and breezy bluffs of Memphis.

Secretly he had long since repented of that promise, but he was not the man to stultify himself even in the domestic circle, nor were the Misses Dickison likely to abate one jot or one tittle of their hard-earned advantage over him. The only crumb of comfort he could extract from the situation—and that was simply of an anticipatory character—was in assuring the venturesome element of the household that "they would be sick enough of this tomfoolery before the year was out, and be thankful enough to take shelter in the old nest"—a sentiment he took especial delight in enunciating with every blow of the hammer that drove a fresh nail home in one of a multitude of chests and boxes wherein were stored the Lares and Penates of the Dickison family.

So in the dusk of a chill April evening the Dickisons flitted from the old homestead, that looked drearier than ever in its abandonment to the water and the frogs, to a strip of levee on the river bank, two miles from the residence, to await in patient discomfort the arrival of the steamer on which they had engaged passage. Gloomy, low-hung clouds threatened a heavy downpour at any moment. Over the muddy waste of the waters inside the levee, the forest trees swept their swaying branches with melancholy monotony; ten thousand frogs croaked a chorus of satisfaction at the general humidity of things; outside the levee the river proper (if such an adjective is ever deserved by a river

given to such periodical improprieties) rushed by with unabated fury, looking sullen enough under the sombre evening skies, and savagely suggestive of still greater mischief than it had already worked.

In the doubtful light the inanimate collection of trunks, boxes, bundles and baskets that went to make up the "bare necessities" of the flitters, loomed into huge proportions, while the animate collection of malcontents grouped themselves about the smoky fire of driftwood that they had lighted for the double purpose of keeping dry feet and warm hands, if possible, and to insure attention from the longed-for boat.

Seated on a bonnet-trunk, her feet encased in "arctics," and her hands patiently folded on her lap, Mrs. Dickison gazed into watery space with a sort of non-committal expression of countenance. Mrs. Dickison was one of those astute women who manage to figure as martyrs where in reality they are tyrants. If there was one thing above all others that gave a flavor to her existence, it was a legitimate opportunity to say, "I told you so!"

She had told Mr. Dickison so before that thousand-dollar bull had been tied by the left hind leg with such suicidal results. She had told Lewis so before and after his drowning, and in the present crisis of affairs she had managed so skillfully that, in case of success, she was prepared to tell Mr. Dickison so, or of failure, to tell her daughters—the conspirators who had wrought this universal domestic upheaval—the same unpleasant truth.

Lewis, having secured a coigne of vantage on a fallen tree, was straining his eyes through the murky obscurity in order to achieve the triumph of being the first to discover the longed-for head-lights of the boat.

Sophie and Annie stood, with waterproofs clasped tightly around their trim forms, gazing placidly into the driftwood fire, not daring to express by word or look the slightest symptom of hunger, fatigue or impatience, there being a tacit understanding in the family that they were largely responsible for the leap they were all taking in the dark—whether for better or for worse, remaining still to be decided.

Mr. Dickison worked off all superfluous energy by an occasional tour of inspection, extending from Lewis' coigne, at one extremity, to an obscure corner of the luggage pile at the other, where Snap, the Irish setter, lay curled up in mute but agonized protest against such "tomfoolery."

"My dear," says Mr. Dickison, coming back to the driftwood fire from one of these expeditions, "can you figure up for me what five hundred and fifty-five packages will cost at fifty cents a package?"

Mr. Dickison spoke with that placid amiability of voice and mien which he always indulged in toward his wife when he felt morally certain that he held the winning cards in his own hand.

"There is not one thing in that pile, Mr. Dickison, we could possibly do without in a strange place," says Mrs. Dickison, with apparent irrelevance, stooping to adjust a piece of driftwood under her left "arctic."

"I suppose it is a feminine idea of economy to pay fifty cents freight on a thing she could buy new for twenty-five cents."

"Not exactly. But when one has grown used to a thing and tested its quality, and is satisfied with its excellence, one would infinitely prefer holding on to that thing to scampering all over a strange place trying to replace it."

"That accounts for three bundles of feather-beds and a worn-out Turk's-head."

"If we have one useless item of luggage along," says Mrs. Dickison goaded to retaliation, "it is Snap! The idea of taking a dog to a city!"

"That is because the dog is mine, my dear. I don't imagine he will be alone in his glory. My notion of cities is, that they raise a larger crop of dogs than of anything else, only they can't afford to give them all four legs apiece."

"My notion of a city," said Sophie, "is that it is a refuge from the very mention of the word 'crops.' A glorious existence we have led, waiting and watching for crops that never come!"

"Pretty political economist you are! Where would your cities be without the crops? Who makes the prosperity of the merchant but the planter? Talk sense, girl, or don't talk at all. It all starts from the ground. If the planter succeeds, the merchant thrives; if the planter fails, your city folks suffer. You'll find it out to your cost, too."

But Sophie was not prepared for such large generalities, and to be called on to "talk sense" when one is conscious of wet feet, cold hands and a gnawing hunger, is trying in the extreme; so she simply drew her waterproof about her with an air of heroic endurance, and sniffing a little injured sniff, subsided for the evening.

"My notion of a city," says Annie, placing herself in the breach, "is where there is some possibility of leading a rational mental life." (Annie had literary aspirations.) "On the plantation, unless one is a mule or a cotton-bale, one is at a terrible discount."

"My notion of a city," says Mrs. Dickison, somewhat ruefully, "is a place where you have to pay three prices for everything you get; where the meat is always tough, the butter always rancid, the milk always watered, the vegetables always wilted; where no amount of soap and water insures cleanliness; where all the servants are sassy and none to be had that—"

"Where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal," says Sophie solemnly.

"In the name of common sense, if that's your notion, what did you help those girls with every argument under the sun to get me to break up and move to such a purgatory?" Mr. Dickison asks, planting himself, like a modern colossus, dangerously near the driftwood fire.

"I help the girls to argue you into this move, Mr. Dickison! You will please to understand I am in no manner responsible for being on this levee in the wet and the cold and the darkness this night. But I do hope I am not such a selfish wretch as to put my own personal ease against the moral and mental welfare of our children."

"Two hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents!" came just then in a shrill pipe from Lewis, who tenaciously clung to his distant log, fearful of not being the first to spy out the boat.

"What is the matter with that boy, at any rate, mamma? Has he any sense, do you suppose?" Annie asks anxiously.

"Seems he has enough to figure up what my freight bill is going to be," Mr. Dickison says, with an air of pride in his only son. "When Lewis does speak he generally speaks to the point."

"I see 'er! I see um! I see it!" yells Lewis, ecstatically, announcing the appearance of the boat, with variations on the personal pronoun.

And for the few seconds that intervened between the cry of the look-out and the shrill whistle of their boat to land, there was a mad display of useless activity on that narrow strip of levee that always betrays the rustic traveler.

Mr. Dickison picked up his own private satchel about every half second, only to dump it down again in a damp hollow. Mrs. Dickison bustled feverishly about the luggage pile, convincing herself at the eleventh hour that the very trunk that had all the flannels in it had been left behind. Lewis locked his small, dirty fingers resolutely in Snap's collar, and dragged him along like a policeman in charge of a deep-dyed criminal. Sophie and Annie shivered partly with cold, more with a general sense of nervousness, and looked at each other for moral support. The huge stage descended and the Dickisons were afloat.

III.—"AT HOME."

"God bless my soul! can't I come in yet?"

Mr. Silas Dickison's voice had an injured ring about it, and that emphatic little "yet" intimated that this was by no means his first application for the privilege of resting under his own roof.

After many trials and tribulations the Dickisons had found a house that Mrs. Dickison thought "might possibly be made to do, although it was worth a month's rent to get it cleaned; it certainly must have been occupied by a regiment of pigs;" while Sophie pronounced the rooms "awfully dark," and Annie protested against the "unstylishness" of the street. Lewis thought it was all "just bully," because there was a livery-stable at the corner, and he could enjoy the freedom of it without paying any entrance fee.

As for Mr. Dickison, having assumed the position of a martyr at the outset, he seemed disposed to act in character all the way through. Concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the house, he declared decisively: "Well, you know, it don't make a deuced bit of difference, my dears, whether it's clean or dirty, whether the rooms are light or dark, the street stylish or unstylish, I have taken it on a six-months' lease, and my notes are in bank for the payment thereof; so the sooner you get things in trim the sooner you will begin to enjoy life according to your anticipations. As for me, it's hard work teaching old dogs new tricks. I'm like a fish out of water, but I'll try not to disgrace the family by letting other folks know as much."

The martyr having thus rashly committed them to the house, like wise women as they were, they all prepared to make the best of it.

It was their first day in the new house, and Mr. Dickison had been advised by his wife to keep out of the way until lamp-light, "for his own sake if he had no consideration for anybody else."

"You know, Mr. Dickison," she had said with calm decision, "you are no manner of help when one gets in a tight place, and I am in a tight place now, so I'd so much rather have you out of the way than in it."

And he had gone away from them all early that morning, deriving some comfort from his wife's acknowledgment that she was in a tight place, and he had wandered to and fro through that strange town in the helpless, aimless fashion of a harmless lunatic, only to come back at lamp-light and have his pathetic plea for admittance answered by Sophie with a—

"You can come in, father, if you really want to!" spoken in tones that said distinctly: "But if you know what is good for you, you won't want to."

It was evident the martyr did not know what was good for him, or was rashly determined to tempt his fate, for with suppressed expletives and unsuppressed groans he surmounted a multitude of obstacles to reach the small clearing about Sophie's step-ladder. She was airily perched on the top step, attaching a hanging-

basket of dried grasses to the central chandelier. Her father seated himself, with a sigh of relief, on a roll of carpeting at the foot of the ladder.

"Looks quite citified, don't it, papa?" Sophie asks, folding her hands with complaisant satisfaction over her completed job, and looking down into his perturbed countenance with exasperating coolness.

"Very!" says the martyr, glaring savagely about him at the wild confusion of the room.

"Oh, I don't mean everything!" says Sophie comprehensively. "I mean a gas chandelier and those lovely grasses."

"Where's mamma?" asks the martyr, irrelevantly, with a conjugal conviction that his gnawing hunger is likely to go unappeased until he goes to that sharer of all his woes.

"Gracious! I haven't the least idea. This is the parlor, you know, and I've undertaken to fix it up all by myself, and to keep it as my especial department," says his first-born with a sense of liberality in her voice.

"Oh, you have! And Annie?"

"She is somewhere, trying to fix some place for us to sleep in to-night, I believe."

"That sounds comforting, at least."

"Where is Lewis?"

"Lewis! I'd forgotten there was such a creature on earth. We supposed you and he were off somewhere together amusing yourselves."

"Amusing myself! Deuce take me, Sophie, if I don't think you're the coolest specimen of impudence I ever did come across! 'Amusing myself,' in a place where I don't know three men and nobody knows Silas Dickison from a side of sole leather!"

"Amuse yourself looking in the shop-windows!" says Sophie imperturbably, bending over to give one more caressing touch to her grasses.

The martyr was evidently on the eve of a violently explosive retort when Annie rushed into the room hot, flurried, exhausted: "I wish we were every one back where we came from! I don't believe that creature upstairs ever put a bedstead together in all his born-days! There's not a slat to be found that will fit into anything, and the bed-clothes are all in that trunk at the very bottom of the pile! I suppose we shall have to sleep in chairs to-night, or not at all. It was very kind indeed of you, Sophie, to take the parlor off my hands. Anybody can sit on a ladder and stick grass into a hanging-basket," she adds, turning with unreasoning fury upon Sophie, who does look provokingly comfortable in her exaltation on the step-ladder.

"Everybody cannot do it tastefully, dear. For mercy's sake, Annie, don't get excited. It's so common to fuss and fume! I suppose we shall have beds to sleep on, again, some time or other," says Sophie calmly. Sophie prided herself on her imperturbability.

"Where's mamma?" asks Mr. Dickison again, appealing this time to Annie, and with greater pathos; for the prospect of having to sit up in a chair all night had deprived the martyr of his last glimmer of spirit.

"I declare, father, I don't know; I've had my hands full enough without trotting after mamma. I suppose—"

"Mr. Dickison, do you suppose you could possibly be induced to get up from that roll of carpeting long enough to lend a helping hand for at least one second?" asks mamma herself, appearing suddenly through a side-door, the existence of which had been unsuspected up to that moment. "I know you dislike very much to give up your ease, but I am absolutely broken down and have nearly torn the nails off every finger trying to open the bureau-

drawers, where all the night-clothes are. If it's not asking too much of you, I wish you would try to open them for me."

Mr. Dickison rose from his roll of carpeting, wondering, as he viewed the chaotic confusion about him, what had so completely broken down two of his family; but he suppressed his curiosity on that point, reserving all his surplus energy for the refractory bureau.

"Is this the drawer?" he asked, preparing for the onslaught by rolling up his sleeves, grasping the knobs with two determined hands, and bracing himself with both feet against the base of the bureau.

"Yes, that's the drawer. I've been working on it for an hour and a half if I've been at it one second."

"You are certain it is unlocked?"

"Of course I am, Mr. Dickison; do you take me for a goose? The drawers are swollen. I know what is the matter—everything swelled down there, where we were just soaked to the marrow with water."

"We didn't swell, my dear, heaven be praised! I could not afford to have you inflated."

"Mr. Dickison, are you going to open that drawer for me or not? If you are, please go about it; if you are not, please just say so, and let me send for a man who will exert himself a little."

Mr. Dickison gave one Samsonian tug at the bureau-drawer, totally without effect, excepting to move the bureau itself about half a foot.

"Blamed if I see what you want with night-gowns," he says, pausing after a second lunge to wipe his dripping brow, "when Annie says there's no beds for anybody to sleep on."

"Annie is not the head of this establishment yet a while, Mr. Dickison. I am going to sleep in bed to-night, like a Christian woman. My bed is already up, and I should like to sleep in a gown, as I have been accustomed to."

Thus brought back to the text, Mr. Dickison began anew his attack on the bureau-drawer, inspired with fresh strength by the knowledge that there was one bedstead up in the house. He pulled it, he punched it, he jerked it, he thumped it, he shook it, he kicked it, only to find himself and the bureau eventually about three feet and a half from their starting-point.

"The blamed thing's locked!" he roared in final wrath and exhaustion.

"It is not locked," Mrs. Dickison says emphatically, watching the martyr's antics with keen interest.

"Well, I am going to unlock it at any rate; so just hand over the keys, if you please."

Mrs. Dickison handed over the keys with an air of resignation to tyranny. Mr. Dickison inserted the one that fitted best, turned it, gave a yell of triumph over the reponsive click, and drew the conquered drawer out with a smooth glide that only served to emphasize the fury of his previous assault. Mr. Dickison smiled triumphantly; Mrs. Dickison smiled sheepishly.

"I was positive I had unlocked it. I am sure I am very much obliged to you, dear."

"I am sure you ought to be."

The distressed look came back on Mrs. Dickison's face as she raised it from an inspection of the conquered drawer.

"Mercy on me, where did I put the night-clothes?"

"You don't mean to tell me all that hard fighting was for nothing?"

"Not exactly. The drawer had been opened, you know. I wish you would open the others for me; it seems so easy to you."

Mr. Dickison smiled grimly at this sarcasm as he at-

tacked the third and fourth drawers, wondering if his wife was cultivating irony as a necessary city qualification. Each drawer in succession was attacked with the same results. It was evident the night-clothes were "nowhere."

His wife's perplexities so worked upon the tender sympathies of the martyr that he said in his most soothing accents:

"Never mind, dearie; we won't want them anyhow until after supper, and then—"

"Supper!" Mrs. Dickison interrupts him to say in the wildest agitation of voice and manner; "you don't mean to tell me that you expect any supper in this house to-night, Mr. Dickison?"

"If not in this house, and to-night, then where and when? In the name of all the furies, where and when?"

"I do think, Mr. Dickison, if ever there was a man born without one grain of reason, you are that man! Why, there's not a stove, nor a kettle, nor a mouthful to eat in the whole house!"

"What am I to do, then?" her husband asks, with the practical assurance of a man who has carried his gastronomic complaints to the only tribunal that has jurisdiction over them.

"Do? Goodness gracious me, Mr. Dickison, that was one comfort I did look forward to in leaving the plantation!"

"What? Starving me to death?"

"Not exactly; but to feel relieved from the responsibility of every mouthful that you put in your mouth. I know there must be eating-houses in this heathenish place."

"Tens and tens of hundreds, my dear."

"And you could have gotten something to eat there, of course."

"Come now, wife, let's have a clear understanding on this point. Am I—"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, don't commence with your 'clear understandings!' They always eventuate in nobody understanding anything at all. By the way, Mr. Dickison, can you tell me where Lewis is?"

"Hanged if I don't begin to think he's like those night-gowns you've been hunting for—nowhere!"

Mrs. Dickison groaned afresh at her accumulating woes.

"Suppose, now, we kill two birds with one stone. Let's all go and hunt for Lewis and something to eat at the same time!"

"Call the girls and get your hats," says the martyr, suddenly clearing up.

This good-natured solution to all their difficulties was inspired in the martyr's breast by the genuine look of fatigue and anxiety that overclouded the homely, gentle face of the wife, who, in spite of everything, was the dearest object on earth to rough Silas Dickison.

IV.—GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

"You know, my dears, country life is not like city life. In the country, people get to knowing each other; in the city, they only become acquainted. In the country, folks get close enough to each other to measure hearts as well as purses; in the city, so long as you prove the purse the heart don't count. In the country, it don't matter if you do hide your light modestly under a bushel measure; if there's any light worth the showing somebody'll find it out and lift the bushel measure off for you; in the city you've got to blow your own trumpet from the house-top if you want it blown at all. In the country, you know pretty well who and what

everybody is; in the city, your very next-door neighbor may be a felon or worse and you none the wiser for it." Thus spoke Mrs. Dickison, oracularly.

"I think that is nice," says Sophie, calmly conscious of certain social qualifications and an ability to take broadly liberal views of people and things that her more timid sister could not lay claim to.

"Nice to think that your very next-door neighbor may be a felon or worse, Sophie?" Annie asks, with holy horror in her innocent blue eyes.

"Nice to think that your next-door neighbor is a complete mystery to you, and you are to him. That is one thing I do so adore in city life. It is nobody's business how you spend your time or your money. There is absolutely no privacy in the country."

"Privacy! Goodness gracious, when whole weeks would elapse without ever seeing a soul but ourselves."

"True; but when they do get together in the country what a turning inside out there is! Everybody has to tell all they have been bottling up for weeks. Then there is such a narrow range of subjects—cows and calves, servants and gardens. Why, mamma, I've heard you and Mrs. Saunders talk for one hour straight ahead about a single rose, and your efforts to propagate it, and your failures and your successes, and your hopes and expectations for its future."

"Roses are sweet things to have, Sophie, and safe things to talk about," says Mrs. Dickison, simply. "I only wish I had a garden to potter about in now."

"Why, haven't you? I'm sure those are very nice looking beds in front of this house, if they are a trifle small."

"Them starvelings!" Mrs. Dickison sniffs with scorn, as she vents her contempt ungrammatically against the few rusty lilies, scrubby geraniums and other starvelings that she has been trying to coax into a responsive condition.

"Do you all know what I think?" says Annie, speaking up from her chair under the gas chandelier, and folding up her work, where she has been trying to impose on herself and others with a fiction of industry. "I think it is a foolish piece of extravagance for us to light four burners to that chandelier every night, and the hall jet, too, just to make believe, for the benefit of passers-by, that there's company in here. We've been here two months now, and nobody has found us out yet. It is not at all what I expected of the people here. I am sure no one can doubt our respectability."

"Respectability! Doubt Silas Dickison's respectability!" Mrs. Dickison swells with wifely pride and womanly indignation. Silas was evidently like Cæsar's wife in one respect.

"Mercy, mamma, you can get up an excitement on such very short notice! I really don't believe people are so exacting on the score of our respectability as we fancy they are. If we could convince them that we could entertain as well as be entertained, we would soon have hosts of friends. Of course, it is slow work getting into society in a big place where no one knows anything about you; but we must be patient." Sophie always took the lead when worldly wisdom was to be inculcated.

"Well, I'm getting desperately tired of being patient and seeing nothing but the outside of fine houses and inside of fine stores. I'm sick of the sight of shop windows," Annie honestly confesses.

"You always were a rustic, Annie, and I'm afraid you'll never be anything better. I wonder how people do get to knowing people where they don't know anybody," she adds, in perplexity.

"Let's advertise," says Annie, with rustic humor.

"Advertise! How and what?"

"Wanted—by a respectable family of strangers—a desirable circle of acquaintance. Must come well recommended. No Irish need apply."

"I should say not," says Mrs. Dickison, aroused from an unpremeditated nap she had fallen into by a ripple of girlish laughter. "I wish you could have seen the wretch that did apply this morning. She absolutely had the impudence to come with her whisky-bottle sticking out of her pocket."

"To call?" both girls shriek, with affected horror.

"Call! No, you simpletons. What are you talking about? She said she had heard that I wanted a cook, and I told her I did; but, as we did not like the flavor of whisky in our coffee or our soup either, I guessed I would hold out a little longer myself. To think of that good-for-nothing, trifling old Lucy refusing to come with us because we could not find room for her soap-grease and kettle! I tell you, girls, this thing of free darkeys and reconstruction will be the death of me yet."

Dreading from experience all retrograde movements in their mother's mind, Annie hastened to divert her by saying:

"Sophie and I were just concocting a scheme for getting into good society, mamma. We propose advertising for acquaintances, reference given and required. Don't you think it would be a tip-top idea?"

Mrs. Dickison's Scotch blood was too largely in excess for her to perceive a joke with alacrity, so she replied with great deliberation: "I'm not prepared to say that it would, girls. I wouldn't do anything rash. You know you might repent of it. After all, if we were sufficient for each other in the country, why should we not be so here?"

"Father's had a bite! father's had a bite," Lewis announced at this juncture, entering the room in breathless haste, and speaking in a voice that was undergoing daily—nay, hourly—tuition at his sisters' hands to reduce its volume and modulate its pitch.

"Father's had a bite? What do you mean, Lewis?"

"And landed his fish!" adds Lewis.

"Lewis, have you lost what little sense you ever did have?" Sophie demands in exasperation.

"And he ain't no sardine, neither!" the small wretch continues imperturbably.

"Mother, can't you make Lewis talk sense or go to bed?"

"Lewis, go to bed!" Mrs. Dickison says, choosing the easier alternative for her boy.

"I am talking sense. He's a whale, and father'll be here with him t'reckly."

In token whereof Lewis finally extended a crumpled bit of paper, on which were pencilled these lines:

"DEAR WIFE: Found another dead-beat like myself. Will bring him home to supper. Tell the girls I've been fishing for them—had my first nibble."

Thus were Lewis' mad capers and Mr. Dickison's intentions made clear simultaneously.

"A dead-beat!" Sophie repeated with sick apprehension. "Mother, there is just no knowing what disgrace father will put upon us, with his queer way of doing things. Who knows what disreputable wretch he may have on hand?"

"Sophia Dickison, when things have come to such a pass as you can afford to speak that disrespectfully of your father—and such a father as he has been to you—it's time I was asserting my authority as your mother. Now, not another word, if you are grown, and have got literary aspirations, and are trying to get into society,

and all that sort of thing. Handle father's name right or not at all. Annie, open that jar of strawberry-jam, and, Lewis, step round to Haskell's, and tell him to send me a pone of his freshest tea-rusks. And, bless me, there's your father's latch-key rattling in the door now!"

As Mrs. Dickison had delivered her rebuke, her order for the strawberry-jam, and her directions to Lewis in the same matter-of-fact placid fashion, there was no unusual sign of disturbance in the little circle when the door was opened, and Mr. Dickison entered, closely followed by a gentleman in a sober but not quite irreproachable suit of black, who doffed his hat at the door, and advanced with the quiet, easy assurance of a man who was accustomed to finding himself in all sorts of unusual and unexpected situations, and who had learned to carry with him a sufficient quantity of miscellaneous ballast, in order to secure his safe passage through troubled waters. He looked straight into Mamma Dickison's flushed face with a pair of quiet gray eyes, as if he were challenging her to pass judgment on him. He bent with chivalric courtesy over Sophie's pretty, plump hand, which she had inadvertently extended with countrified cordiality; placed a patronizing hand on Lewis' shoulder; smiled encouragingly upon Annie, whose rustic simplicity betrayed itself in a superfluity of color, and succeeded, by some occult means, in making the entire family of Silas Dickison feel duly honored by the presence of Martin Pinkham.

By the time supper was announced Mr. Pinkham was tolerably well-informed as to the past history, present, prospects and future hopes of the whole Dickison family, while they were still profoundly ignorant of everything concerning their new friend, save that he knew how to talk as well as to listen—could smile very brilliantly and eat very heartily.

Mrs. Dickison mentally pronounced him "real genteel" before she had passed him his second cup of coffee. Annie declared to herself that father's first nibble had not proven such a bad one after all, and Sophie wondered, if that was a specimen of the "dead-beats" of the place, what its first-class beaux could be.

Mr. Dickison was flushed with success over his first "catch" and—a glass or two of beer, while Lewis was enjoying himself in the purely animal fashion of all boys, content with the fact that strawberry-jam was out in galore and "nobody could snub a fellow before company for helping himself three times."

He wished that "father could get a bite every evening;" that "dead-beats" grew on every tree and sprouted on the road-sides, if their presence was always to result in strawberry-jam, fresh tea-rusk from Haskell's, and impunity on his own part to indulge in such luxuries.

V.—NOT A "DEAD-BEAT."

"WHERE did you say you met him, father?"

"Who did you say his father was, father?"

"What made you call him a dead-beat, father?"

"When are you going to bring him to supper again, father?"

The above almost breathless interrogatories were hurled at Mr. Silas Dickison by the several members of the home circle, as the front gate of No. 90 Melborne swung rather noisily on its hinges after Mr. Pinkham's exit.

"One at a time, ladies," says the martyr, stroking his beard with the complaisant air of a man awaiting congratulations for some undoubted achievement.

"I don't know as it is exactly fair of me to call him

a dead-beat at all," he continues, settling himself well into his big arm-chair in a way he had when preparing for a "good talk." "In fact, to do the fellow full justice, his face got as red as blazes when I read out to him that note I scribbled to you, mamma; but he laughed it off and said he supposed it was all right so long as I classed myself with him."

"Of course, of course," mamma responds, eagerly. "You know, if he really had been a dead-beat he would have taken offense, sure enough. Nothing like the truth for a good hard pinch. But do go on."

"Well, as to where I met him; that's what Nan" (the paternal for Annie) "wants to know. You know, girls" (Mr. Dickison generally included the wife of his bosom in this comprehensive substantive), "I've actually been little better than a dead beat or a tramp myself ever since I left the plantation. There's no use talking, I'm a fish out of water; so when I get ashamed of being hustled off the sidewalk by fellows who have something to do, and get feeling too mean in my skulking idleness even to patronize a bootblack successfully, I wander off to that cute little park up-town, where it looks so green and fresh and shady that, with the aid of a little make-believe, a fellow can almost cheat himself into the notion that he's back in the country. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, dears; but when I get in there where the blue grass grows so tall and fine (pity, though, so much good pasture should be going to waste; they could pasture ten yoke o' steers in that park), and sit under the magnolia trees, with their sweet-smelling flowers peeping out from the dark shiny leaves, and throw peanuts to the fat and saucy squirrels that go hopping about (just so many more dead-beats in fur coats), and listening to the fountain splish-splashing in a cool, steady fashion, trickling down over the flowers in the vases, and spattering the backs of the big sham geese—"

"Swans, father," said Sophie, in a tone of correction.

"That don't seem to have any more work to do than the squirrels or I—I'm happier than I can be anywhere off the old plantation. I feel at home with the squirrels and the grass. I can sit on them hard iron benches and smoke the pipe of peace with the furry little scamps winking at me with a sort of Free Mason understanding that we're none of us any better than we should be, so we can't reproach each other with our do-nothingness. Well, I was engaged in that useful occupation this evening, smoking my pipe and throwing parched peanuts to a fat old gray squirrel, who was exchanging views with me on the subject of dead-beats in general, I making the observations and he awinking his assent, when this same young fellow, Pinkham, came up and seated himself by me, asking, in that cool sort o' way of his—"

"That is exactly what I admire most about him," Sophie flings in.

"If that wasn't Mr. Silas Dickison?"

"I said, 'It was.'"

"And, 'If he was not a planter from the State of Arkansas?'"

"I said, 'He was.'"

"Had he not been a great sufferer by the recent floods?"

"I said, 'He had.'"

"And had he not moved to Memphis to reside?"

"I said, 'He had, temporarily only;' and I began to wonder if I was being interviewed by one of them pesky pieces of impudence, a newspaper reporter; but he was welcome to all he could get out of me; so mentally I said, 'Heave ahead!'"

"And was he not originally from the State of Kentucky?"

"I said, 'He was.'"

"And had he not been educated at Centreville?"

"I said, 'He had, if he could be called educated at all.'"

"And was there not at the same school and at the same time a student named Nathan Pinkham?"

"I said, 'Correct.'"

"And had not Silas Dickison and Nathan Pinkham been the most devoted friends through all their college days?"

"I said, 'Correct again.'"

"Then, my dear sir," he said, extending his hand for a shake, "I lay claim to your friendship in Nathan Pinkham's name."

"He's dead," I said, sorter suspiciously, for he sounded gushy, and I never could trust a man that gushed.

"No one knows that better than myself, his own and only son!"

"I said, 'The devil and Tom Walker!'"

"He said, 'Yes,' very polite like; 'I am the son of your best friend, Nathan Pinkham, who was devoted to you to the last.'"

"I said, 'The deuce he was!'"

"Oh, father!"

"Well, child, it wasn't exactly civil; but I never was good at making talk, and really didn't know what else to say."

"Well, go on."

"He said, 'I expect you are wondering how I found you out?'"

"I said I hadn't had time to think on the subject at all yet, but on mature reflection I supposed I should wonder some, so he might as well make it all plain at once, if it was the same thing to him."

"He said—real mournful like, girls—"Of course you knew that your old friend, my dear father, was dead?"

"I said I hadn't known it before yesterday, when I had met another old Centreville chum from Kentucky, who was passing through town on his way to Texas, and that we had lunched together at Floyd's, just to talk over old times together."

"Yes, killed in a railroad accident, poor pa."

"So Mac told me," I said.

"Mac? Mac?" he said, sort of inquiring like.

"McLean—he was another old friend of your father."

"Perhaps," he said. No doubt his father's college friends numbered by the score, but my name had always been almost a household word with them. He had often heard his father say this and that and t'other—it's hardly worth repeating; but Nath and I were good old friends—there's no going back on that."

"Then he went on, girls, and told me so much about his father and about myself, too, in those old days, and about our pranks and scrapes, and how, when he heard somebody at Gaston's telling somebody else how one of the oldest planters in Arkansas, Silas Dickison, whose land never had gone under before, had left the bottoms in complete disgust, and heard that I was actually here in town, he determined to hunt me up and claim acquaintance for the sake of 'Auld lang syne.'"

"He does talk beautifully," says rustic Annie, enthusiastically.

"So then, being convinced that he was his father's son, decency demanded that I should open my doors to Nath's boy, and I done it." The martyr adds, with ungrammatical enthusiasm, "He sort of demurred at first, looked down at himself and touched up his hair a little

with his fingers, and said he really 'was not prepared to call upon ladies;' but when I told him we was nothing but a lot of simple-minded country-folks that hardly knew broadcloth from bagging, and really was a pining for some respectable city acquaintances, he smiled and agreed to come, which he done."

"Really, father," Sophie says, bridleing a little indignantly, "I cannot see that it was necessary to belittle us in order to encourage him."

"If he was the son of your very best old friend," Annie adds.

"I suppose there is no doubt on that score, Mr. Dickison?"

Mrs. Dickison plumes herself on her penetration. She is morally convinced that she cannot be taken in. From a stale egg up to the most pretentious social sham she relies implicitly upon her own powers of detection. She has not been a planter's wife for nearly half a century and in control of one of the most universally tricky tribes of human beings without acquiring some degree of accuracy in detecting the rogue's ensign. This young man has certainly impressed her favorably; but there is never anything lost by venturing a few cautious inquiries in the beginning. It is a source of comfort, you know, in case things do turn out wrong, to be able to say, "You remember I always had my doubts."

"Doubt on that score!" the martyr replies with uncalled-for explosiveness. "Thunder and lightning! how can there be? Didn't I tell you he evidently knew all about his father's and my school-days? Didn't I tell you he told me of things that nobody but Centreville folks ever heard of? Why, there's not half a dozen men in this town that know anything about me now, let alone my school-days; and if it hadn't been for Mac's passing through town yesterday, and me and him having one good old-fashioned confab over the lunch-table at Floyd's, I don't suppose the story of those old days would have found the light in this town. Of course he's Nath's boy. He don't look much like Nath, to be sure. Nath was short and red, and this fellow's tall and black; but, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, some boys are permitted to look like their mothers. Now, there's our Lewis—"

"Oh, Lewis is well enough!" Mrs. Dickison says, hastily interposing to spare Lewis' flaming red head from familiar but disagreeable comment; "and I suppose Mr. Pinkham is, too. We will hope so, at any rate. He certainly has good manners."

"He has, indeed!" is the enthusiastic indorsement of the two girls, who are, after all, "but simple-minded country-folk."

VI.—"A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH."

"HAVE you been to see those Dickisons?"

"Have *you* been to see those Dickisons?"

Such is the power of emphasis, that when Mrs. Oscar Sherman asked that question of Mrs. Telfair Benton, placing the accent on the first word, and Mrs. Telfair Benton responded in the same words, simply removing the accent to the second word, whole volumes of meaning had been exchanged between two of the "best people" of the city at the expense of "those Dickisons," and with the outlay of seven small words.

"I *have*," was the dual response, given with the solemnity of the confessional.

"You know," Mrs. Oscar Sherman continued in an explanatory way, "I made Mr. Sherman post himself thoroughly about them before I did call. He wanted me to go, and I told him that when I was satisfied about them and their antecedents and present status at

home, I would consider the matter. One cannot be too particular about taking strangers by the hand in these days of sham and shoddy, Mrs. Benton."

"Indeed one cannot," Mrs. Benton cordially assents.

"But Oscar says there 's no sham about these people. The old man actually does own a plantation, actually is free from debt, and actually is what he professes to be. They are actually said to be worth about fifty thousand. But, oh, mercy! the old lady!"

"I never should have suspected it from the way they act," Mrs. Benton says, with reference to that fifty-thousand-dollar fact.

"Act! why, as far so that goes, I am sure I found them quite ladylike and genteel, and, on the whole, I consider that they acquitted themselves very creditably. I speak particularly of the girls. I cannot say that Mrs. Dickison conveyed the idea that she was the *crème de la crème* of society."

Mrs. Oscar Sherman spoke as one having authority, having been, ever since her marriage to the principal banker of the place, the acknowledged leader of her circle. No one was better fitted than she to judge of cream, having, in her tender girlhood, taken no insignificant part in the active industry of the Durham Dairy, a superior institution, that flourished under the personal supervision of Mrs. Sherman's own mother.

"Well," Mrs. Benton replies very emphatically, "your experience then was decidedly more satisfactory than mine. Oh, it was too utterly ridiculous," upon which, fresh from her first call on "those Dickisons," the lady fell into such a violent and uncontrollable fit of merriment, that Mrs. Sherman was obliged to await its termination in a state of curiosity bordering on the agonized.

"Too utterly ridiculous!" Mrs. Benton repeats, wiping her eyes with a highly-perfumed handkerchief, threatening to go off afresh—an intention which Mrs. Sherman promptly nipped in the bud by saying somewhat tartly:

"I declare, Julia Benton, if you do not stop that selfish laughing and tell me all about your visit to those Dickisons, I'll get real angry with you!"

"Well, I have been to see them—am just from there. Wish to goodness you had been with me, or that I had Dickens' powers of description to do the subject full justice!"

"But, as you certainly have not," Mrs. Sherman says with candid impatience, "do exert your own."

"I suppose it all came from that boy of theirs. If he had been out of the way, and I had been permitted to ring the bell like a Christian woman, it would have been better for the whole Dickison family. But as it was—oh, my!"

"You're not going off again?" Mrs. Sherman asks in alarm.

"No; I'm going to tell you all about it as straight as ever I can. Well, Mr. Benton has been after me to call on those people just about as long as Mr. Sherman has been after you about it—in fact, told the old man that I was coming. You know he buys a great portion of his plantation supplies from Benton & Coleman—pork and meal."

"No!" says the banker's wife, with becoming hauteur, "I did not know it."

A knowledge of pork and meal might smack of familiarity with those by-gone days of butter and milk. Mrs. Sherman's dead past had buried its dead.

"The first evening Telfair appointed for me to call," the pork man's wife continues, with slightly heightened color, "I was taken sick."

"Really?"

"Well, not very really; but as I am no fonder of taking nobodies by the hand than you are, dear, I was determined to find out who else was going to call on them before I committed myself irretrievably to an acquaintance that might be very hard to shake off. When Telfair came home, and found that I had not been there, he really raged; said he never would appoint another day for me to go; I might go or stay away, just as I saw fit; that I was fond enough of visiting people who were as afraid as death to speak of their own fathers and mothers in society, for fear that the ghost of a cobbler might rise like Banquo's at the feast, or the rattle of old milk-cans be stirred up with the bones of the dead."

Mrs. Sherman fanned herself energetically, and smiled indulgently upon Mr. Benton's wrath.

"I haven't the slightest idea who the rude wretch was hitting at," Mrs. Benton says, smiling sweetly, "and told him as much. I told him that he might be afraid of the ghosts of cobblers, and the rat—"

"I believe Mr. Benton's uncle by his mother's side was in the shoe-mending business," Mrs. Sherman says, with placid malice; "and it is very much to his credit that he should not be ashamed to allude to it."

"But offending old Dickison would just be taking about three thousand dollars a year out of his pocket," Mrs. Benton returns with inconsequent haste to the text of her husband's remarks, adding, "so that settled the matter so far as I was concerned."

"Of course!"

"Well, as I was going on to tell you. When I got to No. 80 Melborne Street I found the street-door stretched wide open—"

"They are countrified."

"And on the stoop sat the red-headeddest, freckle-facedest, most utterly hideous boy I ever saw. He was sitting on the side of the portico, thumping his heels on the planks like drumsticks, keeping time with a croquet-mallet on the top step, and biting pieces as big as a trade dollar out of a slice of cold blackberry pie with every thump of the mallet. Altogether, he was such a perfectly heathenish-looking little wretch that I looked at the number over the door twice, and twice at the card Mr. Benton had given me, before I ventured to ask if Mr. Silas Dickison lived there."

"The small heathen said 'he reckoned Mrs. Silas Dickison lived there, and Miss Sophie Silas Dickison and Miss Annie Silas Dickison; but the genuine Mr. Silas Dickison and his only son, Mr. Lewis Silas Dickison, which I am, lived purty much everywhere.' Those were exactly his words, Mrs. Sherman, given between huge bites of cold blackberry pie."

"I am thankful Mr. Lewis Silas Dickison was not on hand when I called," Mrs. Sherman says, unsympathetically.

"I asked him if the ladies were at home. He said he reckoned they was for the want of some place better to be at."

"Then I gave him my card and asked him to take it into the house. The poor little heathen asked what he must do with it. I told him I wanted to see his mother and sisters. 'Well,' he said, 'there 's no use sending in the advertisement (I suppose he meant my card), he knew where they all were. Just follow him, which I did. I felt a little alarmed when he piloted me right by the open door of a decidedly genteel-looking parlor—"

"Their parlor is elegant," Mrs. Sherman asserts authoritatively.

"So I said to that red-headed young fiend, 'Had I

not better wait in the parlor, dear, until you take my card to the ladies?" He grinned until he showed every one of his blackberry-stained teeth. I thought at first it was with pleasure at being called 'my dear.' I believe now his whole performance was a piece of diabolical impishness on his part."

"My! how violent you are!"

"That didn't matter," he said, 'he knew where the folks were; they were all in the back parlor.' 'Back parlor' really sounded so civilized and promising that, in the language of Jean Ingelow, 'my soul put by its fears,' and I followed him without any more compunctions; in fact, there was nothing else left to do. I don't know what reason I had to expect anything better of him, but I actually jumped when he flung the second door we reached wide open and fairly bawled, 'Ma, here's some more folks come to see you and Sis' Sophie and S' Ann.' Of course I sailed in, as if it was an every-day occurrence with me to be introduced into society by a Comanche Indian; but oh, my!"

"Don't, Julia! calm yourself. Don't go off again."

"I won't," says Julia, controlling her facial muscles with a mighty effort. "Well, there was a little fire in the fireplace, and on the hearth were three shrouded stove pans, which every housekeeper was obliged to know meant bread-rising. Bread in the back parlor! There was one rather aristocratic-looking girl, who half rose from her feet as if coming to meet me, but suddenly changing her mind, dropped back in her chair and assumed a rigid attitude, which she never altered by the fraction of an inch as long as I was in that room."

"That was Miss Sophia. She is aristocratic-looking, and she talks exceedingly well, considering she is from a plantation."

"Perhaps she did to you. She looked pale and uneasy, and scarcely spoke two dozen words to me."

"Perhaps she was sick."

"No! It didn't take me long to find out what was the matter. She had no shoes on—at least only one, and as I saw three more peeping from under her dress I took it for granted that she was trying on a new pair when I had burst upon them, and was afraid to budge an inch after that spasmodic effort at a welcome. The other sister wasn't very much better off. They were both very neatly dressed, and I suppose bangs were a novelty to them, for theirs were put up in pieces of old letters about as big as your forefinger, and stood out in huge white knobs all over their foreheads. When Mr. Lewis Silas Dickison thrust me in on them, the poor thing gave one grab at a hair-pin, jerked out one paper, producing a wild exaggeration of fluffiness that seemed to startle its owner. She shoved it back under its neighbors in such mad haste, making no farther effort to improve her appearance, but began to talk in that nervously-excited fashion folks have when they want to pretend that everything is as right as it should be, when all the time it is as wrong as it can be."

"The fiend seemed perfectly satisfied with the result of his experience, and sat quite still, staring first at me and then at his sisters for about three minutes, hatching up fresh mischief, it seemed, for then he asked, with a sort of whine, 'Sis Sophie, where is ma?' Sis Sophie did not hear him. 'S' Ann, where is ma?' S' Ann glared at him and asked me, hysterically, how long I expected to remain in the city (as if she did not know

my husband was one of the oldest merchants in the place). 'Sis Sophie, where's my ball?' Sophie asked me if I had had yellow fever. 'S' Ann, where's my ball?' S' Ann asked me if I had ever had small-pox. 'Sis Sophie, where's yo' other shoe?' I thought I heard a smothered cough just then, and as it certainly came from the direction of the closet, I was just wondering if this queer establishment included a closet skeleton, when the fiend got up from his chair, and saying softly to himself, 'Jeemes River, I know where it is'—I supposed he meant his ball—I believe now he meant that cough—he jumped at the closet door before any one could imagine what he was up to, flung it wide open with another Comanche whoop, and stumbled out of the room, almost doubled up with laughing. There, with a background of glass and china to throw out her portly form, crimson face and floury arms and apron in bold relief, stood the mother of those Dickisons. She looked at me in alarm for a second, then pityingly at the girls, then came out as cool and smiling as you please."

"That comes of being ashamed of an honest act," she said, coolly taking off her floury apron and pulling down her sleeves. 'I had just set my own bread to rise (for never, never, can I bring myself to eat the sawdust they call bread here), when I heard that scamp of a Lewis rattling the door-knob. There was no chance of escape, and, to please those foolish children, I consented to hide; but you've found me out, and serves me right, too. I'll have to acknowledge, Mrs. Benton, that if making your own bread with your own hands, and setting it to rise on your own hearth when the kitchen-stove is cold, constitutes an outrage in good society, I am afraid I must plead guilty. Sorry I can't offer to shake hands with you, my dear; but, you know, you might carry away some of the flour on your kids.'

"Of course, we all tried to make the best of a very awkward situation; but, you may depend upon it, I was glad enough to get away from there before that wretched boy had time to concoct any fresh catastrophe."

"After all," said Mrs. Sherman, her mind probably reverting tenderly to the time when her own mother might have run the risk of being caught straining milk or skimming cream, "I don't see where the old lady had so disgraced herself or her daughters. I am sure knowing how to make good bread is not so very shocking!"

"Perhaps not; and I was not aware that anybody ever had thought it was. All I have to say, though, is that I think those Dickisons are a perfect godsend. The dull season on us—theatres all closed—no hopes even of a traveling circus—if we can have a farce acted for nothing, we ought to be very thankful; but I believe the next time I go to an impromptu performance at No. 80 Melborne, I will take some 'more folks' with me. It is not much fun to be the only spectator."

"What became of Mr. Lewis Silas Dickison after the *dénouement*?" asked Mrs. Sherman, with interest.

"Oh, when I came out he was sitting on the carriage-block in front of the house fitting china balls into a pop-gun. He grinned at me with his black teeth and said:

"'Good-by. I told 'em I'd get even with 'em for stopping me off from the livery stable, and I think I done it, don't you?'"

"I told him very emphatically that I thought he had."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III.—CHAPTER VI.

"BELINDA!" cries the voice of Sarah, suddenly striking in, high and mirthful; of Sarah, returned, hot and boastful, from her finished game. "Cheer up! I have some good news for you!"

Belinda gives a great start.

"Have you indeed?" she says hurriedly; "so much the better for me."

"Mr. Staveley and Mr. Bellairs and Mr. —" (she has not yet mastered the name of her third young friend, but audaciously mumbles something that is to stand for it), "and I have concocted a little junket for to-morrow. If it is not your birthday it ought to be! You are going to be taken on the river, and treated to cakes and ale at a pot-house, and towed back by moonlight. Come now, what do you say? Are you not grateful?"

Belinda laughs nervously.

"Grateful! of course I am!"

She has risen from her chair and begun to walk about upon the sward. Perhaps by changing her position she may the sooner be free of the heady fumes of this mandragora that she has been drinking; may the more easily shake off this divine drowsiness, that yet leads to death.

"It strikes me that you are not listening to a word I say," says Sarah, darting a dry look from one to the other of the culprits.

"Not listening?" repeats Belinda, with a feverish gayety; "am I not? Judge for yourself whether I am listening! I am to be taken on the river, and treated to cakes and ale, and towed home by moonlight; come, now!"

"Well, is it not a nice plan? are you not grateful to us?" cries Sarah, again appensed and jubilant.

"It would be delightful!" replies Mrs. Forth, still with that same factitious liveliness. "I should enjoy it of all things; I am so fond of the water, only—"

She stops abruptly; her rebellious eye wandering to where Rivers—he, too, has risen—stands aloof, out in the cold; obviously uninvited, uninvited in the joyous programme.

"Only Menander, I suppose," says Sarah, making a face; really, at his age, he ought to be able to shift for himself for one day."

"It is not Menander," replies Belinda with embarrassment; "as it happens, I have a whole holiday to-morrow. Mr. Forth is going to London for the day, to take the chair at an archaeological meeting."

"Only what, then?" looking at her with a point-blank directness that puts her out of countenance.

"Only," she says, and stops again, irresolute.

Reason is pouring her cold douche over her, and asking: "Why should he be invited? What sense would there be in it? unreason rather, and madness. Has she not supped enough hemlock for one while? With how many dreary days and weeks of flat revolt and saltless labor will she already have to expiate this one drunken hour! Let this be the end! let this be the end!"

"Only nothing," she says, with awkward gayety.

"I wonder why you hesitated?" asks Sarah inquisi-

tively. "I cannot fancy ever hesitating when there is any question of amusing one's self. Do you not often go on the water?"

"Never; I am never asked; you never ask me," turning with a sort of spurious coquetry to the enraptured young men.

"We should be only too delighted," cries Bellairs; he, by right of his one minute's priority of introduction, having constituted himself spokesman and old acquaintance; "only we—we—were afraid, we—we—did not venture!"

"You must venture for the future, then," replies she with a flighty laugh. "You must take me often! I want to go! I want to enjoy myself!"

Her eye sparkles, and her cheek flames, as she speaks. Is it indeed the expectation of pleasure that has set them both so bravely alight? She throws herself with such a fury of interest into all the details of the excursion, that she has hardly time or attention to spare for bidding good-bye to Rivers, who presently comes up to make his adieux.

"Are you going?" she asks indifferently. "Good-bye."

As she speaks, she lays for one instant her hot dry hand in his cold one. She would have bidden even Bellairs good-bye more warmly. None but herself knows the strength of the temptation that assails her to clutch that poor slighted hand before them all; to lay it on her miserable heart; to drown it in her tears, smother it with her kisses, and pay it any other tribute of extravagant passionate homage.

Least of all does he suspect it, as he walks away, decently strangling his sick despair till he is out of sight. No sooner is he gone, and the need for defense ended, than she throws away her weapons. Her attention flags so obviously; her manner relapses so patently from its short summer of animation into its normal frost, that it dawns at length upon the three boys' intelligence that they are running a good chance of outstaying their welcome, and forfeiting the place that they flatter themselves they have won in Mrs. Forth's esteem. They take leave as precipitately as Sarah's many last words, commands, *espègleries*, jokes, will let them. She accompanies them to the door; and Belinda, since it is more tolerable to move about than to sit still, accompanies her.

The sisters lean on the low iron gate, and the bland spring evening wraps her arms around them.

Belinda has lifted her gloomy eyes to the laburnum gloriously pendent above her head. Which happy cluster was it that brushed against his hair last night in the starlight?

"He is not gone yet!" says Sarah, in that voice of shrewd, dry sense which would surprise the admirers of her butterfly phase, could they hear it. "What is he hanging about for?"

She has desisted rather suddenly from her occupation of kissing her fingers to her three adorers, who, reluctant to lose one of her last glances, are backing down the road away from her. Belinda's heart gives a bound. Not quite the end yet, then! She has done her best!

Her conscience is clear! but it is not quite the end yet, then! Can she be blamed because he still loiters near?

"I suppose the road is public property," she says doggedly; but her voice shakes.

"You did not ask him to join us to-morrow, did you?" asks Sarah, with dry rapidity.

"No."

"Ah!" (drawing a long breath) "that is right!"

"It would have been the merest civility to have invited him," says Mrs. Forth sullenly. A frown less of ill-humor than of perplexed uneasiness has gathered on Miss Churchill's satin brow.

"It is no case of *civility* between you and him," she says curtly.

The flush on Belinda's fagged face grows hotter.

"I am at a loss to understand what you mean," she says angrily.

"I mean," replies Sarah shrewdly, and enunciating with the greatest clearness, "that discretion is the better part of valor—that is what I mean!"

"Thank you!" cries the other fiercely, and trembling like a leaf from head to foot. "Thank you for us both for your good opinion of us!—*Mr. Rivers!*"

At the last two words she raises her voice into a call; but it is so unsteady and ill-modulated, and he is so comparatively distant, that one would hardly expect the sound to carry so far; but apparently it does, for he starts and looks uncertainly toward her, distrusting his own ears.

Is it likely that she should have called him? she—his high proud lady—after such a careless cruelty of good-by, too!

"*Mr. Rivers!*" she repeats, in a voice that is as unsteady as before, but louder. There can be no mistake this time. He can no longer distrust his good luck; and in one second, as if he could not obey her quickly enough, he is hurrying back.

Sarah lifts her arms deliberately from the gate, and rubs them gently to remove the slight numbness produced by contact with the cold iron.

"Blessed are they who let well alone!" she says, gently raising her shoulders, and turning toward the house. "I have disqualified myself for that benediction; have I not, Pug?"

So saying, she disappears. Belinda would have liked to ask her to stay, but her pride forbids it. Long before Rivers has reached her, she has repented of her perverse and devil-born impulse. Why has she called him? What has she to say to him when he comes? For the first moment she says nothing.

"You—you called me?" he asks faltering, surprised at her silence and her look.

"Did I?" she says, stammering; "yes—of course I did! I—I—you leave Oxbridge to-morrow?"

"Do I?" he answers blankly.

Is this then what she has called him back for? To tell him that he must not venture into her presence again?

"You must know your own plans best," she says, with a forced laugh; "do you not leave Oxbridge to-morrow?"

"There is no need that I should," he answers diffidently; "I have a week's holiday!"

Her rebel pulses leap. A week! A whole week! She lifts her face, on which the sunset is mirrored, and looks toward the west. On what a couch of fiery damask roses, dying into daffodil, the sun is laying himself down! What a treble sweetness the throstle is putting into his song as he addresses himself to his rest!

"A week!" she says aloud.

"Does a week in two years seem to you such a long holiday?" he asks, rather wounded by what sounds to him the cold wonder of her tone; "it need not be spent here if—"

He stops abruptly. "*If you do not wish it,*" would be the sentence's natural ending; but so to conclude it would be to suppose an interest, with which he has no right nor any reason to credit the wife of Professor Forth in him and his affairs.

She does not ask him how he had meant to finish his phrase. She does not finish it for him. She only stands staring, beneath the level penthouse of her milky hands, at the blinding sunset. What a curve her lifted elbow makes! From what a marvel of wrist and forearm does the lawny sleeve fall back!

"Is this what you called me for?" he asks abruptly; "to tell me that I am to go to-morrow?"

For a minute she stands irresolute, still looking sunward; her outward woman a lovely pattern of harmony, grace and quiet; her inward woman, ugly chaos and dark fight. Shall she say "Yes"? To say so would be to more than retrieve her late error. Dimly she feels that if she has one ray of sober reason left her, she will say "Yes." She heaves a sigh, and lets fall her hands. Her lips have all but framed the fateful words, when:

"Belinda! Belinda!" comes an old voice, calling imperatively peevish from the house.

A week! One poor week! Only a week! What can one week matter? Her manner has suddenly changed.

"It is *Mr. Forth!*" she says hurriedly; "I called you back," reddening like the western cloud-fleeces, and throwing a guilty look over her shoulder, "to ask you whether, if you were not going to leave Oxbridge to-morrow, you—you would join our party on the water?"

CHAPTER VII.

"Lieb Liebchen leg's Händchen auf's Herze mein
Ach hörst du wie's pochet in's Kämmerlein
Da hauset ein Zimmerman schlimm und arg
Der zimmert mir einen Todten sarg."

"Er hämmert und Klopft bei Tag und bei nacht
Er hat mich schon längst um den Schaf gebfracht
Ach sputet euch Meister Zimmerman
Damit Ich balde schlafen kann."

In other climes, a sunset of suave sublimity usually means that it will be followed by a sunrise as nobly fair. But in our free isle this is not the case. Even the weather will submit to no tyranny, but follows its own wild and freakish will. You may close your eyes upon a distant steady heaven of molten copper and speckless blue, and open them upon a soaked-blanket sky, half an inch above your head.

During the many wakeful patches that vary the sameness of her night, Belinda has full time to repent of her evening's doings; but not once does it occur to her that the weather may possibly intervene to prohibit the excursion. Among all her half-sincere plans for evading the expedition, the alternative of a wet day has not once suggested itself; and when the morn comes, dim and sad, the poignancy of her disappointment at sight of the dripping bushes and filled flower-cups shows her how much of veracity there was in her projects of abstinence. Now she will have to endure the pang of renunciation, without having enjoyed the merit of self-conquest. And yet it is a lovely rain, not harshly driving, nor rudely strewing the earth with a ravin of torn-off petals; but gently stealing down from the cloud-roof overhead, softly thrusting itself between the blossom-lips, feeding the juicy leaves, healthful, wealthful,

beneficent, yet execrated by two young eyes that are morosely watching it. It is execrated by two old ones also. The Professor tentatively throws out an idea as to the advisability of telegraphing to the Archæological Society his inability to preside over its deliberations.

"But you are not sugar or salt!" cries Belinda impatiently, as she stands, a comforter thrown over her arm, and a mackintosh extended to receive her husband's meagre person; you will be in cabs and trains all day."

"It is not always easy to secure a cab at a moment's notice on a wet day!" replies he, demurring; "as I have often explained to you, it is upon trifles that the laws of health depend; there may be delay enough to allow of my getting my feet thoroughly wet; a circumstance amply sufficient to throw a chill upon a liver already predisposed."

"But will you not be putting the Society to great inconvenience? will not its members be very much disappointed?" asks she, reddening consciously as she speaks.

What is she saying? What does she care whether they are disappointed or not? To what depths of disingenuousness has she—truthful as she has been hitherto counted her life long—already descended? But it may clear—it may clear!

"I might obviate the difficulty by taking an extra pair of socks in my pocket to change at the Club," he says thoughtfully; and then her spirits rise, for he extends his arms, not to take a parting embrace, but to insert them in the waterproof-sleeves which she, with wifely alacrity, holds ready to receive them.

He is gone. That one main obstacle to her pleasure is at all events removed. If only it would clear! She is no longer half sincere with herself. No longer does she feign a desire to extricate herself from the entanglement into which she has plunged, nor a gratitude to Mother Nature for having come to her aid. Without asking *why* she wishes it, she has concentrated all her being upon the one mastering desire to see that cloud-curtain raise its trailing corners, transpierced and put to flight by such a sun as yesterday's.

"It does not look in the least like lifting!" she says, in a tone which she in vain tries to make sound careless, to Sarah, as they enter the drawing-room after breakfast. "Do you think that there is any chance of its lifting?"

"Not the slightest!" replies Sarah placidly.

With that adaptability to circumstances which makes life to her one long feast, Miss Churchill has arranged herself for a wet day. A small fire—not unwelcome in the rain-chilled atmosphere—brightens the hearth; and to it she has—for to her nothing is sacred—pulled up the Professor's chair: that one of Mudie's novels which, by its large type, wide margins, and plentitude of titled names, seems to promise the least strain upon the intellect, in her hand.

"Who would have thought it yesterday?" says Mrs. Forth, in a tone of mournful irritation, totally unable to follow her philosophic sister's example, and fidgeting uneasily about the room.

"Who indeed?" rejoins Sarah equably.

There is something in the indifferent content of her voice that jars upon Belinda's mood. The dogs have taken their cue from Miss Churchill—Punch has got inside the fender as if it were winter; the cat lies lazily stretched just outside the parrot's cage; and Polly, exasperated by her air of calm security, is walking stealthily, head downward, along the side of his cage, and when he has got, as he thinks, within reach of her, is stretching out first a vicious-hooked nose, and then a long, crooked gray hand, to make a grab at her whiskers.

Sarah laughs.

"You were so anxious for it yesterday," says Belinda, with an irrationally aggrieved accent.

"Was I?" answers Sarah, yawning. "I am not the least anxious for it now; I am thoroughly comfortable, thank God! Why do you not come near the fire? I have a hundred questions to ask you; we have the house all to ourselves—excuse" (parenthetically) "my reckoning that among our advantages—and I have scores of good things to tell you about Cannes and granny; you used to be fond of *grannyana*!"

"I am not cold," replies Belinda, avoiding compliance by seating herself where she can at once command the window, and evade her sister's eyes. "Tell me them here."

"Well you must know," begins Sarah, prudently ignoring this ruse, and launching into her narrative. "That some Poles had the apartment above ours at the hotel—their salon was over granny's bedroom—and every night, at about ten o'clock, they began to dance sarabands, and cancons, and Highland schottisches, and the Lord knows what in it! You know how fond granny is of having her old head danced over when she is courting her beauty, sleep."

She pauses to see whether her hearer is listening; it is obvious that she is not, as for a moment or two she makes no comment, and then, becoming aware of the silence, breaks into a factitious laugh. "Ha! ha!"

"What are you laughing at?" asks Sarah sharply.

"I had not come to the point yet."

The other stops, embarrassed.

"It—it was very good even so far as you had gone," she answers in confusion.

"The end was better still," replies Miss Churchill shortly, taking up her book again; "but you shall never hear it!"

"How ill-natured!" cries Mrs. Forth, advancing eagerly toward the hearth, roused into alarm at her own self-betrayal; "and I—I was so much interested in it. I should like you to begin it all over again."

But Sarah is inexorable. Presently Belinda desists from her importunities, and not daring to return to the window, also takes up a book, occasionally from behind its shelter throwing a desperate eye on the weather.

It is a hopeless wet day. Once or twice, indeed, there has been a tantalizing thinning of, and movement among, the vapors; but it has ended only in a more resolute, inflexible fastening upon the earth. Eleven—that hour of clearing—has come and gone, and brought no clearing with it. After all, she might as well have done her plain duty, and sent him away. In that case she would at least have had the throbs of an approving conscience to keep her up. And what, pray, has she now?

The forenoon is gone; luncheon is over; they are again in the drawing-room. The novel has long ago dropped from Sarah's fingers, and she has slidden into a warm, infantile slumber. The door-bell, loudly jangling, wakes her with a jump.

"It is those hateful boys!" she cries petulantly, starting up. "Am I never to have any peace from them? and I was in such a beautiful sleep!"

One glance at her sister's face—that sister who has obviously not shared her slumbers; whose watch has been at length rewarded, though by no brightening of the material sky—tells her who is among "those hateful boys." Perhaps this fact adds a new tinge of ill humor to her tone, as she advances, childishly rubbing her drowsy eyes with her knuckles, to meet her admirers.

"You woke me!" she says, pouting. "I was in such a beautiful sleep!"

This speech is not calculated to reassure three timid young gentlemen, who have already been questioning the wisdom of their own procedure, and doubtfully discussing among themselves the probabilities as to the mood, whether of summer warmth or December ice, that they will find their hostess in. Upon Sarah, at least, they had counted to stand by them. But aid from an unexpected quarter comes to them.

"Never mind her!" says Belinda, with a young and radiant smile of welcome and reassurance. "What business has she to be asleep? A wet day? Yes, it is a wet day; but what delicious warm rain! how much good it will do to the country! the farmers are crying out for rain!"

This is the way in which she now regards the lately-execrated downpour. Is he not here? and whether in sunny boat on flashing river, gathering fritillaries in the water-meadows, or in little rain-darkened early-English drawing-room, is it not now all one to her?

"Vivre ensemble d'abord,
C'est le bien nécessaire et réel,
Après on peut choisir au hasard
Ou la terre ou le ciel."

"I hope you will forgive our calling so early," says Bellairs, a little relieved, but still not very comfortable in his spirits; "we—we wanted to know what you thought about the river."

"About the river!" cries Sarah, still cross and sleepy, casting a sarcastic glance, first at the weather, and then at the young man; "are we frogs, or young ducks?"

He looks so silly, that Miss Churchill laughs, her good-humor at once restored.

"Now that you are here, you may as well stay," she says, in a thoroughly wide-awake voice; "may they not, Belinda? If we depend upon the charms of conversation, I shall be asleep again in ten minutes; why should we not play games?"

"Why not?" responds Belinda readily.

Her cheeks are pink, and her eyes dancing. There is no pastime, however wildly, childishly hilarious, for which she is not in tune.

"Shouting Proverbs!" suggests Sarah joyously. "Not know Shouting Proverbs?" (with a reproving look at Staveley, who has murmured this objection). "Why, everybody shouts, and one guesses!" (in lucid explanation). "It makes a tremendous noise; I do not know that it has any other merit."

"The neighbors would indict us for a nuisance," says Belinda gayly, shaking her head. "Russian Scandal?"

"It does not make noise enough," says Sarah; "it is nothing but whispering; we will have no whispering," (rather curtly, and with an almost imperceptible glance toward Rivers, in application of the warning).

"Hare and Hounds is not a bad game in a house," says Mr. De Lisle, in a small, shy voice. "We played Hare and Hounds at a house I was staying at the other day; we ran all through every room, from attic to cellar; it was great fun!"

"Your friend evidently did not keep a mother-in-law out of repair up stairs," replies Sarah, dismissing at once, though with leniency, this not very bright suggestion; "we do. What does the company say to Post, eh?"

The company, who are one and all in the mood for riotous jollity in any form, hail the proposal with one-voiced effusion; and it is on the point of being carried into execution when Miss Churchill suggests an improvement upon it.

"Why not dance? dancing is better than any games! Surely some once can play, or even whistle a tune, or

set the musical-box tinkling out its one waltz. Room? plenty of room! too much room! Wheel all the furniture out into the passage!"

No sooner said than done. Away trundles the early English suite of rush-bottomed chairs; away the Professor's sacred *fauteuil*! away Belinda's work-table! everything but the piano and the music-stool, to which little De Lisle, having weakly admitted that he can play a little dance-music, is at once ruthlessly nailed.

The rain patters, snow-soft outside. The valse strikes up. There is a moment's hesitation. Bellairs and Staveley, generously unwilling to steal a march upon each other, hang back; but Sarah settles the point by frisking up to the one nearest to her—it is all one to her with which she dances; it happens to be Bellairs, and she swoops away with him smooth and sure as a swallow darting down upon a moth. Without a word exchanged between them, Belinda finds herself in Rivers' arms. The rain plash-plashes upon the open window's sill. How long it is since she has danced! How madly exhilarating are motion and measure! Is it in heaven or upon earth that that lame waltz is being strummed? After a turn or two he feels her light and buoyant body grow heavy in his embrace.

"Stop!" she says dizzily; "the room goes round."

He obeys at once; and fearing lest she may fall, keeps for one moment his arm around her.

"It is so long since I danced," she says, lifting one white hand to her giddy eyes; "so long! so long! not since—"

She breaks off.

"Not since your—"

He also breaks off. But she is none the less firmly and irrevocably wed because of his inability to say "your marriage."

"Not since long before then," rejoins she, hurriedly interrupting, with a nervous dread lest he may complete the phrase; "not since—Dresden."

"But we never danced in—Dresden," he says, making the same slight pause as she had done before the name of the, to them, sacred city.

"You did not, perhaps," she answers with a charming saucy smile—for under the unwonted joyous excitement, her spirits are towering perilously high—"but I did. Some Gardereiters came in one evening, and I took a turn with two of them; it was before your day."

Distant as is the epoch alluded to, and satisfactorily as he had been persuaded at the time by ocular evidence of the reciprocal indifference of Belinda and the Saxon officers, he cannot avoid a feeling of biting jealousy and offense against those innocent and, both in time and space, far-off German valseurs.

"At least it is *my* day now," he says with emphasis; and she offering no contradiction, away they float into their trance again.

The valse ends; the patient De Lisle begins to hammer out a galop. They must part; for Bellairs, emboldened thereto by Sarah's warm approbation, is inviting Belinda, and she dare not refuse. Rivers dances with Miss Churchill. Why need he? Why need he dance at all? Why, above all, need he throw such spirit and animation into his dancing. He looks as if he were enjoying himself as much as Sarah. Staveley, after having vainly endeavored to educate Pug into a partner (Pug, on unwilling hind legs, and with tail abjectly tucked in, perhaps in the laudable intention of giving herself a more human air), galops bravely by himself. The galop ends. The musician, bringing out of his treasures things new and old, treats them to a venerable polka.

Once more he and she are together; and in what a different spirit her light feet now move! Bellairs had found her but a disappointing partner; inert, and often begging to be allowed to stop and take breath. In Rivers' arms, her life's tides are running at their highest. It is Staveley's turn to be Sarah's *danseur*, and Bellairs, emulating his friend's former example, polks alone. But not altogether with his friend's success. For Punch, inspired by a scientific curiosity to investigate the strange phenomena that have appeared on his horizon, unhappily runs between his legs, and brings him to the earth with some clamor. The player stops: the dancers pause.

"We have had enough of this," says Sarah, drawing her sister into the window for an aside, and speaking with some brusqueness; "it is not fair upon that poor boy" (indicating De Lisle); "he is getting cross, though he tries not to show it. As I have not three legs and arms like the Isle of Man, I cannot dance with them all at once, and you are not much help! Let us try something else."

"By all means," answers Belinda hurriedly, shrinking away from the reproach that her conscience tells her she so richly deserves; "anything! whatever you please!"

"The ball is ended," says Sarah authoritatively, returning to the young men, and clapping her hands to enforce silence; "but if the company pleases it will be immediately followed by some athletic sports. What does every one say to a game of Blind Man's Buff?"

This second proposal is received with an enthusiasm as much hotter than the former as may be expected from the universal loosening of the bonds of shyness and conventionality which has taken place since that former one was first made.

Sarah at once volunteers to be blindfolded; and in two minutes she is established in the middle of the little room, a Liberty silk handkerchief tied over her jovial eyes, and her hands outstretched in futile blind groping and grabbing.

The rest of the party, in the most approved fashion, pull her gown, tweak her hair, nip her sleeve; but not for long. With one well-directed lunge—so well directed as to rouse an instant loud cry of dishonesty—she has

pounced upon Bellairs, who in his turn is blindfolded—is in his turn tweaked and nipped—and in his turn catches Rivers; Rivers catches Belinda.

The fun waxes fast and furious. They have raised every grain of dust latent in the carpet; Punch is cheering them on by volleys of delighted short barks, while Pug sits wretchedly in a corner with her face to the wall.

Most madly mirthful of all—most intemperately gay, out-Heroding Herod, outdoing Sarah in her wildest mood, with splendid poppy-cheeks and lightening eyes, is Mrs. Forth. She has been old so long—so long! She is making up the arrears of her lost youth.

The clamor is at its loudest. Scarcely less blowzed—bawling scarcely less noisily than were the Primrose family in neighbor Flamborough's kitchen, when annihilated by the entrance of Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, is the society gathered on that wet May afternoon in Professor Forth's decent drawing-room.

Belinda, caught for the second time, stands blindfolded in the middle of the room, while shouts of uproarious laughter greet her vain efforts to gain hold of any of the assailants who lustily beset her. All of a sudden, in one instant, there is silence. The pushing, and jostling, and nipping have altogether ceased. Without any attempt at resistance some one is in her clasp.

"I have got you!" cries she, in a voice of jubilant triumph; "who are you?" and so tears the bandage from her eyes.

It is indeed true that she is grasping Rivers' coat-sleeve in indisputable conquest: but, at the moment that she verifies this fact, the cause of his having fallen so easy a prey—the cause of the instantaneous and entire muteness that has fallen upon the so boisterous little assemblage, breaks in horror upon her stunned eyes.

The door is half open, and through it Professor Forth is looking, with an expression hard to qualify upon his face, at the entertainment got up with such spirit and success in his absence. Not for long, however. In a moment he has softly closed the door and withdrawn. For several moments they stand staring at each other speechless and aghast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMPLETENESS.

O LOVE that all my being warms!
O love that shields my life from storms!
O love that every impulse wills,
And every fitting fancy fills!
O love that shines through all my dreams
Like starlight through the summer streams;
That thrills with melody my days,
And rounds all discord into praise!—
I lean my face upon thy breast
As bends my noon-ray to the west,
And calmly, in my open boat,
I floating sing and singing float.

I wait no more by wayside lakes,
To dally with the reeds and brakes;
Behind me fade the mountain snows,
And in my face the June wind blows;
While strong and wide the currents sweep
Toward the ever-calling deep.
O love that rocks me in its arms,
And makes me brave amidst alarms!
I know not where thy stream may lead—
Through rocky pass or flowery mead—
I only feel that I am blest;
I only know I am at rest.

JAMES G. CLARK.



THE HOUSEHOLD—MRS. BLOSSOM'S VIEWS ON RED FLANNEL.

"THE time has come! I knew it would, and that I should have to 'free my mind;' for what a shame it is to spend days and days, and not a particle of skin left on a single knuckle, and your back just one solid ache, and, after all, not one solitary thing that means six months' comfort or use! Of course you are wondering what it is this time, and why I don't begin with some definite statement, as you urged me to do in your last letter. Was it a quotation or your own unadulterated wisdom?—'Learn to detect your thought.' I meditated on it, and read over a page or two of the journal to see if there was a thought anywhere that could be detected. Not the shadow of one, and my own opinion is that the average woman—or man, either—doesn't have thoughts. We have impressions and fancies and sudden evolutions from the rag-bags we call our brains, and we knit our strips of the bits as they come, just like those new rag-rugs, and are thankful if it turns out to be a harmonious muddle of colors, or even something less definite than color—a series of neutral shadings, with a bright point here and there. And that reminds me that I have a word soon to say about this unhappy 'average woman,' that I have read about till I long to empty every inkstand and give writer's paralysis—temporary, of course—to every hand that drives a pen against her.

"In the meantime, I am tormented over the delusion bound up in red flannel. It isn't the fault of the flannel, of course, but the fault of the user, red flannel in its place being eminently cheerful in its character and tendencies, and calculated, as a fact, to increase family happiness; but when it comes to a whole parlor in red flannel, should not one rise up? It was Milly Smith's economy. Poor Milly! She wanted that parlor to be cheerful, and she had such a mere speck of money. She had been wonderfully sensible all through. Charley is only a book-keeper at present, though with more than a hint of a partnership by-and-by, and they married on only this salary and Milly's little savings as a school-teacher—a Philadelphia school-teacher at that—the worst-paid class in the whole community. But *she* lived at home, and so did manage to lay by a little, and Grandmother Robinson gave her two hundred for house-linen and china, and ordered her to get only the best. Milly said that she meant her bedrooms to hold the best beds that could be had for money, for a third or more of one's life went in sleeping, and she had lain awake on mean beds—with lumps and inequalities and general unpleasantness—all she ever meant to. She bought wire mattresses and the best hair mattresses and thick, soft blankets for her room and the spare-room. Perfectly plain bedsteads, but fitted up with positive luxury, though I don't know that pure comfort ought to be put under that head. She had small hair pillows instead of bolsters, and fluffy, comfortable feather ones, but not too big to sleep on.

"As for towels and every other bit of house-linen, they were all perfect and in riotous quantities. Her kitchen and dining-room were simple, but everything so thoroughly nice and substantial; but when it came to the parlor—there was a problem. Charley had his big arm-chair and desk and carpet, and she a bent-wood rocker; and before she had planned just what to do for the room, an opportunity came to buy two choice engravings at a fabulously low price, and she had done it on the spot, and one hung over the mantel, and the other—the Sistine Madonna—over the desk, and glorified the whole room. But—there wasn't a chair for a guest, nor a sofa, nor a table, and only ten dollars left; and they laughed, and then Milly half cried, and said she was an idiot, and might have squeezed a little out of Grandmother Robinson's money; and it ended as you will see.

"Milly bought two soap-boxes, and had a carpenter make

a long box, six feet long and two and a half wide. Then she bought a cheap single mattress and quantities of dark red flannel, some cheese-cloth and yellow floss. The cheese-cloth she made into full curtains, with broad flannel bands, feather-stitched on with yellow floss. She had a pair of second-hand poles and rings, and hung the curtains on these. Then she covered the mattress with red flannel, tufted it all over like any upholsterer, and tacked it all down to the box, and puffed some more below it, ending with a narrow fringe, and the general effect was very nice. She covered her soap-boxes with cotton-cloth, stuffed the tops full of excelsior, and covered flannel over them to match the sofa, and ended with a flannel cover for a second-hand stained-pine table, bought for a dollar.

"The general effect was all right—in fact, very pretty indeed; but the minute you sat down on the sofa, if you moved at all, the flannel parted from the tacks; and so with the ottomans. A stout, cheap cretonne, sewed to the mattress itself, and then finished with a frill, *not* tacked on, but sewed, would have been a thousand times more practical. Added to this, the flannel wore on all the edges almost immediately, and there was nothing for it but to patch. As to the curtains, if she had feather-stitched her bands separately, and just run them lightly on the cheese-cloth, there would have been no trouble when the time for washing came, for they would have ripped off in two minutes and been ready to put on again. As it happened, the windows were left open in a sudden driving storm, and the curtains drenched so that they had to be done up at once, and all the work was lost.

"What better would I have done? Waited, ma'am. A chair could have been brought in from the dining-room for a guest, and in a month or two enough saved and added to the ten dollars to buy a simple, cretonne-covered lounge. A make-shift, discourse as one may about the easiness of getting up cheap furniture, is sure to end as a nuisance. And I would never 'skinch'—oh, that invaluable Jersey word!—on bed-rooms or other essentials for the sake of a parlor. Beguiled by Milly, somebody else experimented in red flannel, with the same results. And now I want you to urge the merits of cotton over any cheap wool, and implore all your constituents never, never, to be imposed upon by red flannels, or any cheap and worthless colored woolen stuff."

A FAMILY DINNER.

Chicken Soup.
Scalloped Chicken.
Salsify Fritters. Boiled Potatoes.
Stewed Tomato, with Onion.
Spanish Cream.
Tea or Coffee.

CHICKEN SOUP.—This can be made from the liquor in which a chicken has been boiled, but the present form is simply a use of all the bones and scraps left from a pair of roasted chickens which have done duty at least once. Break up the bones and add to them any bits or bones of roast meat or chops that may be on hand. Put them all over the fire with three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of salt, cutting off all bits of solid meat from the fowl and setting them aside with the dressing. Boil three hours. One hour before the soup is to be used strain it and return to the fire. Add two tablespoonfuls of washed rice, half an onion minced fine and a stalk of celery or teaspoonful of celery salt. If boiled away too much, add water enough to make two quarts when ready for the table. A teacupful of milk is an improvement, allowed to boil with it for five minutes. Serve with toasted crackers.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN.—Take one cupful of the boiling soup and pour it slowly on one spoonful of butter and one heaping one of flour, which have been beaten together to a cream and seasoned with a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and half an one of salt. Cut the chicken into very small bits or chop it, as

preferred, with the dressing, and stir into the boiling sauce. Butter a pudding dish, and put in it a layer of bread-crumbs and one of the chicken, filling the dish in this way, and ending with a thick layer of crumbs, which must be dotted with bits of butter. Cover with a plate and bake twenty minutes, then remove it and brown.

SALSIFY FRITTERS.—Scrape the salsify, and drop into cold water, as it darkens on exposure to air. Boil till tender in well-salted water about one hour, and mash while hot. To a dozen of the roots add two tablespoonfuls of milk, one of flour and two well-beaten eggs. Drop in spoonfuls into boiling fat, and fry a bright brown.

BOILED POTATOES.—As in No. 1 of THE CONTINENT.

STEWED TOMATO, WITH ONION.—One can of tomato, one

onion minced fine and slightly browned in a little butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar and a saltspoonful of pepper. Stew all together slowly for one hour. Thicken, if liked, with two rolled crackers or half a teacupful of bread-crumbs.

SPANISH CREAM.—One quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one package of gelatine, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, yolks of four eggs. Soak the gelatine ten minutes in half a cup of cold water. Boil the milk and add the gelatine and other ingredients. At the last stir in the yolks, which must be beaten to a cream, and pour into moulds to harden. Use the whites for cake or meringues. They are sometimes beaten stiff and stirred in at the last; but the cream is better when made with only the yolks.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

NATURE'S BOARD OF HEALTH.

IN Nature's housekeeping the odds and ends are always utilized. Although she sets forth feasts for her creatures without stint, she permits nothing to be wasted. She converts her heaps of vegetable rubbish into hotbeds for other forms of plant life. A wonderfully varied vegetation springs from the fallen tree and fattens upon its mouldering trunk. She practices a similar economy in the management of the other branch of the organic world. Animal refuse is not only removed and the evils resulting from its presence obliterated, but every scrap is made available for building up the living tissues of other animals.

"What becomes of all the dead birds?" is a common query. What, indeed, becomes of all the dead animals of every kind? It is very necessary that some disposition be made of them. Their lifeless remains could not be allowed to fester in the sun and taint the air we breathe. Nature, in order to get rid of such substance, has adapted some members of the different classes of animals to act as scavengers in her domain, and while she is making them useful as such, she is, at the same time, providing them with suitable food. This natural Health Commission is one which, in the efficiency of workings, is worthy the imitation of more pretentious bodies under that name. Its success is due to the individual efforts of the members. Each one of them is heart and soul, so to speak—aye, tooth and nail—in the work of the "board." When there is business to be done he constitutes himself a quorum and enters upon the work with the greatest zest.

Foremost among four-footed scavengers rank the hyenas of Asia and Africa, famous for preferring their food at "second hand." An allied animal, the aard wolf of South Africa, performs the same good work for the plains in which it lives. The dog-like jackals, which have about the same distribution as the hyenas, resort to the native villages at nightfall and clean the streets of all garbage.

In the vast pampas of South America we find the mail-clad armadillos performing their share of the great work, which is the removal of the horses and cattle which perish in great numbers during the long drouths. Seventeen species are found between Texas and Sierra del Fuego.

Nature's "Sanitary Commission" has very efficient officers in the persons of the gray wolves and coyotes of our own broad prairies. They clear away the refuse of numberless camps, and the remains of buffaloes and other animals that die from various causes, and which, but for them, would fill the air of heaven with deadliest poison. They devour great numbers of dead salmon, which line the shores of Columbia River at certain seasons of the year.

The California vultures (*Pseudogryphus Californicus*), in company with many other species of birds, join the wolves in these ichthyophagous banquets.

The crocodiles of the Ganges are a blessing to that sacred stream. Their ever-ready jaws engulf everything

adverse to the purity of the water. If perchance any decaying bodies escape the vigilant crocodiles, and are carried out to sea, they become the prey of ravenous sharks, the scavengers of all oceans. Crocodilia of one kind or another are found in all warm countries of the world.

The feathered carrion-feeders render inestimable service to man from the readiness with which they approach his habitations, and the greed they manifest for offal. Vultures are the chief bird-scavengers, and are distributed over all the habitable globe, except Australia. In many tropical countries they dwell unmolested in cities and towns, living on intimate terms with the inhabitants, and sharing with the dogs the garbage of the streets. This is notoriously the case with the turkey-buzzards and black vultures, or carrion-crows, in the southern cities of the United States. Their accommodating appetites leave the health officer little cause for exertion.

The adjutant or gigantic stork (*Septoptilus argala*) is the veritable scavenger of Calcutta and other Indian towns. Being protected by law, it stalks in a familiar way about the streets, and renders in return most valuable sanitary service.

Insignificant as the scavenging of insects may appear in comparison with that accomplished by large animals, the aggregation of their work far outweighs that of all others. Let those who would know the physical uses of flies, mosquitoes and other pestiferous creatures of this class, learn from their mode of life how greatly they contribute toward restoring natural equilibrium. Insects are clearly beneficial in other ways than as scavengers, but their work as such only can be mentioned here. Flies of different kinds resort to a carcass as soon as it is exposed to their attacks and deposit thousands—yes, millions—of eggs, which, in a few hours, produce the well-known white larvæ, or "maggots." Who has not seen myriads of them? May not flies exist chiefly for the sake of the benefits resulting from their larval state? From the immense number of maggots produced by a single flesh fly, perhaps twenty thousand, Linnæus estimated that three of them could devour a horse as quickly as could a lion. "Tres muscæ consumunt cadaver equi æque cito ac leo," as runs his "dog-Latin."

Mosquitoes are scavengers of almost equal rank with the flies, but their larvæ develop in stagnant pools and miasmatic marshes instead of corrupted animal matter. Thousands of them may be seen in the rain-barrel under the gutter-spout. A practical demonstration of the scavenging of beetles may be had in summer time without far seeking. From the apparently insignificant labors of such humble creatures, Nature rolls up an astonishing aggregate. Her "house-cleaning" is a work of no common proportions. Her workers, big and little, are everywhere present—on mountain and plain, in forest and stream—aye, in very ocean depths.

E. D. S.



WE begin this week the publication of "A Mississippi Martyr," a bright little serial that gives a charming view of two phases of Southern life, which are but little appreciated at the North, to wit: its domesticity and its humor. The protracted struggle of the anti-slavery era, followed by the period of war and the succeeding period of scarcely less intense hostility, have prevented the people of the North from obtaining anything like a correct view of the real domestic life of the Southern plantation. The conventional planter of the ante-bellum era was a careless, boastful, swaggering tyrant; his wife and daughters equally careless in regard to the home-life, its comforts and economies, as he of the administration of his boundless acres. Both ideas were almost equally incorrect. The Southern planter, as a rule, was a careful administrator of his estate; not in the same snug and tidy manner of which the Northern farmer boasts—he did not work and fuss and worry over all the details of farm management as much as his compeer of the North, nor was his sense of fitness outraged by a lack of completeness and order which would have driven the farmer of the Middle States into an insane asylum. There was a sort of laxity about his methods which it was hard for the Northern man to distinguish from slothfulness. Yet he watched with care the development of the crops, the progress of his work, and was no doubt a better director of labor than could generally be found upon the Northern farm. With ignorant labor and crude machinery he achieved good results. Very few Northern farmers who have attempted to compete with him since the war have found any material advantage on their side. It is especially with regard to the domestic life of the South, however, that false ideas prevailed at the North. The planter's family has always been credited with hospitality of a lavish, careless kind, but a very small proportion of the people of the North have ever supposed that the planter's wife was very generally a Martha of the most anxious and troubled variety. The difference of method betwixt the Northern and the Southern housekeeper has been so great that the former has very often been inclined to elevate a dainty nose in scorn of any professed acquirements of the latter. So too the hurly-burly of our Northern life; its sharp competition and the constant influx of the outside world have been such as to predispose us to under-estimate the charming domesticity of the Southern home. It is not often as strictly ordered nor administered with that anxiety with regard to detail that characterizes the Northern household, yet there is rarely to be found a more faithful purveyor of comforts than the mistress of a Southern plantation. The very isolation of plantation life; the rarity of strangers' visits and the care with which even the most distant family ties are remembered and acknowledged in that section, all tended to make the domestic life of the better class of the South very charming and delightful. The picture of the Dicksons, which is given in this number, is one which every person who has studied Southern life from the inside will at once recognize and appreciate. The good housewife who could not endure the baker's bread of the city, and put her loaves to rise in the back parlor because the fire was out in the kitchen, and with infinite dignity took to herself the blame of her own humiliation,

is just as real and no less charming than the pretty, accomplished daughters, who took advantage of the overflow to persuade the tender-hearted but impulsive father to give them a taste of city life. We heartily commend "A Mississippi Martyr" to the attention of all those who are capable of appreciating these pleasant phases of a life whose harsher sides the logic of events has made much more familiar to the Northern reader.

It is a strange retribution that has fallen upon Carlyle since his death. Hidden in a cloud of personal obscurity during his life, he thundered against fraud and shams, cursing, in a strange jargon, all of his living fellow-men, and professing to find virtue and truth and honesty only in the dead. He claimed to be the especial champion of the true, the beautiful and the strong. Pettiness, meanness and hypocrisy were his especial objects of attack. He yearned unceasingly for an exalted manhood, of which he would have us believe that the world had no perfect type, unless, led by necessary inference, it should look for it in the life of the hermit philosopher himself. The world did look there, as he had invited it to do, and when it had looked, by the aid of the coarse, unconscious egotism of his own memoirs, and then through the disenchanting sincerity that appears on every page of his wife's letters—when it saw that the crusader against shams was at heart the most miserable of shams—then it not only tore him from the lofty pedestal to which he had climbed, but mocked at a life full of labor and power, indeed, but full, also, of false pretense and cowardice. Now Mrs. Oliphant, and a considerable following of those who prefer their idol to the truth, cry out against Mr. Froude for having lifted the veil and showed us Carlyle, the man. "If the masses knew all that we know, what would become of our religion?" said the priest of Isis. Whether the worship that requires that its object should be veiled from the vulgar gaze is worth preserving or not is the question which should be answered before Mr. Froude is praised or blamed. The man who assumed to denounce and scourge others cannot complain that his own shortcomings are not treated with lenity. The priest whose conduct degrades his call has no ground on which to plead for pity. Carlyle was a ruthless, merciless judge of other men. No excuse, no frailty, no repentance availed to make him stay his hand. He hunted for the mean, the base, the despicable in every nature, and held it up to scorn and ridicule without pity or hesitation. It is a sad but just retribution that exposes him now to a like treatment at the hands of those he scourged.

In venturing the assertion in our last number that an earnest and intelligent expression of American opinion would be far more efficient in remedying the evils of Ireland than wholesale denunciation or dynamite plottings, we hardly expected our words to receive such swift confirmation as is afforded by the remarks of the London *Times* on the brief speech of General Grant with reference to the subject. The "Thunderer" demands somewhat querulously that the American people should remember

that misgovernment in Ireland is a thing of the past, and that the clear purpose and intent of the English Government now is to remedy with all possible despatch the resultant evils.

That there is a distinct and praiseworthy intent to better the condition of Ireland on the part of the Government and the people of Great Britain, there can be no reasonable doubt. That there is an almost universal conviction that speedy and radical relief must be administered, there is abundant evidence. That Mr. Gladstone is one of the noblest and ablest statesmen the world has produced—a man of most admirable temper and of the highest conscience—must be apparent to all who regard the course he has pursued without the bias of prejudice. That he is willing to do more than any English statesman ever did before, the Land Act of itself furnishes the most ample testimony. That the task which lies before him is one of the most difficult and delicate that any ruler ever faced, any one who will study the condition of England as affected by the evils which have culminated in Ireland cannot hesitate to admit. At the same time, when a nation boasting of its prosperity, ever mindful of its power and dignity, can find no better method of remedying the evils that afflict a portion of its people than "assisting" its pauper peasantry to emigrate to another country, it is yet too soon to declare that misgovernment is a thing of the past. If England can find nothing better for Ireland to do than to furnish five thousand "assisted" emigrants a month for the American people to feed and clothe and offer the chances of work and shelter and self-support, it had better stop prating about good intentions for a while, and try good works instead. Any country is a victim of misgovernment where, after three years of constant agitation, no remedy can be found for starvation better than expatriation. There is no sufficient ground for the claim that the soil of Ireland will not support its present population. The only question is how its productive character shall be utilized for the support of its people. That question the British Government is called upon to solve, and must solve, before it can honestly claim that misgovernment is a thing of the past.

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THERE is hardly to be found in history a more contemptible and humiliating acknowledgment than that which a member of the British Government made in the House of Commons a few days ago. In reply to an interpellation in regard to the protest of the Governor of Massachusetts against the shipment of "assisted" Irish paupers to that state, it was said that "the government had carefully attended to securing a due proportion of productive and non-productive persons among the 'assisted' emigrants." The statement itself is a confession of the most puerile and contemptible incapacity. The English Government, with all its boasted wealth and power and dignity, does not deny that it has shipped helpless and unproductive paupers to another country; that it has tried to shift the burden of its own mismanagement upon American shoulders; but simply alleges in excuse, "We only shipped a due proportion of unproductive, helpless paupers." The first duty of any government is to care for its own poor, and the British Government, when it ships its "assisted" paupers by the thousand to the United States, is in no more dignified a position than the Swiss cantons when they send us their criminals and cretins. Our government has lately refused to allow the Chinese to land upon its shores, hardly one of whom has ever become an object of public charity. This was said to have been done in self-defense as a protection to our labor and a necessary condition of prosperity. How much more strongly would this reasoning apply to the exclusion of "assisted" emigrants? It is altogether possible that the course of the British Government in this respect may necessitate important legislation here.

THE modern school of morbid anatomists in fiction get a thorough and well-deserved scourging at the hands of the late Sidney Lanier, whose lectures on the English novel have just been published. The theory that the novelist should simply reproduce the lives he meets with, dirt and all, the only test of merit being the accuracy of the delineation and the brightness of the dialogue, is the most degrading view of the domain of art that has ever been formulated. A novel without a purpose is the counterpart of a man without an object. One written for mere amusement may be either good or bad, but, at the very best, is only the lowest form of art. A picture which tells a story is infinitely greater and better than one which has none to tell. A work of imagination which conveys a useful or ennobling thought performs the true function of the novel. It may be, like Scott's wonderful creations, designed only to make the dead past live again for the reader; or, like Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it may be designed to paint some form of woe for which the universal heart ought to throb with boundless pity; or it may undertake that grander and broader work which is ever unfulfilled—the depiction of the good and true in contrast with the weak and false, as a stimulus to virtue and a scourge to vice. In either case the novel, according to the theory of Lanier, becomes the message of a strong, brave individual addressed to the heart and brain of his fellow-man. It may be a message of piety or patriotism; it may be one of self-sacrifice and devotion to the right; it may be one of humility and cheerfulness—whatever it is, it must always be the story of a soul, and not the picture of a mere animal. The three most perfect examples of the story written merely to reproduce a form of life, without purpose or aim other than the mere exhibition of skill in delineation, are probably "The Decameron," "Tom Jones" and "Nana." Of these, the last is the worst in its moral effects, simply because it is the best in its execution. Zola is the most skilled artist that the school of morbid anatomists has yet produced. He depicts vileness with just the same brilliancy as purity, and cares not a fig for the contrast, save to give the proper light and shade to his picture. The novel with a purpose has rarely done any evil to the reader. The novel without a purpose has lent itself easily to human degradation. Art which debases is as much lower than art which elevates as the fallen angel is below the white-winged messenger of light and love.

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OUR readers who remember the quaint chapters of "The House that Jill Built" will be glad to welcome the genial author to our pages once more. "All Out-Doors" is designed to aid every one who has a bit of ground about his house in making it more attractive and home-like. How to get the most comfort for the least money out of house and grounds seems to be the question which this author is specially fitted to answer in the most agreeable manner.

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IN his latest novel,¹ Thomas Hardy has treated a delicate subject in a manner worse than unsatisfactory. The Tower itself appears to be a very harmless sort of structure. It is of pleasing design and draped with picturesque descriptions; but innocent words, like ivy, are sometimes made to cover foulness and decay.

The plan of the story is rather ingenious. Lady Viviette is the unhappy wife of Sir Blount Constantine, who travels afar while she remains in seclusion at the great house beside an English church. Across the fields, on the top of old historic Ring's Hill Tower, a handsome boy, not yet twenty, pursues his astronomical studies. She is his supe-

(1) TWO ON A TOWER. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

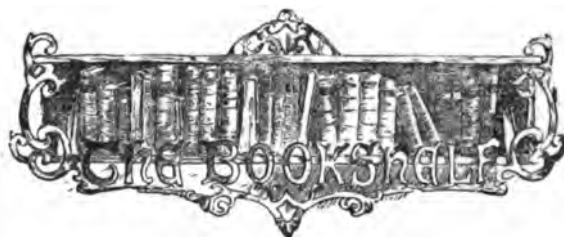
rior in station and intellect, and is eight years his senior; yet, though a delicate, high-minded woman, she loves this Adonis—the author calls it love—and shows that she does. Sir Blount now conveniently dies in Africa, and the lovers hasten separately to London for a secret marriage. Returning, they only meet in private. Appears on the stage a church bishop, disagreeable and conceited, who makes love to Viviette. She refuses him; then hears that Sir Blount did not die until after the date of her marriage to Swithin St. Cleeve; so that was an idle ceremony, and she is free. The boy-lover receives a bequest conditioned on his not marrying for some years, and she induces him to start on a long astronomical expedition. After his departure, she discovers a situation of affairs which drives her to accept a second offer from the bishop. She becomes a wife at once, her explanatory letter reaching Swithin after she has become the mother of their child, of whom the bishop is the supposed father. Years pass: the putative parent dies; the real one returns, "shocked at her worn and faded aspect." After meeting Viviette coldly, he finally condescends to say he has "come to marry her." But he is not compelled to make good his word, for "sudden joy had touched an overstrained heart too smartly. Viviette was dead. The bishop was avenged."

We should think so! But who avenges the public for having thrust upon it such a travesty of womanhood? Who avenges womanhood? The picture is so artistically and morally at fault, despite its careful and admirable execution, that it is a wonder to see it hung in one of the foremost galleries of the times. Let us look at its *raison d'être*.

It is to show how far a refined, pure woman may be driven by most frightful and perplexing circumstances; but, in order to do this, the author has overstepped the boundaries of nature. Could Viviette love a boy like St. Cleeve? Had they one thing, in the world or out of it, in common? The mature, disciplined woman was older than her years—the boy was younger than his. Evidently the only tie, which was that existing without the sanction of a higher union of intellect or sentiment or soul, is shameless and degrading. The attachment was not vital—witness the little impression made on the youth, who almost forgets her when away. And she—she is a rag-bag, painted and dressed by a man who knows little of the being he tries to copy. Mr. Hardy should have concocted a female of the Charles Reade order—a lovely kind of an animal. And what of her sudden marriage with the bishop, of her deceit in going direct from an alliance with a man she loved to another whom she did not, in doing which she concealed, not her sin, but her mistake? Could anything be more corrupt, more revolting? She is made to write, "What woman has a right to blight a coming life?" but no hint is given of the blight thrown on the innocent babe by the natural effect of such treachery and dishonor on the part of the mother. We are led to suppose she did the best she could under the conditions of the case. Have we lighted upon a time when whited sepulchres are at a premium?

But there is still greater wrong done to woman. There is a cool thrust at all that is lovely and pure. For the novelist gives no sign that such a woman could not have lived to become the wife of a man she hated while upon her was the mystery and sanctity of coming motherhood; that it was impossible for her, in fact, to become perfidious to every Divine law of her being. She could never have shielded herself under the cover of such a lie.

Never was more hideousness conveyed in a simple story—never a deadlier stab dealt to all that woman holds most precious. The realism of Zola is sufficiently atrocious, but it is not seductive. The more attractive French writers artfully veil their sophistries; but for cool sensualism, expressed in decorous ingenuousness, combined with ignorance of what woman really is, in soul, feeling and purpose, commend us to "Two on a Tower."



"THE PRINCESS OF AMÉLIE" is the title of the next novel in the "No Name" series, French court-life being the setting for the story.

THE new novel upon which Miss Noble, the author of "A Reverend Idol," is engaged, deals partly with Washington life, and is awaited with interest.

MR. H. W. WARREN'S "Recreations in Astronomy," published by the Harpers, has had an extraordinary success, ten thousand copies having been sold in the last three months.

TWO royal octavo volumes are to hold a new view of "The Real Lord Byron," the designer of this new portrait being Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, who has given long study to his subject.

A NEW edition of "Jocoseria" has been called for, and the demand for the various editions of Browning's poems is steadily increasing. The poet has written a song which will appear in *Harper's Magazine* for July, and which is to be illustrated by Rosina Emmett.

MISS LUCY LARCOM, who has recently lectured on "Women as Lyric Poets," declares Mrs. Sigourney, Hannah Gould and Alice and Phoebe Cary to be the representative American female lyrists. Those who know Miss Larcom's work will at once add her own name to the list, from which she naturally excluded it.

A NEW Congregational monthly, to be called *The Andover Review*, is to begin life in the autumn. The publishers will be Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the editors, Professors Smyth, Tucker, Harris and Hicks, of Andover. With a Boston branch grafted on to the *Christian Union*, the Congregationalists will have full opportunity for speaking their minds.

"A WALK IN HELLAS," Mr. D. J. Snider's description of a town in Greece, was printed for private circulation some time ago, and so heartily enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to see it, that a demand arose for an edition for the general public, which has been issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., as well as a second edition of Mrs. Greenough's poem, "Mary Magdalene."

CERVANTES' longest and most noteworthy poem, "The Voyage to Parnassus," has been translated by Mr. F. Y. Gibson, and has lately appeared in London. One or two other translations are added, the most interesting being the rhymed letter written by Cervantes, while a captive in Algiers, to Mateo Vazquez, the private secretary of Philip II. In it he tells the story of his misfortunes, and then proposes a scheme for the liberation of the Christian captives and the conquest of the Algerian kingdom.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S work in German and English on his latest excavations is nearly ready. He wrote recently to Karl Blind: "Proofs in point of fact of your views as to the kinship between Trojans and Thracians, which latter were interpreted as belonging to the Eastern Teutonic race, I have found near and in the tumulus of Proterilaos, in the Thracian Chersonese; for the gardens all around, and the tumulus itself, are strewn with fragments of that wonderful pottery which only occurs in the first and oldest settlement of Troy, and nowhere else."

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, known as a devoted and fearless champion of woman suffrage, made it her

business to reply to Dr. Dix as his Lenten Lectures to women went on, and the four lectures are now incorporated in a small volume of Lovell's Library. They are as open to criticism as those of Dr. Dix, for Mrs. Blake is as uncompromising and defiant as she is witty; but while her good taste may sometimes be questioned her earnestness and real feeling and tenderness are beyond any doubt. (Paper, pp. 173, 20 cents; John W. Lovell Company, New York).

MR. WORTHINGTON C. FORD has completed the second part of "The American Citizen's Manual: the Functions of Governments, State and Federal," embodying in it an amount of information seldom found in as small space or in as clear and intelligible English. The series of "Questions of the Day," of which this forms the fifth number, is one of the most valuable of the many before the public, and is to be increased by many other studies, which promise to prove of as much importance as the present one. (12mo, pp. 184, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

MR. WHITTIER, in discussing the recent Carlyle correspondences, said lately: "Carlyle seems to have had none of the milk of human kindness in his veins. His letters show a side of his character which none of his intimate friends suspected. It would have been better for his reputation if they had never been published. In fact, so strongly have they affected myself that I have set to work and destroyed the major part of my correspondence, covering a period of over fifty years, lest it should be published after my death and bring suffering to any. I wish that all of the letters I have written could be treated by my friends in the same manner."

THOUGH Dr. Day's treatise "On Headaches: Their Causes, Nature and Treatment," belongs to the "Octavo Series of Standard Medical Books," it is of great interest also to the general reader, who, though often requiring a medical dictionary for the explanation of technical terms, will find much information as to the causes of this affliction and many hints that will, if carried out, go far toward the cure of the tendency. The chapter on headaches in childhood and early life is especially valuable, but the section on nervous headaches will be found equally so, and to young practitioners particularly it will be of the greatest service. (8vo, pp. 147, 75 cents; P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia).

ALPHONSE DAUDET, whose powerful, if one-sided, novel, "L'Evangeliste," has made him, for the time being, one of the most thoroughly discussed men in Paris, is an enormous worker, capable of writing sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He rises every morning at seven, and after half an hour's fencing or sabre practice, lights his pipe and begins to write. He nearly killed himself by overwork upon "Les Rois en Exil." One night, believing that he was dying, he called his wife and had only time to say to her, "Finish my book!" when he was almost suffocated by hemorrhage, and fell back unconscious. Madame Daudet is said to be herself a delicate literary artist, and she takes her share in her husband's work as well as in his happiness.

WHOEVER recalls Nadaud's poem, "Carcassonne," translated not long ago by Mr. E. W. Sherwood, will find that for him, at least, there need not be the plaintive reflection,

"A dream I had when life was new;
Alas, our dreams! they come not true;
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city—Carcassonne!"

So well is it pictured in Dr. Vincent R. Marvin's graceful little volume of travels, "In the Shadow of the Pyrenees. From Basque Land to Carcassonne," that the "lovely city" is before one's eyes, and not alone the city, but the whole region of somewhat unfamiliar country. Dr. Vincent is a close observer of nature, and he is also a student

of men. The book abounds in bits of keen characterization and vivid description, his chapter on "The Basques" giving the results not only of personal observation but of the best scientific researches into the history of this strange people, whose day as a distinct nation is practically over. The volume, which is a beautiful specimen of book-making, has four etchings by Smillie, Gifford and Yale, with excellent maps, and is altogether an exceedingly attractive addition to the literature of travel. (12mo, pp. 276, \$2.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

FORTY essays on scientific subjects would seem a rather heavy dose for the general reader, that dreaded abstraction always before the author's and publisher's eyes, yet the most skeptical as to interest will find "Science in Short Chapters" as fascinating as a novel. Mr. W. Matthieu Williams, the author, is a thoroughly scientific man, but, unlike many of the guild, he is master of a very charming style, and he has also great felicity in his selection of titles, as witness, "The Oleaginous Products of Thames Mud," "World Smashing," "Iron Filings in Tea," and a host of others calculated to catch the attention of even a jaded reader. Profit and pleasure are very happily combined, and the book deserves a wide circulation. (Standard Library, No. 81, 12mo, pp. 308, \$1.00; Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

BISHOP THOROLD'S "The Claim of Christ on the Young" is a little volume made up of six sermons preached at considerable intervals, but all with one exception, at St. Mary's, Oxford, and before the young men whom he sought to reach. Their chief aim is to develop character. "Thoroughness, both in aim and execution, is an essential condition of success in the Christian life." And this thoroughness he urges with an intensity that was part of his own nature. There is a stimulating quality in the little book not always to be found in sermons. (12mo, pp. 128, \$1.00; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.). From the same publishers comes "A Blind Man's Creed, and Other Sermons," by the Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., the first one having as key-note John Hay's well-known poem of the blind man before the sanhedrim. "I know not what this man may be, sinner or saint; but as for me, one thing I know, that I am he who once was blind, but now I see." Dr. Parkhurst believes more in faith than in thought, but his purpose is earnest, his style very simple and straightforward, with touches often of real poetic feeling, and the many readers of sermons will find these a valuable addition to the list. (12mo, pp. 246, \$1.25; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.).

MR. HENRY J. NICOLL, in his "Landmarks of English Literature," has adopted a plan so satisfactory that it is surprising it has not been carried out before. He states a few biographical facts, and then adds the estimate of the latest and presumably best-informed writer who has summed up the author under consideration. The judgment of a fine mind always carries weight, and, even when opposed to one's own view, often serves in forming a clearer estimate; and we have had so much crude and practically valueless work of late in this direction, that it is really comforting to find an author who has judgment enough to know a good thing when he sees it, and to give us criticisms that are keen and trenchant. It is the verdict of to-day, with all the light the nineteenth century has been able to throw upon disputed points, the opinions of the last ten years being most largely represented; and thus, as a summary of recent thought, it is of rare value, though it must be used as appendage and never as substitute for the masters of work in this direction. Mr. Nicoll makes little attempt to think for himself, though his judgment, where he does, is thoughtful and sound, and the plan of the book precludes any necessity for it; but he has made a volume which every reader will find of solid value, and which can take its place on the reference shelf as an authoritative estimate of the chief periods in

English literary life. (12mo, pp. 458, \$2.00; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

THE "Shah-Namah," written by Ferdusi, the Persian, in the tenth century, has always been counted as one of the six great epics of the world, but the western people have practically known little of it. Sir William Jones said that if it was read in the original it would rival Homer in invention; but few scholars seem to have agreed with him; and where thousands have worked on the "Iliad," not a dozen have been attracted by Ferdusi. Several translations have, however, been attempted, but the most successful was made by Professor Jules Mohl into French. From this work Miss Helen Zimmern has drawn the material for a volume just issued by Henry Holt & Co., New York. It is illustrated by two etchings by Alma Tadema, and has a prefatory poem by Edmund W. Gosse. In the original there are at least 56,000 couplets, for each of which Ferdusi was promised a piece of gold, making the largest sum a poet laureate was ever paid. Some authorities say that he finally received 100,000 pieces of gold, but if he did he must have taken them as a tardy compensation for broken promises, for years of exile after the work was completed. The stories as given by Miss Zimmern tell of mighty kings and their sons, of Deevs, of battle and of love. They are all marked by a graceful and most kindly imagination, and the "Shah-Namah" may be said to be the most gentle and Christian of the epics. Might never makes right in these vivid pages, and the wrong always finds an avenger. There are poetic and graceful little passages constantly occurring; and although it is the translation of a translation, and so, possibly, loses vigor and color, it is an interesting and valuable work. (339 pp., \$2.50).

THE "Leisure Hour Series" is always sure of readers, having, since its initial volume appeared, given us some of the best that modern fiction affords. In No. 146 a new author presents herself. "A Story of Carnival," by Mary A. M. Hoppus, is the first appearance before an American public, though an earlier venture in England has been favorably received. Distrust is the reader's attitude in the beginning, and necessarily, for we are all a little tired of Italy, and dread any farther description of scenes that are far more familiar to us than many much nearer home. But suspicion ceases with the first chapter. It is a new and vigorous touch, and a strong personality underlies every page. It is a group of artists to whom we are first introduced—Clissold and his wife and sister; Gilbert Harvey, a young Englishman who has left the law for portrait-painting; Clement Tremayne, a distant cousin and a young widower and old friend of the Clissolds; and later on, Geoffrey Harvey, Gilbert's step-brother. There is a background of picturesque models and the usual accessories of artist life, but the story hinges on Gilbert's rather weak and dilatory temperament, and his love for Christal, the youngest member of the Clissold family, whom he fancies in love with Tremayne. In a state of very wretched uncertainty, he is tormented by Manente, an intriguing Italian, who professes to have proof that his father's first and only legal marriage had been to a Roman girl, whose beauty had bewitched him in his youth, and who is still alive, thus making the subsequent marriages void. With this problem confronting him, Gilbert is accepted finally by Christal, without giving her any inkling of the toils that seem to involve them all. There is final discovery—an almost rupture with the girl who can pardon everything but deceit, and who is reconciled at last because love is strong enough to make forgiveness possible. The mystery is explained satisfactorily, though a tragedy ends the story, which is full of quiet humor, of very keen and delicate characterization, and of a dramatic power which stops just short of sensationalism. There is better work to come from the same hand. (16mo, pp. 304, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co.).

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ILLUSTRATED ART NOTES Upon the Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York. Edited by Charles M. Kurtz. Ninety Illustrations. pp. 84, 50 cents. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.



Veni!

Vidi!

Vici!

The Wreck o' the Mary Ann.

FULL oft upon the drowsy watch,
'Twixt five and seven bells,
The hardy sailor to his mates
This tale of horror tells:

She walked the roaring surf beside
When darkling was the night,
To watch the play o' the rising tide
And the billows green and white.

Her locks were of the glorious hue
That Titian loved to paint,
When on his breathing canvas grew
A Venus or a saint.

All ghostly, 'gainst the murky sky,
There gleamed a swelling sail:
Tears sprang into the maiden's eye—
The maiden's cheek was pale.

For why she wept, I may not say;
Yet well did she to weep,
Her tears went with the flying spray
And mingled with the deep.

A fated bark was that, I ween,
A fated bark was she,
With bellied sail and wild careen,
That plowed the foaming sea.

The Jersey coast was on her lee;
Yet fearlessly and fast,
With royals set and running free,
She sped before the blast.

To where the sounding breakers toss,
Upon the bar she ran:
And underwriters mourn the loss
O' the good ship Mary Ann.

For, champing bolt and iron band
In floods of angry spume,
The waves came trampling up the strand
With gaff and spanker boom.

Full far and wide her relics borne
Upon the shore are cast,
The cordage from her tackle torn,
And plank and helm and mast.

The maiden's locks were of the hue
That Titian loved to paint,
When on his breathing canvas grew
A Venus or a saint.

Her lurid hair—you need not stare—
The pilot he mistook
('Twas thus he swore the court before)
For th' light at Sandy Hook.

Still oft upon the drowsy watch,
'Twixt five and seven bells,
The reckless sailor to his mates
This tale of horror tells.

JENKINS.

The Mystery Solved.

"What is that, mother—that curious thing,
Ambling the streets with a languid swing;
With a spike-tail coat, a gorgeous vest
And eye-glass dangling on its breast;
With dog-skin gloves and bell-crowned hat,
And such poor, thin legs, and a stomach flat?
Eerie and weird it looks to me.
Oh, mother, what can the creature be?"

"Oh, hush, child! hush! 'tis no goblin rude—
'Tis only a harmless little 'dude!'"

"But what is a 'dude?' Oh, mother dear,
How *did* they make a thing so queer?
Did it grow while we were fast asleep,
Like the grass and the geese and the pretty sheep?
Do you think that Barnum drew the plan,
To have something new for his caravan?
It walks like a chicken. Can it fly?
Will you tell me about it by-and-by?"

"There 's little to tell, my child; 'tis plain—
'Tis the form of a man, with a monkey's brain!"

LUCY M. BLINN.

In Memoriam.

THOU art departed hence; I shall no more
Smooth down thy coat of variegated fur,
The while I hearken to thy dulcet purr.
Thy spiritual tread across the floor,
Three-cornered visage, looking in my door,
Sporadic battles with the vagrant cur—
All these with thee I mournfully inter,
And thy too certain end hereby deplore.

Now will thy shade pursue its ghostly prey;
Thou wilt thy toilette make in ghostly wise,
And with thy incorporeal kittens play,
Whose spirits fled ere they had oped their eyes;
Whose race was run upon their natal day,
When the pellucid brooklet hushed their cries.

Digitized by HOWARD PEACOCK.

THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1883.

Whole No. 70.



THE PRISON-VAN.

AMONG THE JERSEY CRABBERS.

“WE MAY be slow down here, and maybe we don't know a great deal, but we can beat 'em all on boats and soft crabs, sir; yes, sir, soft-shell crabs.”

Among the crabbers of Shrewsbury River this modest but patriotic sentiment is fixed and unalterable. It is like

the people themselves. Of things beyond the line of bluffs, that like a frowning wall shuts out the world, they know but little, and are therefore modest; but concerning the life along the shore, from tidewater to the sea, none could be more self-assertive or autocratic. Beyond the bluffs lies the vague, uncertain world; along the shore are things which go to make up the crabber's life; they are his own; he can grasp them and know

that present facts are beyond dispute. A stranger might invade the crab country with tales of every land beneath the sun and find no objection; but let him, even for a moment, touch upon boats and soft-shell crabs, and he would find his opinions overturned, trampled upon and buried by the overwhelming array of facts which every crabber carries around in some hidden recess in his mind. It is probable that the location of the crab country determines, in a great measure, the character of the people. With New York forty miles to the northeast, and Long Branch five miles to the southwest, it does not seem strange that the crabbers should have a modest opinion of their own social standing; while the fixed intensity with which they adhere to the Shrewsbury River, and to their calling, precludes the necessity of saying that they are by nature dogmatic to a remarkable degree.

The crab country is not difficult of access when once its location is definitely fixed; but if the visitor attempt to find it without a clear idea of routes and distances he might spend the best part of his summer vacation in wandering aimlessly over the sands of New Jersey.

The quickest way either from Philadelphia or New York is by rail to Red Bank, and ultimately by stage or other uncertain conveyance to Fair Haven. A pleasanter ride from New York is by steamboat to any point on the Shrewsbury River.

The summer visitor was beginning to emerge from his winter chrysalis—the perfume of the spring was mingling with the warm breath of coming summer—when the artist and the writer, leaving thoughts of the world and the humdrum of everyday life in the little station at Red Bank, swung out into the winding country road that leads to Fair Haven and the sea beyond. Over on a hill to the right, a summer hotel flashed back from its bare white expanse and its unprotected windows a blinding, unrelenting glare. It is so widely at variance and out of harmony with the green fields, the trees and the purple hills, that the visitor instinctively wonders, without the trouble of a second thought, why summer hotels could not be built less like great white paper-boxes and more like human habitations.

There are cottages with climbing vines; there are apple orchards in full bloom along the highway; and as we stroll under the trees and trample the delicate flowers under foot, in the indolent effort to find a short path to the next turn in the road, we come upon a little cottage, half hidden among trees and vines. An aged man, almost as weather-beaten in appearance as his unpretentious dwelling, sits on the doorstep absorbed in the apparently hopeless task of fashioning a dip-net out of an old barrel hoop and a ball of twine.

"Crabs?" he says slowly, with the rising inflection, as he evidently makes a desperate effort to collect his erratic mental forces to answer a casual question. "Crabs? Ye-es; crabs. Oh, you want soft crabs, eh? O'roo!" And he fixed his shrinking eyes upon the rusty barrel hoop in utter silence.

"Well, where will we find the shipping point in the crab country?"

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed with startling suddenness, as an idea seemed to strike him. "How many crabs would you want? I might be able to get 'em for you by sundown if I can get this 'ere net made. Eh? Oh, you want to see the crab country? Well, you jest go on down to Fair Haven village and find Frank Little. He's been to New York with loads of crabs. Mebbe you've met him there?"

A shower of apple-blossoms fell upon the old man's head, and leaving him with his seemingly endless task we sauntered up a long slope and passed through Fair Haven before we had thought that we were nearing its suburbs. It was an easy matter to find "Frank" Little. The village postmaster, who acted as general directory for Fair Haven and the surrounding country, thought it likely that the entire Little family might be found on the beach below the old wharf. The road to the beach is lined with trees that toss their branches over the



THE STOCKADE.

doorways of pretty little houses, encircled in by flowering gardens and rustic fences. Near the river the road takes a violent dip downward, and the stroller continues his way out to the bluff above the hotel. The broad river, hemmed in by far-away lines of dusky hills, shines in the sun as still and calm as an inland sea; sails that look like specks of gray against the sky hover on the horizon; black dots of boats, with flashing oars, creep across the bright expanse like sea-birds trying to spread their wings; the water sleeps beneath the moss-grown wharf and murmurs at the rude awakening against the shore; fishermen, with their nets and baskets, idling in the shade of overhanging trees; peace, plenty and content in every face—in everything. In such a place, in such an air, one might dream away his life and take no heed of time.

On the smooth bottom of an upturned boat on the beach we find two men lazily playing at cards. One of them, a young man in a blue shirt, canvas trowsers and wide-brimmed straw hat, is "Frank" Little, the autocrat of all the crabbers. His position comes to him through his family, the founder of which was the original Shrewsbury crabber. The game is "pinochle," and as we watch it the autocrat's opponent, who in addition to his dress of blue and white, wears a red handkerchief about his neck, confesses himself beaten by nine hundred points, and rises, indolently drawing:

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud?"

It is not known that Shakspeare made any definite connection between the tragedy of Macbeth and the game of pinochle; but any combination is possible with the genuine crabber. Mr. Little shows the chief characteristic of his family by presenting to us the freedom of the bay.

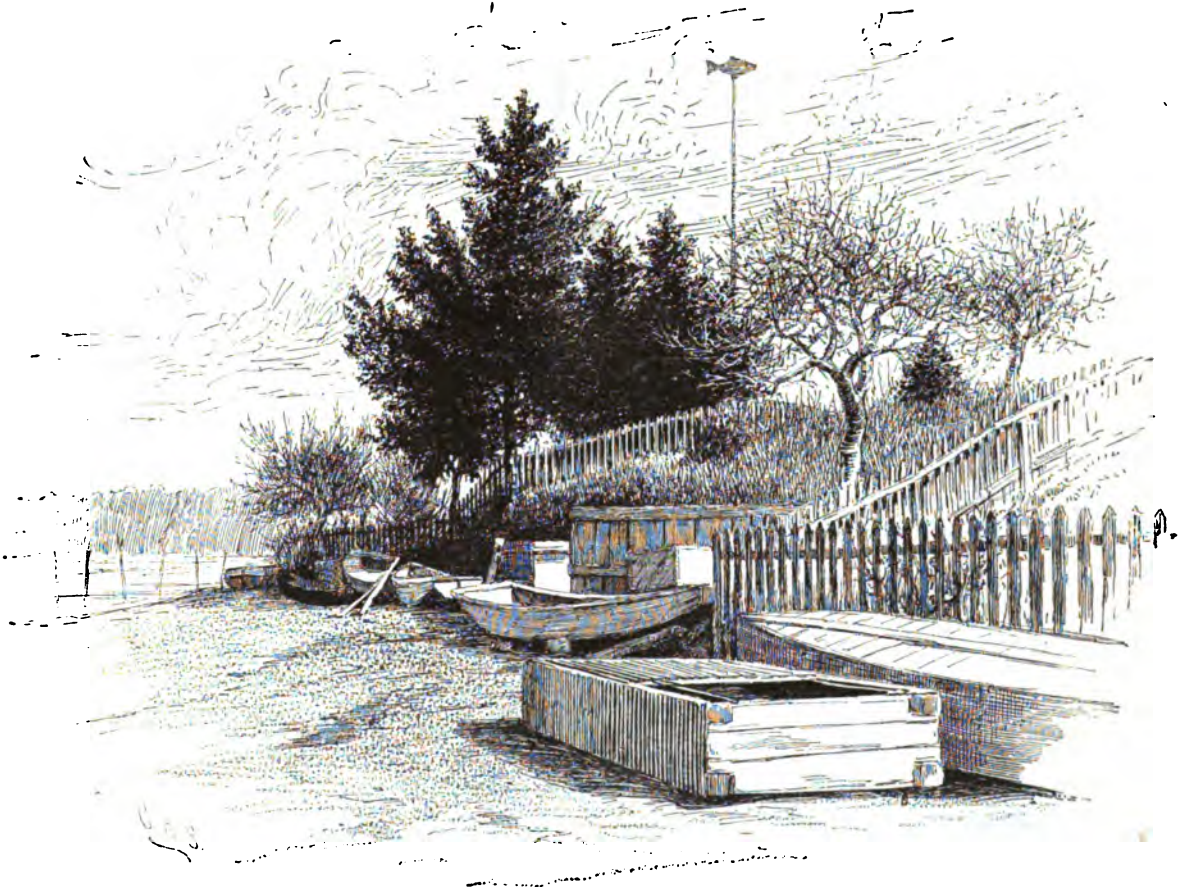
In the spring the crab makes the cardinal mistake of

his life. Were it not for a seemingly insane desire to leave the mud in the bed of the river and to enjoy himself among his friends in the shallows, he might live to a good old age, secure from the follies of youth or the dip-net of the crabber. Like the human family, however, he finds that his overtaxed system needs relaxation in the summer resorts; and like his human friends, he is pretty sure to be sorry that he did not stay at home during the whole season. Late in April the crab throws prudence to the winds and swims out to shallow water, where the sun may shine down upon his delicately-tinted shell. In a week he is exposed for sale in the city markets.

Leaving my friend, the artist, in the contemplation of the lights and shadows beneath the old wharf, I went

worth; and now the best man gits the crabs. You see, there's no law for crabs as there is for oysters, and we have to git up pretty early in the morning to git the bulge on one another."

"The good old days is all gone," says "Charley" Hendrickson, an old-time crabber, as he ranges alongside in his boat. "Why, a few years ago, a crabber got up at seven or eight o'clock in the mornin', caught his crabs as they was a-runnin', an' knocked off work in the afternoon. Now he gits up at two or three o'clock in the mornin', works like a pack-mule, ketches every kind of a crab that comes along, and don't make no more money than he did then. No, sir; this new-fangled way ain't no improvement to an old man like me, as can't work twenty-seven hours a day."



ALONG THE SHORE.

away with the autocrat and became a crabber for a day. The crabber's boat is a light open skiff, sixteen feet long and perhaps four feet wide amidships. It is fitted with four small water-tight compartments, which may be opened or closed by means of loosely-fitting covers. These compartments are called "wells," and are used as game-bags for the convenience of captured crabs. They fill with water through auger holes in the bottom of the boat.

"It used to be," said the autocrat as he ran the boat out into the river—"it used to be that I had all the water below the wharf, and 'Charley' Hendrickson all the water above; but the fellers down Oceanic way began to work our grounds, and though we fought 'em off time and time again, it got monotonous like, and we just sailed in and worked their grounds for all they was

In spite of all his regrets for the rosy past, "Charley" is the jolliest character on the river, and is as much of an expert in the crab industry as the autocrat himself. Our boat floats down with the tide, the autocrat standing in the bow. In his hands is a dip-net, fastened to the end of a long pole, which serves the double purpose of propelling the boat and of reaching after crabs. The crabber stands like a statue, silent and still, with the long pole thrust out over the water. The river shines like a mirror upturned to the sun, and the pebbles and the shells on the bottom are as plainly to be seen as the pebbles and the shells on shore. But for the roving eyes of the crabber the bay seems asleep in the drowsy air. The boat trembles and rocks slightly, as the crabber's position is transformed into that of intense attention. Slowly the long pole moves out over the water

until the hanging net disturbs the surface. Suddenly the crabber throws it from him with a splash, and as it rises to the boat, dripping with water and stray strings of sea-grass, a crab is struggling in the meshes of the net.

"Ha! a 'comer!'" exclaims the crabber. "He's a beauty, too."

A "comer," I am told, is a hard-shell crab that will be ready to shed his shell in a short time, probably in three days. After this preliminary state of development he becomes a "shedder," showing unmistakable signs that he will crawl out of his shell in a day or two. When the "comers" and the "shedders" are captured they are transferred from the "wells" in the crabber's boat to a "car," a sort of crabber's "Black Maria," or prison-van, and towed to the stockade, a big prison-pen made of stakes driven into the bed of the river a short distance from shore. In the stockade the crabs are under the care of a crabber, who makes daily inspections of the prisoners. After remaining in the pen a short time the "shedder" becomes a "buster." In this stage of development he breaks open his shell at the point where the upper and under shells meet. He feels that he is getting too big for his old clothes, and that he ought to have a new spring outfit of the latest marine design. The sentinel at the stockade immediately seizes the ambitious crab in a dip-net and transfers him to a "car" for safe-keeping.

In two or three hours the "buster" forsakes his old shell and ventures out into the world alone and becomes a soft crab. The change is so delightful and of such importance that the happy crab expands to twice his old size, and no doubt feels greatly surprised, as he looks at the discarded shell, that he ever lived in the old place with any degree of content. It would not be difficult to imagine that, as he gazes in amazement at the discarded shell and then at his own plump propor-

tions, he involuntarily exclaims, "Well, did I ever live in that insignificant place?"

Whatever may be the soft crab's contempt for his old home, or whatever his ambition to make the best of his new state in life, he does not leave the immediate neighborhood of the old shell until he feels convinced that he can defend himself against attacks from hard crabs that have cannibalistic instincts. It is in this soft, fat condition that the crab is best fitted for the table, and it is in this stage in life that he is packed in flat, wooden boxes and shipped to the New York markets.

In a state of freedom, as soon as the crab emerges from his shell, he at once begins to harden. In a few hours, often with the ebb of a single tide, he becomes a "buckler," and is well on the way toward the hard state. A slight pressure on the back of a "buckler" will cause his shell to snap back and forth like a piece of tin. In a single day a soft crab stretches out into a "buckler;" his fat goes into growth, and he becomes little better than shell and water. In two or three weeks he is ready to shed his shell again and to take another ambitious rise in life.

The autocrat's boat and a prison-van towing along behind were filled with "comers," "shedders" and a few "busters," as we rowed slowly back to the stockade. On the way we found "Charley" Hendrickson and old "Uncle Billy" Chadwick drawing a seine along shore. The seine was about fifty feet in length, and was worked without a windlass. "Uncle Billy" held the shore end while "Charley" waded into the shallow water in a wide semi-circle, the seine-sinkers dragging smoothly on the bottom and the corks bobbing up and down in a graceful curve. When "Charley" and "Uncle Billy" got abreast of each other, a few feet from shore, they gripped the seine handles tightly and made a rush for the smooth shingle. The seine came out half filled with struggling crabs.

"Not much of a haul this time," said "Uncle Billy," a look of unspeakable disgust chasing away his usually placid smile; "that durned seine turned over on us. Now, look a-there!" he growled, kicking at a fish that bore a strong resemblance to a particularly vicious-looking cat-fish, "ef there ain't a 'Sally Growler' a-eatin' up what little haul we did make. Com' 'ere, durn ye, an' I'll kick ye into th' middle o' next week. There! how does that suit you?" The "Sally Growler" went flying out over the water, but it still clung to the largest "buster" in the seine.

A solitary crabber was standing guard over the stockade when the autocrat's boat swung around to leeward to deposit its load of "comers" and "shedders." At spasmodic and uncertain intervals this sentinel threw into the stockade handfuls of a substance resembling Indian meal mush.

"I'm a-feedin' 'em," he said, in answer to a question. "Crabs, like most folks, can't live on nothin', an' so we mashes up some clams, some fish, or some meat, or horse-feed, or almost anything we can get right



A TOILER OF THE SEA.



OFF FOR MARKET.

handy. It don't do to feed 'em too much, or they'd git fat an' die. If we don't feed 'em they'll eat one another, like the unfortunat crew of the *Nancy Bell*. P'raps you've heerd tell o' that—how them sailors eat one another till there was only one man left? Yes? Well, crabs is the same way. I don't blame a hard crab nor a 'Sally Growler' fer tryin' to eat a sof' crab; 'tis nateral. I'd do it myself." With the consciousness of having said a pretty good thing, this ancient son of Shrewsbury broke into a smile that threatened great inconvenience to the back of his head. "Uncle Billy" looked upon him with a quaint smile of mild approval, if not of actual pride.

The stockades are scattered along shore from tide-water to Oceanic. An industrious crabber, who owns several boats and buys crabs for shipment, will have a stockade forty feet square, while a crabber who owns but one boat, or who, provided with a small dip-net, wades on the grassy bottoms with a basket slung over his shoulder, will content himself with a modest little pen built of loose driftwood. At the stockade of a middle-class crabber, who owned a few boats and kept a twenty-foot pen, I found a quaint old man, shrewd, good-natured and kindly-hearted. He was sitting on an upturned basket, sorting crabs for market. After some persuasion, he told me that, although he was known as a crabber, yet he dredged for oysters in winter, fished for eels and farmed a small patch of ground in summer, and occasionally took a hand with the

wreckers on the coast. He had seen many countries, and the suns and winds of many climes had given his face the appearance of old leather. While he talked of crabs and eels and summer boarders and such things, a little girl, carrying a basket, came down from the low bluff above, and asked permission to carry the crabs to the house. She was a bright, sunny child, with great black eyes and rebellious black hair—a child imbued with the spirit of absolute freedom and good-nature. She bore about her such an air of infinite grace, such a suggestion of unconscious pride, that even the most careless observer must have remarked her as different from the children of the village. It did not seem possible that this bit of sunshine could be a descendant of the rough old crabber whom she addressed as "Papa."

"My daughter," said the old man, by way of explanation, at the same time watching me from the corners of his eyes. I looked at him hard for nearly ten seconds.

"Yes?" I said; "but I had been—"

"You have been told, then?"

"Yes," I ventured, hoping for something further.

A slight spasm crossed the old crabber's face, and his eyes shrank back and turned away with an expression of actual pain. He suffered as if from fear or dread.

"It's all right, my friend," I said, laying my hand on his arm. It was but a venture, but it reassured him.

"Mister," he pleaded timidly, "you don't want her, do ye? Tell me, ye didn't come after her, did ye?"

"No," I replied, "I did not come for the little girl, but to hear the story." I felt certain that a story lay behind the old crabber's strange behavior.

"Well," said he, evidently much relieved in mind, "I can tell ye the story, but it ain't much, though it does sound like a story-book. She ain't my daughter, the little girl ain't. She's a grandee of Spain, or something o' that sort. She's a waif. She came ashore down on the coast six year ago in a ship. The ship was from some port in Spain or France, and in a gale o' wind she was blowed onto the beach, an' she was that old an' rotten that she went to pieces in less nor no time. There was a lot of us down on the beach and we went out to the wreck in a surf-boat. The captain and first mate and about half of the crew was washed into the surf an' drowned; an' there was a woman and a little two-year-old child as we took in the boat an' started for land. The boat swamped, an' the lady was never seen afterward. She must hev been carried out to sea by the undertow. I had the little one in my arms, an' as I was strung around with life-preservers, I got to shore safe. I kept the child, as there was no one to claim her; and from what the woman told me when I took the baby from her arms, I should judge that the little girl is a grandee of Spain. Yes, sir, a grandee of

Spain! There was no marks on the little one's clothes, and only a little bit of a gold ring, which I keeps in the bottom of the old clock, but which I never shows to any one. Mamie, the little girl, is just the same as my own daughter, an' she always will be."

"Then you think that no one ever will come to claim her?"

"It would be a hard job for anybody to prove anything. You see, no one on board ship knew anything about her mother except the captain and first mate, and they are both dead. Maybe some one will come some day, but they'll have to prove their claim right clear, I can tell ye."

"Did you ever try to find any of her relatives?"

"Me? Why should I? She was salvage from the wreck, and I had a right to keep her. My own little daughter is lying over there in the graveyard among the trees, and it don't seem so lonesome now since Mamie came ashore. If the little girl's folks have thought her dead for six years, it ain't likely that they will make a search now, is it? And ain't Mamie just as happy with me as she would be with them?"

"She may not be."

"And why not? Don't she have enough to eat and to wear, and don't she go to school and learn as well as the rest of the children about here? And when she grows up and I'm old won't there be enough likely young fellows wantin' to take her, with me throwed into the bargain? I guess so. And if she's contented here, ain't that happiness? And does anybody want anything more 'n happiness? If she can be happy here, wouldn't it be crazy-like to want to go anywhere else?"

Gently I suggested that when the village school-days were over, and the books laid away as things of a past life, the blood of the little girl's ancestors would assert itself and cause her to feel that beyond the frowning bluffs the endless world offered greater possibilities



THE "MAJOR"

for something greater, better, higher, and yet not knowing where to turn.

The old crabber could not understand this. He could not believe that life held out more possibilities to any one than it did to him. Beyond a good run of crabs, and peace and plenty in the little house among the trees, he had no thought, and held it impossible that any one should rise higher than the level of his content.



THE CRABBER'S HONEYMOON.

and higher pleasures than anything within the range of the crabber's imagination or ambition; that some day the crabber's little world would run on to its uttermost limits and leave the growing nature perplexed and dissatisfied, yearning



THE CRAB'S SURPRISE.

To him the stately steamboats and the white-winged vessels passing before his door meant nothing farther than means by which his crabs might be borne to market; to her they offered the possibility of an egress into that outer world of which her school-books taught, and which was covered and looked down upon by the clouds that floated away out of her sight in the distance; to him the little house and the river under the bluff met the highest thought in his life, and there could be nothing more; to her the humble crabber's life and the narrow confines that hemmed her in would soon seem meagre and unsatisfying, the village swains uncouth, and the village maidens frivolous. His nature found its level among the boats and the crabs; hers rose with the clouds, and sought to meet the level of its source. If it were possible that this little girl could loose the fetters of unknown parentage and take her place among her people in old Spain, there would be no bar between her and the happiness that may be found here on earth; but if she be compelled to remain within sight of the bluffs of her early home, and perchance mate with some honest but unlearned and unambitious toiler of the winding shore, her life, filled with a nameless longing and unrest, would wear itself away in beating against the bars that none could see or understand.

Life along shore has many simple joys that the dwellers in cities know not and cannot feel. In the lengthening shadow of the western bluff, the gossiping fishwife points out the bridal couple returning from the crabbing grounds. The bride, with bare feet and abbreviated skirts, wades through the shallow water by her husband's side. The crabs in the basket which she carries play hide-and-go-seek with her shoes and stockings, the sun kisses her blushing cheeks, and the wind tosses her hair in fitful waves about well-rounded shoulders, whose graceful curves even an ill-fitting calico dress cannot conceal. In the fading light

the crabber's dip-net takes to itself the semblance of an ancient warrior's spear, the crab-basket becomes the conquering shield, and the happy bridegroom and bride are transformed into the gallant knight and his love of the days of long ago.



"A GRANDEE OF SPAIN."

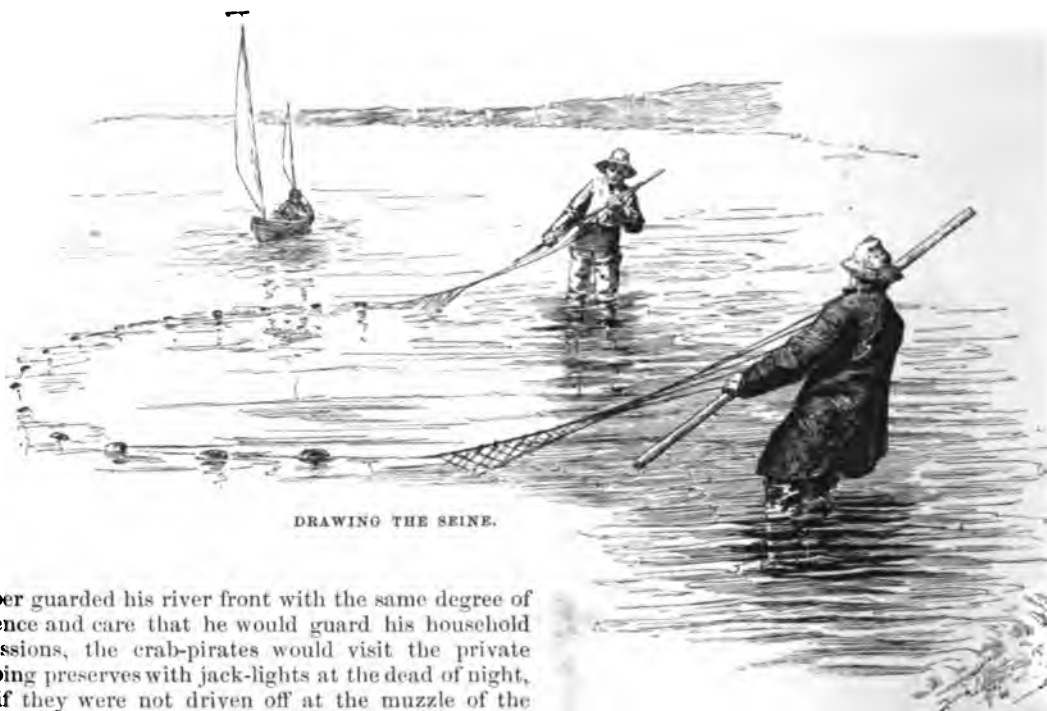
As the shadows deepen and stretch out to meet the dim, dark outline of the distant hills looming up against the sky, the watcher on the bluff leans forward with the half-defined hope that the happy bridegroom will sing:

—“My love is young and fair;
My love hath golden hair:
With eyes so blue and heart so true
That none with her compare.”

But there is no sound save the murmur of the water on the shore and the creak of a swinging sail as a schooner rides at anchor.

In the evening the crabbers and their wives and children gather on the old wharf, or lounge around the boat-houses or in the open doorways, discussing the secret delights of village rumors, and watching the sullen glare of the jack-fisher's torch as it moves along with the tide in search of crabs and eels. When the moon has dipped below the horizon, and when the sky above gives out no light, jack-fishing is at its best. The crabber's boat becomes a cruiser of the night—a vague, uncertain, shadowy thing that creeps upon its prey in the darker corners with soft and stealthy step. The sleeping crab awakes to find his secret hiding-place invaded by a baleful glare upon the water, and before he can turn to flee, the unerring dip-net has been thrown at him, and he finds himself struggling with the

inexorable walls of a floating prison. In the light of the jack, which hangs over the water from a thwart in the boat, the bottom of the river is as clearly to be seen as at noonday, and all crabs within reach of the crabber's dip-net are easily caught. Eels are caught by means of a three-pronged spear, and such stray fish as may be found in the shallow water become the prey of both dip-net and spear. In the bygone days, when every



DRAWING THE SEINE.

crabber guarded his river front with the same degree of diligence and care that he would guard his household possessions, the crab-pirates would visit the private crabbing preserves with jack-lights at the dead of night, and if they were not driven off at the muzzle of the shotgun or some other deadly weapon, they would fill their boats and sail away before day-dawn. With the jack-light extinguished, they would float along in the shadow of the bluffs without fear of detection. If closely pressed, the pirates sought refuge in the dark recesses of the old wharf, for among the dripping, moss-grown piles the pursuers dared not venture.

During nine months of the year the little hotel under the bluff at the Fair Haven landing is the only public house from Red Bank to the sea. Its patronage is neither large nor constant. In fact, a visitor or a guest is quite a phenomenon. We felt slight misgivings at first that the accommodations and attentions at the little hotel might not be all that could be wished; but when we discovered that among many other exclusive advantages advertised by the hotel were "Fishing, Bathing, Sailing, and Roads to Long Branch Unsurpassed," we felt assured that the landlord who could boldly write such an advertisement could turn every defeat into a victory and transform every annoyance into an actual comfort. We found the landlord in the bar-room playing at "pinochle" with the village weather-prophet. The walls of the little room were lined with pictures of boats and race-horses, and hand-bills of shooting-matches and last year's excursions. The landlord affected a great degree of cordiality as he invited us up stairs to the private parlor and presented us with the freedom of the house. When we mentioned the fact that we had not tasted food for twelve hours, and finally asked him at point blank range to prepare supper, a look of distress crept across his face, and settled down into the uncertain lines of his figure.

"The fact is, gentlemen," he said with dejected mildness, "my wife is not here. She went to New York yesterday, and the hired girl's off to her mother's. I'm alone here. My wife left me a cold bite to last two or three days till she got back."

He looked at us helplessly, as if his mind were utterly unable to grapple with the necessities of the occasion.

"But we must have a supper, landlord," we told him.

The lines of perplexity deepened on his forehead and around the corners of his eyes, and he wandered into the kitchen in the aimless endeavor to draw inspiration from the fireless range and the empty shelves. With his coat collar turned up, his hat slouched down over the side of his head, and the heels of his faded slippers dragging along without leaving the floor, he shuffled from room to room, prying into closets and plunging into open barrels, as if seeking things that could not be found. When he had made the tour of the rooms for the second time, he stood before us in the attitude of a criminal receiving sentence.

"My God!" he exclaimed in desperation, "what shall I do? Nothin' in the house, an' nobody here as can cook! Oh, Lord! I'll have to build a fire! How long will you want to stay?"

"Two or three days."

With a groan, he turned and fled down stairs, completely overcome.

Feeling that something must be done, we made use of the freedom of the house, and, after a hurried search, succeeded in finding a crust of bread in the pantry. If the landlord knew of the existence of this crust when he shuffled down stairs, he certainly missed it when he returned, a few moments later. The Major—we called him "Major" because we did not know that his village name was "Uncle John"—burst into the room as though an inspiration had seized him. He was mildly happy.

"Well," he said, "I've sent for a girl."

This seemed reassuring. We subsequently learned that he had sent his bar-keeper over to the "jedge's" to borrow a servant girl. In the course of an hour the borrowed servant had prepared coffee, sliced beef and bread and butter. The "Major" turned in with a will and made an honest effort to invest the occasion with something akin to festivity and ceremony. In the noon of life the "Major" had been a member of the New York Board of Aldermen and a person of some political importance. The stories of his official life, of reckless

expenditures of the people's moneys, of trips to Europe and what he designated as "aldermanic jamborees" would cause the modern municipal reformer to wonder how the poor country ever lived or paid its debts.

When "Uncle Billy" Chadwick, "Frank" Little and "Charley" Hendrickson came into the diminutive private parlor after supper and told us stories of life along shore, the "Major's" brilliance as a yarn-spinner was well-nigh dazzling. With great glee the "Major" assisted Hendrickson in relating the sad circumstance

the cook was a-dyin' a-laughin'. Well, that Irishman, he flumped them crabs this-a-way an' he flumped 'em to wind'ard, an' all the time the crabs seemed perfectly delighted with the sitiuation."

In the city markets the crabs are handled with iron tongs, but in the crab country they are treated with no more respect than is shown an ordinary fish. To the novice in crab-catching the most natural way in which to get rid of a pinching crab is to cut off the offending claw. This, however, is a grave mistake, for the claw,



CRABBIN' BY JACK-LIGHT.

attending a young Irishman who secured employment at the hotel last summer.

"Now, this 'ere feller," the story goes, "was as green an Irishman as you 'd find in a day's travel. He said he could cook, an' he was put to work in the kitchen. He was told to boil some crabs for dinner. He must hev had a strange notion about crabs, for he reaches into the basket and scoops them up with both hands as he would handle potatoes. Now, a crab won't take no back sass nor insults from a green Irishman, and so four or five big ones fastened to his fingers with clutches like a vise an' bit like thunder. The Irishman, he howled and danced around the kitchen, an'

after being severed from the crab, gives a death-grip that almost crushes the finger. The death-grip is due to a contraction of the ligaments by which the jaws of the claw are joined together. The only painless method of release from the crab's grip is by prying open the claw with a knife or a sharp stick. When roughly handled the crab will throw off a claw, trusting to nature to supply him with another. The loss of a claw in the natural way causes the crab but little inconvenience. Should the claw be cut off with a knife, however, the crab will bleed to death.

So great is the esteem with which soft crabs are regarded by that abstract personage known as the general



THE OLD WHARF.

public that the average crab rarely lives to be more than two years old or grows to be more than fourteen inches in length. The ordinary-sized crab is not more than six inches long, and is less than a year old. In the summer season, when the aimless skiff of the summer visitor may be found creeping into little inlets and oftentimes venturing out into the swell of the tide, "shedders" are in demand as bait for weak-fish, sea-bass and other salt-water fish. Inferior breeds of crabs (notably the horse-foot) are used as fertilizers, eel bait and chicken feed. The hermit crabs, known as winkles, which are sometimes eaten, live in empty conch shells. They are found in large numbers near Sandy Hook and along the coast.

Crabbers pay but little attention to the crab in its early stages of growth, and therefore know nothing more definite about the breeding than that the female crab during September carries about with her a spongy substance containing countless thousands of small eggs. The eggs remain attached to the female crab until hatched, when they develop into free-swimming little animals, and finally take the form of the adult crab. Growing crabs increase in size only when they shed the shell. During severe winters, when the river is closed with ice, the young crabs die in large numbers.

The autocrat who superintended the work of shipment told me that an average of two hundred and fifty dozen crabs were shipped at the old wharf every day during the season. Nearly one hundred and seventy-five boats, employing two hundred men, are engaged in crab-catching along the river from Oceanic, one and a half miles below Fair Haven, to tidewater, a short distance above Red Bank. In the city markets prices for crabs fluctuate from nothing to two dollars per dozen. The average price throughout the season is seventy-five cents. When crabs are a drug in the market, they are frozen in fish-preserving machines and shipped to Texas and the South and West.

The sun is struggling through haze and clouds as the last box of crabs is deposited in the bow of the *Sea-Bird*. The gang-plank is run in-board; the wheels dash the water into foam; the boat starts, trembles, and glides out into the smooth river. Soon Fair Haven becomes but a speck upon the water, and as the trembling steamer with roaring wheels and rushing prow sweeps downward toward the sea, the crab country takes on the semblance of a wide stretch of water, with distant blue hills shining in the morning sun.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.



ALL OUT-DOORS.—II.

By E. C. GARDNER, Author of "The House That Jill Built," etc.

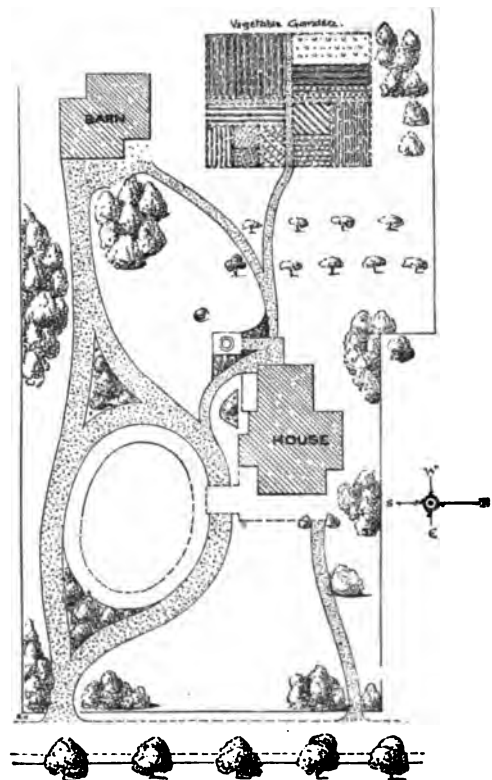
JOHN'S measurements, notwithstanding the unusual character of his instruments, were fairly verified on being reduced to feet and inches, and from them a plan of the premises was evolved, sufficient, at least, for all general and preliminary suggestions. This was sent to John in a second letter from the architect, with comments somewhat as follows:

"At present I will only explain the idea in a general way, leaving details for future discussion. The front lawn ought not to be cut in two in the middle by your drive; it is not large enough. So I have moved the carriage entrance and the road to the barn over to the south side, swerving from a straight line far enough to make room for a thicket of trees, that will somewhat subdue and soften the lofty elegance of Mrs. Smith's premises, as seen from your sitting-room windows. These same trees will also prevent the barn terminus of the drive from being the most obvious conclusion of the main entrance to your grounds. Diverging from this road to the barn is the carriage-way to the house, and this, too, passes on to the barn or swings round the circle and out again to the street. These roads must not be allowed to cover more ground than they actually need—a width of nine feet is sufficient. In order to preserve an unbroken lawn between the house and the street of the largest size possible and in the most agreeable shape, I have laid the front walk at the north side, the position of the front door in the northeast corner of the house favoring this location, and have deviated slightly from the mathematical straight line for the sake of swinging gracefully around the old oak tree, and at the same time preserving a right-angled entrance from the street. Indeed, you will see that straight lines have been avoided in nearly all cases, but you will also discover, if you look closely, some real or apparent reason for the crooks, otherwise I should hardly venture to recommend, although I might privately prefer them. The dogmatic assertion that curved lines are more natural and elegant than straight ones would not convince a man that it is his duty to box the compass every time he goes from his house to the street, especially if he is tired and in a hurry, and if the lot is an unbroken plane with no visible obstructions. It might be well in some cases to invent obstacles, after the manner of novelists and metaphysicians, for the sake of displaying our skill in surmounting them, but you need not resort to such expedients.

"The apple trees near the south line 'must go.' They are too uncomely for a conspicuous situation and not gregarious enough for the desired screen. The inner row of maples must also be removed. You will notice a thicket composed of a variety of trees, evergreen and deciduous, between the house and the barn, two buildings which ought always to be upon good terms with each other, but with a barrier of becoming dignity between them to prevent undue familiarity. Seen from the street, this group of trees will lend a little enchantment to the humbler edifice, which you will clothe as to its south and east sides with grape-vines. You may leave a few of the apple trees; they stand in the right place for the fruit garden, and if not totally overcome

by age and depravity, improved care may restore their productiveness. Even if they never bear fruit and blossom only once in two years I would not consent to destroy that which is the most perfect embodiment, the doubly-distilled essence, the visible soul, of all that is lovely and delicious in the spring time—an apple tree in full bloom. You will, of course, plant new trees of better promise from year to year, until you have an abundant orchard of all the finest fruits of the earth.

"The vegetable garden is also happily situated, but it is probably larger than you can keep in good order. An ill-kept garden, like many other luxuries, is both expensive and offensive. It is better to limit your horticultural efforts to a single hill of beans, or to Horace Wal-



THE EVOLUTION OF JOHN'S FIELD-NOTES.

pole's garden of one gooseberry bush and one cabbage, than be overcome by weeds and other adverse influences.

"To give interest to what would otherwise be sources of annoyance—the narrow space at the west side of the house and the corner projecting into the lot—these points should be made so charming with ornamental trees and shrubs that their limitations as to space will be forgotten. Be careful not to shut off the view of Mrs. Willoughby's 'homely but good-looking' house; nor will an oblique view of Mrs. Smith's rectangular arrangement be half as objectionable as a high impenetrable screen between neighbors, which looks unamiable, if not positively impertinent. For the general welfare

of the community, neighbors ought to *appear* to be on good terms, whether they are so or not.

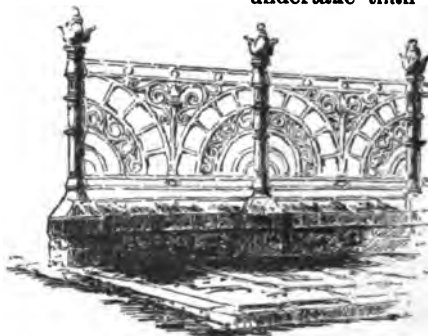
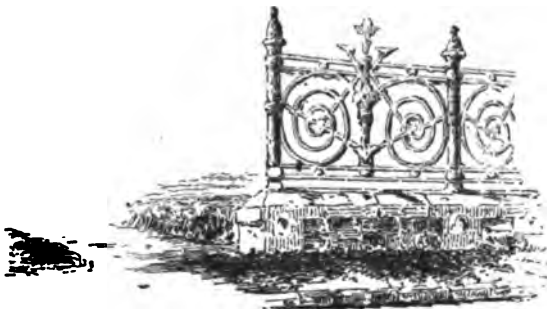
"West of the garden is a grove of forest trees, wild natives, that will some time become 'sacred'; and, be-



ONE END OF A "BANK WALL."

side both entrances, near the street, are small groups of tame foreigners. Even old folks, who are not supposed to be romantic, love to linger at the gate, and surely a sweet-scented honeysuckle or a balmy balsam is a pleasanter association with a parting 'good night' than a painted wooden post.

"The little triangles lying at the intersection of the drives are for foliage and flowering plants, the beds near the well for old-fashioned flowers, and the porches will be softened and shaded by trailing plants. If it suits your fancy, the lawn encircled by the carriage-drive may have a fur-trimming of 'bordering' plants; but remember that a well-kept turf is far more beautiful than a shabby border.



THE ADVICE OF THE HARDWARE DEALER.

"Is this enough for a beginning? I have tried to give reasons as I go along, so that when the time comes for you to instruct your neighbors you will be well grounded in the first principles. I hope it will be pos-

sible for you to make your next inquiries, protests and objections in person, for a half-hour's talk is worth a great many letters."

But John couldn't leave home for a week at least, and as waiting that length of time was quite out of the question, the next day brought another letter.

"Between you and my neighbors and the fence-posts," he wrote, "I shall not lack for advice. If a multitude of counsellors is what Solomon supposed in the way of safeguard, I am the safest man you ever knew. Whether Mrs. John confidentially revealed our secret intentions, or whether they went abroad as thistle-down and cabinet rumors go—in the air—I am not prepared to say; but it is all over town that 'John's folks are going to fix up their yard in 'tremenjous' style.' The one incomprehensible, inexcusable and especially exasperating thing about it is that they couldn't do it 'out of their own heads, but must up and go and get a city fellow to tell them how.' There's one good thing about a country village—all the people know



ADVICE FROM THE KEEPER OF FOWLS.

everybody and everybody knows them. If they don't all love one another, and agree like birds in their little nests, they are at least used to one another, and know pretty well what to expect. They never need suffer for want of advice and sympathy—no, nor for real substantial aid, if it comes to that. Well, as I told you, they have been nagging us because our lot isn't embellished with evergreen peg-tops and scarlet cheese-boxes, and surrounded by a picket-fence with decorated gate-posts. When they found we had actually begun to break ground, they thought as 'things have gone on so long, they might as well keep on so, but if they must do something, why not—?' and here is where the fun comes in. I don't believe there is anything under the canopy that all men and all women feel more fully competent to undertake than the arranging of these out-of-door affairs—nothing in which it is more difficult to find two of the same mind, or to convince one that the other is right. The grand total of the advice I have received within a week would 'lay out' the Island of Madagascar. As I can't possibly make any use of it, I send you a few samples. If you will take the entire lot off my hands, you can have it at cost.

"One neighbor—he is a stonemason—recommends a 'bank wall' along the street because it won't 'rot out.' Another—he lives across the way and keeps hens—suggests a 'picket fence as the pootiest thing for a door yard.' A hardware-dealing citizen advises a cast-iron fence set on granite posts, which looks to me like a slice from a

cemetery. A wire-fence is warmly advocated because it 'doesn't show,' and a 'post and rail' because it *does*; a hedge, on account of its rural and self-sustaining qualities; and a dozen or more fancy patterns in wood have been proposed on account of their intrinsic and elaborate beauty. I have been advised to lay walks of bricks, tiles, tan-bark, cobble-stones, gravel, flagging, plank, tar, cinders, broken sewer-pipes, asphalt, concrete, corduroy and macadam. A kind neighbor offers to give me a couple of horse chestnuts—I would rather have a pair of chestnut horses. Another is ready to contribute a few elms, for the benefit of my great grandchildren—I should have more faith in birches—and one of the faithful old patriarchs begs me to accept half-a-dozen young maples, when I have too many already; 'coz, you know ther' ain't nothin' like a nice rock maple for shade, and 'twon't be sech a gre't many years afore you can make sugar out of 'em.' If all the walks and drives that have been proposed could be executed, they would intersect and overlap like the threads of a three-ply carpet. There wouldn't be a foot of turf between Mrs. Willoughby on the north and Mr. Smith on the south, nor a shovelful of earth that hadn't been moved a dozen times over. And then the mistakes I have made since the house began, that have hitherto lain heavily on the mental stomachs of my fellow-citizens, and are now, for the first time, proclaimed upon the housetops with the comforting assurance that it isn't

too late to correct them. The house, it appears, 'had ought to have been sot' in the middle of the lot, so that a semicircular drive could sweep grandly up in front, with some sort of a circumstance in the centre and nobody knows what around the edges. It should have been nearer the street and farther back, higher up and lower down. The barn is in the wrong corner; the garden should go west; the well deserves to be filled with broken bottles, stones and old boots, and my brave old oak ought to have been born a pear tree. 'Ther' can't nobody eat acorns.' Two or three of my ambitious friends hope to see me the proud proprietor of a classic fountain, 'imitation' white marble with cast-iron calla leaves painted green, and sheltering a few tame turtles and bullfrogs, also made of cast-iron. Miss Angelina Boker thinks a rose-embowered arbor over the front walk would be 'excruciatingly lovely,' and I am confidentially informed that I can get cast-iron imitation bronze statuary for five cents a pound that nobody but an expert can tell from the genuine.

"Now I'm not repeating all this to make fun of my neighbors. I am really distressed, because when they ask me why I don't follow their advice I can only say I don't want to, which makes them think I'm contrary, or else I must own up that I don't know why. So, if you can go on as you have begun, and give good reasons as you go, I can stand my ground without any misgivings. Yours, JOHN."

THE LAST LANDLORD.

You who dread the cares and labors
Of the tenant's annual quest,
You who long for peace and rest
And the quietest of neighbors—
You may find them, if you will,
In the city on the hill.

One indulgent landlord leases
All the pleasant dwellings there;
He has tenants everywhere.
Every day the throng increases;
None may tell their number, yet
He has mansions still to let.

Never presses he for payment—
Gentlest of all landlords he—
And his numerous tenantry
Never lack for food or raiment;
Sculptured portal, grassy roof,
All alike are trouble-proof.

Of the quiet town's frequenters
Never one is ill at ease;
There are neither locks nor keys,
Yet no robber breaks or enters;
Not a dweller bolts his door,
Fearing for his treasure-store.

Never sound of strife or clamor
Troubles those who dwell therein—
Never toil's distracting din,
Stroke of axe or blow of hammer;
Crimson clover sheds its sweets
Even in the widest streets.

Never tenant, old or younger,
Suffers illness or decline;
There no suffering children pine—
There comes never want nor hunger;
Pain and need no longer reign—
Poverty forgets its pain.

Turmoil and unrest and hurry
Stay forevermore outside.
By the hearts which there abide
Wrong, privation, doubt and worry
Are forgotten quite, or seem
Only like a long-past dream.

Never slander or detraction
Enters there, and never heard
Is a sharp or cruel word;
No unworthy thought or action,
Purpose or intent of ill
Knows the city on the hill.

There your mansion never waxes
Out of date, nor needs repairs;
There intrude no sordid cares,
There are neither rent nor taxes,
And no vexed and burdened brain
Reckons either loss or gain.

Wanderers, tired with long endeavor;
You whom, since your being's dawn,
With the stern command "Move on!"
Ruthless Fate has tracked forever—
Here at last your footsteps stay,
With no dread of moving-day!

A MISSISSIPPI MARTYR.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

VII.—MR. DICKISON MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

WHAT Mr. Silas Dickison had said to his family about being happier sitting in Court Square, comparing idle notes with the idle squirrels about idle folks in general, while he smoked his briar-root pipe without fear and without reproach, than he could possibly be anywhere off the old plantation, was true to a profounder depth than any one imagined. The old man was like some sturdy tree, that, having grown from a seedling to maturity in the same spot, must suffer in every fibre of its huge body if rude or ignorant hands tear it up by the roots and transplant it to a spot where water, air and earth are unlike, uncongenial to it, and combine to remind it that it is an alien and an exile. It is true the old man had consented to this uprooting—the outward pressure from the floods, accumulated disasters, and persistent coaxing of his daughters, who, pretty and ambitious, had social cravings that the plantation could not satisfy, proving too much for him. He had thought that one year in town would be well spent to destroy the glamour of city life for them; and, as things had “gone to the devil generally” in the place, he was willing to have them more pleasantly located while the work of reconstruction was going on.

With all his outbreaking petulance, there was a reserve of kindness and gentleness in this fine old Arkansas gentleman that made him incline rather to work his sulks off in the cool seclusion of the park before fashionable hours, than to carry them home for the benefit of his wife and daughters, after the more common fashion of his sex.

Going to the square one morning about noon, he found his accustomed bench occupied, and planting his feet somewhat stubbornly, with his hands thrust resolutely into his breeches pockets, he looked down upon the intruder with a face expressive of surprised resentment. Such is the force of habit, that Mr. Dickison had begun to regard that particular bench, under that particular magnolia, within a pebble's-throw of the big fountain in the middle of the square, where the wet-faced cherubs never seem to tire of spouting, and the dingy white swans never succeeded in bathing themselves any whiter, as his own private property by all the rights of squatter sovereignty.

And the squirrels, that had come to know him so well, looked up at the intruder, who evidently was not on hospitable thoughts intent, as if they, too, found this change of occupancy somewhat disquieting; and the tame, brown-coated sparrows, little exiles from England, who had come to rely for crumbs with Christian confidence in this materialized Providence, hopped about the feet of the obdurate intruder, crumbless and disconsolate.

But the stranger, a broad-shouldered, square-jawed man, leaned back sidewise on the bench, with his hat pulled down over one eye and pushed up over the opposite temple, rested his chin in the palm of his hand, supporting the arm on the back of the bench, crossed his legs over the remaining portion of the bench, as if to declare his intention of excluding participation therein, and either was or affected perfect unconsciousness of the irate old gentleman looking down on him

and the indignant squirrels and sparrows looking up at him.

The intruder was a much younger man than Mr. Dickison, which aggravated the offense; and he was a much stouter man than the martyr, which rendered it advisable that the offense should be pocketed. So Mr. Dickison withdrew to the next nearest bench, mentally deciding that the fellow was either drunk, sick or sleeping, and that he would see it out, the “it” referring vaguely to any possible developments in the conduct of the sleepy-looking stranger. Having seated himself and pulled out his bag of peanuts, Mr. Dickison gave his own peculiar whistle to summon his furry retainers around him.

“If the fellow would only read a newspaper, or smoke a pipe, or whittle a stick, I'd think better of him,” Mr. Dickison had just said to himself for a third time, raising his head for another irritated inspection of the abstracted stranger, when he found the scene had altered materially.

A nursemaid, smart as bright ribbons and starched muslin could make her, stood near the usurped bench, with calmly folded arms, looking down with somewhat contemptuous serenity upon the stranger, who sat erect and alert enough now, while a small specimen of humanity, who at a first glance seemed composed exclusively of yellow curls, sumptuous apparel of curtailed proportions, and stubby legs, clambered all over him, to the mutual satisfaction apparently of the big man and the small boy.

“What you bringed me?” asked the mite presently, wriggling at last into a comfortable position on his elder's knee.

“Is that the first thing you've got to ask me, boy, when you haven't seen me for a whole week?” the stranger asked, with a touch of bitterness in his tones.

“What you bringed me?” asked the mite again, as if it were not only the first but the only thing he had to ask.

“I suppose they wouldn't have let you come but for that though,” he said, smoothing the boy's pretty yellow hair with a hand that lingered fondly in the shining meshes.

“Missis Martin tole me to tell you as how it was askin' mos' too much fur to expect her to sen' Charlie in every week. She say as how she can't spare me to come wid him.”

The stranger glanced up at her while she was speaking, with a pair of eyes that were strangely calm and quiet in their expression of patient endurance.

“Tell her, then,” he said, like a man who was used to make-shifts, “I will send out for him if she cannot spare you.”

“Charlie's gran'ma ain't goin' to trus' him to Tom, Dick and Harry. Ef I can't come, he's mighty apt to stay at home. Ole Miss Martin thinks a heap o' that boy, 'deed she do, sir.”

Charlie was swinging his legs luxuriously now, while he munched the chocolate caramels the stranger had “bringed” him, and submitted to the caressing touch of the hand in his curls with the indifferent air of a young one who had more than this quiet-eyed, square-

jawed man to think "a heap o' him." Thus they sat in mute content for a long while.

"Charlie, do you love papa?" the man suddenly asks, folding him in a tight embrace, and looking hungrily down into the passionless baby face.

"Loves dam-ma!" Charlie answers, in a chocolate-choked voice.

"But don't you love papa some?"

"And loves dam-pa!"

"But how about papa?"

"And Aunt Jinny!"

"And not papa?"

"No. Mamma says Dod won't love Charlie if he loves his bad papa. Mamma's purty; you ain't purty."

"Tell them he's learning fast, and they're good teachers, Susanne. Take him home. Tell Mrs. Martin I thank her. With a sudden energy altogether out of keeping with his former dull apathy, the stranger put the child from him and strode out of the park.

Charlie scrambled to his feet and walked coolly over to where Mr. Dickison was still flinging pea-nuts to the squirrels, and leaned on the end of his bench with the confidence of a child who was always sure of his welcome.

"Whose child is that?" asked Mr. Dickison, glancing up from the pretty boy to the nurse, who had followed closely at his heels.

"His'n's," she answered, jerking her head in the direction of the retreating stranger.

"What is his name?"

"Burke. Lemuel Burke."

"Papa's bad," Charlie volunteered as his contribution to Mr. Dickison's stock of information, without taking his eyes from the squirrels.

"You shut up, Charlie! 'Tain't for you to be 'busin' of yo' own pa. There's enough folks agin him without you puttin' in."

"Mamma's dood," says Charlie, not easily "shut up."

"What's the row?" asks Mr. Dickison, with blunt curiosity and with the easy assurance of an old slave-owner used to demanding information.

"Ain't never been no row that ever I heerd on," says the nurse, with the ready loquacity of her class. "Miss Burke, she's young, an' han'some, an' frisky—ain't a bit o' harm in her, though—an' Mr. Burke, he's ole, an' slow, an' poky, an' they jes' couldn't pull together no longer, so she ups and sez as much, an' lef him, an' tole him she didn't have nothin' in particular agin him, but ef it were all the same to him, he'd better go his way an' she'd go hern."

"And it was all the same to him?" Mr. Dickison asks, indiscreetly, thrown off his balance by this insight into a curious phase of city morals.

"No, not jes' exac'ly at first. He sorter kicked agin the pricks; but his folks jined her folks into persuadin' of him to let her go in peace, an' he giv in at last. So Charlie, he lives wid the old folks—her kin—an' his ma goes there to see him, an' I fetches him in to see his pa every week. They've 'justed things very civil like betwix' 'em."

"Jerusalem the golden!" Mr. Dickison says, softly, more to himself than to the smart nursemaid. "I have heard of adjustable fixings before. Adjustable chairs, and car seats, and wagon bodies, and buggy backs, adjustable hoop-skirts and cuffs and collars, adjustable this, that and t'other; but hanged if ever I knew before that the matrimonial yoke was an adjustable piece of neckwear. Next thing in the market, I suppose, will be a double action duplex adjustable wedding-

ring." And the maid-servant answered inquiringly, "Sir?"

"Now come!" the wondering ruralist resumed, after a second thoughtful period of soft whistling, during which he flung pea-nuts to his squirrels with unwonted rapidity. "You don't mean to say that this chap's mother," lifting the boy to his knees, "left his father just because she got tired of him, like he was a faded ribbon or an old-fashioned scarf?"

"'Tain't for me to say what Miss Burke lef Mr. Burke for; all I know she done quit him. Come on, Charlie; yo' pa tole me I mus' take you straight home," says Susanne, in a sudden burst of virtuous reticence.

"D—n it, you're right, too. It's none of my business to let you be telling me, either," Mr. Dickison answers, putting the boy down and rising to his feet, wroth with himself that he should have permitted his easily-aroused sympathies to get the better of his discretion.

"Good-by, Charlie!" The old man extends the right hand of friendship to the mite in short skirts, as he stands with his chubby legs very far apart and his hat pushed far back on his yellow curls, in delighted contemplation of a fight between two squirrels for the last nut.

"I'se coming some more," says Charlie, emphatically. "I'se coming some more to see 'um."

"All right, old chap. You come and we will feed the squirrels together. You shall hold the bag and I'll whistle the little rogues up for you."

With which understanding Mr. Dickison and his new acquaintance parted for the day.

VIII.—MR. PINKHAM EXPLAINS.

"PINKHAM, who is Burke?"

Mr. Dickison asked this question suddenly of the son of his old friend Nathan, as they sat together on the stoop of No. 80 Melborne, smoking their cigars, with the easy familiarity of life-time associates.

Mr. Pinkham soon secured himself a footing in the Dickison household. Sundays, it was an understood thing he was to dine with them, and as often as he chose to call of evenings; on other days he was sure of a warm welcome from all the family and a sweet, shy look of gladness from Sophie's clear gray eyes.

"Burke!" Mr. Pinkham echoes. "Burke! what Burke? There may be a hundred or more Burkes in Memphis."

"This one is a big-shouldered, square-jawed fellow. Lemuel Burke, I believe."

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Pinkham laughs softly, as he knocks the ash from his cigar.

"Well, what of him?"

"'Pon honor, sir, I don't know much to his discredit. He's a poor devil, whose wife walked off one day and left him."

"But didn't he kick up a row?"

"Before or after do you mean?"

"After—of course, man!"

"What for?"

"What for? Man alive—what for? Why—if for nothing else—d—n it, to assert his manhood."

"I think he did assert it."

"How?"

"Why, by allowing a woman, who had told him in plain language that she had no farther use for him, to go in peace. This is a good big world of ours, and if folks can't live together in amity, why not separate, instead of clinging together just to make each other

miserable for life?" asks this exponent of new-fashioned morals.

"That all sounds rational enough, Pinkham, but it's a rotten sort of reasoning, rotten to the core, sir! Just start that notion a rolling, and the cardinal virtues of old-fashioned matrimonial contracts—bearing and forbearing—will grow musty for the want of use. But about this Burke business. Didn't anybody have anything against anybody, or pretend to have?"

"Oh, yes, lots! Some say he beat her, and others say she beat him!" Mr. Pinkham says lightly and impartially.

"Bosh! Go on!"

"Some say he was crazy, but she didn't know it until after they were married; others say, she takes a little wine, according to St. Paul's prescription, herself."

"Shouldn't wonder!" says the martyr, prepared to believe any evil of a woman who could forget her promise to love, honor and obey.

"Some say that she married him thinking that he was rich, and others say he let her go so quietly because he found out that she was not."

"Serves 'em both right then, if that 'some say' is correct."

"Some say his sister, who was very much opposed to the match, is at the bottom of it all; others say her mother kicked up Cain between them."

"I'd be bound they'd have to lug in a mother-in-law!" Mr. Dickison says.

"Some say he's a saint and she's a devil, and some say just *vice versa*."

"Of course—of course; half for and half against. We're all on some sort of a see-saw; you go up and I come down, at tolerable regular intervals."

"Mercy!" says Mrs. Dickison, Mr. Dickison's lapse into thoughtful meditation giving her an opportunity to express herself for the first time: "What awful things people do in cities!"

"Isn't human nature pretty much the same in the country as it is in the city, my dear madam?" Mr. Pinkham asks with that air of superior wisdom which he carried so successfully at No. 80 Melborne Street.

"I don't think it is," she stoutly maintained; "in the country there's so much to keep a woman busy and out of mischief. There's her poultry and her pigs and her gardens and her dairy and her sewing, if she's any account, and nobody to talk to nor to put mischief into her head, nor to coax her out gadding, when she'd much better be darning her husband's old socks, nor nobody to make her dissatisfied with the husband she's got, by comparing him with somebody else's husband—"

Mrs. Dickison's naive summary of the advantages of country life over city, for the culture of the domestic virtues, was here brought to a sudden termination by a roar of indignation from the martyr.

"I suppose we're to understand, then, that a woman is only satisfied with her own husband so long as he's the only man she sees, are we?"

"Mr. Dickison!" Mrs. Dickison's elderly cheeks flush with virtuous indignation as she turns her mild eyes reprovingly on him.

"Didn't she say so, Pinkham?"

"I certainly did not so understand her, sir."

"Well, Maria," the martyr continues with impressive solemnity, "after that I am prepared for anything the future may have in store for me. It should not surprise me at all to get up some morning and find nothing left of you but your big-ruffled night-cap and your red flannel wrapper, and a note telling me you had searched your heart and found my image warn't there, and ask-

ing me to let Lewis come to see you occasionally. But, Maria, when you do make up your mind to that rash step, let me ask one favor of you in advance—two, now I come to think of it. Take Lewis with you, by all means, and forget to send him back, and be certain before you start to put my bootjack where I can find it. My wife has a trick, Pinkham," he added in an explanatory aside, "of hiding my bootjack in the most unguessable places. It's a mania with her. I actually believe, when she goes to church and sits looking at the preacher so demurely, she's studying up where she can find a new place to hide that bootjack in."

"Mr. Dickison!" his wife says again with gently undulating sides, as she wipes the moisture of merriment from her gentle, blue eyes.

"Is she very beautiful, Mr. Pinkham?" asks Sophie.

"Who, your excellent mother here?"

"Ridiculous! I mean that Mrs. Burke—if that is her name."

"I have seen many more beautiful women," he answers, with a look of deep meaning into Sophie's soft eyes, which drop in sudden confusion to her folded hands.

"And is he very unhappy?" asks Annie, whose sympathies are always with the plaintiff in every case.

"Not to judge from his general conduct. He is a quiet business man. Pleasant in his manners, punctual in his habits, to be seen almost every day in the park and at all the places of entertainment, doesn't look especially tragical."

"Hanged if it don't beat anything I ever heard of!" Mr. Dickison says; "its coolness, its deliberation, its matter-of-courseness, is what makes it look so devilish bad in my eyes. Why, if a man's wife can quit him just because she's tired of him, when in thunder can a fellow feel sure of her? Now I expect my wife's been tired of me forty dozen times since we've been living here, and I doing nothing but playing loafer and getting in the way generally, but it never occurred to me that she had such a startling remedy at hand. Maria, when you do get tired of me don't go and tell people that I beat you nor that I let you beat me; and don't try to impose the insanity dodge on folks and I won't let out about the St. Paul prescription. And, wife, if you won't assert that I am a devil, I won't deny that you are a saint. But let what must come, come Maria, I hope I shall find the fortitude necessary to bear every ill of life—even your desertion—just so you don't forget about the bootjack, and take Lewis with you."

"I am sure," Sophie ventured to say, "Mr. Pinkham is right in saying that it was better to have done as she did than to have clung together for the mutual misery of a lifetime." Sophie rather prided herself on being an advanced thinker and given to liberal views of life in general.

"I am sure," her father answered, somewhat tartly, "I would not give much for the future happiness of any couple who regard the conjugal tie as a sort of slip-knot to be loosed or tightened according to friction and restiveness. When your mother and I concluded to put our necks into the same yoke we were aware of the fact that it was a substantial piece of business; that it meant give and take. And if she's given a little more of her mind, and I've taken a little more than we thought would probably be the case beforehand, it's nobody's blamed business but ours."

"I expect that is what the Burkes think of their domestic arrangements," says Mr. Pinkham, who, not being overburdened with rural innocence or troublesome scruples, begins to find this essay on the virtues of

wives and husbands a trifle tiresome. He had much rather have Sophie all to himself yonder in the dimly-lighted parlor, and on the pretext of wanting some music he manages to get her there.

"Pinkham's right," Mr. Dickison says to his wife, as the two young people disappear from view. "It is none of my business, but I'm just fool enough to be haunted by the sight of that man trying to coax his own baby to love him. Maria, this is a queer world and it takes lots o' folks to make it."

A piece of sententious wisdom which Maria did not contradict.

IX.—A PIECE OF PERFECTION.

MR. PINKHAM had asked Mrs. Dickison, with his usual display of reverential courtesy, for permission to bring his sister, Mrs. Hayden, to call on herself and the young ladies.

The sister, as he explained, had been recently left a widow. Her dear defunct had been president of a gas company in New York City. In consequence of her recent bereavement, his sister was not going into society at all at present, which would place it out of her power to show the young ladies such attentions as her inherited consideration for their father would prompt; she, too, having grown up from childhood familiar with and revering the name of Dickison. So, if they would only permit her to come to them in a quiet way, advancing no claim but that of being Nathan Pinkham's daughter, she should be so happy to know them.

The fact of being Nathan Pinkham's daughter was a good letter of recommendation, to which the highly respectable sound of "president" and "gas company" added such a suggestion of super-excellence that Mrs. Dickison's response was warm almost to the border of gush.

So it was decided that Mr. Pinkham should bring Mrs. Hayden to call on the following Thursday afternoon. The contretemps of Mrs. Benton's never-to-be-forgotten visit had "taught them all a lesson," as they declared. The front door should never be left unlocked again! Lewis should never be allowed to eat cold blackberry pie on the front portico again! No one should ever be permitted to try on new shoes in the back parlor! The fall and rise of bread should be confined to the precincts of the kitchen, and all "bangs" should punctually emerge from the grub to the butterfly condition at a stated morning hour!—were a few of the resolutions passed to secure the household from a possibility of like disgrace in the future.

"We must all remember," Sophie had said warningly, "that we are not in the country now, with all the world for our own."

To which Mrs. Dickison had mournfully responded:

"It was not likely she ever should forget she was not in the country, as it fell to her lot to buy all the wilted vegetables and stale eggs for the family's consumption," leaving it problematical whether or not the good old lady really meant to say she bought all the wilted vegetables and stale eggs that came to market.

So everything was in city trim when the accepted time came, and Sophie, peeping down through the bowed blinds of her bed-room window, saw Mr. Pinkham holding their front gate open for a tall blonde, whose elegant mourning only served to enhance her delicate beauty.

"She's just a piece of perfection, Annie, from those fluffy little yellow bangs peeping out from her widow's cap, down to the tip of that little patent-leather boot," she says, in a confidential burst of enthusiasm, with-

drawing from the window to give one last "touch up" to her own untrained frizzes before going down.

"They say patent-leather boots are becoming fashionable again for ladies," says Annie, who is turning round and round before the big glass-doored armoire, somewhat as a dog does when looking for the softest place on a rug.

"Mercy! I wonder if I ever shall learn to drape a polonaise stylishly? Sophie, don't you think there is a certain adorable something about town girls that we never shall catch?" she asks pathetically.

"Knack, I suppose! Knack is an extra sense that is accorded some women. The woman with knack can accomplish wonders on nothing; the woman without it is helpless with millions at her command. It is a gift—one that you certainly do not possess, Nan. You will pin your over-dresses back as if you were getting ready for a good hard day's scrubbing. Maybe you will take in something after a while by absorption."

Miss Dickison leans forward, in front of the glass to give one or two little dabs to the love-locks on her pretty forehead, while she delivers this final crumb of comfort to Nan, the knackless, before they both pass down stairs, with an aching sense of inferiority in their innocent hearts to meet the faultless Mrs. Hayden.

Mrs. Hayden's manners were so calmly self-possessed, so coolly polite, that she acted somewhat like an anesthetic on the two slightly-flurried country maidens that blushing accorded her the meed of superiority with their first glance. She had a most disconcerting trick of leveling her fine gray eyes upon one and forgetting to withdraw them, leaving one to imagine that she had soared involuntarily above the commonplace tittle-tattle addressed to her into realms of meditation where few dared hope to follow her, leaving one to await her return to mundane matters with what patience one could command. In the meantime one had the very best possible opportunity for discovering what fine eyes hers were.

"My brother tells me you are located here. I hope to see more of you. I wish we might be good friends," Mrs. Hayden leveled these remarks and her handsome eyes especially at Miss Sophia Dickison. She spoke in a voice of well-bred low pitch, and her words were "paid out," so to speak, with an accurate measurement, as if she were in the habit of retailing her observations at so much an inch. The curves of her well-shaped mouth were the only things that moved when she spoke. The rest of her features were as entirely at rest, as if she had been a doll provided with a hidden apparatus that gave her temporary powers of speech on the pulling of a string. Mr. Pinkham was probably aware of the intermittent nature of his sister's colloquial powers, for he exerted himself in an unusual degree to talk, and was ably seconded by Mrs. Dickison, who pronounced it "real clever" of him to bring such an elegant dame to see such simple country folk.

Sophie was a little surprised that a woman who had, of course, "seen everything," should be content to say so little, but attributed the reticence of their new friend to that elegant languor which comes of satiety.

Annie wondered, humbly, if the time ever would come when she should feel as perfectly at her ease in sumptuous raiment as the superb Mrs. Hayden looked.

What with Mrs. Hayden's amiable determination to be pleased and Mr. Pinkham's gallant resolve to show off handsome Sophie Dickison at her best, and the simple faith of all the Dickisons in the goldiness of this glitter, the visit promised to be highly satisfactory to all parties.

Sophie breathed freely when their visitors rose to depart. It had all been perfect. Not a single thing had

gone wrong. Mrs. Dickison, who was acknowledged to be rather unreliable as a grammarian, had not lapsed once. Annie, whose rustic trick of exclaiming ecstatically over every pleasing novelty was such a thorn in her sister's more elegant flesh, had held her interjections well in hand. Lewis had sacredly observed his promise to "make himself scarce" until supper time, in consideration of an unlimited supply of jam. Sophie really began to feel quite hopeful of an aristocratic efflorescence in the whole family. Her satisfaction reached a climax when Mrs. Hayden, retaining her almost tremulous hand in both of her own daintily-gloved ones, said in that low, measured voice which Sophie was sure must be the acme of good breeding, "Herbert has told me about you, Miss Dickison. It is his desire that we see a great deal of each other. I hope it will be yours, too. I am an old woman now—"

"Mer—" Annie began, deprecatingly, but swallowed her surprise and exclamation at one gulp.

"So I am going to ask you not to count visits with me, but come to me often at my hotel. My life now is a very retired and a very desolate one" (in token whereof Mrs. Hayden extracted a deep black-bordered handkerchief from her velvet reticule and shook its folds out gently, as if she were preparing to hoist a signal of distress), "and I am afraid you will find many things in my 'cell,' as Herbert calls it, that might shock your tidy country notions."

(Sophie thought she hated her visitor for coupling her name with tidiness and country habits—just the recommendations for a milkmaid).

"But you must come to me prepared to be charitable. I am a sad idler—a good-for-nothing esthetic, who has never been able to sacrifice her love for the beautiful to any demands of the useful. Perhaps I might improve if you dear, good country people would let me see plenty of your simple, honest habits." (Sophie was quite sure now that she hated Mrs. Hayden.) "Promise, now, if I shock you in my at-home, you won't be naughty and criticise me too severely."

The sweet humility of this plea, spoken in such a voice and emphasized with such a glance, was too much for the tender Dickison heart.

Sophie replied, with honest adulation, that she was sure things were "just lovely wherever Mrs. Hayden was."

"Oh, Herbert! take me away from this naughty flatterer," Mrs. Hayden says, with a reproving tap of her fan on Sophie's pink cheek, and Mr. Pinkham opens the front door for their egress.

"God bless my soul, Pinkham, I'm sure I am very much obliged to you! I was just wishing I had a third hand temporarily, or could ring the bell with my nose."

It was Mr. Dickison who greeted Mr. Pinkham thus cordially as he opened the front door, and then a death-like stillness fell upon the little group.

Mr. Dickison was revealed to his crushed family holding his new silk hat between both hands with tenderest care, to guard its contents—creamy white eggs—from the possibility of rude contact. Every pocket of his

stiff white duck suit, coat and trowsers, were bulging out to their utmost capacity with the same fragile cargo, while his jolly red face beamed upon the startled group from beneath the folds of his yellow silk handkerchief that he had bound about it when converting his beaver into an egg-basket. On the sight of a strange lady the martyr had involuntarily backed up against the tall wooden partition that divided the porticoes, where he stood the picture of comic despair.

The culprit was the first to recover himself, which he did with his most recklessly boisterous laugh:

"God bless my soul, mamma, when you and the girls insisted upon my adopting that stove-pipe for gentility's sake I hadn't an idea what a resource it might prove in the hour of need. Your sister, I suppose, Pinkham. Sorry can't offer you a hand, madam; regret more than ever that I haven't but two. Thought my wife would praise me for my heroism in bringing home a lot of fresh eggs I found way out on the road to Chelsea, I b'lieve they call it; says she hasn't seen a dozen good ones since she left the place; but yonder she stands glaring at me as if I was a death's head. They're real fresh ones, Mrs. D."

"I am sure you don't look at all like a death's-head, sir," Mrs. Hayden says in her even voice.

"Mr. Dickison!" his wife says in a sepulchral voice.

"God bless my soul!" and following the direction of his wife's anguished gaze, the martyr became aware of two little yellow pools settling about his feet, at which he stands in the most helpless consternation.

"Very unfortunate," he says, grinning rather feebly on the group around him.

"For your duck suit! I should say so," says Mr. Pinkham good naturedly, coming to the rescue.

"Oh, hang the suit! that'll wash. I meant for the eggs and for my reputation. This is terrible, Pinkham; by George it is, sir!"

"If the one were as indestructible as I am sure the other is, sir, there would be no broken eggs to deplore, nor duck suit to be consigned prematurely to the wash-tub," Mr. Pinkham says with ready tact.

"Hanged if I don't wish I had a hat now to take off in acknowledgement of that speech, boy! You get the gift of the gab straight from poor old Nath. He's made it all right for me, ladies, hasn't he?"

"As right as a hatless man with a yellow silk handkerchief on his head, and little sulphur-colored rivulets streaming from every pore of him can be made," says Mrs. Dickison, laughing helplessly; while Mrs. Hayden helped on the good work by saying:

"I am sure any lover of the beautiful who does not sacrifice his love of the beautiful to the useful, must acknowledge that a rubicund visage under a yellow silk handkerchief is a much more picturesque object than that same visage under a stiff black hat. You look quite esthetic, sir; really suggest a sunflower!"

"Thankee!" says the martyr dubiously. "All the same. Next time I'll take a basket along. But that hat did come in handy. They're real fresh, Mrs. D."

But Sophie looked as if she would never smile again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"MOONSHINERS" AND REVENUE LAWS.—NO. I.

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON," said Gallatin, "left his successor a sinecure in the office of Secretary of the Treasury." So perfect was the system of administration he devised that it continues even to this day, modified in some particulars to meet the exigencies of the present, but essentially unchanged. And no great question of finance has since arisen the principles of which were not ably discussed by that master mind, who has been called the American Turgot, but who surpassed the great Frenchman, both in genius and solidity.

Our present system of internal revenue was made necessary by the state of our finances during the War of the Rebellion, but it was not new. It was only a tool that had been laid away rusted and forgotten during many years of peace, to be reproduced when necessity called for it. New to the generation to which Chase and Boutwell announced it amid the roar of cannon in 1862, it was not new to history. Internal taxation is as old as government itself; but it is worthy of note that the essential elements of our present system were enunciated more than ninety years ago. Under the Confederation, a direct tax for the support of the central government was apportioned among the states, to be paid from their own revenues; but the levy proved futile from the lack of power to enforce it. Under the Constitution, the general government relied at first entirely for its support upon a tariff upon imports, but our commerce was then in its infancy, and the revenues proved insufficient. In 1790, Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, recommended to Congress the imposition of an excise tax upon domestic spirits, varying in amount according to its proof or alcoholic strength, and discriminating in favor of spirits distilled from domestic materials as against those distilled from molasses, sugar, and other foreign materials, and adjusting the tariff upon imported spirits accordingly.

"Duties of the kind proposed," says Secretary Hamilton, "are not novel in the United States, as has been intimated in another place. They have existed to a considerable extent under several of the state governments, particularly in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. In Connecticut, a state exemplary for its attachment to popular principles, not only all ardent spirits, but foreign articles of consumption generally have been the subject of an excise or inland duty."

In support of this, however, he remarks that there appear to him two leading principles, one or the other of which must necessarily characterize whatever plan may be adopted. One of them makes the *security* of the revenue to depend chiefly on the *vigilance* of the *public officers*; the other rests it essentially on the *integrity* of the *individuals* interested to avoid payment of it. The first is the basis of the plan submitted by the Secretary; the last has pervaded most, if not all, the systems which have hitherto been practiced upon in different parts of the United States. The oaths of the dealers have been almost the only security for their compliance with the laws. It cannot be too much lamented that these have been found an inadequate dependence. But experience has, on every trial, manifested them to be such. Taxes or duties relying for their collection on that security wholly, or almost wholly, are uniformly unproductive. And they cannot fail to be unequal as long as men continue to be discriminated by unequal portions of rectitude. The most conscientious will pay most; the least conscientious least. It is a truth that cannot be kept

too constantly in view, that all revenue laws which are so constructed as to involve a lax and defective execution, are instruments of oppression to the most meritorious part of those on whom they immediately operate, and of additional burdens on the community at large.

Following the recommendations of Secretary Hamilton, the First Congress, at its third session, passed an act, approved March 3, 1791, which is not only the basis of our present system, but contains most of its essential provisions.

It divided the country into districts, subject to alteration and to subdivision into convenient "surveys of inspection" by the President. It authorized him to appoint one supervisor and as many inspectors of survey as he should judge necessary in each district, and to locate offices of inspection in each survey. It imposed an excise tax upon all spirits distilled within the United States wholly or in part from molasses, sugar or other foreign materials, of eleven to thirty cents per gallon, according to the proof, to be determined by Dicas' hydrometer; and upon all such spirits distilled from any article of the growth or product of the United States, a tax of from nine to twenty-five cents, according to proof. Under our present system of gauging spirits, these taxes would be expressed as eleven and nine cents respectively per proof gallon. This tax was required to be paid before the removal of the spirits from the distillery, with an abatement of two cents per ten gallons, or secured by a nine-months' bond. Casks of spirits were to be branded and gauged before removal, under penalty of forfeiture, and the officer to record and certify the same; and to be removed at any other time than between sun-rising and sun-setting under the same penalty. A duty was imposed on stills of sixty cents per gallon of capacity, including the head, and the act provided that the evidence of the employment of stills should be their being erected upon masonry or brick-work in a condition to be used; that the duties on stills shall be collected semi-annually by the supervisor, and that in case of failure to pay, the duty shall be collected by an action for debt. Distillers were required to place signs over the doors of every building and apartment used for the distillation or storage of spirits, and that they shall furnish the inspector with a particular entry in writing describing the same, under a heavy penalty; that the supervisor shall inspect the distillery, and the inspector shall take an account of old stock, and give certificate of the same; that importers of distilled spirits shall make entry thereof; that distilled spirits not branded nor accompanied by certificate of inspection shall be forfeited; that officers of inspection may enter places where spirits are stored, and inspect and sample spirits, and may take away the samples, paying the market price therefor; that a penalty of one hundred dollars shall be imposed for defacing the marks or brands on any cask; that no marked vessels shall be used for other spirits; that spirits fraudulently concealed shall be forfeited, and suspected places may be searched by warrant of a judge or justice of the peace; that distillers shall keep books and make entries of the materials used and spirits distilled by them; that certain penalties shall not extend to owners of stills of the capacity of fifty gallons or less; and how the proof of spirits shall be ascertained (by Dicas' hydrometer) and marked.

Tench Coxe was appointed the first Commissioner of

the Revenue. He was an honest, able and efficient officer, and, after organizing the system under the active supervision of Secretary Hamilton, administered the affairs of the office until his resignation in 1798, when he was succeeded by William Miller, Jr., of Pennsylvania.

The system was not at first a success, either politically or financially. It took time to get the machinery in running order. With but few exceptions, the salaries of officers were very low, and often insufficient, even in those halcyon days of cheap living and low prices. During the first fiscal year the receipts from domestic spirits amounted to only \$208,943, instead of \$655,000 as had been estimated. Numerous objections were raised to almost every provision of the act. Distillers, particularly of geneva, or gin, complained that official supervision imperiled the secrets of the trade and manufacture. Others complained of the hardship of having to keep books, and of compliance with other precautionary regulations. Rum and gin distillers held that the discriminating duties did not sufficiently protect them from the competition of imported spirits on the one hand, while they were unjustly discriminated against in the interest of distillers of native grains and fruits on the other. They complained that the excise was unequal, unjust and oppressive; that the requirement of oaths to returns was demoralizing, and that the penalties were too severe.

Congress referred all these objections and petitions to Secretary Hamilton, who, on the 5th of March, 1792, made a lengthy and masterly report upon the whole subject. "These objections," said he, beginning with a happy summary of them, "have reference to a supposed tendency of the act, first, to contravene the principles of liberty; secondly, to injure morals; thirdly, to oppress by heavy and excessive penalties; fourthly, to injure industry and interfere with the business of distilling." Then, taking them up one by one, he exposed with great clearness the sophistry of many, the mistaken ideas and erroneous statements of others; and while showing how the act might be so amended and modified as to make it at the same time more acceptable and more efficient, he sustained the system with a very able argument. Objection having been particularly directed to the weight of penalties, and to the provision taxing the capacity of country stills, instead of the spirits actually distilled, as in cities and towns, he showed, in reply to the former, that "Penalties like these, for willful and fraudulent breaches of an important law, cannot truly be deemed either unusual or excessive;" and, to the latter, that the duty of sixty cents per gallon on the capacity of stills was founded on a computation that a still of any given dimensions, worked four months in the year, the usual period of country distillation, would yield a quantity of spirits which, at the rate of nine cents per gallon, would correspond with sixty cents per gallon of capacity of the still. This was in lieu of a tax on the quantity distilled, and amounted practically, he stated, to a gallon tax of seven and a half instead of nine cents. It is proper to add that this latter objection came chiefly from Western Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

After due consideration of these objections and the Secretary's report, Congress passed "an amendatory," which was approved by the President, May 8, 1792. Its most important provisions were the repeal of the former tax and the imposition of a new tax on spirits distilled from foreign materials of ten to twenty-five cents, and on spirits distilled from domestic materials of seven to eighteen cents per gallon, according to proof. The tax on the latter class of spirits was to apply to all dis-

tilleries of one or more stills having a capacity of four hundred gallons or upward, and located in any city, town or village. At any smaller distillery, or one located elsewhere, the tax imposed was fifty-four cents per gallon upon the capacity of the still, including the head, with the option of paying ten cents per gallon of capacity per month, or seven cents per gallon on the amount actually distilled. The owners of stills were to enter them and obtain license under penalty, and were to be liable for the taxes accruing. The stills were to be identified by progressive numbers, etc. An "office of inspection" was to be opened in each county. That the secrets of the trade might be protected, officers of inspection were to forbear inspecting distilleries of geneva or sweet cordials for two hours in each day. An abatement of two per cent was to be made for leakage, and seven per cent was to be allowed for expenses of collection of the tax, not to exceed seventy thousand dollars in the aggregate.

In nearly every part of the country complaints appear to have ceased and the law was generally enforced, resulting in an internal revenue for the fiscal year 1793 of \$337,706. But in certain sections discontent was unallayed, and opposition to the law was persistent and even violent. In the next year the internal revenue fell to \$274,089. On the 16th of May, 1794, Mr. Moore, from the committee to which were referred petitions from Washington County, Maryland, and Chester and Lancaster Counties, Pennsylvania, praying for revision and amendment of the act, made a report to the House, in which "the committee further state that there remains some opposition to the law in two western surveys of South Carolina, in the survey of Kentucky, and the western survey of Pennsylvania; that the supervisor of the district of Pennsylvania has made no returns (although thereto duly required and repeatedly urged). Your committee, therefore, have had no proof before them that the law, so far as it respects spirits distilled from domestic materials, has been executed in any part of the state." They also report that the supervisor of that district states that "no returns from the inspectors of surveys within his district have been furnished to him to a later period than the 30th of June, 1792. This failure, the supervisor alleges, arises from the total in-execution of the law in some of the surveys, and the partial execution of it in others."

The necessity for an increased revenue being a pressing one, Congress, by acts approved June 5 and 9, 1794, imposed a tax of from one to ten dollars upon carriages for the conveyance of persons, a license tax of five dollars for selling wines and foreign distilled spirituous liquors by retail; eight cents per pound upon snuff, two cents per pound upon refined sugar, and twenty-five to fifty cents per hundred dollars upon property sold at auction; these taxes to continue in force for two years; manufacturers of snuff and refined sugar to give bond, keep books and make reports, and auctioneers to give bond and have license. At the same time, districts and surveys of inspection were created in the territories northwest and south of the Ohio, and concurrent jurisdiction of offenses under the internal revenue acts was conferred on state courts.

Meanwhile discontent and opposition in the disaffected districts, fomented and encouraged by political demagogues, as in later days, increased and assumed the proportions of armed insurrection. The marshal of Western Pennsylvania, David Lenox, was fired upon, arrested and detained until he promised to serve no more processes west of the Alleghanies. Not satisfied with this, a deputation of the insurgents afterward

compelled him to surrender the processes he had served, and he was compelled to flee. On the 16th of July the house of General John Neville, the inspector of the revenue near Pittsburg, was attacked, but defended with such spirit that the assailants were forced to retire. He called in vain upon the magistrates and military for protection. The attack was soon afterward renewed by five hundred men. One of the insurgents was killed and several on both sides wounded. Neville was forced to take flight, and his house and buildings, with all they contained, were burned. The marshal and inspector made their way down the Ohio, and by a circuitous route to Philadelphia. Bradford caused the mails to be stopped and opened, and upon his demand the authors of letters giving an account of the proceedings of the insurgents were banished from Pittsburg. The house of another officer who had resigned his commission, and that of a citizen who had protected and sheltered the officers, were also burned to the ground, with all their contents. The insurgents organized themselves into armed bands, and the Mingo Creek Society openly proclaimed resistance, and called a convention of delegates to meet at Parkinson's Ferry on the 14th of August. "The government," wrote Washington, "could no longer remain a passive spectator of the contempt with which the laws were treated."

In response to a call from the executive, Secretary Hamilton made a lengthy and detailed report to the President, in which he says :

"The four most western counties of Pennsylvania, since the commencement of these laws, a period of more than three years, have been in steady and violent opposition to them. By formal public meetings of influential individuals, whose resolutions and proceedings had for undisguised objects to render the laws odious, to discountenance a compliance with them, and to intimidate individuals from accepting and executing offices under them ; by a general spirit of opposition (thus fomented) among the inhabitants ; by repeated instances of armed parties going in disguise to the houses of the officers of the revenue, and inflicting upon them personal violence and outrage ; by general combinations to forbear a compliance with the requisitions of the laws, by examples of injury to the property and insult to the persons of individuals who have shown by their conduct a disposition to comply, and by an almost universal non-compliance with the laws ; their execution within the counties in question has been completely frustrated."

Washington referred the papers to the Hon. James Wilson, an associate justice of the Supreme Court, who returned them with an opinion coinciding with that of the Secretary of the Treasury, and on the 7th of August the President issued a proclamation written by Hamilton and containing in its preamble a detailed, yet succinct, statement of the events which necessitated it. The essential differences of political opinion between Jefferson and Hamilton and their respective schools had before this been exhibited in the debates upon the latter's system of internal revenue, Mr. Madison and the followers of the Virginia statesman objecting to the principles of excise and preferring a direct *ad valorem* tax upon property. The same differences now found expression in Cabinet councils upon the suppression of what has become known in history as the "Whisky Rebellion." The proclamation was earnestly supported by the Secretaries of the Treasury and War and the Attorney-General, and opposed by Randolph, who had succeeded Jefferson as Secretary of State. It was also objected to by Governor Mifflin, with whom Washington held a lengthy conference on the subject, and the

Democratic societies of Philadelphia. But the President, after mature consideration, had determined to sustain the position so well taken by Hamilton, and, it appears, took particular care to see that his proclamation was countersigned by the Secretary of State, a point not then so thoroughly settled by the routine of precedent as now.

The convention called by the Mingo Creek Society, undaunted by the firm attitude of the government, assembled at Parkinson's Ferry on the 14th of August. Edward Cooke was elected chairman and Albert Gallatin secretary. Bradford, who was practically the leader, proposed that the six insurgent counties of Pennsylvania and Maryland establish a new state, outside and independent of the Union, and defiant resolutions were adopted. On the other hand, the President had made requisition upon the militia of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia, and appointed General Lee, Governor of Virginia, to the command. Washington and Hamilton left the capital at Philadelphia in September and proceeded first to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and then in October to Cumberland, Maryland, where the army was encamped. The former then returned to the seat of government about the same time that the commissioners returned from their fruitless embassy, and on the 21st of October the army advanced in two divisions, accompanied by Secretary Hamilton, District Judge Peters and District Attorney Rawle. The route across the Alleghenies was as rugged and almost as wild as in the days of Braddock. But the little army was largely composed of veterans of the Revolution, and the insurgents fled before it when they realized the determination of the government and that its last resort was of sterner stuff than proclamations and peace commissions. Brackenridge, one of the insurgent leaders, afterward wrote that "it was the display of so strong an army that rendered unnecessary anything but the display of it." Hamilton accompanied the army to Pittsburg, and then returned to Philadelphia, leaving Judge Peters secure upon the bench, and a strong corps of observation stationed in the country for the winter, under General Morgan. "The Whisky Rebellion" was thoroughly and effectually suppressed, and it is only needful to say that the power of the government was abundantly tempered with its mercy in its treatment of the insurgents. Bradford escaped to the Spanish dominions, and other less prominent leaders scattered to the sparsely settled regions of the far West.

On the 2d of February, 1795, the Secretary recommended Congress to abolish the option of paying by the gallon on spirits distilled in cases where duties are charged on the stills. He also recommended that the tax on snuff should not be a rate per pound but an annual tax upon the mill, mortars and pestles employed in the manufacture. He advised too, that every manufacturer of refined sugar should be required to affix a ticket to every loaf, cask, barrel or other package, specifying the weight and contents ; these tickets to be furnished by the supervisors and accounted for by them.

This is the first appearance in our fiscal history of anything of the nature of a stamp to be affixed to a taxable article (aside from stamped paper), which at this day we deem the chief security to the revenue and best safeguard against fraud and evasion. Congress did not see fit to adopt the plan, but it did repeal the tax upon snuff and laid a duty upon each snuff-mortar, on every pair of mill-stones, on every pestle and on every mill in which snuff is manufactured by stampers and grinders. The operation of this act was suspended June 1, 1796, until the end of the next session, but no farther legislation

appears to have been enacted until April 24, 1800, when the act was finally repealed. The tax on carriages was changed in some particulars by the act of May 28, 1796, and the act of March 3, 1797, carried into effect to some extent the above recommendation of the Secretary relative to stills. This was again altered and modified by the act of January 29, 1798. An act levying duties upon stamped vellum, parchment and paper was approved July 6, 1797, but was postponed for a time in the following December, and amended February 28, 1799. And finally, in 1802, a bill to repeal the internal taxes passed both houses without a division, and was approved by President Jefferson on the 6th of April.

The internal taxes collected under these various acts were as follows:

1792	\$208,943	1798	\$644,358
1793	337,706	1799	779,136
1794	274,089	1800	809,397
1795	337,755	1801	1,048,033
1796	475,290	1802	621,899
1797	575,491	1803-18	352,630

An analysis of the internal revenue for a single year gives an interesting insight into the sources from which it was derived and the geographical distribution of wealth, trade and the various taxable interests. In 1802, Commissioner Coxe made a detailed report to Congress before the final returns were all received, from which it appeared that the revenue for year ending December 31, 1801, was as follows:

From Domestic Distilled Spirits,	\$178,659
" Stills (capacity tax),	257,070
" Refined Sugar,	76,540
" Licenses to Retailers,	69,174
" Sales at Auction,	66,123
" Carriages for Conveyance of Persons,	73,926
" Stamped Vellum, Parchment and Paper,	268,042

Of the gallon tax on spirits distilled at large distilleries in towns, etc., New England rum paid by far the greater amount, Massachusetts contributing \$140,234, Rhode Island \$20,222 and New York \$8038; while of the tax on country stills, distilling grain or fruit, Pennsylvania heads the list with \$89,771, followed by Virginia with \$67,261, Ohio with \$22,733 and Maryland with \$21,492. New York and Pennsylvania each paid more than \$28,000 on refined sugar, and Maryland \$10,955 on the same article. Retailers' licenses amounted to \$15,115 in New York, \$14,880 in Massachusetts, \$8075 in Pennsylvania, and \$6505 in Connecticut and Virginia. New York and Massachusetts each paid more than \$17,000 on auction sales, and Pennsylvania \$12,327. Massachusetts paid \$15,252 on carriages, Virginia \$13,533, Pennsylvania \$8377, and Maryland \$8299. Pennsylvania paid \$61,177 of the stamp tax, New York \$60,994, Massachusetts \$37,528 (half year), Maryland \$30,950, and Virginia \$23,102. Although her returns were incomplete, Massachusetts stood at the head of the schedule of total internal taxes by States, paying \$232,566. Pennsylvania, in all, paid \$209,545, New York \$143,758, Virginia \$115,444, Maryland \$83,563, South Carolina \$45,612, North Carolina, \$32,476, and Rhode Island \$32,157. When the tax on snuff and snuff-mills was in force, it was almost wholly paid by Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York. The highest official salaries were those paid the supervisors of Massachusetts (Nathaniel Gorham) and Virginia, who received \$2500 each.

The active work of repeal was begun by Mr. Bayard's motion, December 30, 1801, to instruct the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of repealing the internal taxes and the postages on letters. On the 8th of March, Mr. Randolph, from that commit-

tee, reported a bill to repeal the internal duties, which was adopted without serious opposition.

When again it became necessary to provide for the extraordinary expenses of the second war with Great Britain, the internal revenue or excise tax upon spirits was revived by an act which passed the House of Representatives by a vote of eighty-five to forty-nine, and was approved by President Monroe July 22, 1813. It imposed a tax on each gallon of the capacity of stills for the distillation of spirits, including the head or cap, and boilers in steam distilleries were to be taxed double the amount required of stills heated by fire alone. In the debate on the bill, Mr. Ingersoll proposed to tax successions to real estate, incomes, law suits, offices and pensions; and Mr. Fisk, of New York, moved to strike out the tax on the capacity of stills, and substitute a tax of nine or twelve cents per gallon on the spirits distilled. Mr. Duvall, of Kentucky, opposed the latter in an earnest speech as excessive and oppressive, and bearing with peculiar hardship on the West, and both motions were negatived. Mr. Fisk, however, returned to the charge the next year, and moved to tax spirits twenty-five cents per gallon in addition to the tax on the capacity of the still, and it was lost by only seven votes. Bayly, of Virginia, opposed it, as well as the system then in force, as unequal and inconvenient. The Secretary of the Treasury had reported that the tax was then equivalent to five cents per gallon on the spirits produced. Mr. Bayly thought that with some distilleries that might be the case; and that it would not amount to more than half that in the case of distilleries on a large scale and in great perfection. In small distilleries, however, such as were used by farmers—and he referred particularly to his own state—it would amount to not less than ten and often fifteen cents. Mr. Eppes, of Virginia, moved a tax of fifteen cents per gallon on the spirits distilled, which was adopted by a vote of sixty-eight to sixty-two; but, on the 29th of October, it was laid on the table on the motion of Gaston, of North Carolina.

By the act of December 21, 1814, an excise of twenty cents per gallon was imposed on all spirits distilled in addition to the license tax on capacity, and provision was made for weekly licenses. The distiller was permitted to pay an excise of twenty-five cents per gallon upon his actual product in lieu of all other taxes, and distillers of domestic materials and all persons from whose materials such spirits should be distilled, were authorized to sell in any quantity not less than one gallon without license. The result of this act was naturally unsatisfactory, both to the government and the honest distiller. Congress sought to strengthen it by more stringent provisions in the following January, relative to the bonds, books and returns of distillers, but with no avail.

Complaint having been made, particularly in the South and West, of the inequality of the tax on stills, Commissioner Smith, in 1816, referred the subject for careful examination to Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, of New York, and Alexander Anderson, of Philadelphia. The former was then one of our first scientists, the latter a distiller of large experience and the first in this country to adopt the use of steam. Their reports are interesting reading, and discuss in a clear and practical manner how a tax upon spirits may be best and most equitably levied and collected. The object to be attained was of course to tax the actual product as equally as possible, but such a direct tax was quickly set aside as impracticable, being easily evaded and having little or no protection but the oath of the distiller. There remained,

then, no feasible plan but to tax the capacity of a distillery to produce spirits, which might be done in three ways: first, by ascertaining the quantity of spirits producible from a given quantity of grain or fruit, and taxing the material used; second, by ascertaining the quantity of fuel required to distill a given quantity of spirits, and taxing the fuel used; and third, by ascertaining the capacity or boiling power of the stills in a given time and the quantity of spirits producible therefrom, and laying the tax upon that capacity. The last method was decided beyond question to be the most practical and equal in its operation, though a difference in skill and energy on the part of the distiller must always produce unequal results. Congress accordingly repealed the gallon tax by act of April 19, 1816, and, to reduce the temptation to fraud, cut down the old license or capacity taxes about one-half.

A direct tax upon lands, dwelling-houses and slaves, which had been levied under the Confederation and again in 1800, formed a part of the scheme of internal taxation; and, by the act of July 22, 1813, Congress divided the country into one hundred and ninety-one districts for that purpose, with an assessor and collector, their assistants and deputies, in each. The office of commissioner of the revenue was established, and among his duties were those which had been performed to light-houses by former commissioners of the revenue, but the nature of which is now unknown. A direct tax of three millions was distributed among the states by act of August 2—Pennsylvania's quota being \$365,479.16, of which the city of Philadelphia was to pay \$79,500. This was followed by another direct tax of six millions in 1815.

The excise on spirits was accompanied by internal duties of four cents per pound on refined sugar, two to twenty dollars on carriages for the conveyance of persons, one per cent on auction sales of merchandise, and one-quarter of one per cent on auction sales of ships or vessels, imposed by three other acts approved the same day, and by license taxes of from ten to twenty-five dollars on dealers in spirits and foreign merchandise and wines, by act of August 2. The necessity for additional revenue is shown by the doubling of the tax on auction sales and the increase of licenses and postage

fifty per cent in December, 1814. All these acts were to remain in force for one year after the conclusion of the war with Great Britain.

On the 18th of January, 1815, two more acts were approved, imposing internal duties on manufactures, the list of which shows the small variety then existing: Pig, bar, rolled and split iron, one dollar per ton; iron castings, one dollar and a half per ton; nails, brads and sprigs, one cent per pound; white wax candles, five cents per pound; other mould candles, three cents per pound; playing and visiting cards, fifty per cent; hats, caps and bonnets worth over two dollars, eight per cent; boots and bootees worth over five dollars, five per cent; saddles and bridles, six per cent; leather, five per cent; tobacco, cigars and snuff, twenty per cent; beer, ale and porter, six per cent; paper, three per cent ad valorem; and on household furniture and watches, which latter were repealed April 9, 1816.

In February, 1817, a motion was made by Mr. Williams, of North Carolina, and supported by Mr. Johnson, of Virginia, to repeal the internal duties, but it was laid on the table. At the next session Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, reported from the Committee on Ways and Means a bill for that purpose, which promptly passed both houses without recorded opposition, and was approved by President Monroe, December 23, 1817.

The collections of internal duties during this period (exclusive of "direct taxes") were, in 1814, \$1,662,985; in 1815, \$4,678,059; in 1816, \$5,124,708; in 1817, \$2,678,101; and from 1818 to 1848, consisting of arrears, \$1,669,432, making a total of \$15,813,285. The cost of collection was stated by Mr. Lowndes, in 1817, to be five and seven-tenths per cent. The chief source of revenue was, of course, distilled spirits, which yielded \$3,048,908 in 1815, \$2,002,764 in 1816, and \$858,971 in 1817. For forty-five years thereafter no exciseman darkened the still-house door, and the "moonshiners" paid no tribute. They might have sung with Burns:

"We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie thanks to the muckle black deil
That daunc'd awa' wi' the exciseman."

FRANK J. BRAMHALL.

"AT DAWN O' DAY."

BY KATE MCPHELM.

A LONG, dun stretch of land; a darkening, ominous autumn sky; a chill misty wind blowing up from the mighty Atlantic.

And two persons, a man and a woman, walking slowly along the beach—he a great, awkward, muscular fellow, clad in the rough homespun garb of the Canadian peasantry; she a slender, fragile little creature, more child than woman. A scarlet woolen shawl, part of which formed a hood for her bent head, enveloped her. One bare hand drew the folds together beneath her chin; the other was slipped through her companion's arm and rested in his firm hold.

"Don't you mind any stories you may hear about me, Marjorie," he was saying with a suspicious airiness of manner; "don't! I'm not much of a church-going chap, to be sure, and I like to have a bit of fun, now and then, with the boys up at the Point; but I pay my dues regularly at Christmas and Easter, and—don't you

mind them, Marjorie! I suppose," with a quick, side-long glance, "Pierre Lechesne has been spreading false rumors about me."

Something he saw in the grave face beside him impelled him to continue:

"We used to be good friends—he and I—when we were both boys together. But now—now there is nothing he would not do to injure me—nothing! You know why, dear."

Her silence answered him.

"They are growing wealthy rapidly, the Lechesnes. It is said that Pierre is to build a new house in spring. Already his sisters wear dresses of silk, and go to gay Ottawa in the winter time. I'm afraid," with a savage laugh, "you've made a bad bargain, Marjorie. You, too, could have worn grand gowns. You, too, might have been as fine a lady as any of them, had you so chosen."

"Don't!" she protested softly.

"It's a mean place, anyhow, this God-forgotten corner of creation!" he went on, his strong, black brows knitting in a frown. "I wish I could take you away from here—I *will* soon. There are no happy memories to bid you stay."

"No," she answered. And then, as though his last words had struck a chord hitherto silent, "You knew my mother *well*, León?"

"Yes. I was but a clumsy lad when she and your father came here, and you—ah, what a pretty wee one you were! With the money which they had brought with them from England they bought a farm. I have heard the neighbors talk much about them. They were young, full of hope, and they would be rich, by-and-by, they said. They made a staunch fight, but the winter, the work, the unaccustomed hardships conquered. He died of fever, and she—"

He broke off abruptly.

"Go on!" she said quietly.

"I don't know, of course, Marjorie, but—they—say—"

"Oh, go on!" she cried, with sudden bitterness. "I know! Speak it out! though those around should be ashamed to breathe the word—she, of *starvation*!"

"Mignonne! they didn't think she was so poor. She had concealed the fact. She was always very proud. Every one spoke well of her, regretted her—"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I think," she said sadly, "that even at the cost of being less tender to the dead, we should be more gentle to the living."

He smiled down at her curiously.

"That's one of your queer notions, Marjorie. But you mustn't be too hard on the folks, dear. They had Père Michaud sing mass for her soul, and they put a tall white cross above her grave. They were very kind afterward—"

She lifted to his, blue eyes bright with scorn.

"Yes," she repeated, "*afterward*!"

The wind had increased in volume. As they turned, it blew against them so fiercely that Leon Pelltier flung his arm about his companion to sustain her.

On the horizon a mighty host of black scudding clouds were pitching their tents for battle. The greenish waters of the Gulf were capped with foam.

"It's coming up!" he said; "we're going to have a big storm."

She clutched his sleeve in sudden, nervous fashion.

"Oh, no! A storm!—I am afraid, Leon!"

He laughed indulgently.

"That's you, Marjorie! You're too delicate a flower to blossom up here, petite. You're not like the rest of them. You've got a lower voice and softer ways, and, as I said before, queerish notions. And now you're afraid of a storm!"

He laughed again—a good, mellow, resonant laugh.

"Not for myself, Leon," she whispered tremulously; "I do not fear for myself. I—I was thinking of that other storm, about a month ago, when the *White Swan* went down, and they said—"

"Stop!" he cried, his voice breaking hoarsely in on the panting words, "what do you know about such—such things? The vessel was out of repair, quite unable to stand a high sea! There! I didn't mean to be harsh just now. Come up the cliffs. Steady—so! the rocks are slippery. Now, my darling, give me your sweetest kiss. I'm off for awhile."

"Where?"

"Oh, just up to the point for an hour or two. If the

storm catches me, I may stay over till morning. Good-night."

With a swift, terrified motion she flung her arms around his neck, and pressing her pale face against his breast broke down in convulsive sobbing.

"Don't go, Leon—don't go to-night, dear. Something may happen—the tide along the beach—the storm—something. Don't go!"

"Why, Marjorie! why, little one! how nervous you are!" he cried cheerily. "What can harm *me*? I'm used to rough weather. I've been knocking 'round in storms ever since I was able to stand alone; and I know every step along the shore as well as the path through your garden."

He was stroking her soft hair with one broad, loving hand.

"As I was saying, Marjorie, this place doesn't suit you, and as soon as the first May flowers blossom in the forest I am going to take you up to Monsieur Le Curé's house, and I shall say to him: 'Mon père, this is she whom I desire to make my dear wife.' And when he has married us we shall go away together over the wide Atlantic. We shall turn our backs forever on this northern country, where the winters are so long, the skies so bleak, the blasts so cold. In your mother's land, where the air is sunny and young hearts are young, we shall make our happy home."

She lifted up a face transfigured.

"Is it true?" she whispered. "Oh, Leon, is it true?"

"Don't you *know* it is, Marjorie?"

"I only know I love you!" she cried, with a queer, wild rapture. "My creed is, I love you! My future—I love you!"

He bent and kissed her. A moment more and he was scrambling down the steep cliffs, sure-footed as a chamois.

He looked up. She was still in the same spot where he had left her, her scarlet shawl a vivid dash of color against the sombre sky.

"*Au revoir*!" he shouted. "I'll be back, sweetheart, at dawn o' day."

She turned and walked slowly homeward. She paused before a long, low building surmounted by a rude cross—the village church. It stood some distance in from the road, and was partly surrounded by a graveyard, which latter its tombstones rendered pallidly conspicuous.

She pushed open the wooden gate and went up the path, and entered the church, that strange, smiling radiance still lingering in her eyes. It was a feast day, and within benediction had but lately been pronounced, for the air was heavy with the clouds and sweet with the perfume of incense.

The moments slipped by. The dim fragrance of the incense grew fainter. Dusk draped the unesthetic roses, the bare branches—all the rigid and pathetic poverty of the little place with gentle fingers. Brighter through the shadows gleamed the star of gold.

It was quite dark when Marjorie Grant emerged. She stood a brief space, as though in indecision. To her right lay a field, across which the villagers had worn a path. Yes, it would be shorter than the road.

Walking swiftly on, her head bent in opposition to the wind, she became conscious of a figure striding before her. At a narrow gate leading out of the inclosure they both paused in order that two men approaching from an opposite direction might pass through.

They were talking, and Marjorie instantly recognized their voices as those of young farmers of the town, neither of whom had any reputation to spare—such in-

dividuals as are generally suspected, even when not definitely accused.

"Yes," announced one, evidently under the influence of liquor, "he'll not fail us. He'll be at the Cape to-night—Leon Pelltier."

"Shut up, you fool!" commanded the other, with an oath.

Then they had passed through. The girl caught her breath gaspingly. Leon—to-night—at the Cape!

The man before her turned, and so, for the first time, caught sight of her.

"What!" he cried, "is it you, Marjorie?"

She fell back a step. Instinctively her hand sought her heart. Had he also heard?

"Yes," she answered, "it is I."

"So Pelltier is going up to the Cape to-night? Rather rash on his part," with grim insinuation.

"Let me pass, Monsieur Lechesne."

"I'll be up a bit of the road with you," carelessly.

"I'm going your way."

She walked rapidly on, he keeping step beside her.

"It isn't so long since the *White Swan* went down. I should think Leon would be more prudent. It is very soon for him to be at his old tricks again."

"Be careful," she said, quietly. "You may go too far, Pierre Lechesne."

She could barely discern the dark outline of his figure. The wind was tearing her shawl from her shoulders and whirling it about in fantastic frolic.

He laughed. But just as they reached the farmhouse gate he caught her by the arm and forced her to face him.

"Look here, Marjorie," he said brusquely, "where is the use of trying to deceive me? You're afraid that vagabond lover of yours is in a scrape; you know you are! You're trembling like a leaf this moment. Give him his *congé*. I'm a rich man, and, what's more, an honest man, and I'll marry you to-morrow if you'll only say the word. Why don't you throw him over?"

"Because I love him."

His tense grasp on her arm relaxed. He did not speak for a little while. When he did it was in a tone strangely subdued and humble.

"And I love you well enough to help you to the throne of your happiness even at the cost of my own. Listen, Marjorie! You know what you fear. I will avert it. I shall saddle Napoleon and ride up to the Cape. I shall find him and warn him, and tell him you need him. If you will only trust me I will do all this without faintest hope of reward. Will you?"

Her panting breathing alone broke the silence.

"Will you?" he repeated.

He might save him yet if—if there was need of salvation! Was it not possible that he was more generous than they had ever given him credit for being? And no other chance remained.

"I—trust you."

"Good! There is no time to be lost. If I tell him you require his presence he may not believe me. Prejudice has hardened him against the friend of his youth. Give me the ring you usually wear to show him as proof that I came from you."

"Oh, no! he gave it to me. I cannot part with it—no!"

"Quick! it grows late—perhaps too late!"

She tore the trinket from her finger—a tiny circlet, devoid of intrinsic value, but to her priceless.

He took it and strode away into the night.

She turned and went wearily up the path. A rosy-cheeked old dame looked up from her task of preparing

the evening meal as she came into the tin-sparkling kitchen.

"Mère de Dieu!" she shrilled, "but we shall have a storm! And if the wreckers are out to-night—"

Horror left the sentence unfinished.

Within a quarter of an hour from the time he had parted with Marjorie Grant, Pierre Lechesne entered the village post-office and hastily scribbled a line to the authorities of a neighboring town. A moment more and it flashed over the wires:

"Wreckers and smugglers at the Cape!"

All Canadians know the Cape—a bare, narrow strip of land, crowned with a light-house, which juts out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The battle began. The cannon of the thunder crashed and roared; the spray rained against the rocks like shot; the gleaming blades of the lightning outleaped and gashed the black night with wounds of flame. A few men, clustered together in a cranny of the cliffs, muttered to one another as the fierce fray went on.

"There is no danger—now," urged a voice.

"Curse you, keep cool!"

"I say, Pelltier, what would Ma'mselle Marjorie think if she saw you—"

"*Sacré!* hold your peace. I am a desperate man. This is my first cruise—and my last. It must be—it is the only avenue to prosperity. But don't mention her, Jacques Le Blanc—don't dare to!"

"Hark!" cried the first speaker, as a faint, peculiar whistle pierced the air. "That's Jean's signal. All's well! Come!"

They crept from their covert and up the shore like river rats. Some stationed themselves at the entrance, some scaled the stair. A cry uprose.

"They come—the constables! Voilà! let us fly! Ah, Sainte Marie! too late!"

A terrible struggle there in the night and the storm. Shrieks, blows, oaths, mad resistance. Finally, the "click-click" of handcuffs.

A man holding a lantern flashed its light full on the face of the foremost prisoner. He started back in feigned dismay.

"You! Leon Pelltier!"

The other looked at him despairingly, their enmity for the time forgotten.

"Marjorie!" he murmured.

Lechesne lifted his disengaged left hand, so that the glimmer from the lantern clearly revealed the ring which adorned his little finger.

"Oh, I'll take care of Marjorie!" he laughed significantly.

Pelltier's cheeks crimsoned. A curse crashed between his clenched teeth. He strove frantically to free his hands from their iron fetters. Again Lechesne laughed, but he also moved away.

With the first chill light of morning Marjorie Grant was down on the cliffs. She descried in the distance the figure of a man running fleetly up the winding, sandy path.

"Oh, God be thanked! Leon!"

But it was not Leon.

"Pierre—Pierre Lechesne!" she cried as he came nearer. "What news? You found him? he is coming home? he was not there at all? it was all a mistake?" in timorous joy; "a cruel mistake, and—"

"There was no mistake—none! The wreckers of the *White Swan* made another attempt last night to extinguish the light. This time they were unsuccessful. They were watched and captured—every man of them. They had been doing some smuggling, too, I believe.

They are mostly young fellows from Cocague, Point du Chêne and Shédiac. The constables have marched the whole crowd to Westmoreland Jail."

"But he was not among them? Ah, say he was not among them—Leon!"

She was leaning eagerly forward, her quivering lips apart. He hesitated, then he spoke with pained reluctance:

"He was the first man arrested."

"You did not warn him—save him! And you promised—I trusted you—"

"I did my best, but—I was too late!"

"Too late?"

She stood and stared at him a moment, the salt spray beating in her face like hail. Then she put both hands to her head in dull, bewildered fashion, and, turning, walked away. But the next day she was down on the cliffs at dawn, and the next and the next, and for many weary days and weeks and months after that.

Accounts few, vague, unsatisfactory, of a trial and conviction at Fredricton drifted to the desolate French hamlet.

"We always knew he was a scamp," nodded the old gossips, speaking of Leon Pelletier. "None of our daughters were ever good enough for his lordship. He must choose for his fiancée that little, yellow-haired English girl. *Bien! Chacun à son goût!*" And they would shrug their shoulders disdainfully.

"Marjorie is a fool!" declared others younger. "Losing her good looks and chance of a husband for the sake of a man who may not see daylight with free eyes for half a dozen years yet."

"Ah, if the foreign *mam'selle* had not such strange notions in her pretty head!" sighed more than one admiring swain.

May came, and the May flowers were in bloom. Marjorie went into the woods and gathered a cluster. When she went down to the beach the next morning she wore the sweet, pink things in her bosom.

That day the curé sent for her. She went up to the presbytery in obedience to the summons. He spoke to her seriously, but gently, too. "My child," he said, "he to whom you had given your heart has proved most unworthy of your love. He is parted from you by his own sin. It is but just. The grief which now controls your every action is unchristianlike. We must not rebel against the crosses which the good God may see fit to lay upon our shoulders."

"Oh, mon père," she burst out passionately, "you do not understand! You are good and wise, and I thank you. But I—I am young, and—alone. What is there—who is there I care for here? The people and I have nothing in common—nothing. I come of a different race, from a different land. There was only one heart which understood me, helped me, cherished me, and I have lost it! My life is empty. Don't talk to me of submission!"

"Your life need not be empty," he answered her. "Fill it with the noblest duties of a woman, those which cluster around the hearth of home. An honorable gentleman seeks you for his wife. What say you?"

"Whom?"

"Monsieur Lechesne."

She stepped back with a soft indrawing of her breath.

"Non, mon père!"

She had taken her May flowers from her bosom, and was arranging and rearranging them with slim, deft fingers. She would hold them away from her the better to observe the effect, and then bend her face above them to inhale their fragrance.

"Your reasons, my daughter?" Père Michaud questioned rather sternly.

"Because Leon is coming back," she replied, still busy with her task.

"When?" he cried aghast.

"Didn't you know?" she asked, smiling up at him from her flowers with softly-brilliant eyes. "He is coming back at dawn o' day."

And she went away with the blossoms in her hand.

May passed. And many Mays passed. It would be a loving eye, indeed, which could now discern beauty in Marjorie Grant's face. It had grown thin and colorless and haggard. It looked aged and ungirlish. There were pathetic wrinkles where had been velvet dimples. In the village they had come to regard her with a sort of complacent pity. When the flashy, over-dressed bride whom Pierre Lechesne had brought home from Ottawa noticed her, and inquired concerning her, her husband smiled and tapped his forehead significantly with his finger.

She had abandoned, too, all fanciful feminine attempt at adornment. She wore her rich brown hair brushed plainly away from her white cheeks, unbound by any ornament or bit of bright ribbon. Only they noticed, when the May flowers were in bloom, she it was who discovered the first and sought the last. Through the glass of time the sands of nine years ebbed dully. The winter came on intensely severe. Despite all protest and entreaty, Marjorie Grant persisted in making her way down to the cliffs in the biting cold of the early morning.

"I must go!" she would say to them. "You know he is coming at dawn o' day!"

But a time came when they found her lying upon the rocks, stark and unconscious. They bore her home, and through the long winter she lay ill unto death.

The May flowers were flushing all the mossy hollows when she rose up feeble as a child. As soon as she could walk she dragged herself out to the forest and gathered a great bunch of the delicate sprays.

"At dawn o' day!" she whispered.

All night she listened as the clock in the farm-house kitchen called the hours. It was still quite dark when she crept down the path—to the cliffs—to the beach, the May flowers in her hand. A faint grayness came into the air—the cool, fresh twilight of a summer dawn.

Hark! footsteps!

Some one was coming along the shore—a man; a big, hulking fellow with a closely-cropped head, and a skin which had been bleached to pallor by the atmosphere of a prison.

He stopped short. What was that lying there? A woman? He bent above the prone figure, with the bloodless face upturned to the brightening sky.

"God! Marjorie!"

He staggered back. She lifted herself on one shaking hand and looked up at him.

"Leon! it is—dawn!"

What bitter truth did he read in those loving, burning eyes! He crushed her to his heart with a terrible, passionate cry.

"No! it is night—black night!"

Out of a sea of pearl the sun upfloated a disk of gold. Its rare light laughed across the river on the wee waves stumbling up the sand—on the white sails of a fisherman's boat—on a little child at play.

Aye, and on something else!

It lay upon the shining beach, some rosy blooms upon its bosom.

The day had dawned!

THE HOUSEHOLD—A QUESTION OF TEMPERATURE.

I HEARD, not long ago, a distinguished physician remark at a commencement lecture: "Accustom yourselves—by degrees if you must—to a temperature of 68° Fahr., and, depend upon it, you will live the longer and enjoy life the more."

It would have been amusing, had it not been proof of the evil decried by the speaker, to see the smile of incredulity, the shrug of protest, the shiver of dismay with which the cultivated audience met the earnest appeal for lower temperature in our winter homes. It is time that others than physicians and teachers of physiology gave attention to this matter, it being undoubtedly the scapegoat upon which many evils, now borne by less guilty causes, should be laid. Nothing but actual personal experience can ever convince the native-born and nurtured American that his or her way is not the best of all; but when they are driven to the wall, and of necessity must turn, let us by all means have the other and possibly better ways well lighted for their guidance, that their blood be not indeed upon our heads. As, after being accustomed to and requiring a temperature of 72° or 74°, I am now equally comfortable in that of 68°, with increased general health, the tale of my conversion may be suggestive.

If my friends recognize their portraits, one of them at least will smile at the vigor with which I promulgate her teachings, after what she is pleased to term my painful resignation to principle. I went, several winters ago, to a Northern city to visit two schoolmates of my younger days, sisters, both married, and in their own homes. At a previous visit, I had found one so overburdened with the care of a rather delicate child, that I chose to leave her house for the later visit, determining the length of my stay by the observations I might make while staying with her sister. Here I found as perfect a home as I had ever dreamed of. The household arrangements were all that the most fastidious and painstaking housekeeper could require. My friend gave her personal untiring supervision to each detail with a carefulness and efficiency beyond all praise. Nothing that added to the comfort or pleasure of the family was held to be a trifle. Her supervision extended over the entire house; her own eye noted the temperature of each room—her own orders regulated it; each child was carefully dressed before her for the day, and visited each night in its bed. With unvarying regularity they were warmly wrapped and sent out of doors on every pleasant day, or to a large open porch in cloudy and inclement weather. Four more sturdy-looking babies than these had been it was never my good fortune to see; but, with all the thoughtful care of the mother, each year found the little ones frailer, paler, more delicate than the last.

"It is the long winter," said the mother; "they lose then all they gain during the summer."

I proposed at length spending a day at her sister's with the children, and was met with a cry of remonstrance.

"I would not let the children go there a day in this weather for the world. They would get their deaths of cold! You cannot bear the temperature of her rooms a day."

"But," I said, "her children were delicate compared with yours."

"Oh, well," she replied, "they thrive on neglect. I do not consider them half clothed, but they are always well."

It was a sharp winter day that found me at the door, where, in defiance of wind and cold, several rugged little urchins were impatiently pulling at the bell. The door opened to let me in and to let out a wee baby-boy, who shouted merrily at the flying snow and scrambled down the steps with the others. The parlor doors stood open, and within a bright open fire burned; but I confess to a feeling of chilliness, and a longing for the comfortable

heat of the house I had left. A high-backed chair, with a pretty woollen shawl across the arms, was wheeled before the fire for my use, and several embroidered scarfs lay about the room.

"Put on the shawl—you will need it here," said the rosy-cheeked woman, who had lost the years her sister had found since I last saw them, and a quick turn brought a screen up to my side. "You will think we mean to freeze you till you get accustomed to our rooms."

"Pleasant rooms they are, dear, to get accustomed to; but what a pity you can't warm them!"

"Oh, we call them warm. All these wrappings are for our friends when they come. We do not need them. Look at the children—should you think they could ever be cold?" And indeed it made me warm to look at them, running and shouting with fun, their faces glowing, and not a look of discomfort about them. And when they came in-doors, no appeals for more fire nor complaints of cold. They were actually comfortable in what seemed to me chilliness, to use no severer term.

But I found no less care given the household arrangements than at the other house, but toward different ends. The orders in one house to increase the fires were contrasted with orders here to open the doors. Instead of the careful shutting out of drafts and the warm rooms at night, I saw a careful adjustment of open windows, and met a breath of cool air on opening the door of a sleeping-room. The cautions about clothing were as carefully given, but of quite different purport. I think nothing can equal my surprise when, after undressing the four-year-old boy, the mother proceeded to bathe him with cold water, ending with a brisk rubbing, and said: "To-morrow you must leave off these heavy flannel shirts, and put on your cotton stockings instead of these cashmere ones." What did it mean? In answer to my questioning, she said:

"He is too warmly clad. I find it worse than too little clothing to have the children so warm that they perspire until their clothing is wet. If I had not insisted upon that cold bath and brisk rubbing, he would have had a cold in the morning. I used to be of my sister's mind, and considered warm clothing and an equable temperature throughout the house of 76°, day and night, necessary to life. In the snug little house in which you once visited me, it was the simplest thing in the world to keep that up; but we were never free from colds, and the children, as well as myself, were delicate. This house seemed desirable to us because of the deep-shaded yard and large sunny rooms. In the summer we found it quite as well to stay in the city and enjoy our home comforts as to go to the country; but when autumn came I stood aghast. 'We can never warm this house, doctor,' I said to our physician, who made an unprofessional call to see what kept us in such unusual health. 'If you can't, so much the better,' he replied; 'and if you will try the winter without starting the furnace fire, and never let the mercury reach 70°, you'll not need me here any more than you have this summer.' My husband declares I made a virtue of necessity, but it was not so. It was rather a nice matter to accustom the children to a temperature of 70° in the day and a cooler room at night; but it worked splendidly. We escaped colds till Christmas. Then I 'warmed up' the house for company, and, in consequence, we all took cold from overheating. I could not stand that. I could not make ourselves sick nor lose my friends by freezing them. So I arrayed the parlor chairs each with its individual way—'company cosies' we call them—and with cool rooms, cold baths and plenty of out-door exercise, regardless of the weather, we are what you see us."

Would this always work? It was worth trying. If I had not succeeded, I should not have written this.

MAY COLE BAKER.



At an early day we shall have something further to say upon the subject of *Heraldic America*. The numerous communications we have received upon the subject show that we made no mistake in regard to its general interest.

A FEW of our subscribers are rather slow in complying with the request we made in sending out the "House-keeper's Year Book." We hope they will let us hear from them as promptly as possible, as we wish to send sample copies at once to the friends they may designate.

WE have received several letters from interested readers begging us to give longer and more frequent installments of "Belinda." We do the best we can. The advance sheets are sent us by the English publishers, and we publish as fast as received. We are already a full month ahead of the English publication, and cannot give what we cannot get.

A GEORGIA friend writes us that the health of Mr. Paul Hayne, the poet, is by no means so seriously affected as has been supposed, a fact which our readers will all be glad to learn. She tells us also of a graceful tribute which Mr. Hayne lately paid to a lady who was for a short time his hostess. On the last night of his stay she said to him: "Mr. Hayne, I wish when I am gone you would write three lines about me for Henry's (her husband) sake." The next morning Mr. Hayne handed her these lines:

"Three lines when thou art dead—it must not be!
For never more couldst thou be dead to me!
God's angels sometimes leave their native sky,
But ah! my friend, the angels cannot die."

THE CONTINENT has offered three prizes—of \$50, \$40 and \$25—for the best specimens of wood engraving from the members of the classes in engraving at the Philadelphia School of Design for Women. The awards will be made shortly, and some of the engravings submitted will appear in an early issue of the magazine, in connection with a paper by John Sartain, the eminent engraver, on "Engraving as an Occupation for Young Women." The great advance in this art, and the increased demand for a superior grade of work, have opened an interesting, useful and lucrative career to young women of taste and skill which may be followed at their homes, and the rewards of which, in reputation and emoluments, render it a most attractive calling. The Philadelphia School of Design has done excellent work in this department, and the results of the labors of the classes in engraving, under the direction of Mr. George P. Williams, make a most creditable showing. The judges in the competition will be Mr. Thomas Johnson, the engraver, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Fred. B. Schell, the artist, of Philadelphia, and a representative of THE CONTINENT.

OUR "bonanza" Senators, Sharon, Fair and Tabor, serve to point the danger which is likely to arise from making the Senate of the United States what it is fast becoming, a select council of millionaires. Sharon was nearly always conspicuous for his absence, and the atmosphere even of Washington would have been sweeter if the others had followed his example. Side by side with the filthy record of these men's debaucheries and the shame they have brought upon their exalted positions, the press teems with glowing descriptions of the palaces they have built and are building. There are two things that this class of men can do that the world will always be glad to have them do—build really creditable houses and die.

EVERY lover of good literature will be glad to learn that Marion Harland, whose works have done so much to promote a healthful taste and elevate the tone of American womanhood, is about to publish a new story of American life. She is one of those authors whom life abroad has only made riper and richer in thought and more earnest in her devotion to her native land. She does not regard American life as designed simply to furnish a counterfoil to foreign perfectibility. Its past she reveres; its present she respects, and its future she regards not with faint hope, but with exultant confidence. Her present work will be regarded with especial interest, as it is supposed to be, to a considerable degree, the record of her own girlhood.

"Judith—a Tale of Old Virginia"—is located in the region of her birth, and describes the scenes and society in which her youth was passed. It is of peculiar interest as the verdict of a woman of rare culture and experience upon a life whose best elements as well as its worst are fast passing into oblivion. The unlovely sides of the old Southern life have been so often painted that it is well that a loving hand should trace for us its brighter features ere the eyes that saw shall all have been closed in death. Of all this author has written, "Judith" is destined to hold the foremost place. On every page is the fire of youthful memory, tempered by the wisdom of large-hearted and loving experience.

THE CONTINENT, looking back upon its year and a half of life, is not ashamed of the tales it has offered to its readers. "Under Green Apple Boughs," "The Marquis of Carrabas," "Dust," "The House that Jill Built" and "Hot Plowshares" in the first fifteen months, more than fifty short stories of unusual excellence, and its multitude of illustrated articles, poems and weekly departments, form an array upon which we look with satisfaction. But of all that we have given we consider "Judith" the crown and masterpiece. It will begin in No. 72, and will run for some months. Subscriptions dating from that number and running till February 1 will be taken at \$2.00. Or we will send THE CONTINENT from No. 72 until the end of the year, with the back numbers from January 1, for \$3 00, postpaid, to any address in the United States or Canada.

THE poet was wise in his generation when he restricted to the "savage race" his remarks as to the soothing charms of music. Not that the civilized races are altogether unaffected by these charms, but it is probably true that they are less generally susceptible than are their barbarian brethren. Here, for instance, is her most gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen etc., etc., and Empress etc., etc., moved to confer the cheap honor of knighthood upon three eminent musicians, of whom the one best known to Americans is "Mr.," or as he must hereafter be known, "Sir" Arthur Sullivan. What can be more evident than that the rollicking measures of recent popular operettas have so moved the sympathies of her Majesty, or those of some of her Majesty's advisers, that she has beknighted their author. Arthur Sullivan is now on the same social plane with the imaginary Sir Georgius Midas, made famous by the pencil of Du Maurier in the pages of *Punch*, and with the actual Sir David —, who is only a country grocer, and who won his spurs by setting up a monument to the late Prince Consort. It was an invidious distinction to make, however, that W. S. Gilbert should be forced to remain plain Mr. What would Sir Arthur's music have been without Gilbert's wit and words? And will the next operetta be by "Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert?" It is pleasant to reflect that Sir Arthur will be made the butt of no end of chaff on the part of his versatile comrade when they sit at their work with the pipes and mugs which are said to form part of their partnership outfit. Knight-errantry, as it exists at the present day, might suggest a fit subject for some future drama.

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A CORRESPONDENT from Arkansas writes us that the recent session of the Legislature of that state seems to have been especially concerned in legislating to keep out immigration. It is a very unfortunate thing that this state seems not to realize the advantages which would accrue to it from turning within its borders the tide of immigration which now seeks Texas and the Northwest. The immigration to Texas is more largely from the Northwest than it would have seemed reasonable to anticipate a few years ago, and it is this immigration which it is peculiarly desirable that the Southwestern states should secure. Of mere hand-labor they have already a sufficiency. The foreign immigrant who brings merely capacity for labor, and is fettered by the conditions of his previous life, is not half as valuable in those communities as the brain and energy of Northern life. Isolated instances lose also a great part of their value. The life of the Southwest needs the inspiration of the Northern-bred enterprise and thrift—not to change or remodel what it already has, but to give it a new impetus and lift it out of the rut into which it has fallen. The disadvantages under which that region labors are very onerous—the opportunities which it offers with awakened energies and well-directed enterprise are very great. Because of its disadvantages, immigration will not seek it, as it does every nook and cranny of the Northwest, of its own free will and accord, but it must be by some means baited and encouraged to turn aside from its established course to mingle with and color the life that now holds the soil, bemoans the past, and regards the future with distrust. The Democratic party of the South cannot maintain itself much longer upon the mere boast that it has relieved those states of the oppression of carpet-bag government. Unquestionably great evils therein during the reconstruction era, and the attempt to superimpose upon those states at once the civilization and development of the North was no doubt a failure for the time being, yet the principles and ideas, the open competition and universal rivalry, which has made the North intelligent and prosperous, must underlie the future of those states if they are to maintain themselves in the race of prosperity. A full decade of growth and peace has elapsed since the Demo-

cratic party assumed the entire responsibility for the progress or decadence of this region. It is high time that it began to boast, not of what it overthrew, but of what it has builded up. The language of our correspondent applies not merely to himself, but to many thousands of the best men of that section, who are beginning to feel dissatisfied with the result. He says quaintly: "The Democratic party reminds me of an old horse that belonged to an even older negro of my acquaintance. When asked why he didn't feed the animal better, Jim replied: 'I does feed him, boss—enuff to keep him up—that's all he'll b'ar. Thet hoss won't stan' high livin'. One right good feed would founder him, shoa.' I've always been a Democrat, and am yet, but I would not care to ride behind the old nag without a good pair of reins and an air-brake. She's been ruled off the track so long that there's no telling where she'd bring up if she once got in the lead, judging from the few local spurts she has made of late."

One of the healthiest signs of our modern political life is the fact that many of the most thoughtful and intelligent of the Southern Democrats, like our correspondent, are waking up to the fact that something must be done. It is of little moment to the country what they call themselves—whether Independents or Republicans, or whatever it may be—so long as it means life instead of death, action instead of lethargy. The South has its future in its own hands; but if it keeps its hands folded, that future will not be of very lusty growth.

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No traveler in this be-traveled United States has looked with more penetration or with more kindness than Mr. Edward Freeman, whose observations are now in book form.¹ These are the faults—or, perhaps, mannerisms is the better word—of Mr. Freeman's style; a double, and sometimes treble, statement of a fact or theory, as if, doubting the capacity of his hearers, he thought it best to give every practicable "point of view," and if one form proved insufficient, repeat the same thing in smaller words. He talks down to us, as seems a necessity to all Englishmen; but while there is an undeniable flavor of Mr. Barlow, he is less a prig than that immortal and ponderous expounder; in fact not a prig at all, but only a man accustomed to find his opinions of weight, and giving them with a calm diffuseness born of such certainty. He is a trifle indignant that our knowledge of England, geographically and otherwise, is not more minute, and, naturally enough, thinks that we have no right to expect full knowledge of America from educated Englishmen. Our politics are criticised thoughtfully and carefully. He sees certain dangers ahead, as the thoughtful American also sees them, but has much faith in the inherent good sense of the people and in probable reforms to come. The Irishman and the negro he regards as our weightiest problem, and while he believes in "home rule" for Ireland, and thus can never be accused as the enemy of her people, he states it as a manifest fact that the Irish element is, in the English hands on both sides of the ocean, a mischievous element, adding:

"It is the worst, and perhaps the strongest, of the causes which help to give a bad name to American politics. Political men in all times and places lie under strong temptations to say and do things which they otherwise would not say and do, in order to gain some party advantage; but on no political men of any time or place has this kind of influence been more strongly brought to bear than it is on political men in the United States who wish to gain the Irish vote. The importance of that vote grows and grows; no party, no leading man, can afford to despise it. Parties and men are therefore driven into courses to which otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those for the most part courses which are unfriendly to Great

(1) SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., L. L. D. 8vo, pp. 304, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Britain. Any ill-feeling which other causes may awaken between the two severed branches of the English people is prolonged and strengthened by the presence of the Irish settlers in America. In some minds they may really plant hostile feelings toward Great Britain which would otherwise find no place there. At any rate, they plant in many minds a habit of speaking and acting as if such hostile feelings did find a place, a habit which cannot but lead to bad effects in many ways. The mere rumor, the mere thought, of recalling Mr. Lowell from his post in England in subservency to Irish clamor is a case in point. That such a thing should even have been dreamed of, as it was last year, shows the baleful nature of Irish influence in America. It shows how specially likely it is to stir up strife and ill-feeling between Great Britain and America, even at times when, setting Irish matters aside, there is not the faintest ground of quarrel on either side. In a view of poetical justice, it is perhaps not unreasonable that English misrule in Ireland should be punished in this particular shape. It may be just that the wrongs which we have done to our neighbors should be paid off at the hands of members of our own family. But the process is certainly unpleasant to our branch of the family, and it is hard to see how it can be any real gain to the other."

There are many quotable passages, and the book must rank as a thoroughly courteous, as well as just and impartial, record of a visit which seems to have left few disagreeable memories, and the results of which mean both pleasure and profit for every reader.

THE increase of nervous diseases and the often-recurring attacks of that modern possession of devils, nervous prostration, which has come to be the inevitable fate of the overworked American, have turned popular attention to the various treatises and Health Primers on overwork and kindred topics. These, for the most part, are written in popular style, and serve an excellent purpose in defining the proper limits of work and the necessary formulas of healthful daily living. Memory, in these cases, suffers more than any other faculty; and overworked men or women find themselves at last the slave of note-book and pencil, and unable to recall the items of the day's work without reference to the memorandum. Forgetfulness being a growing tendency for all, especial interest attaches to this forty-first number in a series¹ which holds an amount of valuable information never before given so clearly. Each volume is the work of a master in that special field. All are interesting, many are absolutely unique, and interest increases rather than lessens as the series grows.

While the phenomena of memory are investigated in the present case from a pathological standpoint, and the book is, as the author describes it, "an essay in descriptive psychology," the general reader will find, that aside from certain technical words and phrases, the understanding of which requires only a good dictionary at hand, there is nothing which is not plain. Ribot's style is simple and direct, and every page of the treatise clears up long-doubtful points or suggests explanation of personal experiences. He sets aside, in the beginning, the popular belief that memory is an impression like that of a seal on wax. The basis of all memory is in the brain cells. An impression is a modification of cell-elements, and these modifications depend directly upon nutrition. In full health nutrition is perfect, the brain cells well nourished and memory vivid. With any change in nutrition comes a corresponding exaltation or depression. "A nerve cell which remembers a particular thing may be thrown out of its circuit of nutrition, and at once its function is suspended and forgetfulness reigns in that particular." Every statement or hypothesis is illustrated by numerous cases, and the whole forms the most valuable contribution ever made to this special topic.

(1) DISEASES OF MEMORY. An Essay in the Positive Psychology. By Th. Ribot. Translated from the French by William Huntington Smith. International Scientific Series. 12mo, pp. 204, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



THE remarkable book by M. Stepniak, "Underground Russia," is to be reprinted in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A BALLAD by Philip Bourke Marston, said to be one of the great ballads of the century, is to be printed in *The Youth's Companion*.

"LATINE," Professor Shumway's little Latin periodical, now has subscribers in Europe, China and the Sandwich Islands, and its circulation is steadily increasing.

ROBERTS BROTHERS will soon issue the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's description of his tour in Spain, under the title of "Seven Spanish Cities." The favorite "Ten Times One is Ten" story is to have a second part, giving an account of Harry Wadsworth, its hero, and of the various Harry Wadsworth clubs which owe their existence to the story.

AN irreverent publisher announced the other day that there was "a boom in theology," and religious books, especially those of a speculative character, are selling in a very remarkable manner. In this light there seems more hope for the new monthly beginning life at Andover, which is to be incisive and animated, and never ponderous, if effort can keep out that unpleasant quality.

A VERY beautiful little volume is that containing the poems of Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, whose "Ode on Webster" has already been noticed in these columns. Several of the shorter poems are already familiar to the public; and, while the work is didactic rather than lyrical in quality, the lines are smooth and graceful, and often strong. (12mo, pp. 180, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. OLIPHANT, who is evidently sole owner of a day holding thirty-six hours, has selected and arranged a volume of Cowper's poems for the "Golden Treasury Series." The amount of work accomplished by this indefatigable writer is something incredible to ordinary minds, and it gains steadily in literary quality. She is a feminine Anthony Trollope, with a grace he never had.

MR. RUSKIN's notes to the new edition of "Modern Painters" are of a very extraordinary nature. He is convinced that people here overrated him, and says he "cannot but wonder more and more at the obstinacy of the public in calling these early books my best writing." His criticisms on himself are as unsparing as on others, and the notes bristle with condemnatory adjectives. "Pure nonsense" is the mildest term he applies, and he proceeds to add such expressions as "offensively aggressive," "heedlessly and insolently written," "a piece of pious insolence," "extremely pedantic and tiresome," "unblushing assumption."

"THE SLEEPING CAR," as an 18mo, proves itself much more easy reading than when offered by the yard, as at its first appearance in Harpers' *Christmas*. At present it is a dainty pocket volume, which will find favor not only with every-day readers, but with the number who find the amusing comedietta admirably adapted to amateur theatricals. (18mo, pp. 74; 50 cents; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

THERE is genuine poetry enough between the covers of the little volume, "The Hill of Stones and Other Poems," by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., to have given, had it only ap-

peared fifty years ago, permanent reputation as a poet. The misfortune is that it is only one of dozens of volumes, all holding smooth and musical verse, often of far more merit than that embalmed and referred to as classical, yet destined to have no permanent place. But there are passages here that ought to live, and that must with a few at least, even if the general reader passes on to the newcomers in the same field. (16mo, pp. 97, \$1.00; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

"AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS" both may thank the compiler of the thin octavo bearing this title, which has just been issued by the Putnams, and which will prove invaluable to every one who plans a literary life. Nothing precisely like it has ever before been done in the way of settling all vexed and uncertain questions as to copyright, general publishing arrangements, and all the dubious points connected with the make-up of a book. Even the practiced author will find many useful hints, and the book fills a place nothing is likely to supersede. (8vo pp. 96, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

THE mountains of Western North Carolina have become familiar to many readers through Christian Reid's "Land of the Sky," but sentiment predominates in the charming volume, which, though a very accurate guide-book, ignores certain phases of interest to the hunter or more enterprising traveler. For such, nothing can be better than "The Heart of the Alleghanies, or Western North Carolina," by Wilbur G. Zeigler and Ben S. Grosscup. The book takes up the history, topography and resources of the region; gives the various legends of the wilderness and numerous hunting and fishing adventures, and with Professor Kere's admirable map and the numerous illustrations, is a valuable addition to the literature of travel. (12mo, pp. 374, \$2.00; A. Williams & Co., Raleigh, N. C.).

It is seldom that fiction offers anything more forlornly amusing or amusingly forlorn—the arrangement of adjectives being according to the reader's state of mind at the end—than "My Trivial Life and Misfortune; A Gossip With No Plot in Particular, by a Plain Woman." The story forms one of the series of "Transatlantic Novels," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, having gained great popularity in England. Certainly no more realistic record was ever given to the public. It has the minute analysis dear to the James school, with yet no particle of suggestion of James' style. It might be a journal kept from day to day, almost from hour to hour, by the heroine, who divides it into two parts, the first volume covering "Spinsterhood," the second "Meum and Tuum." In spite of keen humor, the volumes are a hopeless, wretched record of mean and unworthy lives. The good people are nearly imbecile with stupidity; the bad have no redeeming points. The heroine's mother, by whose sudden death she is left at the mercy of relatives given over to "Philistinism," is the most attractive character in the long record; and "Uncle Sherbrook," with his devotion to law-suits, his inflexible methods in daily life, and his real affectionateness under the crust of habit and narrowness, comes next. There is a cousin Denis, who cuts old friends for the sake of a half recognition from those of higher rank, and a hero who marries the heroine, Sophy Thursby, and discovers himself finally as a mere fortune-hunter in love with another woman. The most careful study is expended on Mrs. Sherbrook Stuart, a woman who reminds one at times of Mrs. Mackenzie, in "The Newcomers," and whose years of quiet plotting and scheming result finally in an alteration of Uncle Sherbrook's will, and the loss of an expected fortune to the heroine, with other catastrophes for the miserable widow, "Aunt Jane," who is left dependent and helpless upon the wretched Sophy's hands. There is not a page at which one is not likely to smile, nor is there one which is not faithless, cynical and depress-

ing. So much power deserves a different outlet, and the brilliant author, it is hoped, will, in the next attempt, have found more lovable people to depict. (Paper, pp. 352, 375; 50 cents each).

PROBABLY there is no memorial of Shelley which is likely to give a clearer idea of him as the clear and luminous intelligence that always dominated any merely human side than the publication in the "Parchment Series" of his "Select Letters." These letters, as the title indicates, are the choicest among the correspondence of many years, the selection having been made and edited by Richard Garnett, whose introduction is a careful and sympathetic estimate of the contents of the dainty volume. He writes of Shelley: "He is armed against triviality by never writing without a legitimate motive. He was by no means a regular or systematic correspondent, and before taking the pen in hand required the visitation of an emergency or an impulse. But such dictates of the spirit were frequent, and affected him like the impulses that prompt to poetical composition; nor was the product less distinctly an emanation of the intellect and heart." There are passages which hold the first thought that later developed into some of his noblest poetry; but his prose has often almost equal power, and every lover of the poet will welcome what is really an interpreter not only of certain perplexing passages in his life, but of his methods of thought and action. (16mo, pp. 255, \$1.25; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

NEW BOOKS.

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT, and Other Stories. By Edward P. Roe. 16mo, pp. 134, 75 cents. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP. Part I, Scripture Readings; Part II, Family Prayers. Edited by Lyman Abbott, D. D. 12mo, pp. 455, \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE QUAKER INVASION OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Richard P. Halliwell. 16mo, pp. 217, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

FROM POKKAPOG TO PESTH. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 12mo, pp. 267, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE BRIDAL EVE; or, Rose Elmer. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Paper, pp. 446, 75 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

RECORDS OF JESUS REVIEWED, and Fifty Questions Answered Through Five Hundred Reverend Reasoners. By Benjamin F. Burnham. Paper, pp. 294, 20 cents. The Union Company, Boston.

BEYOND RECALL. A Novel. By Adeline Sergeant. Leisure Hour Series, 149. 16mo, pp. 353, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.

THE REAL LORD BYRON. New Views of the Poet's Life. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. 12mo, pp. 556. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL, and the Principle of its Development. By Sidney Lanier. 12mo, pp. 293, \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

POEMS. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. 12mo, pp. 180, \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WHOM KATHIE MARRIED. By Amanda M. Douglas. 12mo, pp. 351, \$1.50. Lee & Shepard.

TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT; and a Hasty Flight in the Countries of Europe. By Walter Harriman. 8vo, pp. 360, \$2.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. By Samuel W. Pennypacker. 8vo, pp. 416, \$3.50. Robert A. Tripple, Philadelphia.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Laura C. Holloway. The Standard Library. Paper, pp. 156, 15 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

JESUS: HIS OPINIONS AND CHARACTER. The New Testament Studies of a Layman. 8vo, pp. 471, \$1.50. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

AMERICAN COTTAGES. Consisting of Forty-four Large Quarto Plates, Containing Original Designs of Medium and Low-Cost Cottages, etc., together with a Form of Specifications for Cottages. 4to, \$3.50. William T. Comstock, New York.

DEEP BREATHING. As a Means of Promoting the Art of Song and of Curing Weaknesses and Affections of the Throat and Lungs, Especially Consumption. By Sophia Marquise A. Ciccolina. Illustrated. Translated from the German by Edgar S. Werner. 12mo, pp. 48, 50 cents. M. L. Holbrook, publisher.

THE STORY OF MELLICENT. By Fayr Madoc. 12mo, pp. 236, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co.



DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Harry.—“I say, Jack, this is a delicious cigar. You must give me your dealer's address.”

Jack.—“Yaas, I fancy they 're rather good. Import 'em myself. Cost me \$20 a hundred, when I order by the thousand. Ought to be good at that rate.”

[Delight of Jack's sisters, who have surreptitiously filled the box with five-cent “domestics.”]

His Portrait—As Painted by Miss Edith.

JAN lies in the grass at my feet, his fair face flushed and weary;

And really he looks, in his tennis suit, like Apollo Belvidere.

Hyacinth and fair-haired Lal, of whose locks one always hears,

Were they quite as yellow, and did they curl round such very nice small ears?

Alcibiades was handsome, and quite too awfully rash;
But I don't believe he ever had such a perfect blonde mustache.

If Samson was as tall and broad, and even near so strong,
I think the way Delilah behaved was just *too* horribly wrong.

She should have died of remorse for the deed she couldn't undo,

If the eyes the Philistines put out were tender, laughing and blue.

He lays his cheek to the warm, sweet grass, and I think of the perfect rose

Of Grecian sculpture, Antinous, but Jan has a curve in *his* nose,

Which, of course, is very much nicer. Then there's Alexander—well,

I never doubted a single word of the stories the classics tell

Of him and his wonderful horse: but then, of course, you know,

They couldn't ride like modern men so very long ago.

And—now I must stop, Jan's pulling my hair and calls me an “awful goose;”

But I know—and all his teasing is not of the slightest use.

Those good-looking chaps of old and Olympian gods above
Were all very well in their way, but they were not just—
my love.

B. T. R. DANE.

From Romeo, in Chicago, to Juliet,
in New York.

“With love and kisses,
Your ever faithful JULIET”

SEND no more kisses, dear, by post
 (“Au naturel” they please me most),
For, somehow, in their slow transition

They lose their sweet and tender mission.

Their bouquet gone, their flavor vanished,

They seem like weary exiles banished.

Then keep them, darling, still with thee.

Their pale, cold wraiths so mock at me

With visions of them warm and blessing,

Born in an air of soft caressing,
Cradled in coral—dewy—fragrant,
Some royal—others idly fragrant.

A wild, mad longing fills my breast,
To seek at once their dainty nest,
And gather them, all fresh and glowing.

Sweet, would you weary of bestowing?

But since my life such rapture misses,
Still, when you write, pray add the kisses.
A. DEEN HUNT.

Jerry Greening's Sayings.

“Some people I kin name be as fond o' opening their minds to ye as if 't was a swill-barrel—so ye kin see nothin' but foul things drop out of 't.”

“‘Nothin' hain't certain 'is an ol' sayin'; but 'if nothin' hain't certain, how under th' blue cantaloupe kin anybody be certain that nothin' hain't certain?’”

“‘This yere French custom o' duelling is nothin' more or less than Folly tamperin' with Murder. Fist-fights is far more sensibler an' less deadlier.’”

“A man without a character is jest 'bout as safe t' have 'round as a steam injun without any safety-valve.”

“If I could buy some men I know for what I think they are worth, and sell them for what *they* think they are worth, the profit 'd be so big that I could retire from business afore I got half through my list of acquaintances.”

“When the sun sets yaller in an apple-green sky, look out for storms.”

“I hold that good speech is merely th' harvest that follows the flowerin' o' thought.”

“The pious is a heap slower to help right than th' profane and worthless be t' hinder it.”

“A heart that isn't never stirred t' anger is blunted to all goodness, sure.”

“Friends is th' only valuables a man kin have now-a-days 'bout payin' tax on.”

“Always bet on a lean dog for a long race.”

“It seems t' me that homes now-a-days appears t' be simply the places where children have their own way, and where the married men go when they can't find no other place to set 'round in.”

“It is sheer nonsense for a man t' teach his servants t' lie for him, and then git mad ef they lie for themselves afterwards; likewise for a man t' ask t' borrow money on th' plea that he's extremely poor.”

THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 25.

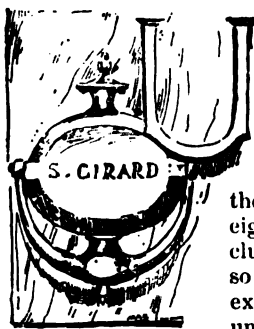
PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1883.

Whole No. 71.

STEPHEN GIRARD—MARINER AND MERCHANT.



STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD—AT THE COLLEGE DOORWAY.



UNDER the roof of an old house in Water Street, one December day, over fifty years ago, a will was read, which made the City of Philadelphia one of the richest legatees on record. The fortune, as it then stood, amounted to nearly eight millions of dollars, but it included property which has grown so valuable that, great as are the expenses which have developed under the will, they do not consume even the interest, a portion of which is yearly added to the capital. The will provided for a plain and comfortable home which should hold at least one hundred orphan boys, and give them a support and education. The trustees instead built a marble palace, supported by pillars each of which cost thirteen thousand dollars. Everything else was in proportion, and magnificence was the only object held in view. Instead of a hundred boys, Girard College last year contained one thousand one hundred and four. The expenditures for the college the same year amounted to nearly five hundred thousand dollars. Over five hundred thousand were expended on other trusts, and yet there was a balance of over twenty thousand left unused.

This is a handsome showing for one man, and he a foreigner, who had to borrow five dollars to bring him into the city! And when Stephen Girard left this great fortune he did not leave it to perpetuate his name, or build a great monument to his memory. Each of the carefully-devised clauses showed that he meant it to be of honest, enduring use. He wanted fatherless boys educated as working men; he wanted the river front improved, and the city made safer and more healthful; the hospitals were to have larger means of helping the sick and insane, and nurses were to be educated. None of these objects were subjects of speculation with Girard; he had a personal interest in each one. He was himself an uneducated boy, and knew at what a disadvantage he had been placed. The river

front had been the scene of his life-work; and no one knew better what care the insane needed, and how necessary were trained nurses to the public. He had lived in Philadelphia through days of war and blockade; through prosperity and through desolating plague.

He came to it when it was part of the British colonies, and he had been the staunch, steady friend, not only of the city but of the Country, through many heavy, dark days. Having no children of his own he adopted those who were fatherless.

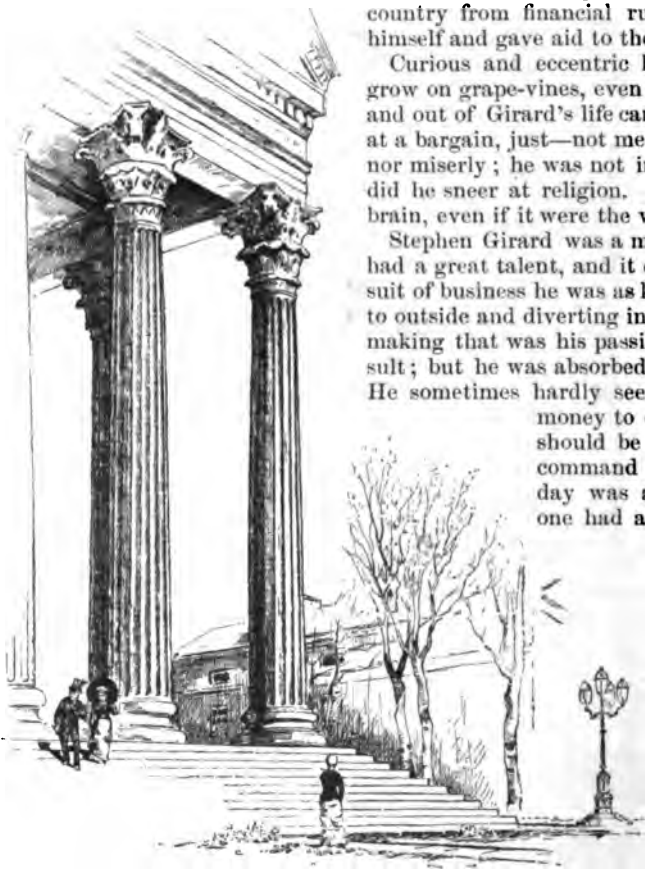
And Philadelphia? How has she taken these benefits, and what has she done for the memory of her benefactor? Apart from the extravagance of building such a school-home, she has administered the Trust with honesty and fidelity. There has never been a scandal attached to the Girard Estate, nor any question of its administration. As for the man himself—Philadelphia has not only laughed at him, wondered over him, told hard stories of him, but she has also allowed others to do so. She has never taken enough interest in him to have a biography written that would do him justice. She has suffered the most unblushing stories of him and of his family to go uncontradicted—she has never taken the trouble to inquire what sort of man he really was.

Does any one believe that the morose and ancient figure with one eye—ill-clad, silent, repulsive, unob-servant—shambling through the streets of Philadelphia, which is pictured in all biographical sketches of Girard, really represents the alert, keen Frenchman, who, more than any other man, built up the city's commerce, who was the bravest in pestilence, the quickest to save the country from financial ruin, who made a fortune for himself and gave aid to the helpless?

Curious and eccentric he certainly was, but grapes grow on grape-vines, even though the vine be guarded, and out of Girard's life came his virtues. He was keen at a bargain, just—not merciful; but he was not crafty nor miserly; he was not intolerant to the helpless, nor did he sneer at religion. He had a heart as well as a brain, even if it were the weaker of the two.

Stephen Girard was a man under a possession. He had a great talent, and it dominated him. In his pursuit of business he was as keen as a lover, and as blind to outside and diverting influences. It was not money-making that was his passion, that came as a logical result; but he was absorbed in, and devoted to business. He sometimes hardly seemed to realize the value of money to other people, and that a man should be ruined because he could not command a certain sum on a certain day was almost a crime to him. No one had a right to get into such a position, and he should ask no pity. Girard had no patience with failures. If a man had feet, let him stand on them. No one found Girard willing to act as a crutch, although he could go into the houses whose very air was death, and in his arms carry out men who were dying with a pestilence. He believed in fraternity, but his employees were—his employees. In his counting-room, his bank, his house, there was but one will, and that was

his own. He paid for the work done for him. Did the worker need more money? had he necessities beyond his income? What was that to his employer! He kept to his limits in all his relations in life, and never lost a clear sense of relative positions. After his brother



A CORNER IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.



ON THE STAIRWAY—VISITORS' DAY.

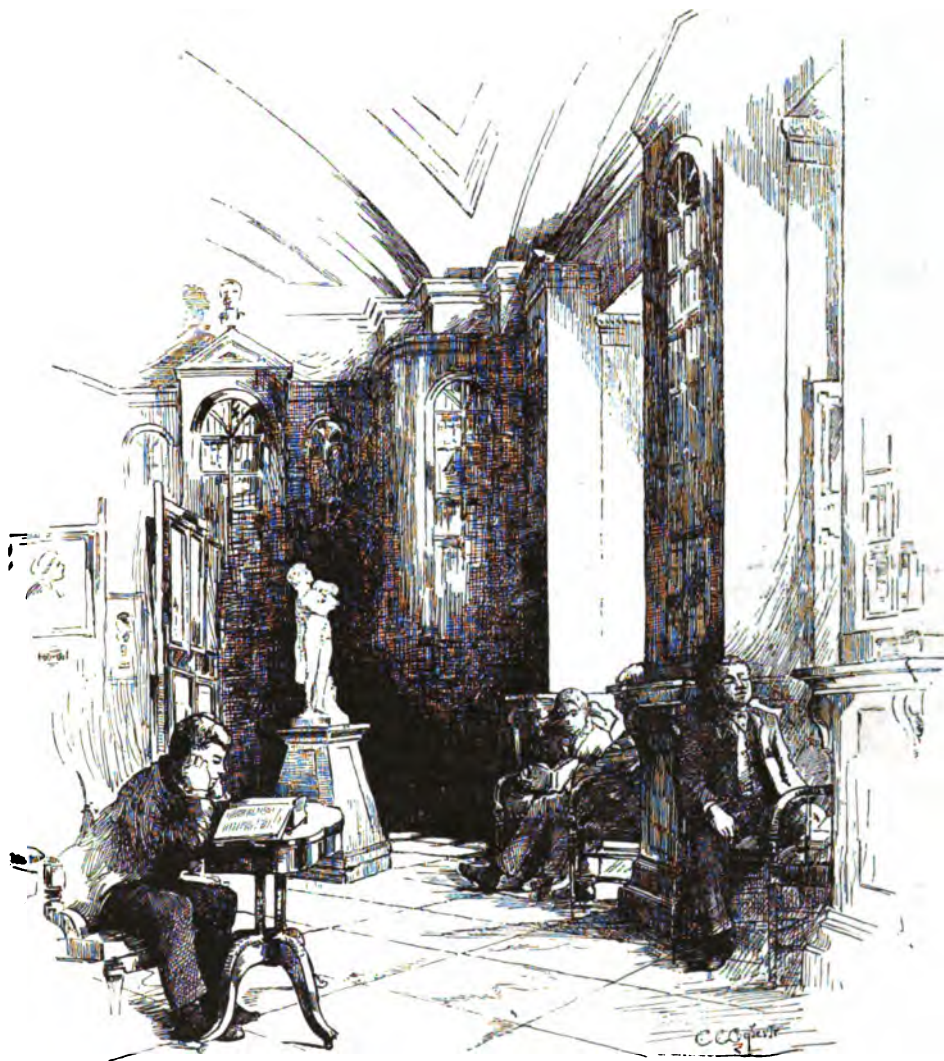
Jean died, he took charge of the three orphan children left in Philadelphia. He sent them to the best schools, but he paid the bills out of the little estate their father left. His house was their home, and he was kind to them. He never bought a shawl or dress for one that he did not for the others, and he remembered their girlish fancies. After they had married from his house he petted their children, and liked to have them about, and indeed felt a right to the little people, but he never adopted these girls, and never seemed to have a father's devotion for them. He corresponded with his family in France, but he was too busy watching the markets of the world to give much time to individuals, even if they were his relations.

He was born in Bordeaux, of a family characterized

by a devotion to the sea and a talent for commerce. His grandfather, John Girard, was "Captain, Master, Patron," and his father and uncles repeated the record. His father, Pierre Girard, however, went farther, and was the hero of an adventure that brought the family much honor. England and France were, at the time of the story, at war, and both fleets were off Brest, watching chances to do mischief; and so England one day sent a fire-ship into the midst of the enemy and set aflame a ship of the line. At sea a ship on fire is not a desirable neighbor, and it may be imagined that the other vessels quickly drew out of danger. But Pierre Girard was the man for an emergency, so he up with his sails and went into action with the fire. He did not go to rescue the crew, but meant to put the fire out, and he succeeded. Then he sailed back to his place, and the crew of the endangered ship set themselves to work, and were soon in condition to rejoin the fleet and look for revenge. It was so bold and well-managed an affair that it was reported to Louis XV, who was greatly delighted, and, sending for Captain Girard, took the sword from his own side and knighted him by conferring on him the Order of St. Louis. He ordered a gold medal struck commemorating the act, and had the whole affair placed on record in the Admiralty of Paris. And so Captain Girard went home to Bordeaux with the order on his coat, and the king's sword by his side, and when he died the sword was,

cargo. To this Girard objected; he did not know the river, and had no money to pay a pilot. The captain then backed his advice by action, and lent Girard five dollars; a pilot came on board, and so Girard ignorantly and by chance, it seemed, went to his future home in the Quaker City. In July, the ports were all blockaded by Lord Howe, and Girard sailed no more. He rented a little house on Water Street, and went into another "venture" of assorted goods. He bought everything that he thought would sell again, but the business

there until September, when Lord Howe, fancying he had business in Philadelphia, occupied the city, and so drove many of the inhabitants away, and among them the young Girards. They went to Mount Holly, New Jersey, where they bought a house for five hundred dollars, and Stephen again carried on the bottling business, but now sold his wine to the British. In 1778 Lord Howe left the city, and they returned. The after story of this marriage was certainly very miserable, but there seems to be no reason for the tales of the wife's unhap-



IN THE LIBRARY—RECREATION AND REPOSE.

he found most profitable during all these early years was bottling wine and brandy, which were consigned to him in casks from Bordeaux.

In front of his little shop there stood a pump, and among the girls who came for water was Polly Lum. She was young, and she was pretty; her eyes were black, and her dark hair curled about her neck. Girard was not so absorbed that he could not see all this, nor was she indifferent to the conquest she made of the young Frenchman. He visited her, she asked her to marry him, and Polly laughed and said she would, and so, on the sixth of July, 1777, they went to St. Paul's church and were married by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Magaw. Then they went back to Water Street, and lived

pininess from Girard's ill-treatment of her, nor of his dissatisfaction with her frivolity and ignorance. In her early and growing insanity there was misery enough to account for everything, and when at the end of eight years she had to be placed in the Pennsylvania Hospital, his brother Jean, who had had every opportunity of knowing Stephen's domestic affairs, wrote to him: "I have just received your letter of the 12th, and I cannot express how I felt at the news. I truly grieved because of the terrible state you must be in, especially because I know the friendship and love you have for your wife." He then goes on to say that only business keeps him from going at once to console his brother, but adjured him to "conquer your grief, and show yourself a man,"



SECRETARY AND MUSICAL CLOCK PRESENTED TO GIRARD BY JEROME BONAPARTE.

for when we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves, nothing should crush us." This letter has especial value, for whatever else the Girards were they were not hypocrites, and Jean would not have irritated his brother by any effusive, empty condolence. There is every proof that Girard did his best for his wife. He had her under medical treatment at home, he sent her to the country, and wanted her to make a visit to France, but this was given up; and when after a seven years' residence in the hospital she seemed better, he took her home again. But she grew worse, and there was no hope, and she was finally placed permanently in the hospital, where she died in 1815; and one of Girard's old friends says that as they stood around the coffin the tears ran down the husband's cheeks, and he was neither callous nor indifferent to his wife's death, nor to her memory. The first bequest in the will, and the largest made to any of the existing corporations, was to the hospital in which she had been cared for. She is remembered as an old woman, swarthy and dark-eyed, sitting in the sun, and hardly recognizing the old housekeeper

who would sometimes take Girard's little nieces, Jean's daughters, to see her.

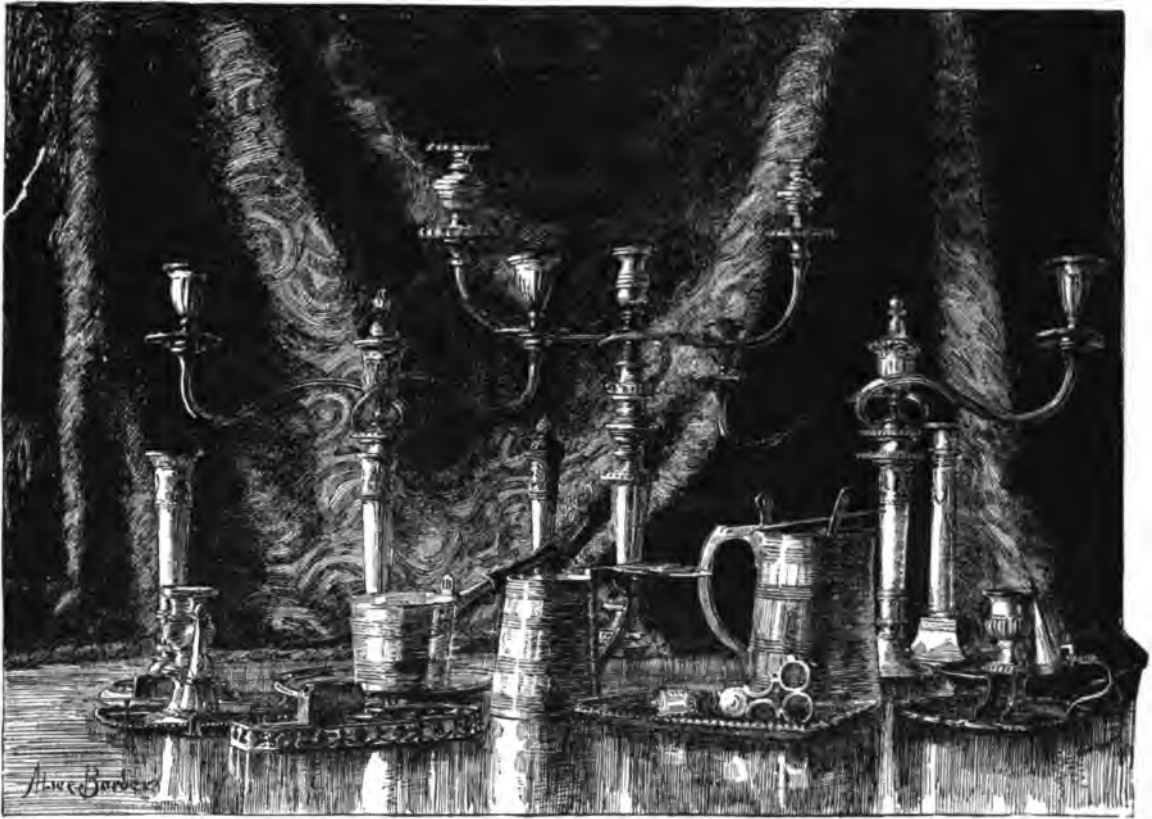
During these years Girard was steadily at work. He had taken the oath of allegiance in 1777, and seems to have lost all desire to go to sea. He once made a trip to Leghorn, from whence he brought a table of various colored marbles; but he lived in Water Street, content and busy. His ships went everywhere, beginning with one small vessel which sailed to the West Indies and back, carrying cargoes both ways. As his profits enabled him to do so, he bought other vessels and projected long voyages. He named his ships after French philosophers, and the *Montesquieu*, the *Voltaire* and *Rousseau* were known in many ports. He would send a cargo to London, and there the ship would reload for another port, and so go on and on until it had sailed half around the world. He gave the most minute directions, and left nothing to the discretion of his employés, and nothing reconciled him to the slightest neglect of or change in his orders. He once sent a young supercargo with two ships on a two years' voyage. He was to go first to London, then to Amsterdam, and so from port to port, selling and buying, until at last he was to go to Mocha, buy coffee and turn back. At London, however, the young fellow was charged by the Barings not to go to Mocha, or he would fall into the hands of pirates; at Amsterdam they told him the

same thing; everywhere the caution was repeated; but he sailed on until he came to the last port before Mocha. Here he was consigned to a merchant who had been an apprentice to Girard in Philadelphia—for this happened when Girard was an old and rich man—and he too told him he must not dare venture near the Red Sea. The supercargo was now in a dilemma. On one side was his master's order; on the other, two vessels, a valuable cargo, a large amount of money. The merchant knew Girard's peculiarities as well as the supercargo did, but he thought the rule to "break owners, not orders," might this time be governed by discretion. "You'll not only lose all you have made," he said, "but you'll never go home to justify yourself." The young man reflected. After all, the object of his voyages was to get coffee, and there was no danger in going to Java, so he turned his prow, and away he sailed to the Chinese Seas. He bought coffee at four dollars a sack, and sold it in Amsterdam at a most enormous advance, and then went back to Philadelphia in good order, with large profits, sure of approval. Soon after he entered the

counting-room Girard came in. He looked at the young fellow from under his bushy brows, and his one eye gleamed with resentment. He did not greet him nor welcome him nor congratulate him, but, shaking his angry hand, cried: "What for you not go to Mocha, sir?" And for the moment the supercargo wished he had! But this was all Girard ever said on the subject. He rarely scolded his employés. He might express his opinion by cutting down a salary, and when a man did not suit him he dismissed him. He had no patience with incompetence, no time to educate people in business habits. Each man felt he was watched and weighed; and as long as he did his best, and his best suited, he was treated justly, if closely. The master

was born with instincts that never failed him. He knew where to sell and where to buy, and could calculate what would be the market prices hundreds of miles away and a year ahead. He understood possible dangers and provided for them, and his busy brain marshaled the world to do him service. His family, however, had no faith in his establishing himself in a young country struggling in a war with so great a power as England.

In 1777 his brother Jean wrote to him from Cape François, that in every letter he receives from their father, he asks news of Stephen, "with, as I can well imagine, tears in his eyes," says the writer, and implores Jean to join him in persuading Stephen to quit



INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM.

exacted honesty, soberness, punctuality, and allowed none of his plans to be thwarted by any independence on the part of his subordinates. They understood that they were to leave business in the office, so no one of them gossiped to his friends over Girard's affairs.

In those days Philadelphia was the commercial port of the country. Along Water and Front Streets were shipping-offices; the wharves were busy with vessels coming and going, and there was talk of China and Japan, of the Barbadoes, of wine and silks from France. The odors of tea and coffee hung heavy in the warehouses, and no one complained because the Delaware was shallow, or the city miles up the river. Girard had found one of the best places in the world in which to build a fortune. Young as he was when he landed, he had both experience and knowledge. Back in his own family were the traditions and habits of fathers and sons who had been sailors and traders, and Stephen

a hazardous traffic, and either go to the Cape and with his brother there establish a house, or else accept from his father the command of a ship. Jean does urge this very strongly, but, in conclusion, shows how well he knows what Stephen's reply will be, by adding, that if his brother is absolutely resolved to stay where he is, he had better consign some vessels to him at once, as he is in a position to have them promptly dispatched. Stephen possibly sent the vessels, but he had faith and saw that under the struggle there was vigor and coming prosperity, and he stayed where he was.

As he grew richer, the Water Street house became very comfortable, and if he did not rebuild he must have altered it thoroughly. He sent to the Isle of France for ebony, out of which he had his parlor furniture made; he imported handsome Turkey carpets; the French windows opened to the floor; the kitchen was paved with marble and the water was brought in by

pipes. In the store-room everything was in abundance: sacks of coffee, boxes of tea, apples, hams, chocolate, West-India preserves, so that the table was fully furnished. Girard himself ate no meat for years, but it was regularly on the table, which was set with much solid silver. There was always company staying to meals, and when distinguished Frenchmen were in the city nothing pleased Girard better than giving them a fine dinner—and among them often came Joseph Bonaparte. The counting-room was under the same roof, and after the nieces grew up and lived in the house, the young clerks made little errands to the parlor when they knew the master was out. There was a small French organ in the room, which they would wind up, and have many a hurried dance when they were supposed to be busy over their books. The nieces had to be on the watch to secure their girlish pleasures. Their uncle was

exercise on his farm but added i
ventures.

In the midst of this personal p
Philadelphia was fairly recoverin
conditions that followed the war, t
out and desolated the city. Was
officials, moved the government off
every one who could fled, and, flyi
tagion into the country places near
who stayed lived in hourly fear, an
the streets like so many monks of l
vows to neither touch nor speak to anot
From every house where people dwelt c
of burning tobacco or tar, or some simila
Churches were closed, the books in the
Library safely locked up; there was no bra
taverns, and people hardly dared to even m

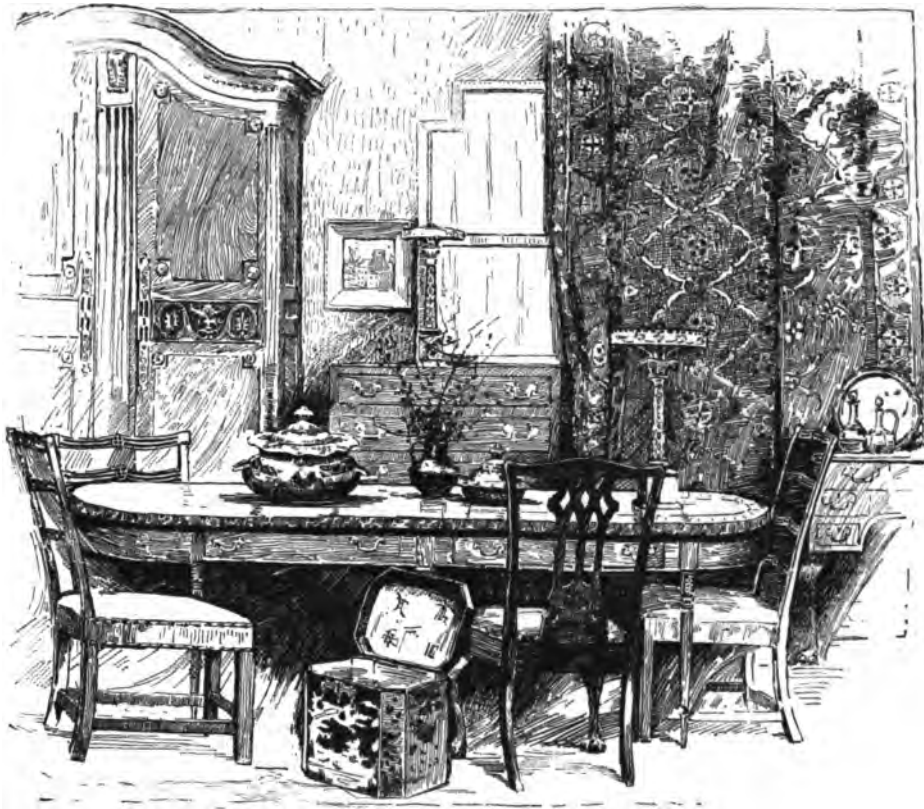
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"THE TABLE WAS SET WITH MUCH SOLID SILVER."

never unkind, but he saw no use in any sort of amusement. Everybody in the house, except himself, had to go to church, and each to his own. He provided the pews, and the family was expected to occupy them; but for parties and such entertainments he had only contempt. At ten o'clock the house was closed, and every one sent to bed. But every one did not go to bed, and more than once one of the girls, in her gala dress, slipped softly down the stairs and out the door to a cavalier, who took her to one of the stately parties of the time; and then at some late hour there was the waking of the housekeeper, and the stealing back again. There was no lack of life in the house, and when Girard could get a child into the circle, even as a visitor, he was very happy. He liked young girls and children and canary birds well, but best of all he liked his farm down in "The Neck." Every day, in his yellow gig, Girard drove down there, and then took off his coat and went to work. He hoed and he pruned, he looked after his fruit and his stock, and when his own table was supplied he found it easy to sell at a good profit whatever he chose to send to market, and so not only took his relaxation and

together. The death-calls echoed through the silent, grass-grown streets, and at night the watcher would hear at his neighbor's door the cry, "Bring out your dead!" And the dead were brought; unwept over, unprayed for, they were wrapped in the sheet in which they died, and were hurried into a box and thrown into a great pit, rich and poor together. This was in 1793, and all summer the plague raged, until, when September came, the city lay under the blazing sun as under a great curse. Doctors were dead, nurses had broken down and gone away; there were no visitors of the poor, and even at the hospital at Bush Hill there was no one to receive or care for the victims who were carried there. No one could be hired to go there. Why should any one give his life for nothing? A meeting was called, and a few men came together and appointed a committee to devise help for the hospital. Stephen Girard was on this committee. He had not only stayed in the city but he had given himself up to nursing and doctoring. He went from house to house; he was never too wearied; he was never disheartened nor disgusted. He gave money, and commissioned others to give it for



CHAIRS, TABLES AND BRIC-A-BRAC MEMORIALS.

him, "except," he said to an old Quaker, "you shall not give to Frenchmen, because you like them not. You shall send *them* to me!" It was only a step farther for him to volunteer to go to Bush Hill and take charge. And he did so. He was there for two months. He received the fever patients at the gate; sometimes he went after them; he nursed them and never faltered; he watched until they breathed their last breath, and then, wrapping them in whatever he could find, helped carry them out and put them in the pit. He was then forty-three years old, and his family in France were terrified at what Jean calls, in his English, the "risks" he was running. In 1797 and 1798, Girard repeated this experience, and again nursed and doctored through those summers of pestilence, and lost, he wrote to one of his friends, but one patient, an Irishman, who *would* drink liquor.

And so the years went on, and the Frenchman prospered, and another chance came for him to do another great public work. In 1811 Girard had a million of dollars to his account in the bank of the Barings Brothers. He ordered the whole of this spent in buying the stock of the United States Bank. This institution had come to the limit of its charter, and the stock was greatly depreciated in England. Still, Girard bought it, and waited a little. The charter expired, the government refused to renew it, and then Girard bought the whole affair, the building (which still stands on Third Street), the paper on which the notes were printed, the stools on which the clerks sat; and so the merchant became a banker, and in a moment of national peril, just as we were on the eve of war, saved us from a financial crisis. It was also one of those splendid business achievements

that distinguished Girard. He took his money out of danger and made a good investment, and when commerce was closing, opened a new business under capital conditions. From this moment he was the steady right hand of the government. He believed in it, and was in a position to assert his belief. In 1816 the new United States Bank was established, and stock offered at seven per cent, with twenty dollars bonus. The people hesitated; they straggled in, and at last took



MODEL OF THE "MONTESQUIEU" IN BALCONY RAILING.

twenty thousand dollars' worth. They were not sure about government investments. Girard waited until the last day, when he came forward and took all the



STEPHEN GIRARD, HIS GIG.

stock—three million one hundred thousand dollars. This was his stake, his “risk.”

Of course, both parties made money. The government, backed by Girard’s name, tided over the perils in its way, and Girard had the benefit of its success. He not only knew how and when to make his ventures, but once made he looked after them. When he saw fatal weakness he took no interest; yet in the moment of danger no one knew better how to run even a sinking craft on shore—but the cargo had to be worth the trouble.

In December, 1831, Girard died, an old man nearly

eighty-two. For some time he had been very infirm, and his weakness had been increased by having been knocked down by a cart on the street, and having his head and face injured. He would not give up to his injuries, and even when attacked by the influenza insisted on his old practice of doctoring himself, until it was too late. The day he died he got out of bed and walked across the room to a chair, but at once turned and went feebly back again. He put his old, thin hand on his head and said, “How violent is this disorder!” and died.

There was, of course, instant interest in his will, it being generally understood that he had left his millions for public uses. Through a misapprehension on the part of one of his executors in regard to Girard’s wishes in relation to his burial place, the will had to be read very soon after his death, and so the public was soon in possession of the facts.

Girard died in the Roman Catholic Church, although a free-thinker. He had not for years attended any of the services, but he said it was best for a man to stay in the church in which he was born. The people

whom he liked best were the Quakers. He had sympathy with their disdain of forms, their shrewd business habits and their integrity. In his own dress he was as neat and particular as they were, and did not look unlike them. His plain coats were made of the best broadcloth; his underwear, of silk, was imported from China. He kept a pair of shoes for each day of the week, and his nieces hemmed his square linen cravats by the dozen. The portrait we give of him is from the statue at Girard College, which was modeled from a cast taken after death, and so represents him as an old man. It was executed in Italy by Gavelot, at an expense of



CORNER OF THE GIRARD BLOCK.

\$30,000, and was universally pronounced an excellent likeness.

The last building enterprise which Girard contemplated and provided for by a codicil to his will was the block in which *THE CONTINENT* is published.

The time will come when Stephen Girard will be better understood; and even while he remains the typical man of business—allowing nothing to move him from

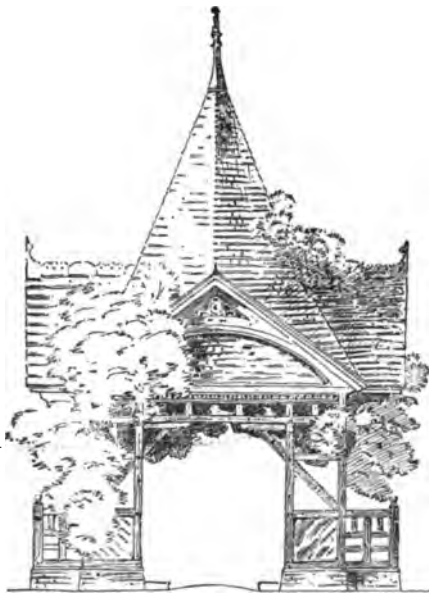
his purposes, inflexible, impetuous, never taking back his word for good or ill, daring yet cautious, having a brain that governed his heart—he will also have credit for his sterling, manly virtues. He was one of the men to whom much was committed, and when his time came to give it up, he gave it, not as money to make money, but to the “little ones” with widowed mothers, and for the benefit of the city of his adoption.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

ALL OUT-DOORS.—III.

By E. C. GARDNER, Author of “The House That Jill Built,” etc.

THE friendly counsels of zealous neighbors, like heavenly blessings without number gently falling on his head, might well confuse a clearer brain than John's. Yet it was not difficult to separate the valuable from the worthless, and to give good reasons for accepting one and rejecting the other. Weighed in the balance of a critic's eye, Miss Angelina Boker's rose-embowered arbor would surely be found wanting. It might seem a delightful thing to her, glorified by tender memories and sentimental associations; but, standing athwart the main approach to the house, in a semi-public place, where no one would care to recline for an after-dinner



ANGELINA'S ROSE-EMBOWERED ARBOR.

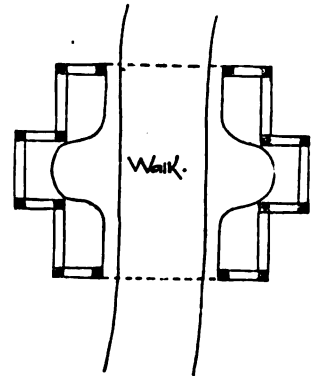
siesta or an hour's novel reading, much less for a rose-colored *tête-à-tête*, it would be as much out of place as Angelina herself at a juvenile party. A similar brief cross-examination would determine the value of all the queries and admonitions that John reported; and, as he seemed fitted by nature and by grace for an out-door home missionary, they were set in a note-book to serve as texts for future use on those occasions when a short sermon seems necessary to help on a good cause; occasions that are more rare than is commonly supposed; example is so very much better than precept, demonstration so much stronger than argument.

John remarked that there is nothing on which every-

body felt more competent to give advice than upon the arrangement of all out-doors. It is equally true that there is no example of faithful continuance in well-doing more contagious than this same work of beautifying, cleansing and generally improving the exterior adjuncts and surroundings of our homes. The man who keeps a smooth, hard walk along the public side of his own premises, free from snow and ice in winter, and in summer well swept and garnished, is an eloquent lay preacher, whose audience cannot escape his exhortation if they try, and who are certain to be convicted in their hearts even if they do not straightway go and do likewise.

As John's “door yard,” to use the good old-fashioned phrase, was entirely reconstructed,

was advised to begin by removing everything that was not to be a part of the new order of things—the fences that already belong to him, and as many of those that do not as he can get into his possession for purposes of destruction; the maple trees that hide the view, crowd one another beyond the possibility of healthy growth or beautiful form, and hold the dew on the grass till noon; the fruit trees and all other vegetable beings that live at such a poor, dying rate as to be worthless either for use or for beauty. The last category includes superannuated fruit trees and demoralized shrubs once supposed to be ornamental, but which, for want of judicious bending and pruning in their youth, have inclined to various deformities of growth that cannot now be cured even by the most heroic treatment; likewise all green grass whose pedigree is not derived from the first families of lawn seed, and all that by neglect has degenerated into a coarse and clownish sod, with no more vitality or freshness than a peat bog. The way in which people sometimes cherish a poor, old, deformed, diseased and helpless rose-bush, lilac, spirea or other shrub that ought to be beautiful, but never can be, would be pathetic if it were not so absurd. To cast it into the fire, root and branch, setting a young, healthy, rapidly-growing plant in its place, would be both wisdom and kindness. The same is true of turf. Good seed on fruitful ground will bring forth a finer lawn in six weeks



PLAN OF THE ARBOR.

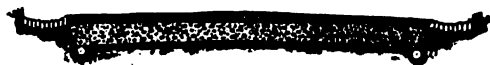
than can be made in six years by all the sprinkling, shaving and top-dressing ever applied to a shaggy old turf whose roots are coarse, cold and spongy.

In brief, John was advised to spare the old oak, the well, and everything else really worth saving, but *not* to spare the axe, the spade nor the plow. This clearing of the field for action being accomplished, the next thing in order is to lay the foundation of the roads, or rather to lay them out with the utmost care as to their location. For to change the location of a single rod of well-built road is almost as difficult as to remove mountains, much more difficult than it is to move an elm tree six inches in diameter. If building a road meant simply turning half a dozen furrows toward the east and another half dozen toward the west, rounding and mounding the sods, loam, sand, clay, mud, gravel, peat, roots, or whatever geological and vegetable formation happens to be lying on the surface, until it looks like the newly-made grave of an interminable sea-serpent—making and moving roads would be as easy as lying. This process, though by no means uncommon, cannot be called road-making. A good road for public or private use should be smooth, hard and dry; free from ruts, from hollows, from hummocks and loose stones; from sand beds, mud puddles, big water-bars, and other dangerous or inconvenient contrivances. It should be of such a course that sharp, ungraceful turns are avoided, and be of such form that water from rain or melting snow will never follow the paths made by the horses' feet or the carriage-wheels, but will run off at once to the well-paved gutters at each side. Such roads do not build themselves—more's the pity—especially over sandy plains, or where the ground is composed chiefly of clay or other substances that hold water.

In the matter of practical road-building John was fairly well posted. He knew that this part of his work, at least, were better to be well done than done too quickly, and therefore dug a shallow ditch the entire width of the road, and filled it with small stones—an



ROAD FORMATION (1).



ROAD FORMATION (2).

essential preparation for all good roads—the depth of the channel varying from six to sixteen inches, according to the nature of the soil. The object of this stony bed is to prevent the softening influences of water and the action of frost. In many cases it is advisable to lay drain-tiles in the bed of the channel, either in the centre or at the edges—not to carry off surface water, but to keep the bed as dry as possible.

It is the absence of this thorough work that causes so many country roads to become Sloughs of Despond at certain seasons, costing every year for broken vehicles and harness, wear and tear of horseflesh and human temper, not to mention loss of time and coach varnish, ten times the interest on the requisite outlay for a good road-bed. It goes without saying that the surface of the road should be hard, smooth, and as impervious to water as possible, cinders and gravel being the most available materials in most parts of the country for hardening; and it should be shaped like the roof of a house—a very flat roof, to be sure, but still a roof—with the highest part in the centre, and with sides neither

convex nor concave, but sloping straight from the ridge-pole to the gutters, these co-lateral adjuncts being scarcely less important than the road itself. The best road in the world is but half made without well-paved gutters at each side, and it betrays inexcusable slovenliness on the part of the builder. As there is no surer external index of a householder's innate refinement in this direction than the everyday condition of his "back yard," so there is no better test of the civilization of a community than the condition of the wayside gutters. It is not merely that they are indispensable to a good road, whether a private road or a king's highway, in a material sense, but they have, so to speak, a moral bearing that is of still more consequence. Front-door respectability is taken for granted—the coarsest boor cannot afford to despise it. Only a gentleman, through and through, regards the state of the unseen and the lowly with the same interest and care that are bestowed on what is seen and criticised of all men.

As a rule, in all out-door matters, what is unclean and unsightly should be removed from the face of the earth by sepulture or cremation. Most objectionable things can be destroyed by fire. A small cremating furnace or kettle attached to the kitchen range would "resolve to earth again," or to smoke, vapor and ashes, by far the larger part of the rubbish that is unavailable for kindling wood, and which is so prone to accumulate in only half-hidden by-places. What absolutely refuses to burn should be buried, and buried where it will be useful, if possible. Moreover, a wise economy would provide for saving all materials that will in any form help the earth to bring forth her increase, or that can be turned back into their original condition, or made over into some of the countless products of human skill and invention. To this end, a rag-bag for waste paper, glass bottles, worn-out boots and shoes and old iron is just as essential to nice household economy as one for bits of thread and cotton cloth. The chiefest economy of all is that which comes even to dwellers in thinly-settled regions through neighborly co-operation. It is very well to try to work out our own eternal salvation, but, in many respects, we can best secure our temporal safety and comfort by working with and for humanity at large, especially that portion of it that lies in our own township.

Accordingly, in the advice sent to John concerning his own little spot of the earth's surface, he was counseled to invoke his neighbors' assistance, and persuade his fellow-citizens to work together for the good of the village in the many lines that concern all but do not distinctly belong to any one. In brief, he was advised to organize a village improvement society, that the public ways might be improved, the streets hardened, the walks graded and paved. It happened likewise that with these and other familiar matters, he was also exhorted to "spare the town and spoil the trees," when they stood so thickly as to prevent free circulation of air, abundant sunshine upon the houses, and their own natural and beautiful growth.

"Let the heathen rage and imagine what they will, a dense grove of trees, which by its 'horrid shade' shuts out sun and air, is not the place for human habitations. Forestry is one thing; crowding five times as many trees as can possibly grow in healthy shape upon a single bit of land, because you happen to own it and believe in trees, is quite another."

If this wise and harmless piece of advice had been a dynamite plot it couldn't have caused a greater commotion, for John is one of those persons born to be reformers, and who seem by nature to take to heresy because

it is heresy, and for whom ideas opposed to prevailing opinions have an especial charm.

In less than a week from the time the innocent train was laid he burst in upon me in a fine frenzy. It appeared that he had acted upon the suggestion of forming a society with characteristic zeal, and being, on account of his interest in the matter, chosen president, he had in his inaugural recommended a wholesale destruction of some of the most aristocratic shade-trees in town with so much vigor and eloquence, that half his audience were ready to beat their spades into axes, and the whole village was accordingly set by the ears.

"I talked health and sunshine and evaporation and beauty and flowers; morning mists and twilight dews; malaria, catarrh and consumption—till I was hoarse. Before I was fairly seated, there were half a dozen up; but Miss Angelina Boker had the floor, and tragically recited:

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth—in youth—in youth it shelters me—"

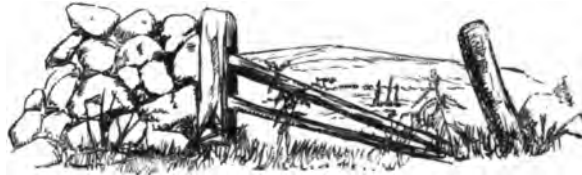
and sat down overcome by emotion.

"Rev. Dr. Brown wished to say that trees performed certain important functions in the economy of nature which—ah—could not well be dispensed with. A treeless country was apt to be a barren country—he forgot the prairies—and, on the other hand, too many trees were of course—ah—excessive.

"Dr. Brown, the dentist, undertook to ask some conundrums about the breathing apparatus of 'souls so dead,' but was squelched by Deacon Peak, who avowed that he had 'sot out' trees from his youth up in highways and byways, and whether men would hear or whether men would forbear; and his father and grandfather afore him had 'sot out' trees from time immemorable; and as for him and his house, if any vandal undertook to destroy the work of ages, they would cry aloud and spare not. I should judge that a good many of him and his house were present, for when Dr. Moody, the M. D., got up on my side of the question, and said he was willing to stake his professional reputation on the statement that the community would be healthier if half the trees in the village were removed, they broke out in unknown strains. I didn't hear him, but was told that Jimmy Jenkins, the blacksmith, said the first man that stuck an axe into a shade tree would get an axe stuck into him. At any rate, when the meeting adjourned it seemed as if our peaceful inhabitants were more likely to turn their attention to barricades and earthworks than to any milder form of village improvement."

"Well, what are you going to do next?"

"That's precisely what I am here to find out. I've followed your advice so far to the letter, and I've come for further orders."



A FAIRY TALE.

THERE stands by the wood-path shaded,
A meek little beggar maid;
Close under her mantle faded
She is hidden like one afraid.

Yet if you but lifted lightly
That mantle of russet brown,
She would spring up slender and sightly,
In a smoke-blue silken gown.

For she is a princess, fated
Disguised in the wood to dwell,

And all her life long has awaited
The touch that should break the spell:

And the oak that has cast around her
His root like a wrinkled arm,
Is the wild old wizard that bound her
Fast with his cruel charm.

Is the princess worth your knowing?
Then haste, for the spring is brief,
And find the Hepatica growing,
Hid under a last year's leaf.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

JUNE.

COME back, O June, to my heart!
I long for thy pure white rose.
And the fresh green shelter apart
Where the daintiest fern-tip grows.

Come back with thy poppies and maize,
Let me lie in thy arms and dream;
In the languid delight of thy days,
In the smile of thy sunshine's gleam!

Come back, O June of my life!
Bring with thee the one dear face;

And my song shall leap forth with gladness rife,
Made richer by love's sweet grace.

Come back, O June of my love!
With the fragrance of elder and vine—
My love that was pure like the dove,
And whose kisses were sweeter than wine!

Ah! never again that rich perfume
On my earthly sense shall rise,
Till I gather the roses' crown of bloom
On the hills of paradise.

A. F. JENN.

A MISSISSIPPI MARTYR.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

X.—CONTAINS AN ESSAY ON FUN.

"LET's have some fun," Annie said in her most pleasing voice, as the family lingered leisurely over their Sunday morning breakfast.

"It is Sunday!" Mrs. Dickison answers, as if that settled the whole matter.

"What sort of fun?" Sophie asks. Sophie is advanced enough to know that that does not settle the whole matter.

"Oh! I don't know. Let's do something," Annie proposes vaguely.

"We can all go to church together," her mother suggests, still contending for the right.

"They ain't much fun in that," Lewis remarks with impartial contempt for the laws of morality and the rules of grammar.

"Let's go to the cemetery!" Annie suggests desperately, feeling the whole responsibility thrown on her as the original projector of the idea.

"Well!" says Mr. Dickison, leaning back in his chair to gaze upon his youngest daughter, as if she were an interesting novelty. "I believe in fun, Nan. In fact, I may say I adore it. I seek it on all occasions. I regard it as an underrated element in the moral and physical development of our nation! It is my most deep-rooted conviction that if the American people went in more heartily for fun they would be a more interesting and successful set of folks, in many respects, than they are now. The idea of fun in the abstract, however, is as varied and as various as the peoples of the earth themselves. For instance, a Parisian belle and a Feejee Islander do not agree in their conception of what is fun. A Boston blue-stocking and a Colorado miner also are apt to hold diametrically opposite notions on that same subject. Nor do I imagine that Lewis here, for instance, and your revered mother are in perfect accord on the fun problem. But it remains for you, Nan, to discover that fun is to be extracted out of a cemetery."

"It's Decoration day," Annie says explanatorily.

"Then let us go," Sophie adds in that deciding voice of hers, and things were very apt to go as her casting vote sent them on all occasions.

"Well, at least, let us begin the day decorously," Mrs. Dickison urges. "If it's decided we're to go and listen to speeches and brass bands after dinner, all the more need for prayer and preaching beforehand."

This point conceded, Trinity was pitched upon as the morning's place of worship.

"You know the music there is simply faultless," Sophie says, "and some of Blancque's organ performances are so divinely sweet that one might imagine them produced by a more delicate agency than the human hand."

"All the best people go there, too, I suspect, judging from the elegant toilettes. I declare that lady who sat just in front of us last Sunday night had on the most perfect hat, and her polonaise was draped to perfection." Annie gives this indorsement of Trinity's claims to preference in her most enthusiastic manner.

"The seats are very comfortable, too," Mrs. Dickison observes luxuriously; "all cushioned backs and seats."

"An' that's the church with the banners and things

—let's go!" Lewis' fervor was a touching tribute to the "banners and things."

"How about the preaching?" asks the martyr, stupidly groping among the musty notions of bygone requirements.

"Oh!" says Sophie airily, "I suppose that is all right; but I declare, if the service is well rendered, and the singing up to the mark, it leaves one rather indifferent to the sermon."

It was not without secret pangs of uneasiness that Sophie rustled softly into position in the somewhat crowded pew the usher politely showed them into. The Dickisons, with Mrs. Dickison at one end and the martyr at the other, formed a pretty solid phalanx. Lewis was wedged in between his two sisters, who did all they could to extinguish him and his freckles beneath their bouffant draperies; but Lewis was a sort of materialized spook. He would not down, but persisted in using his elbows in a most exasperating series of nudges as he asked for information on a variety of subjects in a hissing whisper.

Mr. Dickison, in his fresh-shaven cleanliness and immaculate expanse of shirt-front looked harmless enough, but, as Sophie was saying to her own anxious heart, there was never any knowing at what moment he might "break out;" just as if the good old man were a sort of fatal irruption, you know. Her fears were justified when the last hymn was given out, "Come, thou fount of every blessing." It sounded so old and tender and familiar, that a glad light came into Silas Dickison's eyes. It was as if a greeting from the long ago had come suddenly to him, a stranger in a strange land. Sophie's heart beat wildly when she saw her father lean forward, take a hymnal from the rack, put his spectacles astride his nose, settle himself comfortably into position, and vigorously clear his throat for action. She trod on his foot, and gave him one imploring sidelong glance. He nodded reassuringly, and calmly awaited the termination of the prelude to the dear old familiar air. Why, hadn't he been knowing it ever since he was a shaver about as big as Lewis? How thankful he was to all those grand singers for selecting it to-day! It carried him back to the little church on Mr. Thornton's place, where all the "folks" for miles around would come every Sunday, and as there weren't many tunes that everybody could sing, "Come, thou fount of every blessing" and "Lord, dismiss us" had to do pretty active duty. The stained-glass windows faded into dim unrealities. The nodding plumes and flower-crowned hats about him might have been so many heads of wheat or cabbages for all the thought he gave to them, as, swelling with every swell of the organ, soaring into the realms of happiest meditation, with a voice never peculiarly adapted by nature or training for public singing, Mr. Dickison executed the final notes of the hymn in one ecstatic burst of vocal fervor, after which he calmly cased his steel spectacles, wiped his moist brow, and glanced shyly toward Sophie, as if to ask for kindly indorsement of his musical performance. But Sophie's eyes were fixed in rigid despair upon the organ-loft, her cheeks were flushed, and she wore a general aspect of defeat that was not quite what the good old man had looked for.

"What was the matter, Soph?" he asked when they all found themselves free to walk and talk once more on the sidewalk.

"Nothing, father, excepting that you will persist in making yourself so singular and us so conspicuous," she answers with forced calmness; "and I do hate to be conspicuous."

"Has it come to be disreputable, then, for folks to sing the praises of God?" he asks, rather sternly.

"Not exactly disreputable, father, only nobody else does it at Trinity; so of course people were excusable for staring and smiling."

"Did they stare and smile?"

"They certainly did, father."

"Maybe they were admiring my style of delivery; thought I was another sweet psalmist come to judgment, or something of that sort, you know."

"Admiration was certainly not the prevailing expression of countenance," says Sophie; "but I suppose when you come to analyze it one really has a right to sing in church, if one wants to, but so long as the choir does it so much better I don't see why one should want to."

"Maybe God A'mighty is not as critical about crochets and quavers as your Trinity folks, child. I don't guess He'll take any very serious offense at an old fellow's lifting up his voice when his feelings got too much for him; and that old tune did stir me up like the clasp of an old friend's hand when I was least expecting it—it was all so foreign and new like in your grand meeting-house."

"Poor old pap!" says Sophie, with a sudden relenting, linking her arm in her father's and giving his a tender little squeeze.

Having disposed of their dinner with a generally reckless sense of indifference as to what they ate on Decoration day, the main point at issue being to secure a seat in a car, they started out *en masse* in search of "fun."

"What's the row?" Mr. Dickison suddenly halted his little squad to ask this question, in view of a densely-packed crowd at the street corner, where they had been told to go to take a car to go to the cemetery.

"Waiting for a car," one of the waiters replied, with a contemptuous glance toward the ignorant questioner.

"Good Lord! Have we got to wait till all those folks are served, you reckon, mamma?"

"Not unless you choose to, sir," the same voice replied. "It isn't first come first served on occasions like this; it's purely a question of agility."

"Wife, how is your agility?" the martyr asked, turning with an air of anxious solicitude to the portly dame whose weight was an established matter of a hundred and sixty-seven pounds.

"Mr. Dickison, why do you always select me to make a butt of?" she answers with good-humored frowns. "Do behave yourself."

"A butt of! Because I'm determined you shan't be made jelly of if I can help it. Girls, '*Sauvey qui pente*' is the word. When I say 'Go,' give a leap for life. We're out for fun, you know, and we're bound to have it at all hazards. Lewis, you rascal, look out for yourself. You're too good-for-nothing to be in any special danger. It's only good little boys who get damaged on Sunday outings."

Car after car unceasingly rolled by the Dickisons, with their human freight packed like herrings in the inside, and clinging like bats to the outside.

"Looks more like suffocation than fun to a careless observer," Sophie observes sarcastically; "and father, please talk English, it's so much safer, you know."

"Go! Is that good English?" yelled Mr. Dickison, without any preface, and with five leaps, such as none but country-trained muscles could possibly have achieved, the whole Dickison family were safely landed in a car where they were so fortunate as to find sitting room for its female members.

"Where is Lewis?" Mrs. Dickison asked, as soon as she found breath to ask anything at all, fanning herself furiously.

"Holding on by the skin of his teeth," Mr. Dickison answered, nodding toward the rear of the car, as he swayed backward and forward, without even the luxury of a strap to hold fast by.

"He'll fall off."

"The mischief he will! Barnacles don't drop off easy. Lewis has the tenacity of a barnacle when he is bent on fun— Beg pardon, ma'am." Mr. Dickison's closing remarks were addressed to a lady in whose lap he had involuntarily seated himself.

"There is one comfort," observed one of the Lev-rings cheerfully, "we're so full there will be no stoppage between town and the cemetery."

Alas, for the fallacy of human hopes and expectations! A lurch, half a dozen yells, four times as many shrieks, and then the car mules stood quietly gazing in upon the passengers, as if demanding plaudits for the skill with which they had managed to jerk the car clear of the track, without inflicting bodily harm on a single one of them.

"Where is Lewis?" shrieked Mrs. Dickison.

"My baby! please somebody take care of my baby!" and one of the outside bats who had summarily been transferred from the car to terra firma extended his arms to receive a small bundle of muslin and ribbons that an agonized young mother extended to him through a window.

"This yer cyar is off the track," the driver observed, putting his head in at the door, as if to impart a casual piece of news; "dog run acrost the track and skeered the mules. If there's anybody in here ambitious of gitting to the cemetery to-night it were advisable the men folks should get out and put thar shoulders to the wheels and the women folks git out to lighten up the cyar."

This sound advice being promptly followed the car was soon shoved into position again; but when the living cargo was repacked radical changes were observed, and Mrs. Dickison was found swaying helplessly to and fro, supported tenderly by the united arms of the entire family.

"Ladies," says the martyr, appealingly, "we have demonstrated this afternoon that the feminine figure is the most compressible thing on record. A bale of cotton is adamant in its powers of resistance as compared to it. Figs in a drum are expansive to it. Herrings in a box fail to convey any conception of it. Now could you not be prevailed upon to compress the compressed just a little closer in behalf of my unfortunate wife here. She came out for fun this afternoon, and as she is the best wife I ever had, I'd like to assist her in the attainment of it. Thank you; I never knew an appeal for charity to fail yet, when the object was worthy and the appellant was a woman," he adds triumphantly, as two little women accord Mrs. Dickison a wedge-shaped position between them, into which she sank with mingled sighs of relief and looks of reproof for her husband.

"Well, here we are; now what next?" the martyr asked, when they were all safely unpacked and found themselves within the sacred precincts of the cemetery.

"I hear the band," says Lewis, and broke into a fox-trot in direction of the sound.

As the band was the only guide they had, the elder members of the family followed his lead at a sedate pace, winding in and out of the lovely walks, without taking time for even a passing glance at the beauties of private lots.

"There they are!" Annie exclaims, with the enthusiasm of a Columbus just sighting the New World. They paused on the crest of a gentle eminence and looked down to where a dense mass of human beings were clustered about a small, open space, where, presumably, somebody was saying something about something; but the open air swallowed up every sound.

"Moses viewing the promised land from Pisgah's top," says Mr. Dickison, posing for the patriarch. "I insist upon asking what next."

"There's the band!" Annie repeats, with flagging interest.

"The band seems to be your one tangible idea, Nan. Let's go look at the Confederate monument that all these folks have come out to decorate. It ought to be something very gorgeous."

So, by dint of inquiring the way at every turn, the ruralists found themselves guided to a spot where a hundred or two persons had apparently sunk to the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

"Please tell us where the Confederate graves are," Sophie asked, sweetly, of some ladies and gentlemen, who, with their empty baskets beside them, were comfortably squatted on the ground.

"Here," one of them answered, glancing about comprehensively.

"Here! Where?"

"Right here. You're standing on one—we're sitting on some."

"Mercy!" Annie exclaimed, looking down in consternation. "Where are the decorations, then, please?"

"Everywhere," says the lady, in a general way.

"Blamed if I didn't think we was walking over cotton ridges," Mr. Dickison says, as they press forward to where a lofty monument reared its graceful head far, far above a few tawdry paper wreaths that patriotic hands had festooned about its massive pedestal.

"I've found them," Sophie says in a sort of indignant whisper.

"What?"

"The decorations."

"Where?"

"There."

"Those paper wreaths? Why I can show you a dozen bar-rooms in town with finer paper fixings than those," Mr. Dickison observes incautiously.

"You seem to be remarkably familiar with such places, Mr. Dickison," his wife says, a trifle tartly.

"I am, my love; there's where I go for fun."

"Well," Sophie observes at the expiration of half an hour, during which time they had stood wedged into the motionless mass of human beings, watching the gestures of the orator of the day, dodging the blazing rays of a hot sun and trying to piece together disconnected strains of melody from the band, whose noise was almost drowned by the buzz of a thousand human voices, "If we've all had fun enough, let's go home."

There was not a dissentient voice. By leaving so soon they had tolerably good luck in reaching No. 80 Melborne.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mrs. Dickison

asked, seating herself by the lounge upon which the martyr was luxuriously stretching his cramped limbs.

"Traps for the unwary. Town's full of 'em. But I say, Nan, the next time you propose fun for the family let me sketch out the programme for you. They're mending the streets here now. Putting them in beautiful order with broken rock. I'll break rock next time for my share of the fun. Hauged if I've done such a hard day's work as this since I broke my last yoke of steers. Wonder if the Confederate dead appreciate boutonnières and paper flowers?" After which delivery the martyr spread his handkerchief over his face and fell asleep with the facility that comes of a good digestion and tremendous exhaustion.

XI.—WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

"It is altogether too warm to think of doing anything at all but sitting still and using the biggest palmetto fan procurable," Sophie Dickison sighs lazily, sinking on a lounge in the room she and Annie occupy together, for the heat and burden of the June days are upon them. "Annie, won't you ever outgrow that countrified trick of peering at the neighbors through bowed blinds?" she adds with heat-engendered peevishness, seeking a scapegoat.

"Well, I never!" her scapegoat answers irrelevantly.

"What?" Sophie asks with an eagerness that just falls short of joining her at the window.

"The coolness of some people!" Annie continues.

"Which people? I should really like to have the names of people who can keep cool in such an atmosphere as this."

"Oh, I don't know their names! I mean our neighbors generally."

"Who is thy neighbor?" Sophie asks, languidly waving her big fan.

"Jew and Gentile! We're in something of a 'mix-tr'y' here in Melborne Street, as old Aunt Lucy used to call it. There! I hope to goodness you scraped all the skin off your knee. If ever there was an unmitigated little nuisance it is that Levison child," Annie adds, her most venomous looks descending through the slats of the bowed blinds to the dusty little garden-plot that poor Mrs. Dickison has cultivated so assiduously as a reminder of lost country delights.

"Is that child here again?" Sophie asks with spiteful animation.

"Of course she is; and made as straight for mother's bed of pansies as if they had been planted expressly for her amusement."

"How did she get here? I just know she can't open that gate now; mother had it weighted for her special benefit."

"Why, her mother calmly lifted her over the fence between us. She wanted to go up town. You know she always puts that child off on us when she wants to get rid of her. I heard her tell her that if she went out of this yard before she came back for her she would 'skin her alive.'"

"Elegant, certainly; but according to your report she has begun the skinning process herself."

"Oh, that wasn't the Levison child! That was Mrs. Davidson's twins. One of them fell over the bricks around the calla-lily bed. But it didn't graze him or daunt. That's him now playing with the gas-meter."

"Did he hurt the lily?"

"No, it was his own knee that got the worst of it; the other twin is amusing himself now digging little round holes all over the front yard. I heard Mrs. Davidson ask them if they didn't want to go over and see 'dear,

good Mrs. Dickison and sweet Miss Sophie.' The coolness of it!"

"Yes; and if 'dear, good Mrs. Dickison' wasn't quite so placid under the imposition, we wouldn't have so much to stand," Sophie says irritably.

"I expect people think we have opened a primary school here," Annie observes; "a sort of kindergarten, you know."

"Bless my heart!" says Mrs. Dickison, waddling into the room, mopping her flushed and moistened brow, "how is it possible for any one to doubt that the Jews are God's own chosen people? Everything they touch turns to gold; they never get into any sort of trouble, in this country, at least; and I do believe a special providence watches over their young. You know that little Isenberg boy?"

"We'd be very stupid not to know him. He's here four-fifths of his time," says Sophie.

"Well, I went up-stairs just now, and what do you think?"

"I think we're just about the most complaisant lot of folks I ever heard of, turning nurses for the whole neighborhood," Annie remarks with energy.

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, girls! City folks do have some queer ways though. And our neighbors are very liberal with their children. I expect they pity us because we haven't any."

"Pity us! the little pests! I wish I might never see another one as long as I live."

"Yes, but I've never told you about that Isenberg child. You know there's a sparrow's nest in the mulberry close to my window; would you believe it that I found him with both legs out of the window? he was sitting in the window while he was trying to bring the limb closer with a pair of tongs. It makes me shudder to think of it."

"I suppose if he had not belonged to God's chosen tribe he would have broken his neck. Is that the moral?"

"If there's any moral to it, it is."

"The part that hurts me worst of all," says Annie, who has inherited a goodly portion of her father's blunt honesty, "is that, when the mothers come along and gather them up, as they go back home for the night, and say a few words about hoping they haven't been any trouble to us, we'll all say 'not at all,' and 'you must let them come again.'"

"It isn't quite honest," says Mrs. Dickison in a conscience-stricken voice.

"Nobody pretends to be honest in the city," says worldly-wise Sophie. "Social honesty is a nuisance and a thoroughly impracticable virtue. What time is it, Annie? I've promised Mr. Pinkham and Mrs. Hayden to drive with them this evening."

Annie gave a hasty glance at the clock, which was out of Sophie's range of vision, and then brought her eyes back to the shutters.

"It's half-past five, and perhaps you won't believe me, but father is actually bringing another child here to torment us out of our lives."

"I know who it is, too, I expect," Mrs. Dickison says, bustling toward the outlook with eager interest. "Your father told me he was going to bring him to see me. It's that Burke child. Poor little monkey! he is a starved-looking mite. He's all eyes!"

"All legs, I should say!" is Annie's observation. "But is father going to open an infirmary for all the puny children whose mothers won't and whose fathers can't take care of them?"

"Annie, I'm ashamed of you. Who was it that said 'Suffer little children to come unto you'?"

"We all know who said it, mother; but it certainly never was meant as an excuse for careless or indifferent mothers to foist their broods off on to a lot of hapless strangers. But if you can stand it, we certainly can. I'm going to take a nap before I start for a drive. Annie, I wish you joy! The Philistines be upon you!"

"Then you'll have to come down, Annie, and talk to the boy's father. Father has taken such a fancy to him, we must all be very clever to him. A little kindness is never thrown away. But it is very hot to have to be polite," Mrs. Dickison declares—as if politeness were altogether a matter of temperature—disappearing from view.

Sophie addressed herself to slumber, and Annie "freshened up" a little, wondering before going down if there was any special formula or parlor manual to be observed in intercourse with a man who was and who wasn't married.

How Mr. Lemuel Burke came to call in Melbourne Street needs to be explained.

With the frank friendliness characteristic of him as a man, and habitual with him as a countryman, who was on "speaking terms" with every man, woman and child in his own county, Mr. Dickison did not take long to form a sort of "bench intimacy," as he called it, with Mr. Lemuel Burke.

The city man seemed to find something peculiarly refreshing in the bluff directness of the old Arkansas planter, who, in his turn, declared that Burke was a city directory and social encyclopedia combined. Their introduction was somewhat unique.

"Blamed if I see why you and I should stare at each other, day after day, like two strange cats. Let's be friendly." Which they proceeded to be, occupying the same iron seat in the park, sometimes smoking together, sometimes asking and answering questions of purely local interest, and at others making much of Charlie between them.

"Charlie looks thin," Mr. Dickison says one afternoon, holding the small pinched face up for a closer inspection.

Mr. Burke's eyes roved eagerly over his boy's face, but he answered with that mildly patient voice of his, "I am afraid he is not at his best; coddled too much on sweets; left to his nurse too much. They don't understand children out yonder, I'm afraid."

"I tell you what," Mr. Dickison says with an air of inspiration, "let's take Charlie to see Mrs. D. She's a wonderful woman. What she don't know about children, from spanking them when they're well to dosing them when they're sick, isn't worth the knowing."

"Children might annoy her. You tell me you have no small ones," Mr. Burke says diffidently.

"I told you we had no small ones. Neither did we when we came here. We have about eight now," says the martyr.

"Ah! I thought your arrival had been of recent date," says the city man, with grave politeness.

"Been here just about six months, sir!"

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Burke lapsed into a silence that might mean either he found the riddle too hard for him or the marvelous increase in the countryman's family was a matter of utter indifference to him.

"Well, shall we go?" Mr. Dickison says, taking Charlie's small hand in his and rising to depart.

"Where?"

"To my house. I've talked about this young one so much my women folks will be real glad to see him, and you, too. I think my old wife will prove a real comfort to you."

Mr. Burke stared.

"Well, you know, not just that. Confound it, the right word never does come when I want it. Of course, you don't need comfort."

"On the contrary, that is just what I do need," Charlie's father says calmly. "I need something to restore my faith in womankind. I only wondered how—you—knew—"

"By George! if Maria can't do it no woman living can. Maria is old, and Maria ain't 'specially handsome, but she's a pearl before swine, permitting me to explain that I'm the swine."

"You are a straightforward, outspoken man. It is a pleasure to meet such once in awhile. I would like Charlie to have the benefit of your wife's opinions. I will go with you gratefully."

And so they went.

XII.—SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

"NOTHING ever does turn out just as one expects it to in this world, and the more you look for the less you're likely to obtain. I never intend to prepare my mind for pleasure again, for it is certain to result in mortification and disappointment," Sophie Dickison sobs, mingling her tears and her philosophy together in the most hysterical fashion. She had come in late; the family were almost through tea; so she flung her hat and gloves on a side-table, and seated herself with an expression of countenance the reverse of satisfied; "and, father, your Mr. Lemuel Burke is a savage of the first water!"

"There's nothing sure but death and taxes, and blessed are they who expect little. Who's been abusing us now?" the martyr asks, leaning back in his chair and using his toothpick, not feeling called on to champion Mr. Lemuel Burke.

"Nobody in particular, only—"

"Fate in general. Wonder if that letter will smooth matters?" and a thick white envelope went skimming across the table-cloth to Sophie's plate from her father's side-pocket. She picked it up and glanced at it before going farther into her tale of woe—what woman would not?

"Poor old Joe! I'd almost forgotten him! He's such a goose! It will keep," she says, and thrusts it, with unbroken seal, into her pocket.

Notwithstanding the cool reception granted it, "poor old Joe's" letter had evidently acted in a soothing manner, for Sophie's voice had lost a full tone of its peevishness when she began to explain what it was that had gone wrong.

"Didn't you all understand that I was to meet Mrs. Hayden in her rooms at the Gaunt House, to go to the art store with her?"

"Of course we did!" Mrs. Dickison and Annie affirm in duet.

"Well, somehow or other, as intimate as Mrs. Hayden has begged me to be, and as often as she has asked me to come and see her in her rooms, I have never found her at home. I've always sent my card up from the parlor, and word has always come back, 'not in;' but to-day, as we were to go out together by appointment, I took it for granted that she could not possibly be out, so I asked the boy who answered my bell to tell me which was Mrs. Hayden's room, and he told me—or pretended to tell me—and I started out on a voyage of discovery. You have never been to the Gaunt House!"

Her question has the inflection of an exclamation, the fork she has rested in a vertical position, answering admirably for an exclamation point.

"No; what of it?"

"Well, they ought to furnish visitors with clues to that labyrinth, that's all! I rang the visitor's bell at the ladies' entrance—"

"Of course."

"And the man that answered it told me, in answer to my request for Mrs. Hayden's room, to go up two flights of steps, turn to the right—Mr. Pinkham says he could not have said 'right,' but I know he did—go along the corridor that pointed north—as if I had a pocket-compass with me—turn to the left into a short cross-hall, up two more flights of stairs, and the first door to my left was the one I was looking for."

"Why didn't you ask the man to show you the room?" Annie asks, always interested in Sophie's social ventures.

"I did. He said he didn't have time; couldn't leave his own floor, and half a dozen other flimsy excuses. Well—"

"Did you provide yourself with a camp-bed?"

"What for, father?"

"In case night overtook you between the long corridor and the short."

"I had more need of a smelling-bottle. The scents of that hotel! I would not be doomed to spend a night in such an atmosphere for pay."

"City people are not fastidious about the quality of air they breathe. I doubt if they know good from bad," Mrs. Dickison remarks, with a calm sense of her own superiority in that particular.

"So I started on my voyage of discovery. I went up two flights of steps, just as the man told me to, and, as I had not taken the precaution to put on blind-bridles before starting, I was obliged to see right into an open door, where a hatless, coatless and bootless man was stretched out sound asleep on a bed!"

"Mercy!" Annie exclaims.

"Sleeping men generally are hatless!" says Mr. Dickison, "and beds are very generally used for sleeping purposes;" while Mrs. Dickison, who never omits an opportunity to prove that the city man is altogether an inferior product to the country man, remarks: "He might have had the decency to close his door. But city people rarely ever are decent."

"Perhaps he preferred exposure to suffocation," says the martyr charitably.

"Well, it did not take me long to leave that door out of sight; so I turned to the right, as the man told me, and found that there was absolutely nowhere else to go to!"

"How's that?" everybody asks.

"Why, there wasn't any more corridor, right or left, long or short. There was a huge room, with ever so many big chairs and towels and soap-suddy men and things!" Sophie stopped to fan herself nervously, as memory recalled the "soap-suddy men and things!"

"A barber shop! Mercy! What did you do?" asks Annie.

"Nothing! I just stood and stared like an idiot. I suppose I would have been standing there yet but father's friend, Mr. Burke, who was waiting his turn to be soap-sudded, I suppose, came toward me, looking as stern and angry as if he would have liked to slap me, and said:

"Miss Dickison, I believe. Some mistake, I presume."

"I told him there was certainly some mistake; I was looking for a lady's room."

"May I show you to the parlor?" he asked. "Perhaps it would be safest to send for your friend. If you will give me her name—"

"What he said didn't so much matter as the way in which he said it—for all the world as if I was a bad child caught in a scrape. So I just eyed him very coolly and told him he need not trouble himself, I was quite equal to the undertaking in hand, which made him look angrier than ever; but he just said, in that exasperatingly cool voice of his:

"I would like to serve you for your father's sake; but it shall be as you say."

"So he went back to the soap-suds, and I turned around to hunt for a loop-hole of escape."

"I think you behaved very badly to Mr. Burke, Sophie; he is just splendid. Only a girl doesn't like to be served for her father's sake exclusively." Mr. Burke's pretty champion blushed at her own warm advocacy of her father's friend.

"Well, I twisted and turned until I was absolutely bewildered and dizzy enough to drop."

"Weren't there any numbers on the doors?"

"Yes; but those that weren't locked were standing wide open. City people don't care, you know. And then I am sure it's three degrees warmer there than anywhere else on earth. So I couldn't blame them much; but it did look independent."

"City people are always bold as brass," Mrs. Dickison affirms.

"Well, I asked every one I met if they could tell me which was Mrs. Hayden's room, and when I reached it I was so flurried and worn out that I did not even have the decency to knock, but bolted right in. Gracious! will I ever forget the shock of that moment! There was a lounge drawn up between two windows, and on it lay Mrs. Hayden, sound asleep. So sound, that even my boisterous entrance never caused a muscle to move. If I had not been told that it was Mrs. Hayden's room I would have shut the door and run away. Annie, she hasn't a particle more hair than Grandma Rogers has, and it's as gray as a badger's. Her skin is as yellow as a buckskin glove, and her cheeks were so sunken in that I expect she wears false teeth and plumpers and things, and takes them out when she goes to sleep. As for her form! Oh! well that was all over the chairs! And mother, I smelt—I'm quite sure—I think—I smelt beer in her room!"

"Nathan Pinkham's daughter a beer drinker! No, by George, child! you can't make me swallow that story," Mr. Dickison roars, with zealous loyalty to his old friend. "As for her make-up, that's nothing. Half the women in town are made up, I guess. It's a sort of revelation and shock to you, you little country simpleton. But beer drinking! By George, that's coming it a little too seriously, Sophie!"

"It's a safe rule to give a city woman credit for her own eyes and nose," says Mrs. Dickison; "beyond that everything is conjectural."

"Did you try to wake her?" asks Annie, in a shocked voice.

"Indeed I didn't. I slipped out as softly as if I had been stealing; backing out, while I kept my fascinated eyes on the sleeper. Just as I closed the door behind me I found myself face to face with an old hooked-nose Jew, dirty and greasy looking. He must have mistaken me for somebody else—a peddler, I reckon—for he said, 'Vell, vat you got fur me dish toime—silks un shateens?'"

"What did you answer?"

"Nothing. I ran, taking first one turn and then another, until I had gotten so nervous that I began to fancy that some one was following me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a man slowly coming up the long corridor I was in. I ran faster, and finally found my-

self opposite the ladies' parlor. Just then I heard the voice of that detestable Mr. Burke at my elbow, saying, 'Pardon a seeming impertinence, Miss Dickison; but you are so young and so evidently a stranger to the ways of the city, may I not see you home? See, the gas is being lighted.'

"No, sir; you may not," I answered him, very defiantly. 'It is quite early. I have been disappointed in meeting some friends here; but I am quite able to take care of myself.'

"Your father is aware of your presence here, I presume?" he asked, in that coolly impudent way of his, which it is a wonder I felt called on to answer at all; but I did, just to show him how impertinent his interference was.

"My father is quite aware of and approves all my friendships."

"Pardon me then," and he turned off, as if he had just eased his mind of a load, and left me in such a frame of mind that I was almost ready to snifle."

"That is the last thing on earth I should think of doing in a public parlor," Annie says reproachfully.

"Well, there I stood, and there Mr. Pinkham found me. He said he had just seen me through the office-door. He seemed so distressed to think I had been left in the lurch so completely, said so many handsome and apologetic things for his sister—who, he said, had been summoned to the country by a telegram to visit a dying friend, and abused himself so roundly for having failed to send me the note she had left with him for delivery on the night previous, that I looked at him in blank amazement. Was he crazy, or was I crazy? Had I seen Mrs. Hayden, or had I not? My own eyes told me I had; her sweet little note told me she had been called out of town the night before. Here's her note to speak for itself."

"Of course you had not seen her. Nathan Pinkham's son couldn't any more lie than Nathan Pinkham's daughter could drink beer. A case of mistaken identity, that's all. And as for Burke—"

"He's simply horrid!" says Sophie, with emphasis.

"He's simply splendid!" says Annie, with equal emphasis.

"Oh, Burke's all right!" Mr. Dickison asserts stoutly. "He's had some sorry experiences in life, and is a little tart in some of his ways, but he will do to tie to, as sure as you're born. So Nath's boy brought you home, did he?"

"Yes, sir; he saw me to our gate. But, father, I assure you Mr. Burke is not all right. He is excessively impudent. I was so heated and worried by my tramp all over that hot hotel, that Mr. Pinkham proposed we should go to the park a while before coming home. I asked him if ladies ever went there so late of evenings, and he asked me, in such an injured voice, if I supposed he would carry me into any danger, that I went; and if Mr. Pinkham and I had been two escaped convicts, we could not have been treated with more impertinence by your friend Mr. Burke. He absolutely dogged our steps. Of course, no one could object to anything he did, for the park was as free to him as it was to us. I asked Mr. Pinkham if he knew him, and he said he believed it was that poor rogue Burke."

"Indeed, Mr. Dickison," his wife says in virtuous alarm, "I never did quite approve of the way you have picked up that Mr. Burke. How in the world do we know who we are taking by the hand here? We cannot be too particular. Of course, Mr. Pinkham and his sister are all right, for we know who their father was; but as for Mr. Burke—" Digitized by Google

"You're right, Maria. We're not in the country now, where everybody knows who everybody is. But Burke's face spoke so well for him. I'd trust that face of his before a dozen introductions. I'm afraid I am a little irregular in my social performances. I'll inquire into Burke."

XIII.—POOR OLD JOE!

"SOPHIE DICKISON!" says Annie, turning sternly upon her elder sister, and addressing her magisterially, as soon as they find themselves alone that night in their bed-room; "you may try to deceive father and mother, and you may succeed, but there's no manner of use in trying to fool me! You've got something on your mind; and it's something serious, too! I know you. You've not been worked up to your present pitch of nervousness by that hotel business. What is it, sis?"

For all answer to which Sophie fell to crying in the most inconsequent fashion. Annie was used to these slight irregularities of temperament in her sister; in fact, in her own commonplace humility she had always considered them rather as so many indications of Sophie's finer organism; only every-day folks like herself remained forever on the dead level of placid endurance. So she turned down the bed and tucked the bar in snugly all around, and laid Sophie's gown officiously on a chair for her, and twisted her pretty yellow hair into stiff little paper balls; and finally, seating herself in a big chair, she clasped both knees with her arms and said, "Well!"

Sophie, emerging from behind her wet pocket-handkerchief, glanced at the curled up form in the big chair and at the wreath of white paper knobs on its brow, and fell to laughing as inconsequently as she had cried.

"You are hysterical," says Annie. "Fix your bangs, it will compose your nerves, or read Joe's letter, that will soothe you to sleep, I warrant you."

"Poor old Joe! I'd almost forgotten his letter. I'll read it right now," Sophie says remorsefully, and seats herself accordingly under the gas-light. "Shall I read it out loud?"

"If you don't mind and don't think Joe would," Annie answers conscientiously.

"Of course not. 'Dear Miss Sophie.'"

"He used to call you Sophie. It's going to be an awfully solemn letter, I'm quite sure. If you hear me snore you needn't mind."

"'Dear Miss Sophie,'" the reader repeats. "'I've been intending to write you this letter for the past six weeks or more, but thinking as I'd best be sure of the ground I was standing on before making too bold, I've been waiting.'"

"He's lucky in having any ground at all to stand on," comes from the arm-chair.

"'I've found it a harder task than I thought it was going to be to keep my promise to your father about looking after his place while he was gone. Not harder work, for he couldn't ask anything of me that I'd think too hard work, but the old house looks so sad and lonely that it almost makes a woman of me every time I go over.'"

"He means tears, I suppose," Annie says explanatorily. "Some men think tears and woman synonymous terms."

"'The water has left the whole country now, and a bedraggled looking lot we are. There's a deal of mending and patching to be done before things can be made to look half-way decent yet, and I'm sorter glad that you're out of the muss; but I hope you won't be sorry to come back in the fall, for the old place will

never look right, Sophie, dear, if it was never to get you back.'"

"That sounds just like Joe," says Annie.

"'I've pitched my own crop and seen to the pitching of your father's. The hands are all working well after their long resting spell; but the mules are in poor fix to do extra work, and the gnats are death on the poor brutes.'"

"Sophie, if that letter becomes any more tenderly sentimental you'll have to read it to yourself."

"'Your father's stock looks better than anybody's I've seen—he left such a good lot of feed on hand, you know. I am afraid it will distress your mother to hear that all her fine Berkshires have disappeared—killed or drowned, we can't say which.'"

"Poor old Joe! he's nothing if not practical," Sophie observes, turning over the leaf.

"He's true as gold. It's mean of us even to make fun of his letter. And you know he's lots handsomer than your Mr. Pinkham."

"'I've been thinking, Sophie, that I could content myself with beautifying my little place this year, and, when you came back in the fall, I'd just ask you to come over and crown all my work by giving the little house a mistress. But I've fallen to wondering if it wasn't mighty presumptuous in me to suppose that such a prize would go uncontested. And when the fear came over me that somebody might steal you from me, I grew hot and cold and scared, and just made up my mind to write to you, though I know I'm not anything of a penman, dear girl, for I don't understand much beside crops. I'm writing now, sure of nothing but my own heart, Sophie. Sure that it's full of true, manly love for you, dear. I know you can't walk ten steps in your city walks, dear, without meeting some fellow with a smoother face and smoother ways and smoother talk than mine, Sophie; but when it comes to loving of you and sheltering you from the storms, and easing your pathway, Joe Hinton won't be afraid to enter the lists against them all if you'll only tell him he may.'"

"Poor old Joe!" Annie says softly.

"'I'm afraid I've been making too sure of the future all this time. Your father has known and approved of my intentions. I told him when the water came up that it had hurt me worse than anybody else, for I'd meant to have asked you to marry me this spring. He said nothing would please him better, but he reckoned it would be just as well to wait until fall. And I thought he was right, for it does look like confounded impudence for a man to promise a woman to cherish her in a house two feet under water and to endow her with all his worldly goods, when he don't seem to have anything but acres of Mississippi River. But I'm coming out all right, my dear; prospects are brightening and the crops are promising, though this cold snap has made the young cotton look mighty sick. I would like to come up just about the time you're all making ready to come home, and (if this letter makes it all right, that is,) we could get married in church up there, like Christian folk. So I won't trouble you to write me a very long letter, dear, if you'll just write and say "Dear Joe, I'll wait till you come," I'll rest satisfied and happy.'"

The letter dropped into Sophie's lap, and the two girls looked at each other.

"Well?" Annie asks.

"Poor Joe!" Sophie says; "I liked him so much, and was real glad to see his handwriting to-night."

"Well?" Annie repeats, a little impatiently.

"I wonder if he'll mind—much?"

"Mind! 'What?'"

"That!" and Sophie slowly turns a ring on her third finger until she brings a flashing diamond into prominence, that has been concealed in the palm of her hand.

"Mercy!" Annie exclaims, dazzled and startled, while Sophie, folding the radiant hand over the other one, looks down at it in blushing confusion.

"Mr. Pinkham?" asks Annie, in an awe-stricken voice.

"Of course! Who else?"

"I wonder if father will like it?"

"He is not to know."

"Not to know! Why? Who says so?"

"Mr. Pinkham. I've promised him."

"Sophie," says Annie, rising to her feet excitedly, "you are older than I am, and you pretend to more worldly wisdom than I ever laid claim to. I never had a lover, so I suppose I don't exactly know how lovers ought to act and talk; but I don't believe that it's right to keep this thing from father; and it seems queer, to say the least of it, that *he* should be the one to insist on secrecy."

"Father brought him here. Father knows all about him. He gave me his reasons for keeping it to ourselves for the present. If you've a mind to turn tell-tale, you can do it; but I'll never forgive you—never!"

"How long is this odious secret to be kept?"

"Two little weeks."

"What about that flashing ring?"

"I am going to wear it in my bosom."

"Comfortable. I'd as soon put a brickbat inside my corsets. Poor Joe! he never would have sneaked into a family in this fashion."

"Annie, I want you to hush!"

"In fact, his honesty has been his ruin. You did like him, Sophie, and I believe in my heart you do now. You're dazzled with this Mr. Pinkham. His ways are so smooth, and his voice is so soft, and his mustache so divine, and his eyes so languishing, that you've been sampling the inner man by the outer, and think he's altogether divine."

"Annie, I didn't know you could be so cruel!"

"And I didn't know you could be so silly!"

"Mr. Pinkham is the most polished gentleman I ever met. He dresses to perfection, too."

"The coat is but the guinea's stamp; the man's the man for a' that," I'd rather have Joe Hinton without any coat than Mr. Pinkham with a thousand. You know I never have shared in the family admiration for 'Nath's boy,' as father is so fond of calling him."

"No; you prefer Mr. Burke," says Sophie maliciously.

"At least, there's no danger in that direction," Annie answers calmly. "His wife is living, and I believe him to be a man totally devoid of sentimental nonsense. At least, he has never bored me with any."

Sophie did not answer, but sat absently folding Joe's letter into smaller and smaller folds, while Annie completed her preparations for the night, and crept under the bar.

"Sophie," she says, flattening her nose against the mosquito net to fling a Parthian dart, "what are you going to do about the beer?"

"What beer?"

"Sister-in-law Hayden's. Suppose she does drink beer?"

"Annie!" but there was more fright than anger in her voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED).

BELINDA's look wanders in consternation from one to other of the faces round her. Disordered hair, red-hot cheeks, panting breath, rampagious eyes! Bedlam might easily turn out a saner-looking party. In comparison of them, Comus' crew were an orderly Philistine band.

The men are bad enough, but Sarah—but herself! Bacchante and romp mixed in just and fine proportions as her sister looks, her stricken conscience tells her that she herself far outdoes her, though she dares not ask the looking-glass for confirmation of this conviction; but during the past mad hour, has not Sarah been tame and mild when compared with her?

"Had we not better be going?" says Bellairs at last, in a lamb's voice, in which no one would recognize the hilarious bellow of five minutes ago.

"I think that there can be no two opinions on that head," replies Sarah dryly. As she speaks she turns to her dazed elder, and lowers her voice. "Had you not better go and ask him whether he feels inclined to join us?"

Belinda turns in stupid compliance toward the door.

As she makes her difficult way through the little passage, blocked with articles of furniture piled one atop of another, her consternation deepens. He must have had to climb like a cat over his own arm-chair in order to gain ingress into his own drawing-room! It is impossible! It would be adding insult to injury to present herself before him in her present dishevelment. She must needs repair to her own room; must needs, with intense repugnance, snatch a glance at her own disordered image in the toilet-glass. The case is even worse than she had feared. There is even more of the Mornad than she had apprehended in her reflection. But there is no time to be lost. Each moment that passes, leaving her offense unacknowledged, lends it a deeper dye. A brush snatched up and hastily applied to her revolted hair; two hand-palms, but they are hot too, held for a moment to her blazing cheeks in the vain effort to cool them, and she is off again.

Outside his door she hesitates an instant, listening in scared heart-sinking; but there is no sound audible within, so, plucking up what courage she may, she enters. He is seated at his writing-table, in the leathern chair in which she has passed such countless hours of

ennui and fatigue, slaving in his service. The thought emboldens her a little, and she advances up the room and stands beside him.

"May I take your place?" she asks in a rather faltering voice. "I am quite ready."

It is a whole minute before he answers. There is no plainer mode of showing resentment than by letting sixty seconds elapse between a question addressed to you and your answer. Then:

"I am obliged to you," he answers woodenly, still writing; "but I think that, in its present condition, your mind is scarcely capable of serious employment!"

There is something so galling in the implication that her spirit rises.

"Do you think that I am *drunk*?" she asks violently; then, recollecting how gravely in the wrong she has been, she masters herself, and says apologetically: "I am very sorry; it was very foolish; but—but—I did not expect you home by so early a train."

He gives a little odious, though perhaps pardonable laugh.

"That fact was sufficiently obvious."

"I am very sorry," she repeats again, with uneasy iteration, shifting wretchedly from one foot to the other, as she stands in her culpritship before him; "but—but it was so wet, and we could not get out, and—and it was so long since I had danced or played at any games!"

There is a wistful accent audible even to herself in her voice, and she looks at him with a sort of forlorn hope that he may be touched by it. If he is, he masters it admirably.

"Indeed!" he answers cuttingly. "Well, next time that such an impulse seizes you, I should be obliged by your choosing some other spot than my house to turn into a bear-garden!"

She had thought that her cheeks were already as hot as cheeks could be, but the sudden influx of blood that his words sends pulsing into them shows her mistake. Hitherto, shame at and repentance of her frolic, joined with a sincere desire to make amends for it, have been her predominant emotions; now at once they vanish, and give place to a biting sense of injustice and aversion.

"After all, it was no such great crime," she says in a hard voice, in which is no trace of the gentle, humble key of her earlier utterance; "it was silly, perhaps," with a burning blush, "but it was an innocent enough wet-day amusement!"

"It is an innocent wet-day amusement against the recurrence of which I shall take measures to secure myself," he replies resentfully.

There is something, or she fancies so, of menace in his tone, at which her anger rises.

"You forget," she says, in a low but extremely distinct voice, "that I am young. If you had married a wife of your own age, it would have been different; but you must remember that I am at the beginning of life, and you at the end!" Having delivered herself of this amiable reminder, she walks toward the door, not giving one glance to see how far her shaft has gone home. On reaching her own room she breaks into hysterical sobbing. "If he had taken it differently, he might have made a friend for life of me!" she cries.

This is, perhaps, putting it a little strongly.

One would have thought that upon the most inveterate pleasure-seekers, such a cold-water douche could not have been poured without producing a permanently healing effect; that never again would the members of the little band, so disastrously surprised in mid-romp by the Professor of Etruscan, lift up their humbled

heads from the dust, into which that one glance of his narrow eye had abased them. And yet it is but too true—such is the potency of the spring and youth spirits, when they meet in lusty embrace—that before forty-eight hours are over, they are planning another excursion.

A whole long day spent chiefly in her own society, for Belinda has had to expiate by working double tides her short idleness, has convinced Sarah of the wisdom and necessity of catering for her own amusement. By some means, whether of writing, or meeting on neutral ground, she has established a communication with Belairs and his friends; and in their eager hands, guided by her commanding spirit, the project of a new expedition for the following day—i. e., the day but one after their being put to the rout—speedily takes shape. It is indeed shorn of its former noble proportions, for it is not likely that Mrs. Forth will soon be indulged with another whole holiday; but upon a part—the latter part—of the afternoon she may, without undue sanguineness, reckon as lawfully her own; and now that the evenings are so long, it is of little consequence how late, whether lit by red sun or white moon, they return.

Belinda has no share in the formation of the plan. She knows of it, indeed. Did she not know of it, would she not have broken down under the pitiless labors of the interminable day that intervenes between it and its abortive predecessor? A sort of superstition keeps her from inquiring as to any of its details. To take for granted that it will happen, will, judging by all precedent and analogy, probably prevent it. Much less dares she ask whether Rivers is to be included in it.

"I do not even know of whom your party consists," she says at last, over-night, to her sister, emboldened by the after-dinner twilight, in which they are strolling round and round the odorous garden plat, and fondly trusting that for once that sister's acuteness may be at fault, and not detect the ill-hidden motive of her words.

"Of whom it consists?" repeats Sarah carelessly, lifting and spreading out one hand, and striking the fingers, one after one, with the index of the other. "You," touching the thumb, "I, Mr. Bellairs, Mr. Stavely, Mr. De Lisle."

She has reached the little finger, and there pauses.

"Two ladies and three men?" comments Belinda, in tremulous interrogation.

Sarah does not contradict her.

"We should have been six last time," says Mrs. Forth, after a short silence.

"Yes, six," assents Sarah.

Belinda's heart beats low. She withdraws her hand from her sister's arm, upon which it has been resting, ostensibly to hold up her gown; but in a moment that gown is again trailing unregarded behind her. Why has she been gazing with such elation at the steady roses and ambers of the west? Promise-breaking as evening skies are, surely no sky could break such a promise as this! If what Sarah implies be true, what does it matter whether that promise be kept or broken?

"You have not asked Mr. Rivers?" she says at last, with abrupt desperation, seeing that her sister volunteers no further information.

"I have certainly not asked him," replies Sarah gravely, with a slight stress upon the pronoun.

Mrs. Forth does not perceive the significant accentuation; and only gathers that her fears are realized. It is a moment or two before she can speak. Then,

"That was civil!" she says, in a resentful low key; "but I suppose that in the case of a common workman in an iron foundry—"

"Stay!" interrupts Sarah calmly, "before you say anything more, for which you might afterwards be sorry. I may as well tell you that he is invited. I had, God knows, no hand in it; but Mr. Bellairs invited him, and very officious I think it was of him!"

The morning has come. The sunset has been better than its word. No average fair day is this, upon which it simply does not rain, but one that earth, air and sky from morn to eve vie in nobly decking; such a day as that one before which old George Herbert poured the nard and spices of his curious sweet verse, which for two hundred years has risen to most hearts and lips on any day of unusual summer splendor. It is certain that this time the weather at least will throw no obstacle in her way. The forenoon, of hot labor to the one sister, of luxurious cool idling to the other, is past and gone. So is luncheon.

The hour for departure draws near. Sarah is already dressed; dressed to the last button of her Paris gloves; to the last bewitching pinch given to the fantastic rural hat, whose pulling to pieces and rebuilding has largely helped in the beguiling of her lonely morning.

Belinda, usually punctual, and to-day, as one would think, with treble motives for punctuality, has not yet appeared. But just as the impatient Sarah is turning over in her mind the advisability of hurrying her by a call, she enters. At sight of her, an exclamation of surprise and remonstrance rises to her sister's lips.

"Not dressed yet?"

For, indeed, about Mrs. Forth there is no appearance of festal preparation; her head is uncovered; she is in her usual working morning gown—a gown to which traditions of ink and folios seem continually to adhere; her steps are languid, and her eyes dead.

"I am not going," she answers doggedly, throwing herself into a chair. "I must give it up!"

"Give it up?" repeats the other, with an incredulity born of the recollection of Belinda's passionately eager watching of the sunset over-night; "why?"

"He cannot spare me," replies Belinda, in a dull, level tone; "he says that he is ill."

"Ill? What is the matter with him?"

"I really forgot to inquire whether it was his heart or his liver to-day," rejoins the other, with a sort of apathetic satire; "it is always either his heart or his liver: except now and then when it is his spleen!"

"Whichever it is," says Sarah bluntly—"and I suppose you mean to imply that it is not any of them, really—I do not see what good you can do!"

"I can give him his drops," replies Belinda, with the same artificial tameness; then, life coming back in poignant pain into her tone; "while you are on the river, I shall be giving him his drops! Oh!" turning over writhingly in her chair, and half burying her face in the cushion, "what will not the river be to-day! You will be under the willows; they will push your boat right under the branches! You have never done it; you do not know what it is to lie under the willows on a day like this!"

She ends with something not far removed from a sob; then, sitting upright again, and resentfully regarding her sister:

"You do not seem very sorry: if one were of a suspicious disposition one might almost say you looked glad."

"As usual you are beside the mark," replies Sarah calmly. "I was reflecting that in all probability the whole expedition must now fall through, as not even I dare brave Oxbridge public opinion by taking to the water with four young men and without a chaperone."

"Of course not!" cries Belinda, catching eagerly at this suggestion, and with a feeling as of a burden most unaccountably lightened; "it would be quite out of the question!"

How comparatively easy it will be to administer Professor Forth's drops, with no simultaneous mental consciousness maddening her of the dazzling water, the sheltering gray-green willow-arch, and of Rivers lying beneath it, laughing as Sarah, alas! knows how to make him laugh, stretched in lazy forgetful enjoyment at her feet. The distinctly disappointed expression painted on Miss Churchill's pink and white lineaments brings her back to a consciousness of her selfishness.

"I could ask Mrs. Baker whether she would take you," she says slowly, in reluctant suggestion; "she is fond of the river, and she lives only two houses off. Do you think?"—dragging her words somewhat, and hoping, oh, how ardently! for an answer in the negative—"that it would be worth while asking Mrs. Baker to take you?"

"Eminently worth while!" replies Sarah joyfully, the sparkle returning at a hand-gallop to her eyes.

Belinda has already repented of her offer, but shame prevents her now going back from it. She seats herself at the writing-table, and Sarah walks to the window.

"I can see them all at the corner of the road," she says, chuckling; "they dare not come any farther than the corner, and even then I can see that they are in a cold sweat of apprehension."

Belinda writes on: that most *unkillable* of plants—hope—sending up a little fresh shoot in her heart; after all, fate may be kind. It may have sent Mrs. Baker a previous engagement, a headache—what not? But fate disdains to be dictated to. If it is kind to us, it is out of its own free will, and not at our bidding.

"She will be delighted," says Sarah, returning in an impossibly short space of time; Sarah, who to insure the greater security and speed, has insisted upon being herself the bearer of the note. "She is very much obliged to you for thinking of her; she is putting on her things now, and will be at the corner as soon as I."

Miss Churchill is bustling away, perhaps not very anxious to take a prolonged farewell look at her sister's face; but that sister detains her.

"I will go with you as far as the corner," she says feverishly, catching up a shabby garden-hat, and throwing it on her hot head as she speaks.

Before she has gone six yards she has repented of her impulse. There seems to be in these days not one of her actions of which she does not repent before it is half way to execution. Why should she, of her own free will, forcing him to a comparison between them, set herself, poor workaday drudge as she is, beside this charming holiday creature—so delicately fine, so infectiously gay? Even now she would go back, but it is too late. The young men have caught sight of her: in a moment they have all met.

Rivers exhales a heavy sigh of relief. He has had bad dreams, and a dragging presage of ill-luck hanging about him; but both dreams and presage are as false as dreams and presages mostly are. Had they not told him that she would be prevented coming? and is she not standing here in beautiful bodily presence before him? Is he likely to observe the age of her hat or the humility of her gown? He, never one of those man-milliners who can price, to a groat, a woman's laces; he, to whom it has always seemed as if, whatever sheath his bright flower-lady wore, she informed it with her own glory.

"I hope you will enjoy yourselves," she says, letting

her hand linger for an instant in his, and lifting her melancholy eyes to his face.

"We!" he says, laughing softly, though his heart misgives him; "and why not you?"

"I am not going," she answers quietly, though her eyes rivet themselves with an intentness of passionate jealousy on his face, to see whether he looks sorry enough.

He steps back a pace or two, loosing her hand.

"Not going?" he echoes blankly.

His dreams, his presage spoke true, after all—worse than true, indeed! for have they not tricked him with the shadow of a hope?

"Come along—come along!" cries Sarah blithely, marshaling her pack and whipping up the stragglers; "we are late already. Why do we not set off? Mr. Rivers, will you hold my parasol while I search for my pocket? This is a new gown, and a horrible misgiving seizes me that it has not a pocket."

She addresses him so decidedly that he has no alternative but to answer her, nor does she again let him go.

Before Belinda can realize that it is so, they are all off, walking away from her—away to the river and the willows. Without one word of regret for her absence—without even an inquiry as to the cause of that absence, he is gone—gone a-pleasuring.

His face indeed looked blank for a moment, but for how long, pray? Does it look blank still? Will it look blank under the willows? If her withdrawal from the party had been to him what his would have been to her, would he have gone at all? would he not have framed some excuse for escape at the last moment? Nor does she, in her unjust heart-bitterness, reflect that he could have taken no surer way of compromising the woman he loved! Happily perhaps for her, she is not long able to give herself up undisturbed to reflections of the above kind. She must needs return without farther delay to her treadmill. It is true that the morning, and the morning's Menander, are over—ill as is the Professor, he is not too ill for Menander—but her afternoon task-work is still unperformed; her daily two hours' ministrations to her imbecile mother-in-law—two hours during which that mother-in-law's attendant is released, and sent out into the fresh air to lay in a stock of ozone and endurance to support her through the other twenty-two. The thought of her fellow-drudge makes Belinda remorsefully hasten her steps. What business has she, with her selfish repinings, to defer and shorten that other drudge's holiday?

"Do not hurry back," she says good-naturedly, as she relieves guard. "It is a lovely day; take your time and enjoy yourself; I am in no hurry."

Oven-like as is the temperature of old Mrs. Forth's room, her easy-chair is drawn up close to the blazing fire. The chill of extremest eld is upon her. Her mind is so completely gone that she is incapable of recognizing or identifying even the persons habitually about her; nor does her daily interview with her daughter-in-law ever begin with any other phrase than:

"Who are you, my dear? If you will believe me, I do not know who you are!"

Her conversation, which never ceases, consists of this question repeated *ad infinitum*; of inquiries after various long-dead members of her family, supposed by her to be alive and sometimes even in the room; and of information such as that her father has been sitting with her (if he were alive, he would be one hundred and sixty years old!), and that it is wonderful how he keeps his memory.

Belinda seats herself beside her.

After all, it requires no great call upon the intellect to repeat at intervals in a slow, loud voice (for, with the other faculties, hearing, too, is gone):

"I am Belinda! Belinda Forth—James' wife; your son James' wife!" varied occasionally by such answers as these, called forth by appropriate inquiries. "He is dead!" "He died twenty-five years ago!" "Woking Cemetery!"

But between her mechanical words there is plenty of room to interpolate thoughts that but little match them.

They must have reached the river by now. Have they walked all the way in the same order as that in which they set off? He and Sarah ahead, and the rest herding behind. Of course they have. Since both are pleased with the arrangement, why change it? How murderously hot this fire is! Is it inside her that it is burning? They are embarked now. Have they chosen a punt, or a pair-oar? Perhaps both, since there are six of them. In that case the party will divide; but how? It is easy to tell, by the writhing of her hands, in what manner she pictures that division effected. Virtually, then, it will be a *tête-à-tête*. It will be alone together that they will lie under the willows!

Belinda's attention wanders wide. Twice she has answered, "Woking Cemetery!" when she should have answered "James' wife;" and is on the point of repeating the error a third time, when a vague fidgetiness in her interlocutor's manner—hazily conscious of something gone wrong—recalls her to herself.

The two hours march by. The nurse has taken her at her word, and is extending a little the border of her liberty.

Presently the Professor enters: enters to pay that punctual daily five minutes' visit, which is the share he contributes toward the tendance of his parent. For a wonder, she knows him, without being told who he is.

"Where is your father, James?" is her first question.

"Gone, my mother."

"Gone!" (with great animation and surprise), "gone where?"

"To the Better Land, my mother" (very loud).

"Oh indeed! Well, I only hope that they are taking good care of him: if I know that he is well looked after, that is all I care for!"

Belinda gasps. She has heard it all scores of times before: at first with pitiful wonder; then with a dreary amusement; and lastly, with the indifferent apathy of use. To-day there seems to be a new and grisly jocularity about it. This then is life! A youth of passionately craving and foregoing; long pursuing and never overtaking; of hearts that leap for a moment and ache for a year; of jealousies that poison food and massacre sleep—leading up to an old age of garrulous idiocy! She is released at last: set free to amuse herself as she best pleases. But of what amusement is a mind in such tune as hers capable? She has taken her hat in her hand, and walks along drawing in great gulps of the exquisite evening air; while her feet, without her bidding, lead her to the river-side.

Oxbridge is, as every one knows, rich in two rivers, and it is to the lesser of these streams that the boating-party has committed itself. It is this lesser stream, also, which for a short part of its course St. Ursula's green meadow and pleasant walk border.

It is without any acknowledged hope of meeting them that she takes the direction indicated. Is it likely that they will be so early returning? Is it likely that they, or any one of them, will be in much haste to abridge such an excursion? Tasting, as she now does, the deli-

cacy of the air, viewing the homely loveliness of bushed bank and satin-sliding river, she can the better and more enviously figure to herself what its charm has been. But the air and the motion do her good. Beside her the stream steals along—a soothing, sluggish companion. No song or rush has it, like the flashing northern becks; but what green reflections in it! What long water-weeds, swinging slowly to its slow current! How the willows—pensive almost as olives in their grave dim leafage—have printed themselves on its quiet, silent heart! How riotously green are the fat low meadows that, all winter long, the floods had drowned!

Here, a May-bush has strewn the white largesse of its petals on the water, and there another, less overblown, stoops to look at its own pink face's double. There are two cuckoos: one loud and near, one soft and distant, answering each other across the meads. Beneath the bank at her foot, an undergraduate lies stretched along his boat, with his book. Three others in a punt are waggishly trying to upset each other. She sits down on a bench and idly watches them, till, with shouts of young laughter, they float out of sight. Another punt, a canoe, a skiff, a boat with ladies in it. Her heart jumps. Ah, no! not her ladies! a boat freighted with hawthorn boughs and guelder-rose branches, that tell of a joyous day's Maying in the country. Endless young gentlemen in flannel, punting, sculling, lying supine. She has fallen into a dull comparison between their gayety and her own gloom, when her attention is aroused by the sound of a loud voice coming from some bark yet unseen, that is approaching round the corner. Many of the boys' voices are loud: what is there then in the timbre of this voice that makes Belinda, at the instant that it strikes her ear, hastily rise and pursue her walk? But she might as well have remained seated on the bench.

A punt has come into sight, guided with an unskillfulness that seems almost intentional, by a young man; colliding frequently with other punts, bumping with many jars against the bank, and with an ample female form reclining complacently—superior to bumps or jars—in its stern.

"Stop! stop!" she cries, gesticulating with her umbrella in a way which alone would have been enough to identify her. "Belinda! Belinda!"

All the luxurious young gentlemen turn their heads to look. One of the white terriers seated by their masters in boats sets up his nose and howls.

Reluctant and dyed with shame, Belinda steps to the water's edge.

"George Sampson is taking me out for a row!" cries Miss Watson, in a tone which can leave no member of the University ignorant of the fact related; "his people have gone back to London. I cannot think what in-

duced them to shorten their visit so much; they came for a week. Why should you not get in and come with us? I am sure you will be delighted" (appealing to her swain) "if Mrs. Forth will get in and come with us. We are enjoying ourselves immensely!"

The unhappy young man murmurs something that may be taken for assent. The perspiration of anguish pours from his brow, upon which is written a dogged shame and wrath too deep for words.

"No?" pursues the other, in answer to Belinda's emphatic negative of her proposal. "You are not so fond of the water as Sarah, eh? She takes to it like a young duck. I saw them setting off this afternoon; they looked such a jolly party. I offered to join them, but they evidently did not hear. Why did you not go with them? Not *allowed*, eh?"

Without looking, Belinda is hotly aware that a pardonable smile has stolen over the features of more than one of the listening boys, at the publication of her domestic secrets. There is not one of them who has not dropped his book.

"I will not keep you any longer," she mutters in hasty farewell.

But Miss Watson has not yet done with her.

"You should have told the Professor that you owed it to your conscience to look after Sarah," cries she, laughing resonantly. "Judging by what I saw to-day, you would not have been far out!"

Belinda's cheek, hot with shame a moment ago, grows pale. The impulse to flee leaves her; a contrary impulse, such as draws the palpitating canary to the cage-wires and the cat's claws, roots her to the spot.

"What do you mean?" she asks faltering. "Was she"—lowering her voice, so as not to be heard by any one else, hating herself for descending to such a question, and trying to carry it off with a spurious merriment—"was she—ha! ha!—flirting very nefariously with them all?"

"*With them all!*" repeats the other in loud irony; "pooh! that would have been nothing; there is always safety in numbers; the others were nowhere. Rivers had it all his own way!"

This is what Belinda has been angling to hear, and now she has heard it. It is not then the figment of her disordered fancy; it must indeed be obvious to have hit the eyes of so coarse and casual an observer as Miss Watson. Nor does the recollection of how much she had profited by her former prompt action upon information derived from the same source recur to her memory.

"He is a sad dog, is David, is he not?" cries the other jocosely; and then she bumps off again in her punt, bawling, as she floats down the stream, to her oppressed and silent boatman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I HAD my dearest folly from all eyes,
But most from his, my fondest, wisest friend.
The frailty I could love but not defend
I feared lest he should fathom and despise;
But when, one rarest hour, 'neath evening skies,
Our love her lamp to Confidence did lend,
Though wavering oft, and tremulous with his sighs,

Therewith he lit his whole heart to its end.
I smiled to see a dear and foolish thought
Enshrined within his soul's most secret place.
"Fear not!" I cried, "to have thy folly shown;
No greater joy hath all thy wisdom wrought.
Now is thy love the measure of all grace,
Know, sweet my friend, thy folly is my own."



An Old Acquaintance.

TOURGÉE'S LITERARY VENTURE.—The latest of the novels of Albion W. Tourgée is announced by the publishers of this city. All his previous volumes have had large sales; but his venture in the periodical line has not yet been equally successful, if a New York advertising agent of *THE CONTINENT* is to be credited. He says \$140,000 have thus far been sunk to make this high-toned and elegantly illustrated weekly a success.—*Tribune*.

There it is! About once a month, regardless of weather, the report starts in New York and goes up and down the country, that *THE CONTINENT* is a failure. This has been going on regularly now for something like a year and a half. Sometimes there seems to be a spice of malice about it, but as a rule it is kindly and sympathetic. At first, it was a little annoying, but after a time we learned to take it philosophically, and read these recurrent announcements of our impending demise with tolerable complacency—the more so as we found ourselves none the less lively afterward. This disregard of evil auguries oft-repeated, may perhaps be the result of a peculiar experience. During the recent war, the writer was for a time in Confederate hands, and while thus held was drawn by lot as a hostage for some poor fellow whose life was in danger at the hands of our authorities. During this time he was notified pretty regularly of the fate that the morrow would probably bring. The sensation at first was not agreeable, but after a time he got used to it, and hardly intermitted the game in hand to listen to Sergeant "Coonskin's" dolorous announcement. This may have been mere natural insensibility, but it certainly saved us a great deal of anxiety, which, after all, would, as the event proved, have been entirely wasted. We understand perfectly well that with journals, as with babies, it is the second year that is accounted perilous. At the middle of that year, however, we find *THE CONTINENT* cutting its eye-teeth with apparently as good a prospect of survival as its contemporaries of older growth. We cannot tell what ill-luck may be in store for us, but we advise our friends to wait for better authority than an "advertising agent," whose nose may have gotten out of plumb in some dealing with us, before ordering mourning in our behalf.

It is hardly surprising that the journalist of Gotham should regard any enterprise of the character of *THE CONTINENT* as destined to destruction unless founded on the Island of Manhattan. New York is unquestionably the artistic and intellectual heart of the country as well as its commercial centre, and the attempt to succeed outside of it very naturally smacks to the Gothamite of insubordination. Nothing illustrates the prevalence of this idea more strikingly than the fact that a considerable portion of our mail comes to us addressed to New York, and every week we have to arrange for the payment of money orders at that office. Indeed so close is our connection with the keen brains and skillful hands of the metropolis that we have found it advisable to open an office there and place in it an editorial representative of *THE CONTINENT*. Though it is more than probable that the present head of *THE CONTINENT* would not have selected Philadelphia as the

point at which to locate a magazine of its character, yet he is free to confess that he has not found the disadvantages of location so insuperable as our New York contemporaries seem to consider it. The mail still runs to Philadelphia, and people can be found out of sight of the Schuylkill who have heard of such a city.

The Chances of a Twelvemonth.

WITHIN a year, according to that custom which has come to have the force of law, our great political parties will name the men who shall stand as their champions in the quadrennial struggle for the control of the national administration. For some months speculation has been languidly directed to the prospects of various individuals by fitful rumors in regard to their purposes and plans. At no time during the last fifty years, however, has public opinion been so wholly undetermined as to the probable result of conventions to be held within a twelvemonth as at the present. A few things have, however, become so evident that they may be safely counted as incidents of the coming struggle:

I. There will be but two candidates of any considerable following. The two great parties will be practically free from factional dissension and will stand fairly opposed to each other in thoroughly compacted array. There may be a Woman Suffrage candidate or a Temperance candidate, or a candidate designed simply as the formal protest of any other specific but impotent dogma, but there is no prospect of any third party of sufficient importance to endanger the choice of any Republican or Democratic elector. There will be no need of treaties or entangling alliances.

II. The prospects of success are sufficiently fair, and the chances of defeat sufficiently imminent to repress the aspirations of party leaders and subordinate all personal considerations to the collective advantage of each party. The adherents of each aspirant are likely to have their zeal so tempered by this fact as to be willing to submit gracefully to the verdict of the party in convention assembled. Hardly anything less than the most flagrant and undeniable fraud in the nomination could cause a "bolt" or a "split" in either party. There is no factional issue so vital as to afford an excuse such as Douglas had for his course in 1860, and there are few leaders who have either the personal following or the nerve to enable them to fly the black flag for the mere purpose of destroying the prospects of their party's choice as did Van Buren in 1848.

III. It will differ from all recent struggles in this: the nominee of neither party will be assured of success by the mere fact of his nomination and the hearty support of his entire party. Ever since 1860 there have really been but two questions requiring an answer in order to determine the result of a Presidential election:

First—Who will receive the Republican nomination?

Second—Will he receive the united support of his party?

These two queries once authoritatively answered, doubt as to the result was removed. There was hardly a question that this party, thoroughly compacted and ably led, would

achieve victory. The fact that a great leader "sulked in his tent" imperiled the election of Hayes. Whether the adherents of Grant would heartily support Garfield was for a time the main element of doubt in the election of 1880. This time the struggle will not be for the nomination, but for victory afterwards.

IV. As the result of this, two things may be safely predicated :

- 1—The antecedent competition for the nomination will, in neither party, be marked with the acrimony which has recently characterized such contests. Very few adherents of any favorite will be found ready to declare their unalterable conviction that their man is the only one in all the party who either deserves the nomination or has a chance of success.
- 2—"Still hunts" will abound in an unusual degree. As the prospects of specific favorites grow less bright the hopes of the "dark horses" naturally increase. The greater the uncertainty in regard to the result, the more numerous the army of those who entertain a hope. The number of aspirants, each of whom will be counted by himself and friends a hopeful possibility, will probably be greater than in any Presidential convention ever held.

V. The questions upon which factional issues might arise are not such as are likely to be ignored in the preparation of the party platforms, or treated in a manner that will afford ground for formal dissension. Both parties will, no doubt, declare themselves in favor of civil service reform, and each will endeavor to frame a tariff plank on which those of the most diverse opinions may sit peacefully cheek by jowl. The Stalwarts and the Liberals will be hand-in-hand, and the Tammany lion will lie down with the Tilden lamb.

VI. The prestige of victory or defeat will not greatly assist or embarrass either party. The previous successes of the Republicans have been so nearly nullified by their reverses since the last Presidential election, that there is no danger of over-confidence upon their part, despite a quarter of a century of uninterrupted power. So, too, the effects of continuous disasters upon the Democratic party have been so thoroughly neutralized by unprecedented successes during the past two years as to leave no apprehension of defeat to paralyze its effort. Both parties are likely to come to the struggle with a just appreciation of the chances in their favor and the difficulties to be encountered, and, so far as can now be foreseen, the prospect is that the struggle will be one of the most hotly-contested and evenly-balanced in our political history.

VII. The probabilities daily grow stronger that the nominees of both parties will be selected from among their less prominent champions. For this there may be assigned two specific reasons :

- 1—The leading men of both parties are, to a greater extent than usually happens, men of mature age. A long term of uninterrupted power upon the one hand, and of continuous defeat on the other, naturally produces this result. It is only the whirligig of victory and defeat, the retirement of one party and the accession of its opponents, that kills off the fossils and makes way for new men and fresh blood in party organizations. The war of Rebellion brought to the front in the Republican party a host of men then in the prime of life ; their merits and services have continued them in position and prominence until the present. They are now growing old. The Democratic party, upon the other hand, having been out of power for so long a time has, until recently, absorbed but a small proportion of the young and aspiring elements of Northern life. The new men who have arisen in the political field have naturally drifted to the successful party despite the prospect of long service in subordinate positions.

Until very recently their successes, even of a local character, have been so rare and their tenure so apparently uncertain as not only to offer slight inducement to recruits, but to afford those who naturally joined their ranks on attaining majority but little chance for training or development. At the South the Democratic leaders are almost entirely men whom that struggle brought into prominence, and who are by that very fact excluded from the competition. It results, therefore, that the recognized leaders of the Democracy who would be eligible as candidates, are, in a sense, the survivors of a past epoch. They may almost be said to have arisen to their present eminence by seniority. They are deserving veterans, but are the survivors of a losing struggle. They represent traditions rather than living principles. They are the shadow of what was, rather than the incarnation of what is. In both parties, therefore, because of this peculiar coincidence of results, the occasion is very favorable to young aspirants, or (which is in effect the same thing), of men not heretofore prominent in national politics.

- 2—It is always of importance that the record of a nominee should be as nearly as possible unassailable. General harmony with party tradition is, of course, presumable of any one selected to be its standard-bearer. But the circumstances attending the application of party maxims vary so greatly that it is not unusual to find that men who have been at one time typical exponents of its principles from that very fact become at another very dangerous to select as leaders, because of too positive views upon questions yet considered orthodox by their party, but not absolutely essential in the peculiar form they once assumed. The present struggle is one especially demanding of the nominees of both parties a not too inflexible record. So far as their lives touch the old lines of conflict they must, of course, be in harmony with tradition, but the fewer and briefer the utterances of an aspirant on either side (granting him this sort of unimpeachable lineage, as it were), especially as regards the questions most recently attracting public attention, the better for his chances for the nomination.

VIII. Both parties will nominate men with a positive and creditable war record. Whatever may be said, and from whatever motives, about the time having arrived when the issues of the war should be laid aside and forgotten, the time has not arrived when a man can be elected President of the United States who did not wear a sword or carry a musket in the Federal army during the war of Rebellion. The South furnishes to the Democratic party seventy per cent of a majority in the Electoral College. This fact alone, even if that section makes no demand for representation on the ticket (as it is not unlikely to do, especially if the Speakership goes to a Northern aspirant next winter), will compel that party in this case, as heretofore, to seek to brace its record with a name which has an unmistakable odor of loyalty to the Union connected with it. The soldier vote, as it is termed, is perhaps not so necessary to be considered in connection with this matter as that of the sons of soldiers, who are now just coming to majority, and are especially jealous of the fame and prestige of their fathers. The Republican party, on the other hand, will not be at all likely to disregard the strength it may acquire by keeping prominently before the people the brightest page in its long record of power. Indeed there are but two or three men in that party on whom by any sort of chance the choice could fall, who has not a record of manful service in battles fought and won which he not only saw but of which he was a part, and the selection of either of these is made at least very problematical by considerations of an entirely different character. It is safe therefore to con-

clude that the next President, like the last three chosen to fill that office, and like nine out of the seventeen thus chosen, will be one who has known actual service in the army of the Union.

In our next we shall endeavor to apply the views that have been elucidated above to some of the probable aspirants for the leadership of their respective parties.

"Bossism" in Virginia.

A STRAIGHT-OUT Republican "Boss," Mr. Dezendorf, who finds his occupation gone by reason of the predominance of the coalition "Boss," General Mahone, has locked horns with the latter, and endeavored to secure the defeat of the coalition candidates, by accusing Mahone of having used his influence with the administration to secure a majority for the coalition ticket. The charges which he makes are shameful enough if true, but in the mouth of Mr. Dezendorf they become absolutely ludicrous. He has, perhaps, more reputation for a skillful use of such agencies himself than any other Republican in his state, and his Congressional career has nothing else of any moment or interest in it. From first to last he was a most industrious seeker for and farmer out of patronage. His indignation at the fact that Mahone had turned his own weapons against himself, and his lachrymose bewailing of the corruption of the public service, are just as real and worthy of just the same consideration as the woes of Punch and Judy. It is not the public service for which he is concerned, but the loaves and fishes wherewith he has himself been wont to solace his followers and thereby secure place for himself. He holds the same relation to the acts of which he complains as a conspirator to turn informer. The facts should be investigated, and if they are found to be true the guilty parties should be punished. Laws are made to be enforced, and he is a foolish man who does not recognize the fact that in a republic obedience to the law is the test of common sense, and the enforcement of law the surest pathway to improvement. At the same time, the man who seeks to pose as a reformer, even in Virginia, ought to have a little more semblance of consistency than Mr. Dezendorf can exhibit on this line.

THE partial success of Mr. Dezendorf in heading a Republican revolt against the coalitionists in Virginia may very possibly be of national importance in the election of next year. The only possibility of securing in that state an electoral vote opposed to the Democracy lay in the coalition. If the Republican party co-operates with the Mahone Democracy they have a fair prospect of defeating the regular Democracy, but neither can do it alone. Should the breach continue, therefore, Virginia must be taken out of the column of doubtful states in 1884, and marked as "certainly Democratic." This is doubtless Mr. Dezendorf's purpose. If he cannot rule and control the opposition to the Democracy in his state, he no doubt prefers to have it in the minority, in order that his chances to figure as a representative from his own district may be enhanced; or it is quite possible that he proposes by this show of power to compel a compromise with the coalition leader. Except for its relations to the general election of next year the present conflict in Virginia is unworthy of special attention. So far as "Bossism" is concerned, there is between General Mahone and Mr. Dezendorf only a choice between tainted fish. It is "Boss" Mahone *versus* "Boss" Dezendorf; but, so far as the national conflict is concerned, there is the difference of possible anti-Bourbon success as against certain straight-out Democratic victory.

EVER since its public opening, the four great cables of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn have borne without a tremor the passage of countless vehicles and the tread of countless feet. They take no more notice of

the eight-horse team dragging, it may be, an iron safe or a huge steam-boiler than they do of the light-weight bicyclist, "who leaves but a shadow as he flies." The crowds on the ferry-boats are scarcely perceptibly diminished, though the statistics of a year may very probably show a material difference; but, be that as it may, the enormous aggregate of inter-municipal commerce is more apparent than ever. It is not generally known that Brooklyn is, in a large sense, New York's storehouse. Her water-front is lined with warehouses, her wharves are encumbered with goods and produce that is brought not because it is wanted there, but because New York is just at hand across the East River. The extra percentages paid out for lighterage, ferriage and transshipment would build a new bridge every year, so far as concerns the mere money outlay. This tide that crosses and recrosses along the lofty roadway heralds a new order of things. The warehouses are brought nearer to the exchanges and markets. New York is still the metropolis, but Brooklyn plays her part in the drama of municipal progress under more favorable conditions than ever before. Already the question is, "Where will the next bridge be?" rather than, "Will another one ever be built?" and nothing is more certain than that the close of the century will see the two cities united in some way far more closely than they are at present, even with the great bridge at its maximum of new-born popularity.

WE are glad to acknowledge numerous commendations of our monthly Reference Calendar, especially from teachers and students. The necessity for a convenient list of works bearing upon the various subjects to which current events are closely related has been apparent to every reader of our periodical literature. The value of a library is very greatly enhanced by having at hand a reference to the very subjects which our daily reading calls to mind. Mr. Charles Ledyard Norton, who has charge of this work, makes it of increased value with each number. The more it is studied and used by our readers the more highly it will be prized. Merely to know the facts of today is but a meagre part of knowledge. To learn their origin and study their growth is not less important. For this the library, public or private, is the ever ready instrumentality, and this calendar is simply designed to aid in its use.

IN adapting "John True's Decoration Day" to the requirements of an anniversary story, a few editorial changes were deemed expedient at a time when it was too late to consult the author, Miss Phelps. The date of the hero's death was changed from June to May. In so doing we made the author seem guilty of two anachronisms: By an accident of the proof-reader, June was retained in one place, and, owing to our ignorance, the hero was represented as dying in May in a hospital that was not opened for patients until a few days later. The fault was entirely our own, and the only consolation we have is in knowing that one was so apparent as to be an evident error of the types, and the other so unimportant as to hardly be noted by any one.

THE National Educational Assembly will meet at Ocean Grove, N. J., on the 9th of August and continue for four days. Its object is to promote action in favor of national education. United States Commissioner of Education Eaton, Senator Blair, and the editor of *THE CONTINENT* are among the invited speakers.

A LIBRARIAN of the Boston public library once said that he could always tell when a young person had been talked to on the subject of solid reading, because the immediate result was a list of books headed by "Rollins' Ancient History." He also added that another result was that

the first volume of that history had been rebound many times, while the others were in perfect preservation. A convention of librarians, held in Boston in 1879, considered this point. It was agreed, without argument, that young people did not read the most strengthening literature; but there was a reason for this given in the statement that useful reading generally was not inviting. Boys and girls of average intelligence, it was said, could be made to take a real interest in the reading of the best books, if those books are entertaining and the way made easy. The discussion having come this far, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who never sees an evil without also seeing its remedy, being affected with what might be called a form of moral and intellectual double-sight, proposed that a series of books should be prepared which should give young people the "plums" in the standard volumes. He was at once met with approval, and a proposition that he should do the thing himself. It was not unparliamentary to make the mover of the resolution the chairman of the committee, and in this instance the suggestion was wise. The result has been that Mr. Hale has prepared four volumes of a series, the fourth of which, "Stories of Discovery," has found a warm welcome. It contains eleven chapters, each giving the story of an exploration. We have Columbus and Da Gama, Sir Francis Drake, Parry and Livingstone, Africa, the Northwest passage, the Antarctic Continent. To better carry out his proposition that standard works themselves were interesting, Mr. Hale has quoted from the originals as far as he could. Columbus tells his own story, and so does every other discoverer who could write as well as sail.

The question now is, Are the stories interesting to the average boy and girl? Mr. Hale has sugar-coated his plums by weaving into the chapters the opinions and doings of one of his bright little clubs, but in spite of all this there is a good deal that only a healthy appetite will fancy. The misfortune is that the children's appetite is cloyed by the unnumbered host of magazines, of newspapers and of story books. No child knows how to "dig," and not one in a hundred knows the healthful, stimulating exercise that comes from honest mental exertion in reading for pleasure. We teach the children arithmetic, we would like to teach them to draw, to use their muscles, to manipulate readily, to handle tools, to see what lies around them. The one thing we never teach them is to read with profit. That this talent does not come with years the librarian can answer, as for every one book of value he hands out forty of trash. The boy will read his "Robinson Crusoe" over and over, but his father and older sister want a "new" book, even if the only differences in the characters are in name. With years the appetite grows jaded, and has to have curry and red pepper in its mental food. If we are going to make readers in the proper sense we must begin young. And, after all, this is not difficult if, as Mr. Hale says, the way is made easy. In making this experiment there is no better book than these "Stories of Discovery." But it is not enough to give the book to the child. It will read it, like it, or, perhaps, find it dull, because it must be to an untrained mind surface work only. But let a family take the book for a winter's study. Let them have maps, and pictures, and arrow-heads, and specimens of all sorts, as they can collect them. They can read other books on the subjects, and, like Bedford, one of the members of Colonel Ing-ham's club, they can draw maps.

It will all take time and some trouble, but the girls and boys will like it. It will stir them to working methods, and prove to them that there is solid pleasure in solid work. It will also give the parent that too unusual consciousness of "lending a hand" in his own children's education and training.



SINCE the publication of the late Rev. J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," in 1874, ninety thousand copies have been sold at the price originally fixed, \$2.12½.

THE latest volumes in the beautiful Riverside edition of Hawthorne's works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are the "American Note Books" and the "French and Italian Note Books."

MR. SWINBURNE'S new volume of "Roundels" contains no poem of marked importance, the chief one being a description of a swimming expedition in the Channel Islands with Mr. Theodore Watts.

"M. BENTZON," a brilliant French critic, has contributed an article to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Henry James, Jr., in which the statement is made that "of all the writers of his country, he is the one who least provokes to laughter. His strokes of humor are rare, and his sarcasm is somewhat sober."

"THE FREEDOM OF FAITH," by the Rev. T. T. Munger, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has made already a profound impression. The author is pastor of the Congregational Church in North Adams, Mass. He is about forty-five years of age, and was called to his present position a few years ago, to succeed the Rev. Washington Gladden. He is known as a pronounced liberal in theology.

MR. RUSKIN'S lectures at Oxford for May were on "The Arts of England." The first was on "Mythical Schools (Burne Jones and G. F. Watts);" the second on "Classic Schools (Sir Frederick Leighton and Alma Tadema);" and the third on "Fairy Land (Mr. Allingham and Kate Greenaway)." Each lecture is repeated on the following Wednesday, and all are to be given a third time in London at some date not yet fixed.

A VERY carefully printed and handsome volume, "Historical and Biographical Sketches," by Samuel W. Pennypacker, comes from the press of Robert A. Tripple, Philadelphia, containing fifteen papers, most of which were prepared for the Pennsylvania Historical Society. The settlement of Germantown is treated at length, and those interested in the past of Pennsylvania will find here a mine of well-digested information. (8vo, pp. 416).

A VERY charming little volume of selections from the poets of the day has just been issued by Roberts Brothers, under the title of "Living English Poets, MDCCCLXXXIII." Large space had been given to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose death necessarily set it aside, but who had interested himself much in the collection. The younger poets find fullest place—Andrew Lang, Dobson, Robert Buchanan, and the many less known names; but Tennyson and Browning are also there, and the collection takes a place at once that nothing else has filled. (16mo, pp. 334, \$2.00).

THE recent death of Wagner gives especial interest to a little book lately published by A. Williams & Co., of Boston, entitled "Richard Wagner and His Poetical Work, from Rienzi to Parsifal," by Judith Gautier; translated with the author's special permission, by L. S. J. The translation is of marked excellence, and the details, while not new, are all of deep interest. Madame Gautier is an enthusiast, and her idol can do no wrong. Even Wagner's habit in social life of constantly making very bad

(1) STORIES OF DISCOVERY. By Rev. E. E. Hale. 12mo, pp. 294, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

puns is ranked among his charming characteristics. Aside from this somewhat wearisome adulation, the study of his methods is of real value, and the estimate of his several works are, as a whole, not only thoroughly sympathetic, but just. A fine portrait is given as the frontispiece.

If travelers do not find desired points, it will not be the fault of the railroad companies, who vie with one another in providing beautifully made up guide-books, big and little, often as finely illustrated as a Christmas gift-book, with careful maps and minute instructions as to hotels and general expenses. Nothing prettier or more seductive has been done in this direction than the latest issues by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, "Cape May to Atlantic City: A Summer Note Book," and "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers," the latter being a description of the Chesapeake and Delaware Peninsula. For tourists and sportsmen these volumes offer a wealth of attractions, and the information necessary to choose between them; while the company issuing them provides liberally for the traveler's comfort *en route* over its safe and expeditious highway.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pull Mall Gazette* writes: "I have just seen in the hands of a friend a volume whose history suggests an instructive comment on the practice of rewarding military services with hereditary distinctions. It was the presentation copy, given to the first Duke of Marlborough, of the congratulatory verses recited in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, on occasion of the victory of Blenheim. My friend had purchased it at the Sunderland sale. That an English noble in need of money should sell his books as being that part of his property which he least values is not surprising; but that a Duke of Marlborough should prefer twelve shillings—for that was the sum paid by my friend—to a volume so closely associated with the origin of his wealth and honors, argues a cynical indifference to the ordinary sentiments of mankind which will surprise even a pessimist."

A VERY thoughtful and well-considered little book is found in Dr. J. Leonard Corning's "Brain Rest," in which he discusses the morbid activity, which is a feature of nineteenth-century life, and which is so much the result of compelling circumstances that men are, in one sense, hardly responsible for the results that follow. "The hygiene of the muscles," he writes, "has received very considerable attention, and consequently has been well worked up; but the problem of the philosophical development and conservation of brain energy has as yet received but scant attention;" and he then proceeds to give the results of very thorough observation and experiment, devoting the greater portion of the treatise to "those morbid conditions which lie at the root of sleeplessness, and its accompaniment, brain exhaustion." His chapter on "The Mechanical Regulation of the Cerebral Circulation" is of especial interest. (Square 16mo, pp. 103, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

THE Rev. Minot J. Savage has already made himself honorable place among more advanced thinkers, his work being so heartily in earnest that those who disagree the most strongly with his conclusions must still respect the strength of his convictions and the manliness of their putting. "The Modern Sphinx and Some of Her Riddles" takes up the problem of life as we find it to-day, and seeks an answer to some of its most perplexing phases. With a sympathetic sense of all the difficulties that hedge us in, Mr. Savage attacks each side in turn, and gives answers so filled with sound common sense that his hearers must have blessed him, and his readers certainly will. Ten sermons make up the volume, "What are Brains For?" being one of the most suggestive, though all deserve place in the collection, which, as the author modestly writes, is not "a bid for a permanent place in literature," but merely the calling of "the power of the printing-press to his aid,

in his endeavors to address as large a cotemporary audience as possible." (12mo, pp. 160, \$1.00; George H. Ellis & Co., Boston).

Two surprising facts associate themselves with the English second-rate novel; the first, its even excellence of detail and execution; the second, that anything so good should not be better. The American writer who could do as much would do far more, and a gleam of something like genius would remove the pages once for all from the mediocrity stamped upon them. "A Chelsea Householder" is a study in grays, the warmest tint admitted being a hint of russet brown. There is careful drawing, excellent perspective, the figures are all alive, but drab prevails, and a certain resentment is experienced by the reader who desires stronger coloring. Nothing could be better than the portrait of Miss Elizabeth Prettyman, the gentle, discreet, subdued little copier of miniatures, the devoted friend of Muriel Ellis, the heroine, whose complicated relationships to many varieties of people give opportunity for much excellent description and characterization. Poverty of a genteel and bearable sort is Muriel's early experience, through which she is befriended by the Prettymans, till a series of deaths on the well-connected side of the house put her in possession of a comfortable fortune. As an enthusiastic art student she has already done good work. The fortune does not turn her head. On the contrary, she makes every one as comfortable as possible, and then goes on studying, though sorely tormented by a sister-in-law of a managing turn of mind, who descends upon her and takes and keeps possession of the best the house affords. Miss Prettyman and Muriel go to the New Forest to make studies for pictures, and here the hero, Stephen Halliday, is encountered. How he refuses to recognize himself as in love, how other lovers come and go and more or less distract Muriel and everybody else, and how the course of true love at last runs smoothly—is it not all set down in the quiet and pleasant pages that will beguile any one into reading who has once opened them? (Leisure Hour Series, 147, 16mo, pp. 337, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York).

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE OF HAYDN. By Louis Nohl. Translated from the German, by George P. Upton. Biographies of Musicians. 12mo, pp. 195, \$1.25. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

TIMES OF GUSTAV ADOLF. By Z. Topellus. Translated from the original Swedish. The Surgeon's Stories. 16mo, pp. 341, \$1.25. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

A PRAIRIE IDYL, AND OTHER POEMS. 16mo, pp. 160, \$1.00. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

THE BATTLE OF CONEY ISLAND, OR FREE-TRADE OVERTHROWN. A Scrap of History written in 1900. By An Eye-Witness. Paper. pp. 116, 50 cents. J. A. Wagnerseller, Philadelphia.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES ABOUT THE U. S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION. Its Work and History. Prepared under the Direction of the Commissioner, by Charles Warren, M. D. Pamphlet. Government Printing Office, Washington.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. 1883.

HOW TO READ. A Manual of Elocution and Vocal Culture. Designed as a Help to Students of Oratory. By Hiram F. Reed, A. M., President of Eatonian School of Elocution, Philadelphia. 12mo, pp. 240, \$1.50. H. B. Garner, Philadelphia.

SOME OF ESOP'S FABLES. With Modern Instances, Shown in Designs. By Randolph Caldecott. From new translations of Alfred Caldecott, the engravings by J. D. Cooper. 80 Illustrations. 4to, pp. 79, \$2.00. Macmillan & Co., New York.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE. A Handbook for Students and Amateurs. By Tristram J. Ellis. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 154, 90 cents. Macmillan & Co.

EXTEMPORÉ SPEECH. How to Acquire and Practice It. By Rev. William Pittenger. 12mo, pp. 275, \$1.25. National School of Oratory, Philadelphia.

BUT YET A WOMAN. A Novel. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. 16mo, pp. 348, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



SEVERAL of the royal mummies discovered last year at Dayr-el-Baharee were, it will be remembered, found garlanded with flowers; these flowers being, for the most part, in as perfect preservation as the specimen plants in a Hortus siccus. M. Authur Rhoné, in a recent letter to *Le Temps*, has described the extremely curious way in which these garlands are woven. They consist of the sepals and petals of various flowers detached from their stems, and enclosed each in a folded leaf of the Egyptian willow. The floral ornaments thus oddly devised were then arranged in rows (the points being all set one way), and connected by means of a thread of date-leaf fibre, woven in a kind of chain-stitch. The whole resembles a coarse "edging" of vegetable lace-work. Among the flowers thus preserved are *Delphinium orientalis* (a species of larkspur), *Nymphaea cærulea* (pond lily), *Sesbania Ægyptæa* (belonging to Leguminosæ), and *Carthamus tinctorius*, so largely employed as a dye by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley. The dried fruit as well as the dried, yellow blossom of the *Acacia Nilotica* is likewise present, and mention is also made of the blossom of a species of watermelon now extinct. The foregoing are all interwoven in the garlands in which the mummy of Amenoph First was elaborately swathed. With others of the royal mummies were found fine, detached specimens of both kinds of lotus, the blue and the white, with stems, blossoms and seed-pods complete. Still more interesting is it to learn that upon the mummy of the priest Nebsooni, maternal grandfather of King Pinotem Second (twenty-first dynasty), there was found a specimen of the lichen known to botanists as *Parmelia forforacea*. This plant is indigenous to the islands of the Greek Archipelago, whence it must have been brought to Egypt at or before the period of the Her-Hor dynasty (B. C. 1100 or B. C. 1200). Under the Arabic name of "Kheba," it is sold by the native druggists of Cairo to this day. These frail relics of many a vanished spring have been arranged for the Boolak Museum with exquisite skill by that eminent traveler and botanist, Dr. Schweinfurth. Classified, mounted, and, so to say, illustrated by modern examples of the same flowers and plants, they fill eleven cases—a collection absolutely unique, and likely ever to remain so. The hues of these Old World flowers are said to be as brilliant as those of their modern prototypes; and but for the labels which show them to be three thousand years apart, no ordinary observer could distinguish between those which were buried with the Pharaohs of thirty centuries ago and those which were gathered and dried only a few months since.

If the "ball" or cushion-like surface of the top joint of the thumb be examined, it can be seen that in the centre—as, indeed, in the fingers also—is a kind of spiral, formed of fine grooves in the skin. The spiral is, however, rarely, if ever, quite perfect. There are irregularities, or places where lines run into each other here and there. Examining both thumbs, it will be seen that they do not exactly match; but the figure on each thumb is the same through life. If the thumbs of any two persons are compared, it will farther be found that no two are alike. There may be, and generally is, a "family resemblance"

between members of the same family, as in other features; there are also national characteristics; but the individuals differ. All this is better seen by taking "proof impressions" of the thumb. This is easily done by pressing it on a slab covered with a film of printer's ink and then pressing it on a piece of white paper; or a little aniline dye, India ink—almost anything—may be used. The Chinese take advantage of all this to identify their important criminals, at least in some parts of the empire. We photograph their faces—they take impressions from their thumbs. These are stored away, and if the delinquent should ever again fall into the hands of the police, another impression at once affords the means of comparison. The Chinese say that, considering the alterations made in the countenance by hair and beard, and the power many men have of distorting or altering the facial expression, etc., their method affords even more certain and easy means of identification than our plan of taking the criminal's photograph. Perhaps we might with advantage follow their example.

Two species of india rubber-yielding trees have recently been discovered in British Guinea of a character which insures their future profit to the colony. One is nearly allied to the Para rubber tree, and is known to the aborigines of the country by the name of Hatie, its botanical name being *Hebea spuiceana*. It is about sixty feet high, with a trunk diameter of twenty inches, and is found on the alluvial, oft-flooded land of the creeks and banks of the lower parts of the rivers, where in places it is abundant. The second is not scientifically known as yet, as flowering specimens of it have not been obtained. It is one of the largest trees of a forest flora peculiarly rich in large types. The trunk is four or five feet in diameter, and runs up straight sixty or seventy feet unbranched, above which the head extends many feet more. On its discovery recently a few branches only could be obtained by shooting them off with large shot. The bark is thick and wonderfully rich in milk of excellent quality, and the elasticity and tenacity of the rubber seems to be unsurpassed. It is scattered in individual trees over a wide area of the colony. The products of the trees have not been put in the market yet, collectors apparently being unacquainted with them. Samples, however, have been sent to England to be valued. The discovery of these trees was made by Mr. G. S. Jemman, government botanist, during an exploration which he lately made in British Guinea.

LAC, the substance from which shellac is made, is an excretion of an insect found in India. In most of the cyclopedias this substance is described as an exudation of certain trees, caused by the punctures of the lac insect. But it has been demonstrated that instead of exuding directly from the trees, lac is formed within the body of the insect and excreted through organs highly specialized for that purpose. Only one insect has been known to produce this substance, and that is an Asiatic species. But Professor J. Henry Comstock, in his report for 1881, describes two new species of lac insects, both of which are American. One of them was found on a mimosa at Tampico, Mexico. The other occurs on the creosote plant, a shrub growing very abundantly in certain regions in the southwestern portion of the United States and in Mexico. The amount of lac excreted by each of these insects is much less than that excreted by the Asiatic species. Their discovery, therefore, has at present more scientific interest than practical importance. But if in any way our supply of lac from India should be cut off the Arizona lac would become of commercial importance, it being sufficiently abundant to be easily collected and utilized.

A SUMMER IDYL.



I. Contemplation (He sees it).



II. Anticipation (He goes for it).

The Bicycle.

WHISKING through the woodlands,
Flashing over bridges ;
Darting past the orchards,
Coasting down the ridges ;
Whirling o'er the meadows,
Glint of polished steel,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a wheel !

With a rubber tire,
Tireless I ride ;
Passing men and horses,
Silently I glide ;
Pretty, pretty maidens
Watch me as I pass,
Wave their kerchiefs to me,
Sitting on the grass.



III. Realization (He gets it).

Rustics in the furrow
Stop the plow to stare
At the flying figure
Silent as the air.
Timid village ladies
Anxiously observe
That there must be danger
Going round the curve.

Every one is looking
At my silent flight ;
Hardly do they see me,
Ere I'm out of sight,
Down the hilly roadway
With a bugle peal.
Bless me, this is pleasant
Riding on a wheel !

B. T. SIENNA.



IV. Humiliation (He wishes he hadn't).



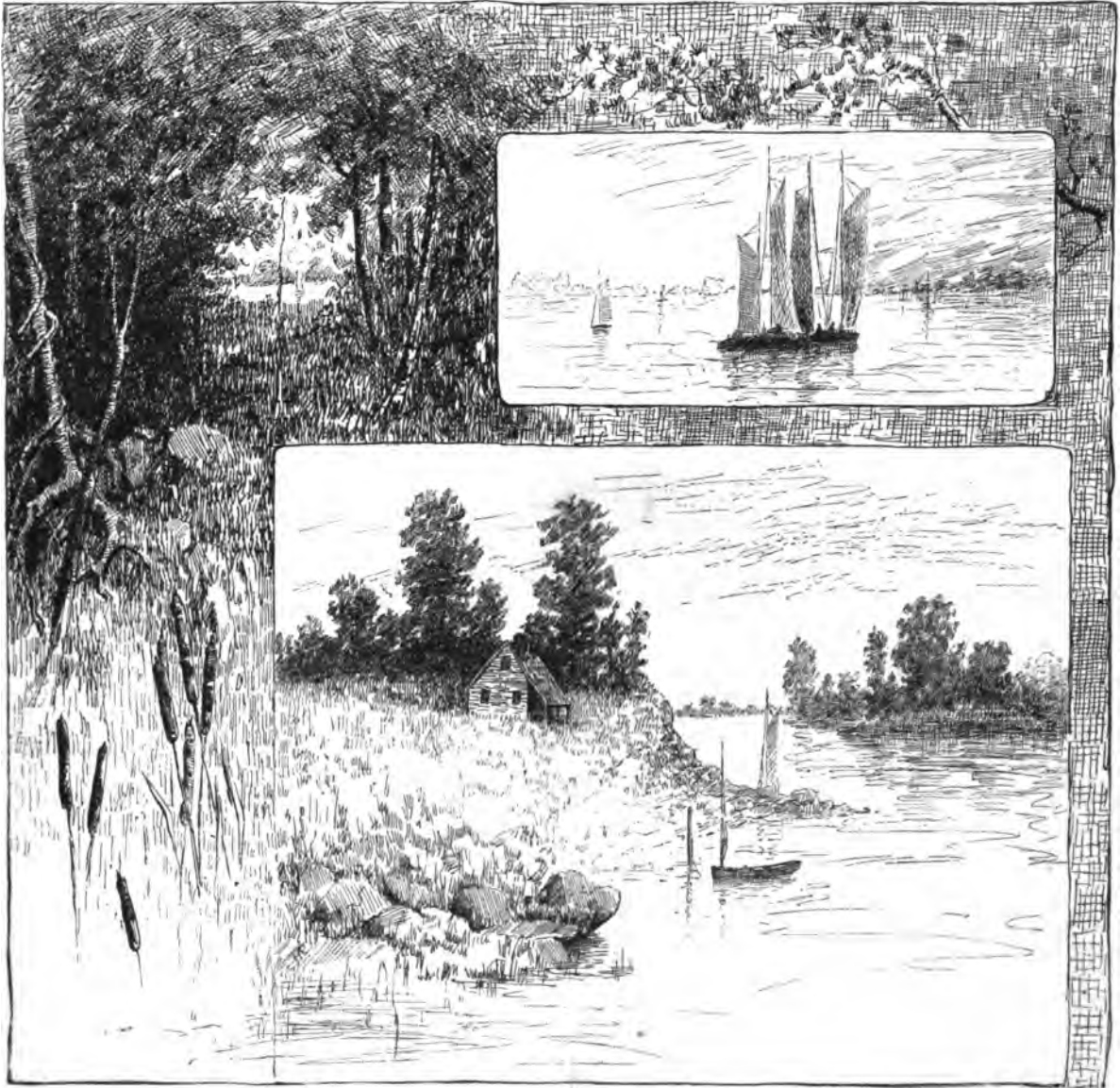
V. Contrition (He promises never to do it again).

THE CONTINENT

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AMONG THE ISLANDS.

DREAMING we sailed one summer's day,
A day so long ago,
Dreaming as only idlers may
In summer noontide's glow,
Dreaming as only light hearts can
Before the weight of years
Has fettered mirth with cruel ban
And freighted life with tears.

Sailing 'mid islands green and fair
On broad St. Lawrence tide,
Where worldly thought and worldly care
All entrance are denied—
Nothing but nature still and sweet,
Nature beyond compare,
The shining water 'neath our feet,
Around, the summer air.

White clouds move slowly o'er the blue,
 White shadows lie below ;
 They stir not at our gliding through,
 So lazily we go.
 The fisher's craft with sails unfurled
 Drift with us down the tide,
 While ships from out the busy world
 Far in the offing ride.

The isles are green, so richly green
 With leaf of birch and pine,
 The lordly oak and forest queen
 Their graceful limbs entwine.
 The slender catkins, brown and tall,
 Nod us a welcome near ;
 No sound save gurgling ripples fall
 Upon the tranced ear.

The fisher's hut beside the shore
 Seems sleeping with the tide ;
 No shadows through the open door
 Across the threshold glide.
 With dreamy drift we slowly steal,
 Heedless of passing time ;
 We hear the ripples on our keel,
 Singing their low sweet rhyme.

That low sweet music echoes yet,
 Those islands green and fair,
 That summer day we ne'er forget,
 Its balmy, blissful air.
 Relentless time has swept us down
 Life's ocean broad and deep,
 But later fortune's smile or frown
 Ne'er bids that memory sleep.

ELIZABETH WINSLOW ALLDERDICE.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ALL the chimneys of the Summerfield homestead were built on the outside of the house. In a nook formed by the meeting of the outer wall with the parlor chimney, I sat on a certain August afternoon. The turf was soft under my feet ; a lush trumpet-creeper ran all over the bricks and thrust tough fingers under the clapboards. I nestled among the leaves and orange-red flowers like an exaggerated June-bug. My frock was dark-blue calico, sprinkled with white dots. A sleeveless, high-necked apron left my arms bare. White home-knit stockings and stout shoes made by the plantation shoemaker covered my nether extremities.

The "New York Reader" lay on my lap. It was a volume with stiff sides. The valuable text-book was bound between covers of coarse straw pasteboard. From the blue paper covering these yellow splinters protruded at broken corners and abraded edges. I picked at one mechanically while reading of a boy who had, in defiance of his mother's warning never to taste strange flowers or grasses, made a light lunch upon a "pretty plant with a small white flower."

The catastrophe never lost its charm for me. I recognized for the fortieth time the coming of the creeping horror in reading how, "when his mother came to him, she was surprised to see that his mouth was dirty." At this point, I became aware that my Aunt Betsey was telling a story.

The back porch ran the whole length of the main building and one wing, and was the family sitting-room all summer long. White jessamine and multiflora roses curtained it, drooping low and thick at the end nearest what I had named "my chimney-place."

My Aunt Betsey was the widow of a Presbyterian clergyman, who had died in less than a year after their marriage. The sad event had occurred thirty years prior to the date of my story, but she still wore mourning weeds in obedience to the custom of the day and the inclination of such simple, loving souls. Even young matrons sported caps then. That framing Aunt Betsey's face had a veritable crown, standing up stiff and high, and a border of quilled "footing." Her

brown hair, interlined with silver, lay in smooth bands above her forehead. Her eyes were gray, mild and contemplative, and, when she conversed, looked at her auditor over her spectacles. She was knitting a lamb's-wool stocking, reeling off the sentences as evenly and naturally as she drew the yarn from the fleecy ball in her lap. She sat in a splint-bottomed, straight-backed chair, cushioned with gay chintz. Her sister and my grandmother, Mrs. Judith Read, the widowed mistress of Summerfield, sat in one exactly like it, and knitted a lamb's-wool sock for one of her sons. Neither touched the back of her chair while she worked.

I could never decide whether my grandmother reminded me more of a queen or of a saint. Her portrait, taken at sixty, is that of a stately gentlewoman, with black eyes, clear brunette complexion and high-bred, placid features. The deep black of her gown is relieved by a crimped lawn ruffle running around the neck and down to the belt in front. Her mob-cap is of sheer muslin, set above dark hair and tied under her chin with black "love" ribbons. At her throat is a red rose. She used to explain, in smiling apology for the decoration, that her youngest boy had pinned it there, and begged that it should appear in the picture. I had been too strictly trained in such matters to quote hymns on secular occasions ; therefore, I never said aloud the line that forced itself into my mind at family worship and during the long sermons at Mounts Tabor and Hermon, when I fell into affectionate studies of my grandmother's face :

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned."

Her near ancestors came of noble Huguenot stock. She had their bright eyes and radiant smile, chastened by sanctified sorrow into infinite gentleness. I never saw her angry, or heard a fretful syllable from her lips ; yet she had buried the husband of her youth when the eldest of six children was but fourteen years old, and succeeded to the ownership of a fearfully-encumbered estate. Under her administration the debts had been paid and the plantation judiciously worked until her eldest son was qualified to take charge of it.

The porch steps were five oaken beams, eight inches

thick, set in an easy slope from floor to ground, polished at the edges, and hollowed in the middle by the feet of five generations of Reads. An arch of trellis-work, thatched with vines, formed a pent-house over the porch entrance. On the top step sat two girls, my Aunt Maria and Miss Virginia Dabney, a city visitor. Below them were seated my Uncle Archie, Mr. Bradley, the Summerfield tutor, and my youngest uncle, Wythe Read, a lad of fifteen. Aunt Betsey was the family story-teller—the licensed and honored receptacle of genealogies and traditions. Her auditors were now, as always, respectful and interested.

In this, our day, when every scrap of local and general intelligence is seized upon by professional scribes, held up to the light, shaken thoroughly and scraped into lint for application to the ever-fevered sore of public curiosity, the rôle of the oral *raconteur* is so unimportant that it is going out of fashion.

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children

hot and close, and while we talked Jo pointed out a cloud rising in the west. It was black—a sort of blue-black—and topped with white as it swelled up toward the moon. Jo said it reminded him of a gray-headed negro, and I laughed, although I was always timid in a thunder-storm. The shape was like that of an enormous man pulling himself up to his full height very slowly. When the big, broad shoulders and one arm came in sight Jo called to the others to look at it. They came, one after another, until nearly all the company was gathered about the gate, and two or three went out into the middle of the street to get a better view. The breeze had died down completely, and the sound of the falls in the river was very distinct, as it always is just before a storm. Jo said we might imagine that it was the roar of the giant advancing upon us.

"Oh, don't!" said I. "I am afraid that is a tempting of Providence."

"I can see his teeth and the white of his eyes,"



"AUNT BETSEY WAS TELLING A STORY."

tell their children, and their children another generation." is a process the simplicity of which moves us to smiles. Yet what a barren flat would be our record of happenings not yet fifty years old but for the elderly women who loved to relate unwritten reminiscences, and the young people who loved to listen on the door-steps and about the hearthstones of our homesteads when newspapers were few and popular histories unknown?

"I was in Richmond at the time of Gabriel's insurrection," the dear woman was saying when I lifted my head and hitched my cricket nearer to listen, "on a visit to Cousin Sarah Blair. There was a party at her house that night, and after supper we went out into the garden. I was sitting on a bench in a honeysuckle arbor (Cousin Sarah's flowers and fruit were famous) with Jo Pleasants. He married Lizzy Blair the year afterward. She (Lizzy) was singing 'Robin Adair' in the parlor. The windows were all open, and we could hear every word. I never hear that song to this day without a queer, creepy feeling up my back and a faintness about my heart; and the smell of honeysuckles on a warm night makes me positively sick. It was very

called back one of the young men who had gone into the street.

"It did really seem as if we could. The mighty shape rose higher and higher, and broader, and the arm was raised over the head, one forefinger, yards long, pointing right at Richmond. Then this finger changed into something like a pitchfork or trident.

"It's the Old Harry himself!" said the same young man, but his laugh wasn't very natural.

"Lizzy had left the piano and ran down the steps toward us, still singing:

"What, when the ball was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?"

"When she saw the cloud she seized my arm with a little cry:

"What is it? Oh, what *does* it mean?"

"She shook like an aspen leaf, and Jo and I were trying to quiet her when we heard far off the beat of a horse's hoofs dashing along at full speed.

"There he comes, Miss Lizzy!" said somebody, thinking to amuse her and turn her attention.

"She gave one shriek and went off into hysterics."



"THE NEGROES ARE RISING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!"

She was a delicate, nervous little thing, with no constitution at all. She died young, and no wonder! One ran for water and another for hartshorn, and half a dozen rushed up with fans. In the confusion we forgot the horse. I jumped as if I had been shot, when a hoarse voice said in my ear:

"'You've heard it already, then?'"

"A man had ridden up to the garden fence and leaned over toward us. He talked strangely, panting between each syllable loud enough for us all to hear him.

"'Why, Colonel Prosser!' cried Jo Pleasants, 'what is the matter?'"

"Lizzy stopped sobbing, and we stared at him, frightened already by his face and manner. He was deadly pale, and his eyes glared wildly.

"'Get the ladies in-doors directly!' he panted in the same odd way. 'Some of you fellows run to the armory. I've sent my body-servant there ahead of me. Some hurry down to the Capitol and have the barracks bell rung. The negroes are rising all over the county. I left hundreds of them on my plantation. They shot at me as I leaped the garden fence. I met squads of them—all armed—on the road. They are marching on the city. There is not a minute to be lost.'

"Scared as I was, I thought of Job's servants, with their—'I alone am escaped to tell thee.'

"While he was speaking the cloud swallowed up the moon at one gulp, as it seemed, and it grew so dark in an instant that we had to grope our way to the house. Cousin Sarah's two grown sons, Walter and Hugh, offered to stay at home to guard us, but she wouldn't hear of it. Tom was fourteen, John twelve, and she said they were able to fire through a window should

the house be attacked. There were four guns on the premises, besides the sword and pistols Colonel Blair, her husband, had used in the Revolutionary war. She could pull a trigger as well as a man. Hugh and Walter must be off to the Blues' muster-room and help defend the town. Hugh was a lieutenant in the Richmond Blues, and Walter a private. When the men were gone she called us girls into the parlor and shut the door.

"'Look here, Elizabeth Scott Blair!' says she—cool and sharp like a mustard-plaster—'Go to that piano and begin to sing—directly!'"

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw that girl cross the room, sit down on the music-stool and run her fingers over the keys. I suppose that, her wits being clean gone for the time, her mother's will just took hold of her—*possessed* her—and she could do nothing but mind her. Anyhow she began to sing the very song at which she had left off playing not ten minutes before:

"'What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not here!

What's here I wish to see?

Robin Adair!"

"Cousin Sarah was gone from the room for maybe three minutes, and returned, with the boys and the guns, as Lizzy finished the last verse.

"'Now—the Battle of Prague!' she ordered—'and as loud as you can make it!'"

"She gathered the rest of us—ten in all—into a corner and set us to work cleaning and loading the guns, and filling powder-flasks and shot-pouches. I think what made me most calm was her sending me up-stairs for check aprons to keep our frocks clean. The sight



N.B. FROST.

"MASTER AND MAN DASHED STRAIGHT ACROSS THE YARD."

and feel of the everyday working-clothes steadied me, and helped me to think. I saw, in coming down the stairs, Uncle Solomon, the butler, and three colored women in the dining-room washing up and putting away the supper things, laughing and talking, and too busy to notice me. Somehow, that brought the danger and horror to me as I had not seen them before. These were our enemies—the foes in our own household—the people who had carried us, when we were babes, in their arms and our fathers' and mothers' coffins to the grave! the people almost as dear to us as our very nearest kinsfolk!

"Cousin Sarah treated me to a hard look when she took the aprons from me.

"This is no time for fooling, nor for thinking," she said, and gave me a bunch of greasy cotton with a pistol and a thick wire. "Clean out the barrel with that, and then I'll load it. As long as that piano is going, the servants can't hear the alarm-bell. If they get a notion that there's a fire down town the fools will be off to see it, and leave their work until they come back. I want to get them out the house as soon as possible. Besides, they mustn't suspect that we have heard anything unusual. If there is a conspiracy between the country and the town negroes, those here will wait for the others to come, unless they find out that the plot is known. An hour's time is worth a great deal to us just now."

"The Battle of Prague must have drowned the first thunder rolls, for we heard nothing of the storm until a tremendous clap burst right overhead, and the room was filled with blue fire. The girls screamed, and poor Lizzy dropped to the floor in a dead faint. We thought at first that she was struck. If she had been I doubt if her mother would have acted differently from what she did. She helped lay Lizzy on one sofa, huddled all the firearms, the sword and ammunition under another, and poked the check aprons after them, before she called Marthy, Lizzy's maid, to bring water and the camphor-bottle. Marthy had not known till then that the gentlemen had gone. Maybe I did her injustice, being excited, but I thought there was something queer in her smile when she looked around as Lizzy came to.

"Law, young ladies!" she said pertly, "is Miss 'Lizabeth done scare all the beaux away by faintin'?"

"Another crash of thunder saved us the trouble of a reply.

"The young ladies will stay here until the shower is over," said Cousin Sarah. "The gentlemen had no umbrellas. Hurry, all of you, to shut up the house, or you won't be able to get to the kitchen for the rain."

"In ten minutes we had the house to ourselves. As Marthy ran across the yard to her room we heard her scream at the blaze that wrapped heavens and earth in a sheet of flame. Cousin Sarah made Patsey Dabney—your father's oldest sister, Virginia—and me help her fasten doors and windows. We shut and bolted the solid blinds on the first floor, put bars across front and back doors, then followed our commanding officer up to Lizzy's room. It was a big, square one, with windows on three sides. The shutters of those at the back were closed. We brought in beds, bolsters and pillows to put up against the others that faced the streets in front and at the end of the house. We were to block these up at the word of command, leaving loop-holes for firing. Tom was put in charge of one gun, John of another; Deborah Chapman volunteered for a third, Janey Mosby for a fourth. Cousin Sarah had on a great, big pocket, and her pistols in it. Elvira Burton took the sword, and we divided up a box of table-knives among us.

"All this time the thunder was splitting and rolling and rattling above the house, and the white and blue streams of lightning almost blinding us. When everything was done that we could think of, Cousin Sarah made us all sit down on the feather-beds in the middle of the floor. That was the hardest thing of all!—the sitting there, waiting and listening and dreading, hearing nothing from hour to hour but the thunder-claps, and, when these were not so loud (they never ceased!), the rain pouring down in floods—waiting to be killed by bullet or knife, or maybe burned alive in the locked-up house, for we knew that Cousin Sarah would never turn a key or bolt to let us out if the roof were fired above our heads. She meant resistance unto death from the moment she set Lizzy down to the piano. We put out the lights, not to call attention to the building; but we were not in the dark for a second. About twelve o'clock we began to whisper among ourselves that *they* must be here very soon now. The storm was passing, the thunder fainter, and the lightning less bright. We caught by snatches, between the heavy dashes of rain on the roof and windows, the fast irregular ringing of the alarm-bells—told one another this must mean that the town was attacked at some point.

"Cousin Sarah got up and went out of the room. Presently she called to us from the garret:

"Come up here, girls!—very quietly!"

"She was in the cupola. From there we had a view of the armory. The windows were all flashing with light, and torches were moving in the yard and streets surrounding it. There were other specks of light far down town, and here and there lighted windows nearer to us. But overhead and close about us was the very blackness of darkness that might be felt—an awful sort of *smothering* gloom, as if we were in the heart of the cloud. For the first time in two hours, I remembered the strange shape we had seen in the heavens, and said to myself that it was certainly a sign and a warning of what was to befall us. While we stood there the blackness opened suddenly, and a cataract of lightning—I can't call it anything else—fell right down upon us. I saw the face of every person in the cupola as plainly as I do yours now. The thunder burst out with it, crashing and booming again and again, as if it would never stop.

"Cousin Sarah had to raise her voice to be heard:

"We must go down—another cloud is rising!"

"She spoke again, as we huddled together, shivering and shaking, on the pile of feather-beds:

"We are in God's hands. Let us fall into them rather than into the hands of bloody and deceitful men!"

"By-and-by we heard her say:

"The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed."

"But for her we would have gone stark mad that night. Anything like the horribleness of that second storm I hope never to see again. It was like the terrors of the Judgment day. The heavens were rolled together like a scroll; the earth seemed to be on fire. The thunder was never quite still for five hours. By the time it ceased to mutter in the east it roared out again in the west, and the lightnings chased and overtook one another in mid-heaven. The rain was a deluge.

"This will make a 'fresh' in the river," Cousin Sarah said once.

"What difference will that make to us?" answered one of the girls—Abigail Burton by name.

"Even then Cousin Sarah didn't let the speech pass.

"Don't let me hear any more such talk as that!"

she said, as quick as a flash. "Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?"

"Poor little John had dropped asleep, his head on his mother's lap. By a gleam of lightning I saw her, after a while, stoop over him and kiss him two or three times on his mouth. Then she eased his head down on the pillows and walked to a window. We knew in a second that she had heard something. One by one we stole after her to the front windows and looked out, those who were nearest the wall kneeling down, that the others might see over their heads. We all heard it, though nobody spoke or moved—when the thunder-peals were furthest off—the 'splash! splash!' of men's and horses' feet and the crowding together of many people. 'Hundreds of them!' I fancied I could hear Colonel Prosser repeat the words. And we a handful of weak women and two little boys! The alarm-bells had stopped ringing long ago. Perhaps the white people had given up all idea of saving the city. How was it possible to do it when in every house there were traitors, and a countless horde of murderers marching upon us in the dead of night?"

"Cousin Sarah's voice went through and through me, although she spoke low:

"'They are going *out* of town—not coming in!'"

"We all seemed to think together that night. In comparing notes afterward every girl said her first thought was at that instant that the town negroes had seized the armory, killed the guard, armed themselves and were now on their way to meet Gabriel's army. A downpour of lightning lit up everything outside—the flooded street, the still houses and trees and fences, and right in front of us, a mounted company of *white* men! Military cloaks and blankets protected their arms from the rain, but as they broke into a slow trot we heard the clink of spurs and sabres.

"'The Blues!' said Cousin Sarah in a shrill, strangled whisper. 'I see my boys!'"

"We leaned far out of the window to shake our handkerchiefs to them. Another flash showed us twenty faces turned up toward us, but not a sound was uttered by them or by us.

"'Have they left *anybody* to guard the town?' whispered Lizzy, as the last of the long line disappeared.

"'The Lord of Hosts!' said Cousin Sarah, in a clear, solemn voice.

"She stood up in the middle of the room, raised both hands like she was in church.

"'Let us pray!' said she; and we all fell on our knees around her. What a prayer she made for the brave men who had gone out to meet the enemy, and for ourselves, our families, our homes, our churches, our beloved Richmond! At last she prayed for the poor, deluded creatures who had followed the lead of wicked men, and been taught to thirst for the blood of their best friends.

"At that she gave way for the first time, and we all burst out crying. For some minutes nothing was heard but weeping and sobbing. Then Cousin Sarah got back voice enough to say:

"'Father, forgive them! they know not what they do!'"

"We said, 'Amen! Amen!' We could not be fierce and angry any longer, and our hearts were stayed by hope as well as by prayer; but none of us, except the boys, slept a wink that night. Seven distinct thunder-clouds arose one after another between ten o'clock and four, and were emptied upon the earth; but the awful figure we had seen flying toward us was the angel of deliverance, not of destruction.

"The rising was on Colonel Prosser's plantation, Brook Hill, about six miles from Richmond. His family was away from home, and he was known to be an easy master, who wouldn't be apt to notice unusual movements about the place. The plan was to kill him when they were all assembled, ransack his house for weapons and ammunition (he was a colonel of militia in Henrico County), and to take his horses. His body-servant slipped out of the tobacco-barn, where they were talking it over, ran to the stable and saddled two of the best hunters. Then he went to his master's room, told him what was going on, and to ride for his life. The two were hardly mounted when some of the gang caught sight of them and gave the alarm. Master and man dashed straight across the yard and put their horses at the garden fence. Five or six shots were fired at them before they cleared the two fences between them and the public road. Colonel Prosser could never allude to his escape without shuddering. He said the negroes rushed at him from all directions, and that their yells were like a pack of wolves.

"Michael," in the same soft, even tones that had borne the story thus far, "bring that water this way, won't you?"

A bare-footed negro boy, dressed in yellow homespun, had brought a cedar-wood pail, bound with bright brass hoops, up the steps at the far end of the porch, and was in the act of setting it on a triangular shelf supported by the railings. He swung it back to his head from which he had just let it down, and obeyed the order he had received. Uncle Archie arose from the steps as the lad dexterously lowered his burden, dipped the white gourd bobbing about on the surface into the water, and handed it to his aunt, his hand held beneath to catch the drops shed by the glistening sides.

"Aunt Betsey always grows thirsty at the most interesting part of her story," laughed Aunt Maria. "I don't mind it so much this time, because I know the rest. But it is cruel to those of you who don't."

"Like '*To be continued*' in a magazine serial," replied Mr. Bradley.

His speech was very unlike that of the others, more precise in articulation and unrhythmical in inflection. He pronounced *i* like *eye* in such words as "like" and "right," and sometimes *u* like *oo*.

"Mrs. Waddell plays with us as a cat with a mouse, or an angler with a fish," he continued. "It is a professional trick, meant to whet our appetites for the rest. A successful one in this case."

"Michael!"—Grandma checked him by saying as he passed her—"don't put a drinking-water pail on your head. It is not considered proper. You will learn all these little things after awhile. He has only been up from the Quarter for a few days," she mentioned apologetic of the mistake to Virginia Dabney, when the boy was out of hearing. "He comes of excellent parents, and will do well as a house-servant under Jerry's training. He is Rose's child—one of the twins, you know."

"Isn't the name of the other Gabriel?" asked the young lady, with pretty abruptness.

Uncle Archie smiled down at her from his stand against a porch pillar.

"You remember that, do you? Yes; the mother called them, of her own accord, after the archangels—Gabriel and Michael. You don't admire her taste, it would seem."

"I have nothing against Michael. I don't remember his brother. But I shall hate him at sight, on account of his name. If I were Mrs. Read he should change it or leave the plantation."

A MISSISSIPPI MARTYR.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

XIV.—MRS. DICKISON MAKES A BARGAIN AND A DISCOVERY.

"WELL, I never!"

The emphasis Mrs. Dickison threw into this fraction of a sentence rendered it complete with indignant surprise. Mr. Dickison had not been familiar with his wife's ejaculatory style for over thirty years to be thrown off his balance by it now, so he simply asked:

"What now, Maria?"

"Mr. Dickison, this town is going to be the ruin of us, morally and financially!"

"I hope not, Maria. You feel morally rickety yourself, dear!"

"From Lewis up," 'dear' continued, too irate for any outside controversy.

"Oh, Lewis is a chronic complaint—you relieve me."

"I don't suppose Lewis is naturally any worse than other boys of his age," says his mother, rallying to the defense, "only this wicked town offers so many inducements to display the evil that's in one. I really begin to think I never did know my own children, nor my husband either, for that matter, before I left the dear, old, peaceful plantation, where it's a pity we hadn't all stayed, and been drowned, if need be. You know, Mr. Dickison, I never was in favor of this move. What's a little muddy water and a few gnat-bites to the wickedness and the cold-blooded selfishness that gets into folks as soon as they get huddled together in these pens of bricks and mortar? It's a regular scuffle for elbow-room that I never thought to see in one of my family. But I always told you so!"

"Wife, you bewilder me! Is it elbow-room or scuffling that you never expected to see in our family?"

"Oh, I expected to be made fun of! I never look for any sympathy or aid from you, Mr. Dickison."

"Easy, Maria! I'm just trying to untangle things, you know, so as to be able to place my sympathy judiciously and offer my aid intelligibly. Shall I wallop Lewis for you? As for the 'cold-blooded selfishness' you're growing so venomous over, it's my impression there's a good deal of human nature in folks everywhere, and what's in 'em is going to come out of 'em, according to opportunity and circumstances. I wouldn't give much for that virtue that couldn't stand a little friction. I never had much of an opinion of the man who first said that 'virtue was simply the absence of temptation.' I always thought he must have been a moral weakling himself."

"That sounds so wise that it ought to mean something," says Mrs. Dickison with asperity. "I suppose, then, it was in Lewis to turn rogue, so it had to come out of him, according to opportunity and circumstances."

"Rogue! Maria, that's a hard word; almost too hard to fling at Lewis, even; though I will say that boy's capacity for getting into trouble surpasses anything in my experience of boys. What's he up to now?"

"Oh, Lewis is by no means the worst boy I ever saw!" says this maternal weathercock, veering with easy grace. "It is just this wicked town, with its loose ways and million temptations. Of course, when he sees other boys buying chewing-gum by the pound, and lottery-tickets by the pack, he thinks he must turn

speculator, too. And if he can't do it by fair means he'll do it by foul."

"You puzzle me, wife! Lewis hasn't been stealing, has he?"

"Not exactly. You know I missed my silver fish-knife, don't you, and laid it on that poor fool, Jane?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jane never took it! And those old-fashioned silver snuffers that Sophie insisted upon sticking on the parlor mantel, to prove to people that she had a grandmother who wasn't neither a milkmaid or a market-woman?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've found out where they all went to! And Sophie's cameo ring, that she laid on the piano that night she was playing for Mrs. Hayden, and—"

"Well, let's lump it, and say everything you've lost."

"I know where they've all gone to!"

"How did you find it out?"

"Mending Lewis' old trowsers. Found this in his pocket!"

She handed Mr. Dickison a small strip of printed matter, and leaned back in her chair with an expression of countenance betwixt triumph and despair.

"Will buy from a needle to a steamboat. G. Shelby, No. — Street," was what Mr. Dickison read on the paper.

"Well, what of it? I don't see any fish-knives nor snuffers nor cameo rings, nor signs of villainy on Lewis' part in that dirty little scrap."

"Mr. Dickison, do you suppose I would be the first one to suspect my own child of evil-doing without proof?"

"I don't know what to think, Maria, since you say we're such a badly changed lot. But where's your proofs?"

"Here!" Mrs. Dickison drew from her pocket a package of chewing-gum, two crumpled, soiled lottery-tickets, a stick of licorice, a brand new penknife, a book of cigarette paper, and laid them conspicuously on her ample lap. "How do you suppose he got all this trash?"

"Have you asked the boy about them?"

"I have not. I am afraid, father, he couldn't tell a very straight story if we did. My gold spectacles are gone, now. What shall we do with that boy?"

"How long since you missed the glasses?"

"Not two hours. I was sitting in the back parlor reading, when Mrs. Hayden called to ask Sophie to ride with her, and I laid 'em down to go help the child get ready. I never thought of my spec's again until supper-time. Find 'em I can't!"

"And Lewis had been in, in the meantime?"

"Oh, yes! I found him and Mrs. Hayden talking as glib as could be when I got back."

"I tell you what we'll do, wife. I'm not going to take circumstantial evidence against my own child. We'll go to that fellow that buys from a needle to a steamboat, and ask the point-blank question as to who's been making so free with our property."

"And if it turns out to be Lewis?" his mother asks falteringly.

With the sternness of a Brutus in voice and eye, Silas Dickison answered :

"Then—so much the worse for Lewis!"

Classing the whole mysterious transaction with deeds of darkness, Mr. and Mrs. Dickison waited until the younger members of their family were safely in bed before starting out in their new rôle of amateur detectives. Lewis had been left to wonder and exclaim over his lost possessions, without one inquiry or one word of explanation. It was not difficult to find the man who bought from a needle to a steamboat, for they had Lewis' printed slip to guide them.

The prim, dainty little old lady from the country shrank back in horror and disgust when they reached the threshold of G. Shelby's evil-looking, evil-smelling establishment; but her relentless husband drew her mercilessly forward until they stood on one side of a counter, behind which a greasy, snirking, evil-eyed Israelite promptly took position from some den in the rear.

While awaiting his coming, Mrs. Dickison had sent her eyes roving over the contents of a show-case upon which her arm rested. Sophie's cameo ring was the first object upon which her eyes rested. She pinched Mr. Dickison viciously on the arm and whispered, "There!"

Silas Dickison had but one way of getting at any information he wanted in this world, and that was by straightforward, fearless questioning, so he began :

"Some one has been making free with some of my property. I see a ring there that belongs to a member of my family. I wish to know who sold it to you?"

"De lady vich owns dot ring soles um herself."

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Dickison, puzzled as much by the language as by the information.

"He says the lady that owned the ring sold it to him. And a fish-knife and silver snuffers and—what else, mother?"

"All dose tings—she a bootiful lady, distressed un circumstance—prings to me. I sorry for her. I tender hearted—pay big price! Vish dot I had my moneys back."

"Father!" says Mrs. Dickison, in an anguished undertone, "do you suppose Sophie could have done such a wicked thing? I'm sure, now, Lewis is innocent."

"God knows! When a girl gets her head turned on dress she's got very little brains or conscience left. You know the ring and the snuffers were hers. When does your beautiful lady come here? what time of day. I mean?" he asked, turning fiercely upon the cringing receiver of stolen goods.

"Dish time, mos'y; shoost about early bed-time."

"Good gracious! Father, we must wait here! You know the spectacles went to-day. She'll be here with them to-night. Oh! who could have believed it of one's own child?"

"Say! look here, you fellow; I'm bound to find out who's been bringing my goods here. I want to hide in your hole yonder for half an hour. If you kick up any row about it I'll have you arrested for receiving stolen goods to-morrow. If you keep quiet I'll have to let you go scot free in order to shield other folks. Hustle round and find a clean chair for this lady to sit in while we're watching for your beautiful lady."

So effective was Mr. Dickison's style of address that in less than five minutes he and his wife were seated in the back parlor of Mr. Shelby's shop on two tolerably clean chairs, in front of a small glass window, the parlor in total darkness, while the shop was illuminated by a smoky kerosene lamp.

"I feel like a thief myself," whispered Mrs. Dickison, peering about her in the dingy little parlor.

But Mr. Dickison preserved a stern silence. This matter had suddenly assumed such a grave aspect that the sturdy old Roman trembled to grapple with it. So they relapsed into a moody silence that to Mrs. Dickison appeared to have lasted hours, when they saw a closely-veiled lady glide swiftly into the shop, and, with an air of habitude, approach the proprietor, who glanced uneasily toward the little window where the amateur detectives were ensconced.

Mr. Dickison had told him that if his customer came he was to trade with her as if nothing had happened; so, when she unfolded the cambric handkerchief she held in her hand, and laid Mrs. Dickison's gold glasses on the counter, the transaction proceeded as usual, excepting for a smothered exclamation from Mrs. Dickison when the veiled lady pushed back her veil and disclosed the handsome features of Mrs. Hayden.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Dickison.

"Thank God!" exclaimed her husband.

When Mr. and Mrs. Dickison emerged from the shop of the man who bought from a needle to a steamboat, she had all her recovered valuables tied up securely in her handkerchief, bought back at very reasonable prices from the alarmed Jew.

"I declare, it was quite a bargain!" she says, tapping the handkerchief in triumph; "but, father, what are you going to do about those Pinkhams? I'm sure now there's something wrong about those people."

"If she wasn't Nath's daughter, I'd tell you in a half-dozen words how I'd deal with her, if this town has any police. But I couldn't disgrace Nath's children. I suppose love of dress has driven her to the dogs!"

"And to think I could allow myself to suppose for a moment one of my children could have been guilty of such a thing!" says the mother remorsefully.

But honest old Silas Dickison answered simply :

"Don't be boastful, Maria. We've tried to rear our children right. We've tried to teach them truth and honesty. I'd almost as soon expected to find a rogue in my own brood as in Nathan Pinkham's. I loved Nath. He was true, whatever his children may be. Don't let's judge the poor creature too hardly. She's turned out to be vain and wicked, though, and Sophie must have done with her. It's not for me to be undertaking to reform the world, but I think I would like to have one talk with Nath's girl."

"Father!" Mrs. Dickison stopped short and faced toward her liege under a gas-lamp, "we haven't accounted for the licorice and the lottery-tickets and the things in Lewis' pockets yet!"

"No; we've got to get to the bottom of that business before I leave the house. By the way, didn't you tell me there was a letter in one of his pockets that you hadn't read?"

"Yes; but it's from old Lucy. You know she's wrapped up in that boy. I have it in my pocket now."

"We'll read it when we get back to the house."

So before they went to their beds that night the father and mother read "old Lucy's" letter to Lewis, with hearts made so light by the lifting of their burden of suspicion that they laughed over it with the glee of two children.

"My dear honey chile," Aunt Lucy began, "Mosis is a-writin' ov dis letter fur me, so ef it ain't got no sense in it, which is jes' wat I 'spec's of a fool nigger's writin', yo' kin tell fur why. I write you dese few lines fur to tell you I 'se well an' doin' well, an' hope this

will fin' you enjoyin' the same blessin'. We folks is gettin' very tired of havin' our w'ite folks stay 'way so long, an' we hopes yo' pa will ev had 'nough uv town-life by de comin' uv fall. The crap looks 'bout as well as could be 'spected uv a crap wid de head uv de place gone; an' tell yo' ma I 'se got a good start o' chickins agin, an' mos' a bar'l uv soap-grease saved up fur 'er. Now, my blessed honey chile, mammy knows you mus' see lots uv purty things that you wants fur to buy, an' she done sont you in dis letter three dollars to spen' fo' yo'self an' nobody else. Don' buy candy, and make yo'self sick. Be a good chile, and pray to de Lord fur his heavily salvation."

So Lewis was exonerated.

XV.—FLUTTERING HEARTS.

"MY OWN: Some unaccountable change has come over your most respected father. In an interview I had with him this morning, an interview which was of my own seeking, I was deterred from my purpose by a most violent and inexplicable explosion on his part. I had intended to ask his sanction to my suit to you, my beloved one, but my coward's heart failed me in presence of his wrath. It is evident he suspects I would steal you from his keeping, darling, and resents such desire on my part with the most passionate indignation. Can I blame him? Who would not resent the theft of such a treasure from the home circle? But he cannot hope to keep you always, my sweet. Your revered parent carried his indignation to such an extent as to demand that I should cease my visits to his house. Is this not the refinement of cruelty, my own? And are we, who love each other as creatures of human mould rarely know how to love, called upon to submit to such tyranny? This violence may mean your father's preference for some other suitor. If that be so—no, I will not doubt you, my lily-white love. I cannot give you up, Sophie. You have promised to be mine. You are my wife now in the sight of God. You gave me your solemn troth under his silent watching stars. Were it not for your gentle sake I would dare your father's wrath and come to you to-night, for my conscience proudly acquits me of having done anything to merit such capricious treatment, but I would not have his wrath vented upon you, my gentle darling, 'so you must promise to meet your unfortunate Archibald in the park at seven this eve."

With a heart fluttering, as in all her pure, simple life it never before had fluttered, Sophie Dickison stood under the gaslight in her own room, reading this model love-letter over and over.

It had been mysteriously put in her hand that morning by a tattered old woman, who had pleadingly asked the alms of an old dress, which, with ready charity, the country maiden had rolled up and handed her as she stood with crouching form and meekly-bowed head on the front stoop. It was Sophie's first love-letter. Joe's letter, she supposed, could rank in that category; but his protestations of undying love had been so mixed up with accounts of the crops and the gnats and the stock that it had partaken equally of the sublime and the ridiculous.

But here was a sure enough love-letter, with all the orthodox requirements of such documents (this cold-blooded analysis was not hers)—romance, mystery, persecution, faithfulness, danger—all that went to prove the trueness of their love by the threatened unsmoothness of its course and made the whole experience so deliciously, tremulously, delightfully terrible.

He said he would not give her up! She was to meet him at the park that evening! Something momentous must come of that meeting—something, in all likeli-

hood, that would convert her, plain, unknown, countrified Sophie Dickison, into a heroine, whose name should be known for all time to come as one who had ventured to defy fate and a tyrant parent for the sake of truth and her love. She would have preferred consulting with Annie in this first great emergency of her life. She and Annie had always shared emotions in the old days.

But that would not be safe! Annie was Joe's ally—just one of those fierce, intense, unreasoning allies that it is most dangerous to tamper with. Moreover, she (Annie) had never cordially indorsed Mr. Pinkham, or "Archibald," as Sophie loved to call him in her heart now. Annie was so thoroughly commonplace that she never could indorse anything at all unfamiliar. She must have a precedent for everything. And how could there be a precedent for *him*? Her fluttering heart capitalized every letter in that tremendous little pronoun. Besides, Annie had the most trying and exasperating way of multiplying words in support of her own position and as missiles of attack on other folks.

Sophie had gotten beyond the necessity for many words. She was stirred to the depths of an intensely emotional nature.

Of course she would meet Mr. Pinkham! There was not one good reason why she should not. She knew perfectly well the secret of her father's sudden animosity toward him. Her father was in favor of her marriage with Joe Hinton. Joe was a plain practical planter after her father's own heart. He was perfectly happy when Joe would ride over from his own place, hitch his horse to the nail in the big sycamore tree in the front yard at home, and settle himself into one of the splint-bottomed arm-chairs that stood hospitably on the front gallery day and night, and talk about cotton and millet and Jersey cows by the hour. Her father was mercenary. He wanted to see Joe's place joined by the holy bonds of matrimony to his own. He was ready to sacrifice her tenderest hopes to this pet scheme of his; but he should not find in her a lamb that would be "dumb before its shearers." Oh, sophistry of love!

By the time she had read her precious letter over the fourth time, Archibald Pinkham stood out in bold relief as an injured hero of purest ray serene, and her father, good old Silas Dickison, was rapidly assuming the monstrous proportions of a jailer despot over herself. "a maiden all forlorn."

Of course she would meet him in the park at seven! Not to do so would be to convict herself of cruelty, inconsistency, fickleness and cowardice. All the jailer despots in Christendom should not keep her from her tryst!

Thus began a day for which lengthy moments, nervous intensity and vexatious contretemps forever remained unparalleled in Sophie Dickison's memory.

The iron benches in the pretty little park gave up their occupants one by one; the motionless metallic swan gleamed white and wet under the perpetual shower-bath the wet-faced cherubs forever spurted over them; the glossy leaves of the magnolias glistened in the pallid moonlight as they rustled a gentle lullaby to the sparrows and the squirrels asleep in their leafy couches. An occasional crunching of the gravel in the walks indicated the nearness of a few pedestrians who were shortening their homeward routes by cutting across the park. The bell from a neighboring steeple slowly struck nine when Sophie Dickison stood up and drew her light wrap about her with a trembling hand. Her face was white in the moonlight, and her dark eyes looked troubled in their eager upward glance into

Archibald Pinkham's handsome face as he stood in front of her, tightly holding one little trembling hand between both his own.

"Take me home! Oh, please, now! quick! Let me go away from here—home!" she said in nervous eagerness.

"One moment more," and his eyes seemed to burn into the girl's very soul. "You have promised me! You dare not go back on your promise! I would never forgive you. I believe I could kill you if you deceived me! I almost believe I would! To-morrow night, eleven o'clock, I will be at the corner in a carriage."

She trembled, but was voiceless.

"Say it after me," he demanded imperiously. "Let me know that you have understood it all," and his face grew darker in its passion as he bent still closer over the trembling girl.

"To-morrow night! eleven o'clock! I will be there!" she said in a coldly mechanical way, and in a louder voice than was wise or necessary. "I have promised," she added. Then with a resistless determination she started rapidly forward in the direction of Melborne Street.

Archibald Pinkham drew her trembling hand within his arm, and the two were soon lost in the shadow of the park trees.

"To-morrow night at eleven o'clock! By God, it shall not be!" said Lemuel Burke, emerging from behind the trunk of a venerable tree that stood within ear-shot of the bench where Archibald Pinkham had unfolded his project for an elopement to Silas Dickson's daughter. "For that simple-hearted old man's sake I have consented to play eavesdropper, and, by the Lord Harry, this pretty piece of country innocence shall not bring that honest old heart to grief if I can help it! As for her—bah! she is a woman—they are all alike!" With which just peroration Mr. Burke sauntered indifferently toward the north gate. There he paused to light a cigar, and as he flung the match away he felt a timid, hesitating touch on his arm. He glanced in the direction of the touch, saying shortly:

"Who the devil—"

An elderly woman stood with her hands folded apologetically before her, while she looked imploringly up into his face. "Do you, too, love her?" she asked, without preface or explanation.

"Love who?" the man asked, surprised into an answer.

"That pretty girl that's just left the park. You watched them."

"No! a thousand noes. But what is it to you?"

"It's everything to me!"

"Do you love him?" asked Lemuel Burke, with a harsh metallic laugh.

"Hush! You have no right to insult me," said the woman, flashing an angry look up at him under the gas-lamp. She was plain and poorly dressed, but the dignity of virtue was stamped on her care-worn brow.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Lemuel Burke, raising his hat with the deference of a gentleman greeting a lady. "I assuredly have not. What is your business with me?"

"That wretch!" she said, pointing a rigid finger in the direction that Archibald Pinkham had taken, "has ruined the peace and happiness of my home. I have an only daughter; she and I are alone in the world. He has been courting of her for a year. He put a ring on her finger. He promised to marry her this fall. He has not been near her these six months. She's just fool enough to be breaking her heart about him. I've

just found out what it all means. That white-faced girl shall never have him."

"Do you mean," Lemuel Burke asked scornfully, "that you would still let your girl marry him?"

"Yes; otherwise she'll die. She's a fool, but I can't help that. She's all I've got. I'd rather have her alive as his wife than dead, that's all of it."

"You're the best judge of your own affairs," he answers coldly. "I promise you he will not get that white-faced girl. Now go."

"Thank you, and God bless you!" she said, and turned to go. "My girl's a fool, I know, but she's all I've got."

"Stop!"

She turned again, to see Mr. Burke standing thoughtfully just where she had left him.

"You called me, sir?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," he answered, making a step toward her. "It is just possible I might want to see you to-morrow morning. Where can I find you in case I should?"

"No. 105 — Avenue," she said. "We're poor folks, and it's a poor place. Daughter she works in a machine shop, and I take in sewing. We ain't much—nothing like the one he's taken up with now—but daughter—she loves him fit to kill. She's a fool, but she's all I've got. She's pining to a shadow, my Sophie is. I can't let her die."

Then these strangely-met allies parted for the night.

XVI.—HOLY BONDS OF MATRIMONY.

As the clock struck eleven the next night, Archibald Pinkham, peering anxiously from the windows of the hackney coach that he had cautiously stopped nearly half a block beyond Silas Dickson's residence, was made glad by seeing a slight, graceful form emerge from the gateway of No. 80 Melborne, and glide swiftly toward the carriage in waiting.

"Gad! she's on time. I was deuced 'fraid she would give us the slip," he said in a low voice to his sister, who sat rigidly impatient on the back seat.

"Poor little fool! no danger of that. She is entirely too much enamored of her city lover. As for my part, I am glad the game is so nearly played to an end. It is growing decidedly too exciting for my fancy. By the way, I would recommend you to leave town immediately after the ceremony. Your old love is assuming a threatening aspect, and Sophie No. 1 might prove disagreeable to Sophie No. 2."

"Sophia Barclay is tame enough herself, but that old mother of hers is—"

He sprang from the vehicle to receive almost into his arms the veiled and trembling form of the maiden who was about to dare the most that woman can for her love's sake.

"My own, my sweet, my brave, brave darling!" he ejaculated amorously, as the driver banged the door upon them, and started off at a rattling pace.

But the frightened girl, about whose shrinking form Mrs. Hayden had thrown her arms in sisterly affection, answered never a word. It was hardly to be expected that she should. Her agitation was intense and unaffected. Long, convulsive shudders succeeded one another, and her breath came in short, quick gasps that alarmed her captors beyond measure. They felt thankful to find her sufficiently in possession of her own faculties to walk between them when, the dimly-lighted church reached, they stood finally before the minister, who had been prevailed upon to overlook some little irregularities in the proceedings in view of the sad story of perse-

cution that had been poured into his sympathetic ears, and the promise of an extra fee.

Beside the minister and the clerk and the small bridal party of three, the big church was empty, and weird shadows filled every nook and cranny of it, only one little nucleus of light gleaming about the group at the chancel from a single gas-jet.

The service that was to join those two as man and wife until death should them part proceeded smoothly. Archibald promised with a firm, unbroken voice to love and to cherish. Sophia promised in a frightened semi-whisper to honor and to obey. No voice was raised to declare just cause why they two should not be made twain. The minister was evidently too thoroughly orthodox in his training or too deeply dyed in reverence for the regulations of the church to omit one jot or one tittle of her formulas. Hence he proceeded to ask a question which, all things considered, appeared to the two or three who were gathered there together as worse than useless in its idleness and the delay it caused.

"Who gives this woman away?" The question rang out loud and distinct through the shadowy church and over the empty pews.

"I do!" The answer came with equal emphasis, and from some hidden nook near the entrance door Silas Dickison emerged and creaked heavily toward the palsied group about the altar.

Archibald Pinkham grasped the hand of his almost wife tightly in his own, resolved that mortal man should not tear her from him now. She had started violently at the sound of that harsh voice, but had not screamed. Mrs. Hayden had, however, and immediately fell upon the seat of the nearest pew, trembling in terror for the dénouement.

"God bless my soul! Go on, sir; go on, Mr. Parson; I'm not here to interrupt the proceedings," Mr. Dickison said in his blandest voice. "If this young woman wants Mr. Pinkham for a husband she's welcome to him, 'pon honor she is, sir. It don't quite accord with my old foggy notions, this thief-in-the-night business, and this midnight church-going; but everybody to his taste. Silas Dickison never was a kill-joy, and he don't mean to be one on this festive occasion. Go on, sir; do your duty, finish this job!" He addressed himself sternly to the minister, who "went on" and "did his duty" in a frightened, perfunctory manner, which, happily for the future welfare of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham, was none the less effectual.

"Now, then," said Mr. Dickison, rubbing his hands together with unaccountable satisfaction at the close of the ceremony, "to the books; we must do it all in form. I'm glad you will be able to boast of one creditable witness to this night's performance. That's me, sir! Mrs. Pinkham, permit me," and with mock reverence he stepped forward and threw back the thick gauze veil about the bride's face, revealing the pallid features and dark, gleaming eyes of—Sophia Barclay.

A dangerous light burned in the groom's eyes as, giving his new-made wife one fierce look full of bitterest hatred, he turned upon the smiling old man, who had drawn her hand into his arm, as if to protect her from the wrath of the man who had but just promised to love and to cherish her until death did them part.

"Damnation!" was the one word that he hurled at the old man, who faced him with a wrath as fierce and palpable as his own.

Mrs. Hayden rose and tottered to her feet, exclaiming:

"Duped! Sold! Ruined! Archibald Pinkham, you

were born a fool, and you will die one!" Then she turned as if to flee from them all.

"Stop her!" Mr. Dickison called out in a raised voice; "stop her, in the name of the law!"

"In the name of the law!" echoed a quiet voice; and a mild-looking blue-uniformed man stepped into the aisle and politely offered his arm to conduct Mrs. Hayden back to the bridal party.

"Friends," said Mr. Dickison, clearing his throat, "I shan't keep you long. I just want to give this young couple my benediction." Then, with fierce wrath, he turned upon Archibald Pinkham: "I've found you out, sir! found you out to be a liar and a fraud from beginning to end! When a man deceives me, sir, and I find it out, I simply shake myself loose of him, as I would of a toad or any other reptile that happened to light on my hand. You found it easy enough to impose on the simple old fool from the country with your story of being Nathan Pinkham's son; that belief did soften me, did make me overlook a good many things I didn't just quite like; but I thank God I've found one man here strong enough to call a lie a lie and a scoundrel a scoundrel. It's no credit to me that you did not succeed in your scoundrelly attempt to carry off my silly child. I deserve worse luck for being such a fool as to have been taken in by you. And while I can't say I think much of the woman who has consented to take you for 'worse' (for there ain't any 'better' in you—no, sir, by Jupiter! you're bad from beginning to end), still she's got pretty good grounds to go on, seeing as she wore your engagement ring before ever my poor girl heard of you. In case you should feel badly about any suffering you may have inflicted in that quarter, let me tell you that my Sophia dressed your Sophia for this interesting ceremony just concluded. And now for a final injunction. I know you—I know her," pointing scornfully at Mrs. Hayden. "You are confidence folks. You are a gambler, and she likes cameo rings and silver snufflers and things. If you ever do allow any one to suspect that Silas Dickison was ever fool enough to take you by the hand, so help me God you shall both sting for it. Mr. Parson, I beg pardon of the Lord's house for my share in this disgraceful scene. I owe you none, sir, for the minister who would disgrace his calling by any such midnight prowling as this, sir, don't deserve the respect nor the consideration of any honest, decent man. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham, I wish you all the happiness that can come of such a well-assorted union. Mrs. Pinkham will kindly explain to you at her leisure, sir, how Mr. Burke and her mother were so fortunate as to be present when you extracted from my silly child a promise to elope with you to-night, and how that honest gentleman came to me with the news, and how we together went to her mother's house to interview Miss Barclay, and between us concocted a plan by which you should not be deprived of your laudable desire to turn a Benedict; and how she humbly consented to play substitute, all because she loves you, sir, with that inexplicable constancy and incomprehensible devotion that women will sometimes bestow upon the slimy creatures of this world, sir. I have heard of women petting snakes, sir. I never believed in the possibility of it before; I do now, sir! And now, sir, if I could find an honest man in this crowd, I would ask him to kick me from this altar to No. 80 Melborne Street for having been such an ass and such a dupe. It would be a kindness I should feel grateful for. It would restore my self-respect in a measure. Policeman, probably you could accommodate me in that matter!"

The policeman politely declining to officiate as kicker plenipotentiary, Mr. Dickison was compelled to find his way home unkicked, which he went about doing with one final and totally irrelevant "Yes, sir!" wrathfully hurled at the whole group of evil-doers as he slammed his hat on his head, as if it, too, partook of the universal degeneracy of its surroundings.

XVII.—HOME AGAIN.

WHEN the short autumn days came again, with their clear skies and tender, sad beauty, the Dickisons were not loth to turn their steps homeward. The exact date of their return to their country home was thus conveyed in a letter from Sophie to Jo Hinton. This is what she said:

"DEAR JO: You have had time to exhaust even your kindly store of patience in wondering over me and your own unanswered letter. If you knew why that letter remained so long neglected, dear Jo, you would never speak to me again, much less still wish to come and take me home as your wife. You shall know, too. It will be easier writing it to you from here than telling it to you, with your grave, earnest eyes looking down into my silly, guilty face. Oh! Jo, it is hard to have to write what will make you despise me just as I've come into a knowledge of your true worth, but it is all the reparation I can make you—this honest, clean confession; and here it is. I shall not blame you one particle if you just turn away from me entirely after reading it. I knew you loved me, Jo, before I left the dear old home, and I thought that I knew I loved you, but the love of such a silly, fickle thing as I have shown myself is not worth the taking, Jo, and would be but a poor return for your steadfast trust and patient devotion. I have been saved from a deed of folly, dear, so shocking to me now, looked back upon from the standpoint of recovered reason, that I feel my punishment will have been ample after I have abased myself in confession to you. I don't doubt that the good and the true and beautiful in human nature is just as abundant in the crowded cities as in the loneliest country hamlet, Jo, only there are so many more in the towns to illustrate both the good and the evil, that one is safer from the latter in the pure, friendly country, where disguises are impossible and deception difficult. Through an imposition practised upon dear, honest old father, we have been taking by the hands two very disreputable people, Jo—a brother and a sister. We have reason now to believe that our intimacy with these people has caused the better class of folks here to hold sternly aloof from us. But that would not in the least matter, for you know we only came here for a little stay. Jo—if—oh! if—(I wish I hadn't told father I must be the one to tell you all this!) I—Jo—I have been a fool! such a terrible, unforgivable, silly, silly girl, Jo—I allowed my fancy to be taken captive by a drooping mustache, a pair of dark eyes, a soft voice and a wicked, oily tongue! Can you forgive me? I forgot you, Jo! forgot myself, forgot common sense, and everything that is worth the remembering, and promised—oh, Jo!—promised to leave my home clandestinely to marry a wretch who has turned out to be one huge fraud—even his name not his own. I have no excuse to make for myself, Jo—it is not even to my credit that I am not at this moment the wretched wife of a most depraved man. To the faithful friendship of a Mr. Burke, a new friend of father's, I owe my escape. Now, I have told you all. I repeat, Jo, I have no excuse to make for myself, only I was resolved you should not come to me thinking I was a better woman than I am. If you can be better to me than I am to myself, Jo, and pardon this worse than foolishness, come and take me home—home to the shelter of your own dear, true heart. But I shall not wonder nor

blame if you do not. I'll only grieve, Jo, and drink the bitter cup as part of my merited punishment.

"I've told you about this Mr. Burke. He is a man of sorrows—sorrows that he bears with a stern, quiet dignity that almost forbids one to pity him. He surprised us yesterday by a request he made of mother—a request which she cordially granted. He brought his little six-year-old boy to her, and said: 'Will you take him home with you to God's pure, free country, and keep him for me a while? I left him with his mother during his tenderest years, when no harm could come of weak examples. She has added crime to folly, and she cannot keep him longer.' So this forlorn little waif is to go home with us. Oh, this world, with all its lights and shadows, with all its pains and penalties, what a strange, wild whirl it keeps one in!

And now, dear Jo, good-by. Father has written you when we will be ready to go home; I have written you so you shall be able to decide how we shall go home.

"Yours, if you choose, SOPHIE."

Jo did choose. He came for them, took humble and contrite Sophie into his strong arms, and there, while she sobbed out anew her shame and penitence, he smoothed back the disordered hair from her tear-stained face and tenderly pressed a forgiving kiss upon the trembling lips.

They were married very quietly in church before starting for the plantation, Mr. Burke being the only invited guest; but there was more rejoicing in that small family circle over the one recovered member of it than over all the rest that went not astray.

"Well!" was Silas Dickison's hearty exclamation as he once more hung up his hat on its old familiar peg, "they say that 'God made the country and man made the town.' I can vouch for the first clause of the proposition, and may the devil fly away with me for a fool if ever I allow myself to be martyred again! Mrs. Dickison, hereafter *this* shoemaker proposes to 'stick to his last.'"

"So does this one, my dear. You know I never was in favor of the move. I told you so."

But the martyr looked incredulous.

XVIII.—CONCLUSION.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone and come again for the third time since the Dickisons had returned from what they were pleased to call their town experiment.

It had come again, as Christmas will come whether folks are sad or glad. This was expected to be an especially glad Christmas on the old plantation. Jo and his wife were to be over, of course. Lewis was come back for the holidays, and Charlie was to take off the mournful black ribbons that good old Mrs. Dickison had insisted upon be-knotting him all over with, when Mr. Burke had formally announced to them that his child was motherless, finally, in every sense of the word. Not that Charlie cared a rush whether the ribbons he wore were blue, black or green; but his whole young soul was in a state of wildest effervescence on this especial Christmas, for his father was to come down to spend it with them. Annie was up very early on the important morning in question. She stole quietly down stairs and opened the front doors as noiselessly as possible, and stood motionless as a devotee. Lewis and Charlie had a project on hand for supplying the house with Christmas berries and mistletoe. Lewis had made the little city exile happy by promising him he should ride behind him to the woods on Fancy, his pretty little bay mare. And Charlie, after rubbing his eyes fiercely with his knuckles to "wake 'em up" had dressed "just like

a mouse" and slipped down stairs "as easy as nuffin'," to be on hand betimes.

"If St. Nicholas, the good old patron saint of the day, had whirled me skyward during the night behind his prancing steeds, depositing me bodily in his own mythical realms of ice and glitter, I am convinced that he could have shown me no more dazzlingly beautiful spectacle than this," Annie exclaimed aloud, though there was nothing but the frosty air to receive her enthusiastic exclamations.

And surely never had nature smiled more brilliantly since that first Christmas morning in the long ago, when her great heart pulsed to the glad tidings that the "Desire of all nations" was come, and she smiled a beneficent welcome down upon the babe in the manger.

A heavy white frost had crept silently over all the face of creation, glorifying the commonplace. The very weeds, whose insolent luxuriance from the rank intrusiveness of their summer growth to the stiff, stark ugliness of their winter deaths was such an eye-sore, had been found worthy of notice by the Ice King. Sparkling diadems crowned the tufted heads, which they seemed to nod at one as if bearing triumphant witness that He showereth His benefits upon the unjust as upon the just. The old cedars that guarded the front gate on either side had been metamorphosed by the same white magician from dark-browed gloomy sentinels into glittering pyramids of crystals, which, touched by the warm kisses of the new-risen sun, glowed and flashed with ten thousand prismatic splendors. Hundreds of crimson cardinal-birds, bluebirds, orioles, saucy woodpeckers and sober-hued cedar-birds swung and chattered and fussed and fluttered in the frozen branches, pecking the cedar-berries, and returning tuneful thanks for feast and sunshine to the giver of all good. Slowly, almost hesitantly, as if loth to leave so fair and glittering a scene, a white fog uprose over the calm blue waters of the lake until, catching a golden tint from the sea of liquid topaz that still enveloped the sun, it warmed and brightened to a sense of Heaven's better things, and floated swiftly skyward in fleecy, shining masses, like disembodied spirits gladly taking their upward flight.

As Annie stood there, thinking some such thoughts as these, the clatter of Fancy's heels on the frosty ground smote upon her ears, and she turned to see apparently "Birnam wood approaching Dunsinane," such a peripatetic mass of green did the boys and pony together present.

"Isn't it beautiful, my boy?" she asked, bending her sweet face, all aglow with enthusiasm, over Charlie, who danced toward her with both hands full of mistletoe. "Oh, this is a grandly beautiful world, Charlie, if people would only look nature fairly and squarely in the face, forgetting themselves the while in adoring appreciation of her majesty."

"And papa's coming, too," remarked Charlie sagely, feeling the general enthusiasm, but not quite far enough advanced in the paths of wisdom to give nature her share of the credit.

"Yes, and papa's coming, too," Annie repeated with a light laugh and brighter blush. "I'm afraid I was vaulting over the heads of my auditors in my enthusiasm over this glorious morning," and she turned to lead the way to the dining-room. She and Lewis, assisted (or hindered) by Charlie, had decorated the rooms quite to their own satisfaction, if to nobody else's, by the time the breakfast-bell brought the rest of the family from their various apartments.

The united prophesying powers of the family were brought to bear upon the coming boat that was to bring

them Mr. Lemuel Burke, their honored guest. It was unanimously decided that his coming could not possibly be delayed beyond two o'clock, though with equal unanimity it was agreed that "boats always come hours later when anybody was looking for anybody."

Annie's growing restlessness sought alleviation in motion. The clock was on the dining-room mantel, so that was her favorite rendezvous. She must slip in once more to look at the clock. Aunt Lucy was engaged in a species of infantry drill intended to insure the Dickson establishment against any possibility of disgrace on the august occasion of feeding "city folks." Two very small, very black and very stupid recruits from the "Quarters" had been pressed into service to wait on the table. They rejoiced in the names of Bob and Dan. Were it not for the abject terror of Aunt Lucy, which kept them on the alert and caused their eyes to roll about in a perfect frenzy of zeal, one would be inclined to consider them but broken reeds upon which to rest the family reputation.

As Annie entered the room that petticoated martinet had just planted them in position, with a double-quick, right-wheel motion (that I'm not at all sure could be found in Upton's tactics), in which the boys could hardly be said to sustain a volunteer part, and was saying to Bob (who clasped his waiter shield-fashion before his dauntless young breast, as if resolute to die with it or on it, while he gazed into Aunt Lucy's awful countenance with wrapt attention):

"Now, you Bob! lis'n t' me, nigger! Ef you draps that waiter one mo' time, jes' one mo', min' you, whiles w'ite folks is settin' at dis table, I'll brain yer t'-nite wid de rollin'-pin! Fore de Lam', I will, nigger! He's done drapt it fo' times already, missy."

This in an explanatory aside to Annie, in extenuation of her Draconian threat.

"Now den, tell me one mo' time wot's de fus' thing you 'be gwine to do arter de folks sots down?" she asks in milder accents, having expended her stock of ready-made wrath in that one awful threat of braining Bob with the rolling-pin.

"Fotch de w'ite folks some soop," says Bob, giving a triumphant upward hitch to his new blue cottonade trowsers, as Aunt Lucy's nod of approval tells him he is so far correct.

"An' who you gwine to fotch soop t' fus' an' fo'mos'?"

"Miss Annie," says Bob, rolling the whites of his eyes in adoring admiration toward that young lady.

"No you ain't, nuther," says Aunt Lucy, ruthlessly nipping Bob's youthful affections. "Miss Annie company, you 'member that, nigger. You goes as straight as dem ant-killers o' your 'n kin carry you to de strange gentlemine from de city, Mr. Burkin, as is his name. We don't vittle city folks here every day, nigger."

"Yas 'um," says Bob with cheerful irrelevance, in no ways cast down by Aunt Lucy's animadversions on his huge flat feet.

"An' you, Dan! Wot I dun tol' you t' do fus'?"

"Marm!" Dan gasps helplessly, guiltily conscious that in contemplation of the bright flowers of the wall-paper he has entirely forgotten his chief end of man, and he looks sourly across the table at Bob, who has just executed an audible chuckle over Dan's discomfiture and his own superiority. Two back-handed "cuffs," impartially administered by Aunt Lucy, sober Bob's undue elation, and clear the cobwebs from Dan's memory.

"Yas 'm, granny, yas 'm, I 'member now; guv 'em all roun' some water."

"What out en?"

"Dar's de big gourd a hangin' on de back gallery an' de cedar bucket," Dan suggests dubiously.

At which Annie burst in untimely mirth, which Aunt Lucy took sorely amiss.

"You needn' 'be laffin' sass inter 'em, Miss Annie, fasser den I kin knock sense out er 'em. Gawd knows its hard 'nough work to git anything under der wool. Now that Dan's jes' big 'nough fool to fotch in dat gourd and water you all roun' like so many head uv cattle."

"What did you want with both of them?" Annie asked innocently, naturally imagining that drilling one fool must of necessity be an easier task than drilling two fools.

Aunt Lucy's answer came pat out of what might (if it had ever reached the dignity of print) be called the *Southern Domestic Manual*: "What does I want wid two of 'em? I'm a thinkin' I ought to a fotch'd a fo' of 'em. I did 'low that two half niggers would a made one whole one, but—"

"As these are nothing but Quarter boys you think it would take four of them," said Jo Hinton's familiar voice immediately behind Annie's back, and she turned to meet her brother-in-law's handsome, smiling face.

"Burke's in the parlor, Nan; I brought him out from the river in my buggy. For some unaccountable reason he has expressed a desire to see you even before he folds that young cub of his in his paternal arms."

Annie turned from him and walked with a swift, glad step to greet the man who had, even before she was well aware of it herself, found such a secure abiding place in her heart.

He was standing with his back to the door when she entered, apparently absorbed in profound admiration of the glittering outer world.

"Is it not beautiful?" she asked softly, standing beside him and laying her hand lightly on his arm.

He turned, and tightly clasping both her hands he looked earnestly down into her sweet, upturned face, saying:

"I was not thinking of that pretty outside scene, Annie. I was thinking of you, dear, and of what I have come here on purpose to say. Once in my life, when I was a younger and a brighter man, Annie, I placed my happiness, my peace of mind, my self-respect—all that a man of honor holds dear—in a woman's keeping, and a bitter wreck she made of it all. You know that old story. I have tried to bury the bitterness of that past in her grave. Once again I seek to place my happiness, my peace of mind, my self-respect—all that a man of honor holds dear—in a woman's keeping. How shall it be, dear?"

"With God's help you shall never regret it. You know that I love you and you only," she answered simply and bravely.

Lemuel Burke has never regretted it.

[THE END.]

MOSCOW.

(Translated from the original Russian of Glinka.)

(Feodor Nikoláievitch Glinka was born in 1788 and died in 1880, so that his conscious life covered the century. Like a true Slavophile he looked upon "Mátushka Moskva" as the jewel-city of Russia, and this sentiment is very apparent in the following poem. He remembered Napoleon's invasion of Russia and the burning of Moscow. The Tsar-bell, or *Tsar-kolokol*, is the famous cracked bell, the largest in the world (130,634 kilos.); the *Tsar-pushka*, or Tsar of guns, is the monstrous cannon which guards the Kreml, or Kremlin.)

"*Gorod chudnui, gorod drevnui.*"

WONDROUS city, ancient city,
Thou enfoldest in thy walls
Villages and smiling suburbs,
Churches, palaces and halls.

Thou art girt by grassy meadows,
Gay with gardens, rich in flowers;
Seven the hills are which thou crownest
With thy temples, with thy towers.

Thou unfoldest like a parchment
Written by a giant hand,
And beside thy little river
Thou art glorious, now, and grand.

Many are thine ancient churches
Towering like the northern pine;
Where can eye see streets so noble,
Mother Moscow, as are thine?

Capture Moscow's mighty Kreml?

Who on earth could boast the power?
Who could rob the golden bonnet
From the slender Ivan tower?

Who could ever swing the Tsar-bell,
Or the Tsar-gun overthrow?
Reverence at the Sacred Gateway
Who could ever fail to show?

In thine awful hour of peril,
When thy haughty neck was bent,
All thy children, men of Russia,
Felt with thee the punishment.

White-walled city, thou wast chastened
Like a martyr in the fire;
And thy river, boiling, hastened
Onward to escape the pyre.

Once a captive and dishonored,
In thine embers thou didst lie!
Now arisen from thy ashes
Changeless, lift thy head on high!

Flourish through the countless ages,
Moscow! many-towered town.
Thou art central heart of Russia,
Russia's glory, Russia's crown!

THE SISTER OF EDGAR A. POE.

To the readers of the numerous biographies of Edgar A. Poe it must have occurred as singular that they contain so slight mention of his only sister, Rosalie. The fact is briefly stated that he had a sister of this name, who was adopted by Mrs. Mackenzie at the time when he himself found a home with Mr. Allan; but thenceforth Rosalie Poe wholly disappears from the horizon of her brother's life. In no one of his letters is she alluded to, and the only mention of her is in a letter of N. P. Willis to Poe, wherein he says: "I had a letter from your sister not long since, inquiring your whereabouts. . . . You seem as neglectful of your sister as I am of mine," alluding to the well-known estrangement between himself and Mrs. Parton.

Still, in reading the life of Poe, as of most men of genius, the inquiry is suggested to the reflective mind: "Of what stamp and character were his nearest relatives? Were they marked by any trait or peculiarity of the poet? or did he stand alone among his kindred, isolated in character as in genius? What were his relations with them? What sympathy or affection existed between them?" An investigation into points such as these will often cast upon the character and history of a man of genius a clearer light than is attainable by all the researches of philosophers and physiologists. Wherefore, I consider that in presenting this slight sketch of the sister of Edgar A. Poe I am affording a key to much that has been regarded as strange and inexplicable in the poet's own character.

The earliest existing mention of Edgar A. Poe and his sister I have from my own mother,* in whose words I will here give it:

"In 1811, when I was ten years old, there came a fine company of players to Norfolk, and, as a special treat, we children were taken to see them act "*Macbeth*." I remember Mr. and Mrs. Placide, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Green and Mr. Poe and his wife. These were all very handsome couples. Mr. Poe was tall and fine-looking and younger than his wife, who had been a widow Hopkins, formerly Elizabeth Arnold. She was remarkably pretty, fair and delicate-looking, with a round, laughing face, beautiful large eyes and regular features. She was called vain and coquettish, and was not considered a clever actress, though much admired for her grace and beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Poe occupied a garret room in a house adjoining that of my Aunt Butt,† on Bermuda Street. There was only a wooden partition between the two garrets, and through a hole in this we children used to peep at and talk to Mrs. Poe's children and their nurse. The latter was an old Welsh woman, whose odd dress and speech greatly amused us. The children were very pretty, lively and playful. The little boy was about four years old, and his sister two years younger. In the evenings the nurse would take them out and sit on a bench at the front door while they played on the pavement. The boy was her favorite. I remember how once a horse nearly ran over him, when she threw down the little girl whom she had in her arms, and rushed to save him, screaming, "*Ho! Hedgar! Hedgar!*"

"This company of players were very handsomely entertained by Colonel Hamilton, the then British Consul

at Norfolk, who lived opposite my father, on Main Street. From there they went to Richmond, and it was shortly after that we heard of the burning of the Richmond Theatre."

A few weeks subsequent to this glimpse of the Poe family in Norfolk, we have another view of them in Richmond; and this time from the lips of Mrs. Mackenzie, who adopted Rosalie. The company above mentioned, under the management of Mr. Placide, were acting at the Richmond Theatre; all save Mr. and Mrs. Poe, who were prevented by illness. Thus, on the night of the burning of the theatre they were fortunately absent; and when, after that disastrous occurrence, the company left Richmond—Mr. Poe and his family were unable to accompany them. Soon there was a report that the actors, Mr. and Mrs. Poe, were ill and in great destitution, and Mrs. Jean Mackenzie, a benevolent Scotch lady, went to see them. She found them occupying a wretched, damp basement room, where Mrs. Poe lay ill with pneumonia, and her husband with rapid consumption. Two little children, thin, pale and half clad, were in the room, and an old Welsh woman was, with the most assiduous attention, devoting herself to the four. Struck with compassion, Mrs. Mackenzie had the children removed to her own home, and she and her equally kind-hearted husband exerted themselves to provide for the comfort of the family. In this they were assisted by Mr. John Allan and his wife, whose handsome residence stood opposite their own. Both Mr. Allan and Mr. Mackenzie were Scotch gentlemen and intimate friends.

The children, under the influence of kind care, improved rapidly, and attracted much attention and interest. They were remarkably pretty, and equally bright and lively. Mrs. Allan became especially interested in the boy, while the girl was the chosen playmate of Mrs. Mackenzie's little daughter, Mary, of the same age. On the death of the parents their relatives manifested so little interest in the children that Mrs. Mackenzie proposed to adopt Rosalie if Mrs. Allan would do the same by Edgar. Mr. Allan at first opposed the plan, but finally yielded to the wishes of his wife, and soon became much attached to the boy. This couple was rich and childless, while the Mackenzies had a large family, and were at this time in only moderate circumstances. The little orphans were legally adopted and baptized by the names of Edgar Allan and Rosalie Mackenzie.

Of the subsequent destinies of the children thus strangely cast upon the benevolence of strangers, that of Edgar is already known to the world. Surrounded by luxury, flattered and indulged, his position was far less fortunate than that of his sister, who was exposed to no such unfavorable influences. Both children were self-willed and obstinate, and, as was evident, had never been taught obedience; but while Mr. Allan conscientiously sought to subdue Edgar by occasional severity, alternating with most injudicious indulgence, Rosalie was subject to the discipline of a true, motherly kindness, directed by rare good sense and Christian principle. The writer of this sketch knew Mrs. Mackenzie well, and delights in recalling the image of one whose loveliness of disposition and dignity of character made her loved and revered by all who knew her, and whose very presence seemed ever to carry with it sunshine and happiness.

* This venerable lady, Mrs. E. F. Talley, is still living in Richmond, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

† Grandmother of the widow of Admiral Farragut.

Rosalie was also fortunate in other respects. Her guardian's sister, Miss Mackenzie, was a lady of elegant manners and accomplishments, whose educational establishment for young ladies was one of the most celebrated of its time. From its exclusive circle had gone forth many a young girl to grace, as a brilliant belle or accomplished matron, the elegant society for which Virginia was then famed. Rosalie, brought up under the special care of this lady, had all the opportunities of a first-class education, and, as she grew up, of the high social position occupied by the family of her guardian.

How did the sister of Edgar A. Poe develop under these favoring influences? The answer involves a curious condition of things calculated to strangely perplex the observer.

The children when first adopted were, in person as well as in general traits and disposition, so remarkably alike as to be generally mistaken for twins. Points of this strong resemblance remained conspicuous through life; and yet, as they grew toward youth, the two presented a contrast so extraordinary that in all biography a greater cannot be found to exist.

Edgar developed into a brilliant youth, as much noted for physical beauty, strength and activity, as for intellect and genius. Rosalie, as though some mysterious blight had fallen upon her, gradually drooped and faded into a languid, dull and uninteresting girlhood—apathetic in disposition and weak in body and mind. With features exactly those of her brother, and even possessed of his very peculiar phrenological developments, no two persons could yet have presented a more marked contrast. Her figure, naturally delicate and well-formed, drooped as lacking strength for its own support, her hands generally hanging listlessly at her side. Her eyes, dark gray, like those wonderful spiritual ones of her brother, were weak, dull and expressive only of utter vacuity. She was accustomed to sit for long intervals gazing upon vacancy, and when aroused, would answer to an inquiry: "I wasn't thinking at all; I was asleep with my eyes open." She had an invincible dislike of any mental or physical exertion; and Miss Mackenzie was accustomed to state, as a remarkable fact, that after, as a child, progressing rapidly in her studies to a certain point, she at the age of eight or ten ceased absolutely to make farther progress, and at that point remained during her life. Beyond this the most assiduous care of the best instructors could not advance her, and she thenceforth always wrote, spelled and expressed herself like a child, while her musical performance was like that of a beginner. Previous to this time, said Miss Mackenzie, she had been a bright and lively child, and particularly fond of music and dancing; but when this new phase came upon her she went reluctantly to the piano, and could with difficulty be prevailed upon to join in a dance, observing that it was "too fatiguing." She looked indeed as she often said that she felt, "but half alive," and yet was rarely if ever sick. Her infirmity appeared to be not disease but a simple fading or wasting away of the vitality of mind and body. It resembled the sudden blight of a frosted flower—it might live on, but could never recover its freshness and vigor.

There was one peculiarity of Miss Poe which cannot be passed over in silence, and indeed demands special mention as being one of the curious points of resemblance between herself and her brother. This was, without any attempt to soften it, a constant morbid craving for stimulants, coupled with a most unfortunate susceptibility to their influence. She was accustomed to frankly avow her craving for wine, accompanied by the assertion that "she did not dare to touch it, because of her

poor, weak head." A mere taste of wine had the effect of dazing and confusing her, and an ordinary dinner-glass, which others could take with impunity, would throw her into a sort of stupor and heavy sleep of hours' duration, from which she would arouse in a state of extreme nervous irritability, succeeded by deep depression and melancholy. This is precisely what Poe stated was the effect upon himself of the least indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and his intimate friends have corroborated his statement. One of these has told me that "a single glass of wine had more effect upon Poe than a whole bottle upon an ordinary man." Mr. Poe always declared that he drank less upon occasion than his companions, but that it was his misfortune to be more susceptible to its influence; and this we can easily credit after seeing the same trait so strongly marked in his sister. How imperative, therefore, it is that allowance should be made for the infirmity which his enemies have seized upon as forming the darkest blot upon his character!

In regard to this peculiarity of Poe and his sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, who so well knew both, had a singular theory of her own. On occasion of her first visit to the Poes, she had observed that the children were thin and pale and very fretful. To quiet them, their old nurse—whom Mrs. Poe in her last days addressed as "Mother," while she called Mrs. Poe "Betty"—took them upon her lap and fed them liberally with bread soaked in gin, when they soon fell asleep. Subsequently, after the death of the parents, the old woman (who remained in Richmond until her death, not long after, devoting herself to the children) acknowledged to Mrs. Mackenzie that she had, from the very birth of the girl, freely administered to them gin and other spirituous liquors, with sometimes laudanum, "to make them strong and healthy," or to put them to sleep when restless. Mrs. Mackenzie was convinced that this woman, who was a simple, honest creature, was, in reality, the maternal grandmother of the children, and conscientiously acted for their good. She never doubted but that this gin diet had stunted their growth physically, had produced the abnormal craving for stimulants, and also, in the case of Rosalie, utterly paralyzed both mental and physical faculties.

"My conviction is," she was accustomed to assert seriously, "that Rosalie was naturally gifted with genius and intellect not inferior perhaps to that of Edgar, but that these were blighted by the injudicious treatment of the nurse." She referred to this cause many of Edgar's and Rosalie's weaknesses, as their nervous irritability; but on Rosalie, as having been from her very birth subject to the poisonous influence of *gin and opium*, the effect had been most pernicious.

It may appear to some a confirmation of this rather startling theory when it is mentioned that Rosalie Poe, with all her weakness, yet possessed certain traits which in Edgar were considered as evidences of poetic temperament. She had his instinctive love for, if not his appreciation of, beauty in all its visible forms, and an aversion to whatever was coarse, harsh or disagreeable. Both were affected to melancholy by music, whether gay or sad. She took great pleasure in the rhyme and *jingle* of verse—a taste which her brother has so strongly evinced in his liberal use of repetition and the *refrain*—and for this reason "The Raven" and "The Bells" were her favorite poems. Once she said, "I often feel as if I could write poetry. I have it all in my head, but somehow can't get it clear enough to write down." A sad, *clipped-wings* sort of feeling it must have been, if Mrs. Mackenzie's theory were correct. A passionate

love of flowers was peculiar to both herself and her brother. I rarely saw the latter without some delicate bud or leaf in his buttonhole, and a bouquet was his sister's constant accompaniment, and the offering which she was accustomed to bestow upon those whom she called her "favorites." These favored individuals were always young and pretty; for, like Queen Elizabeth, neither she nor her brother had any "liking for an uncomely visage." She, even beyond middle age, preferred the society of young persons, whose lively sallies amused her, and were not above her capacities of appreciation. Mrs. Mackenzie was at this time residing in the city suburbs, near my mother's residence; and in both families were a gay group of young persons, to whom Miss Poe attached herself, and who, though constantly amused by her oddities of dress and manner, regarded her with good-natured indulgence as a privileged character. I remember that upon one occasion she insisted upon accompanying us to a fashionable party, for which she arrayed herself in a style which elicited from our light-hearted group an irrepressible burst of merriment. It was her habit to appropriate any article of dress or adornment, whether her own or another's, that happened to strike her fancy, or to be most conveniently at hand, and the effect was frequently absurd in the extreme, and presented a singular contrast to her brother's fastidious taste in dress. She would submit to our criticisms with easy indifference, but rarely took advice, save from Mrs. Mackenzie, to whom she accorded the obedience of a child.

For her brother Miss Poe had the most unbounded admiration. Her pride in him was really touching, accompanied, as it was, by an humble consciousness of her own inferiority. Nothing afforded her more pleasure than to hear him eulogized, or to be introduced to or noticed by strangers as "the poet's sister." He, on his part, took little or no interest in her, and never, that I am aware, replied to one of her frequent letters, except in a postscript to some member of the Mackenzie family, with whom he was on almost as intimate terms as his sister. She was not calculated to please his fastidious taste, and perhaps she was right when she said, despondingly, "I believe Edgar is ashamed of me." Sometimes she betrayed a bitter consciousness of her inferiority. "I don't see why Edgar should have all the good gifts and I all the bad." Often she was pathetic. "I know that people can't like me as they do Edgar. I am of no use to anybody. I wish it were different, but I can't help it; I did not make myself." And in these moods she would generally conclude with: "Ma loves me. She never gave me a hard word in her life." And in this protective love of her adopted mother she seemed ever to find her chief comfort and reliance.

It was singular that Mrs. Clemm, whose devotion to Edgar was so entire, should have regarded Rosalie with a coldness amounting to aversion. She, who never found fault with Edgar, was always harsh with Rosalie, who said of her: "I don't remember that Aunt Clemm ever spoke a kind word to me." This recalls to mind an incident related by Miss Poe herself. She went on a visit to her brother and his wife at Fordham, and was there told by Mrs. Clemm that they "could not afford to keep her over a week." Edgar was at this time in New York, whence he some days after wrote urgently to his mother-in-law for money for some special purpose. Finding herself unable to raise the necessary amount, Mrs. Clemm appropriated the most valuable portion of her niece's wardrobe, the sale of which enabled her to release her son-in-law from his difficulties. But Rosalie never forgot the deed. She immediately

returned home with the story of her wrongs, and thenceforth "Aunt Clemm" became the object of her bitter resentment. Still it is to be noted to her credit that when, after the deaths of her daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. Clemm was reduced to soliciting charitable contributions for her support, Miss Poe generously sent to her, without being applied to, the whole of her store of pocket-money or "savings." She was rarely, however, intrusted with money to any extent, being accustomed to spend it with the indiscretion of a child, in purchasing candy or some useless and ill-judged present for her friends.

When, in 1859, Mr. Poe paid his last visit to Richmond, Mrs. Mackenzie remarked that he and Rosalie seemed on more familiar terms, and "more like brother and sister" than since their childhood. He treated her indulgently, and accompanied her about the neighborhood to be introduced to her "favorites," only now and then remarking in his quiet, half-playful, half-sarcastic manner: "Rose, why can't you dress like a civilized being?" or "behave like other people?" She took unwonted pains to please him; and when, after his departure for New York, the news of his sudden death arrived, was for a time completely overcome, manifesting deeper feeling than she had been given credit for possessing. Thenceforth she always spoke of him as "my dear brother."

In looking back upon this time, I recall the Mackenzie family as a happy and gay little circle, dwelling in luxury, and observing the most unbounded "Old Virginia hospitality." But then came the war, and all was changed. At the conclusion of that terrible four years' struggle I returned to my once beautiful home, only to find it a wreck. It was no longer "Talavera," but "Battery Ten," where a lonely half-ruined house arose in the midst of encircling fortifications studded with guns. Out-buildings, orchard, vineyard, all were swept away, and no token of the past remained save here and there the faint outlines of garden-walks and a hardy shrub or flower springing amid scattered shot and rusty bayonets. The neighbors, including the Mackenzies, had all dispersed, none knew whither. In this desolate abode I remained for some months, with one or two faithful old negroes as protectors. Each evening we would barricade the entrance to the fort as a sort of protection against the hordes of homeless freed negroes who roamed the country, subsisting upon whatever they could appropriate. One evening, when we had taken this precaution, some one was heard calling without, and mounting the ramparts I beheld a forlorn figure in black standing on the edge of the trenches. It proved to be Rosalie Poe. She was looking haggard and ill. The Mackenzies, she told me, were some of them dead and the rest living in extreme poverty somewhere in the country. "They cannot give me a home now," she said. "They have to work for their living, but I am not strong enough to work, and I don't know what is to become of me. If Ma were living, she would give me a home so long as she had a roof over her head." She shortly went to her relatives in Baltimore; but soon returned, saying that they refused to receive her, and had sent her back to the Mackenzies, which family now consisted of but one son, in wretched health, and a widowed daughter with her little children. Their sole means of subsistence was at this time a cow and the products of a garden which some person had kindly given them, and this latter they cultivated with their own hands. Miss Poe, as she declared, was not strong enough for such work, and the family, with insufficient of the necessities of life, were not able to support her.

About this time I went to New York, where I soon after received a letter from Miss Poe inclosing some photographs of her brother and an autograph letter of his, which she desired me to dispose of at whatever price I could obtain. I intrusted them first to Colonel Du Solle, editor of the *Sunday Times and Messenger*, and afterward to Mrs. S. H. Kidder, of Boston, both of whom kindly exerted themselves in behalf of the destitute sister of the poet. But no one cared to purchase either the letter or the pictures. And, meantime, every few days brought me an anxious note of inquiry from Miss Poe.

"Dear S.," she writes, in her characteristic style, "have you got no tidings for me about my brother's letters and pictures? Do, S., do something for me, for I am worse off now than ever. I have no home at all, and at night I have to try for a place to sleep. I really don't know what will become of me."

She writes again, on the blank leaf of a book: "None of my relations will receive me except one cousin by marriage, a widow. She is kind to me, but her house is full of boarders."

Again: "Do, dear S., try to sell the letter and pictures. . . . The place I was staying at last when I wrote to you I have left, for my cousin could not give me a bed to sleep in any longer. I walk about all day till I am most dead, and don't know where I can get a place at night. I feel like a lost sheep with no shoes nor gloves."

This last is simply a specimen of Miss Poe's peculiar manner of expressing herself, whether in speech or writing, with no attention to pause or punctuation—a peculiarity which was a source of constant amusement to others. More glaring errors of expression she was constantly guilty of; and I well remember the air of dignified unconsciousness with which Poe once, in company, received her pathetic appeal to "subscribe for her lame foot." That she should, with her social and educational advantages, have been capable of such barbarisms, is sufficient proof of her extreme mental incapacity.

Miss Poe afterward paid us a visit of some weeks in Richmond. She was utterly broken in health and

spirits, but still with no special complaint. "Too little blood and muscle, and too much nerves," said an old physician who kindly attended her. Her chief pleasure seemed to be in talking about what she called "old times," and in childishly recalling the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. She had never had an ordinary appetite or eaten more than would have sufficed an infant; but now she said: "Many a time I have longed for the crusts that we used to throw to the dogs." Her desire was limited to "good bread and strong coffee," of which latter she drank inordinate quantities. Professor Valentine, brother of the Virginia sculptor, delivered a lecture in Baltimore upon the genius of Poe, and sent to her the proceeds, about fifty dollars. With this money she returned to Baltimore, where she intrusted it to a relative "to take care of for her." Subsequently, wishing to make him a present, she applied for the money, and was informed that he had appropriated it to the payment of her board while she remained in his family. Such is the story which we heard from others beside Miss Poe, who, in her indignation, consulted a lawyer in regard to the possibility of recovering her money.

Through life the course of Rosalie Poe's destiny had been much that of her brother, and its ending was destined to bear out the similitude. Her health became so utterly broken, and her condition in Baltimore so pitiable, that some persons at length exerted themselves to secure for her a home in a charitable institute—whether in that city or Washington I have not been able to ascertain. Here she died, and in such obscurity that it was some months ere her few friends were informed of it.

Mrs. Clemm, it will be remembered, met with the same fate—a refuge and a death in a charitable institute. So passed away the sister of the poet, and the woman whom he had called his "more than mother." So, also, died his parents—dependent upon charity for the last necessities of life, and a final resting-place, though even the spot of their burial is now not remembered. Truly, a strange fatality appears to have attended upon this family.

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

MR. JEPSTONE'S HOUSE AND THE SOLAR SYSTEM.*

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"It is very important," said young Mrs. Jepstone; "it is the most important thing of all. We must have plenty of sunshine in every room. I'm not at all particular about the style or color of the house. Give me pleasant, sunny rooms and I shall be satisfied."

The young Jepstones had prospered recently, and had decided to give up boarding, build a house, and go to housekeeping.

"A boarder," said Mrs. Jepstone, "is practically a homeless being. In our own house we shall begin to live, and get thoroughly acquainted with each other."

This and much more was said during the busy weeks while they were looking over plans and considering estimates. At first, Mrs. Jepstone laid out a marvelous structure, with plenty of closets, a piazza on three sides, smoking-room, billiard-room, two bath-rooms,

and, in fact, an admirable house—on paper. There were to be six rooms on the first floor and eight on the second and four in the attic. Mr. Jepstone suggested that the plot of ground he had bought of the receiver of the railroad at Naumkeg was really quite small, and she reluctantly took off two of the piazzas. Then they began to cut the plan down to suit the area of their available funds, and, at last, they got at the bottom facts. The house must be very small. A sitting or common-room, a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor, four chambers above, and that was all.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Jepstone, "any little box will answer, provided every room is light and pleasant. It will be my home, and I shall be perfectly satisfied to sit all day at the sunny windows. There is really nothing so important as sunshine. Every window must be sunny."

"You can hardly expect every room to be sunny."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Jepstone, with charming feminine perversity. "Does not Cousin Clara have the sun in every one of her rooms?"

"Clara lives in a flat, top floor, corner house, south side, with all the rooms in a row east and west."

"Can't we build our house in that way?"

"How would it look? Just think of a house one hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide!"

"At any rate, hospitals have sunny rooms, and the last report of the Board of Education recommended that every school-room should have a sunny aspect. I do hope our house will have the sunshine in every room. It is a sanitary necessity."

"All right, my love. I'll see the architect to-day, and tell him it must be done. You shall have the sun in every room—wherever you wish."

"Oh, I knew it could be done! I shall now be perfectly contented with everything. Will they begin to dig the cellar soon?"

"It is all finished and walled up. I found a place where some one had begun to build and then for some reason gave it up. I bought the abandoned cellar and masonry. You remember the place where they began to grade for the railroad just where it was to cross the county road?"

"Yes; that's such a pretty spot. I believe they intended to put the station there."

"Exactly; and I bought the very place where the round-house was to stand."

Mr. Jepstone went down town that morning, leaving his wife at the boarding-place. When he reached the street he looked up at the sun, and said, with a mysterious smile:

"There are only two ways in which it can be done. I must either adjust the solar system to my house or my house to the solar system. The former plan would probably prove difficult, if not impracticable."

The spot selected for the new house lay about four miles from town, in the lovely suburbs of Naumskeg. When Mrs. Jepstone first went out to inspect the site, she was charmed with everything. When she saw the cellar all complete, neatly walled up and boarded over, she naturally asked why it had such a singular shape. The cellar was in the form of a vast circle.

"It is rather curious," said Mr. Jepstone, "but I saved over two hundred dollars by buying this abandoned work. The cellar will be a trifle large for the house, yet it has one great advantage—the sun will shine on every side."

After that Mrs. Jepstone did not see the place till the frame of the house had been boarded in and the roof shingled. It was a cloudy day, and the country did not appear at its best; however, the house was charming, really artistic, and so small and snug it would be a pleasure to take care of it. She wandered through the unfinished rooms admiring everything.

"You feel quite sure all the rooms will be sunny? I'm sorry it is such a dull day, for then I could see for myself."

Her husband replied that he felt quite sure she would have the sun in every room.

"It does not seem very different from Mrs. Umbago's cottage, and I'm sure they never have the sun in their parlor after nine o'clock."

"It's all right, my dear. Every room will be sunny—even the kitchen."

"Oh! the kitchen is not so important. I dare say Katy would not mind if the sun never shone there."

It so happened that she did not again visit the house

till it was finished and the women went out to clean the windows and put down the carpets. She went out with her husband in the two o'clock train, and when they left the station at Parson's Dock and walked over to Naumskeg they soon came in sight of the house.

"Why, Edward! how the house has changed! I had an impression it faced south."

"It's a little west of south."

"Well, never mind; the parlor will be sunny, and that's a comfort."

The carpet-women were at work in the parlor when they arrived, and Mrs. Jepstone at once said:

"My dear, the curtains should be put up at once: the sun will fade the carpets."

"I'll look after that at once. Come and see the dining-room."

The delights of this room kept her busy till they were ready to return to town. As they came out on the little porch the last rays of the setting sun shone full in their faces.

"How very pleasant!" said Mrs. Jepstone. "This western aspect is lovely. I always did admire a house that pointed toward the sunset."

On the following Saturday they moved out. It would have been a very happy day and they would have asked many friends to the house-warming, only it rained hard. Mrs. Jepstone suggested that they wait till Monday or pleasant weather, but their landlady politely suggested that if they stayed over Sunday she should expect a full week's board in advance. So it happened they went to their new home in a cheerful little rain-storm, and were happy.

In the night the storm cleared away. Mrs. Jepstone awoke in her new home with the bright sunshine streaming in at the window.

"How charming!" she exclaimed. "I always did love to see the sun rise."

"You can see it now as often as you wish," said her husband—"that is, if you wake up."

The breakfast-room was a new delight. It had two windows, one east one south. The sun would shine there all day. Unfortunately it clouded over again at noon and, before night, rained again. The next day was dull, and Mrs. Jepstone was too busy putting her house in order to pay much attention to the weather. At night her husband returned from town with a letter from Cousin Mary Ames.

Mrs. Jepstone read it with dismay.

"Cousin Mary Ames is coming to make us a visit. She will be here to-morrow. Of course, we shall be delighted to see her; but I do think she might have waited till we were fairly settled."

The next day came Mary Ames and fair weather. She arrived at ten o'clock, and the two ladies at once sat down in the bright and sunny dining-room to discuss the affairs of the universe.

"Yes, it is a very pretty house, and every room is just as bright and cheerful as this."

"Every room?"

"Yes, every room; even the little room I showed to you as the guest-chamber has the sun."

"It has a west window, I suppose?"

"No, both windows face north. Now, my love, tell me more. I didn't half understand your letter."

"It's simple enough. You remember that odious Mr. Timmins? He proposed to me and I declined with thanks."

"Declined, my love, with all that money?"

"Distinctly declined; and he proposed again, and I declined with some—well, with some emphasis. Last

Saturday he proposed again, so I decided to come to you and stay until he got over it. No one knows I'm here except mother. You will protect me, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, certainly. He will never find you here."

"Just then the servant came in and said there was a man in the kitchen asking for something to eat."

"Mercy, Katy! Have the tramps found us out already? Give him something to eat and tell him to go away. You must never admit beggars to the house. They only want to see if it is worth while to come again."

A moment after, the man crossed the yard—a suspicious character with a furtive glance and ill-favored face. As he went out the front gate he studied the house slyly, as if to find its weak points.

"Shall you have a garden?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jepstone. "We have a little ground round the house. Will you come out and see it?"

The two ladies walked up and down the strip of grass on either side of the house, Cousin Mary Ames greatly admiring the tiny lawn.

"What is that long grassy bank beyond your fence?"

"Oh! that's the abandoned railroad. They finished the grading and started to build a round-house. Then the money gave out and the work stopped. We bought the very spot where the round-house was to stand."

"And you put your house directly over the pit where the turn-table was to be? Happy thought! Saved the trouble of digging a cellar."

"Yes, I believe so," said Mrs. Jepstone, doubtfully. "How did you know that?"

"I've a friend an engineer. He has been giving me lessons in that sort of thing."

"My love, why did you not tell me of this before? Is he handsome?"

Long and earnestly did they talk on this new and interesting theme, as they loitered on the lawn. Finally they wandered quite round the house and came to the rear of the place.

"Why, how strange! I thought your house was pearl-gray, with straw-colored blinds. This side is olive-green, with maroon trimmings and brown blinds."

Mrs. Jepstone gazed upon the back of her house in surprise and dismay. What could the painters have been about? This side of the house was wholly different from the front. If she had not known it was her home she would have been obliged to be presented and properly introduced to it.

"It is the most mortifying thing I ever knew. I don't believe Edward knows anything about it. Come; it's clouding over again. Let us go into the house."

About five o'clock Cousin Mary Ames said she would take a walk and go to the village post-office. There might be a letter for her.

She returned in about an hour in a high state of excitement.

"Oh! what shall I do? He has followed me here."

"Who, the engineer?"

"No; Mr. Timmins. I found a letter from mother, saying he left town within an hour after I did. You see mother's seamstress sometimes works for his mother. He wanted to know where I lived. Of course, I couldn't be rude, so I told him I was staying at the little pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds."

That night Mr. Jepstone came out with a number of books, and said he should stay at home the next day to read up on a certain matter. Of course, he heard all about the tramp, the engineer and Mr. Timmins.

"I'll fix Timmins," said he. "He will never find the pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds."

The next day was warm and sunny. Immediately after breakfast Cousin Mary Ames again set out for the post-office. She had not been gone five minutes before she returned breathless with emotion.

"Oh, he's coming to call on me! I saw him on the street. I'm going to my room. Tell him I'm very busy to-day—too ill to do a thing—tell him anything, only keep him away."

"Who? Not the engineer?"

"No; Timmins."

With that she went up to her own room at the rear of the house. Mr. Jepstone heard all that she said, and he immediately went to the kitchen. As she went up the stairs the house seemed to whirl round and her head swam.

"Mercy!" she cried, as she entered the room and sat down by the window. "Am I going to be dizzy? Why, how strange! I did not observe before what a good view of the road this window gives. Oh, there he comes! looking at every house along the way. I'll hide behind the curtain."

She watched him from the shelter of the lace curtain with interest. He seemed puzzled, and looked at the house doubtfully. Then he paused and took out a bit of paper on which he had evidently written a memorandum of the pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds. He looked at the house steadily for a moment, and seemed to think there was some mistake, and then he walked on out of sight.

"Stupid man! He must see that this is the house. I'm thankful he's gone. I never could marry such a simpleton!"

She returned to the dining-room and found Mrs. Jepstone busy over her sewing.

"He went right past and never recognized the place at all. I saw him from my window."

"How could you, dear? Your room is at the back of the house."

"At any rate, he did not come in. I was a trifle dizzy as I went up-stairs, yet I'm quite sure I saw him."

"It's very late," replied Mrs. Jepstone. "The sun has gone from this window. I must see Katy about lunch."

"Lunch! Why, it's not ten o'clock!"

"Then the sun must have gone behind a cloud."

"Not at all, dear. It's a lovely day."

Absorbed in her work, Mrs. Jepstone made no reply except to say absently:

"Shall I use box or knife plaiting?"

"Box, of course."

"Nothing more of importance happened till the family met at lunch. Just as the meal was over Mr. Jepstone said to his wife:

"Will you have the sun in the parlor or the dining-room?"

She made no reply, but rising quickly she dipped her napkin in the water and began to nervously bathe his head.

"Oh! you poor, poor dear! You have been working too hard again. Your mind is giving way under the terrible strain of business."

"I'm only trying to please you, my dear. You said you liked a sunny room, and I have arranged everything to have the sun shine there this afternoon."

"Don't speak of it. I prefer the shade. Have some tea, dear. You'll feel better presently. Mary, run up to my room for a shawl. Perhaps Edward will lie down on the sofa?"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jepstone. "I'm going out for a walk."

At dinner-time Mrs. Jepstone remarked that it was very pleasant to be able to see the glowing sunset out the east window.

They retired early, though it was a lovely night with a fine full moon. Mary Ames lay for a long time sleepless and restless, and wondering why some one had not called. He must be able to find the pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds. He, surely, was not so stupid as the odious Timmins.

"Hark! what was that? Burglars?"

Being naturally a brave girl, and knowing that it was just possible a certain young gentleman in the engineering profession might be near, she rose and hastily threw on a blue wrap with pink ribbons, and softly drew the curtain one side and looked out. The moon was shining brightly, and by its light she saw two men standing near the back door.

Then there was an ominous snapping of wood. Oh, it was the tramp! He had returned with a friend. They were burglars, trying to effect an entrance. She flew on noiseless steps—or, more correctly speaking, in silken hose—to the door of Mr. Jepstone's room.

"Wake up, cousin! There are burglars at the kitchen door!"

"All right," cried a voice from within. "Don't be alarmed. Go back to your room; I'll attend to them."

She ran shivering back to her room, and lay down in her wrap and tried to sleep.

The tramp had used his eyes well. The new house seemed to be worth entering. So he took to himself a companion spirit, and arrived at the house at eleven o'clock—an early hour for their profession, but the fact was they had an engagement at one with some friends at the savings-bank.

The rear door of the house had easily yielded to their persuasions, when, without a moment's warning, it seemed to be moving away. The modest moon disappeared behind the roof. In fact, she appeared to avert her face from the sight of the criminals below. Then the shadow of the house began to move over the grass and to envelop them like a pall. The entire house seemed ready to fly away. It moved, it turned around—already the door had disappeared round the corner!

Paralyzed with terror, the men dropped their tools and fled in two directions in mingled fear, amazement and guilty remorse. They could enter an ordinary house cheerfully; but this one had peculiarities beyond their experiences.

Mr. Jepstone looked out the rear door of his house, and seeing the excellent tools left by the burglars on the grass, he quietly gathered them up, took them to his own innocent tool-chest, locked up the house, and slept the sleep of the just.

As for Mary Ames, she was quickly lost in slumber in her blue wrap with pink ribbons. The moon calmly resumed business, and soon reached the noon of night. About this hour there seemed to be a faint suggestion of music in the air. Mrs. Jepstone heard it, and awoke with a start.

"Edward! Edward! the burglars have returned! I hear them breaking the door!"

"Nonsense! It's a serenade. The fellow plays with great feeling. I did not know so much could be gotten out of a trombone."

"It's very nice in the neighbors to welcome us to the village in this way."

"It's not for us. It's for Cousin Mary Ames. It's a shame to disturb the poor girl. I'll drive the wretched Timmins away."

"Don't do anything rash."

"Do not be alarmed. I'll send him off as I did the burglars."

The young person outside, in spite of the fact that he was master of the trombone, had nerves of iron. He had been brought up from his youth on a severe railroad diet. He knew an embankment when he stood on it. He was a good observer, and he had remarked the circular coping of the cellar-wall of the house, and had smiled in a professional way as he began his serenade. Suddenly the music quivered slightly. It did not actually stop, but bore a burden of surprise upon its liquid notes. Just as before, the dark and silent house turned calmly round on its vertical axis, which seemed to be the chimney. Still the music went on, and one there was who felt glad. Then she wondered why the music seemed to be passing away, and she said to herself:

"He did manage that diminuendo beautifully. It sounded exactly as if I was being carried slowly away from him. Ah! now it is coming back. What a lovely crescendo!"

Then the music stopped and the serenader burst into a peal of laughter. Suddenly a tall figure in black and white stood before him.

"What do you mean, sir, by making such a din at this hour of the night? It's not very becoming in a man of your mature years."

The young man only laughed and, waving his trombone toward the house, said:

"How do you work the thing? It's a very happy thought and shows the true engineering spirit."

"Oh, I beg pardon! I thought it was the venerable Timmins come to disturb our cousin's peace."

Just then there appeared a vision of feminine loveliness in a ravishing costume of blue with pink ribbons, and a fichu tied over her head.

"It's Mr. Clawson, Mr. Jepstone. I've been engaged to him a week or more."

"Delighted to see you. Won't you come in and have a bit of supper? My wife will be delighted to see you."

"I'll come in on one condition. You must tell me how you work the machine. It's no wonder I could not find the straw-colored house with pearl-colored blinds. It was turned the other way this afternoon."

"I'll tell you all about it. Scientific idea, isn't it? Come in."

The trombone was laid tenderly on the sofa in the parlor, and the two gentlemen sat down while Cousin Mary Ames went to the pantry in search of such good things as she could find.

Suddenly the door opened, and a distracting object in a pink wrap with blue ribbons appeared before them.

"Oh, Edward! Edward! Husband! Help me! Call the doctor! My mind is reeling from it—Oh! Beg pardon, sir."

"Mr. Clawson, my dear. Mr. Clawson is engaged to Cousin Mary Ames."

"Delighted to see you, sir. Excuse my agitation. The fact is I was nearly frantic at the awful sight I just witnessed in the heavens. Are you quite sure, dear, that the solar system is safe? I was leaning out my window listening to the music and gazing at the moon when it—I mean the moon—and all the stars swam round the sky. The moon actually fled behind the house, and then I think I must have fainted. Ah, it was terrible!"

The only reply to this was a laugh from both the gentlemen. Just here the door opened and Cousin Mary

appeared bearing a tray, on which was a quart of oysters in a yellow bowl, a plate of seed cakes and a piece of cheese. She paused in surprise on seeing Mrs. Jepstone, and said with just a shade of vexation:

"What a coincidence! How could you put on that wrap? I told you we should look like two peas in a pod."

Under the soothing influence of the midnight lunch serenity was soon restored, and then Mr. Clawson asked for an explanation of the singular behavior of the house.

"It's very simple," said Mr. Jepstone. "My wife insisted that the sun must shine in every room of our new house. I felt sure it would be difficult to adjust the solar system to the house, or to induce the sun to shine in the north windows. So I built the house on the platform of an abandoned railroad turn-table. A few dollars set the old machinery in order, and now, when I wish the sun to shine in any particular room, I have only to go to the kitchen and turn the crank till the house is properly adjusted to the meridian. As the sun

moves away I give the crank a turn or two and the house follows the sun."

"My love," said Mrs. Jepstone, "I'm deeply grateful for your thoughtful regard for my wishes, but what will folks say? We shall never hear the last of it. People will ask if we enjoy riding, and if great circle sailing is as pleasant on land as on sea, and that sort of thing. Can't the thing be locked up somehow?"

"Certainly, my love. We'll select a good position for the house to-morrow and throw the crank into the well."

After that Mr. Clawson played "Sweet By-and-By" on his trombone with great feeling, and returned to his hotel for the night.

Mrs. Jepstone tried the next day to decide which way the house should permanently face, and, though her husband kindly turned the house round several times, she could not come to any conclusion, and so they let it remain as it was. And now, whenever Mrs. Jepstone wishes to save the parlor carpets from the sun, she rings the bell and says:

"Kate, just turn the house a trifle to the east!"

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE? Pretty girl? Wal, I never thought whether she was good-lookin' or not. Maybe she is. It's only old Waite's Sybil."

Sybil looked up as the words reached her with a sudden interest, half angry, half amused. Anger was strongest. Why must it always be "old Waite's Sybil," as if she had no personality of her own; above all, when she was conscious of owning a much more definite and individual one than that of most of the girls about her? And what right had Hopkins, the express-driver, to point her out in such fashion? Her cheeks flamed, and she looked steadily and defiantly at the speaker, who chuckled slightly, and then touched up the old gray horse, known to all the village, and the only public means of conveyance to or from the little station by the river, a mile from the village proper. The long, light wagon served for freight or passengers, though the latter were seldom to be had, the lonely station giving no indication of the village which, though on a hill, was still shut in by other higher hills, piling up to the north and ending in the dim line of the Green Mountains.

To-day Hopkins had taken unusual pains, for a buffalo-robe was folded over the shaky seat which, as they climbed the steep pitch, gave every indication of forsaking its place altogether, the solitary passenger holding on resolutely and looking about with interest. At the top the old horse stopped for a moment with a long sigh and a prolonged and tremulous shake—the first, his protest against all hills; the second, an attempt to rid himself of several persistent flies,—and then planted himself firmly, as if need for farther progress ended there. A narrow stream, rushing down between steep banks to the broader river below, still lay between them and the village, crossed by a dilapidated bridge, with one central pier out of all proportion to any apparent need. Between the crest of the hill and the bridge stood a low, unpainted house, its steep roof sloping almost to the ground behind, and its dreary and hopelessly-forlorn expression seeming to form part of the place itself. At one side was a plowed field, the corn with which it had been planted growing close to the house. On the other a pasture stretched away to the

stream, ledges here and there, and heavy pines, the remnant of a former forest, shutting off the village. One great elm rose at the back of the house, its wide-spread branches the only suggestion of shade or comfort, and two stumps in front indicated that others had once stood by the roadside. No fence shut them from the highway. A narrow path wound up to the door, and near it, on a flat rock, slightly above the ground and set thick with sweet fern, sat the girl who had come out hastily from the house and thrown herself down for a moment's rest.

Through the open door of a shed at the side came the sound of a plane, and looking in one saw a carpenter's table and smelled the fresh shavings falling from the pine board on which "old Waite" was at work. Sybil, as she looked up resentfully, met a pair of very steady yet soft brown eyes that held her for a moment. There was interest in them, even sympathy, and then a smile as the old horse gave a sudden start and jogged on. Sybil looked after her eagerly. This was some one quite unlike the occasional city visitor, who came back for a look at the shut-in life from which escape had been made; the sons or daughters who had gone out to factories or stores, and married in the new homes, with no desire for return to the old. This was a stranger, dressed in sober brown, with neither flying ribbons nor any glimmer of the heavy chains and locketts dear to the heart of most summer visitors. There was no hint of brightness in this costume, which still in its skillfully combined shades seemed to hold warmth and color, and which harmonized so exactly with the eyes and hair, that Sybil looked down despairingly at her own muddy-looking calico, once brown and white, but reduced by many washings to a tint of even dejectedness.

There was no time for consideration of all its objectionable features. The plane was silent, and she turned slowly toward the little shed, and then, with an energetic shake of the head, in which two tears that had formed with the intention of rolling quietly down in their natural and proper course, suddenly flew off on either side, falling on some scattered tufts of camomile growing between the door and the rock where she first found her.

"Anything that does better for being trodden on," Sybil said, half aloud, "ought to prosper still more if

watered by tears. All the same, these two are all I shall give you to-day;" and she laughed, as she went toward the shed, a rather forlorn little laugh, but it answered its purpose as well as a more substantial one; for her father, who had settled back on the bench and leaned his head against the wall, straightened himself and looked at her, at first blankly, then with an answering smile. So long as the blank look lasted it was very easy to see how he might be known as "old Waite," for the face was thin and wrinkled, and the hair snow-white, while the dark eyes were both sombre and dreary, with a puzzled look that left them as the smile came, but returned as it passed. Sybil put both hands on his temples, moving them softly over the high, narrow forehead, and then pressed her cheek suddenly against his wrinkled one.

"What is it, father?" she said. "Can't you go on?" and then, as no answer came, "Let me see what the trouble is?"

"Something comes next," he said slowly; "and it seemed to go from me, just what. I put the board for Mrs. Woodruff's wash-bench up in the corner, because it came to me that I'd promised Widow Hinchman she should have that light stand to-day that Tommy broke. I've fitted the leg, but it don't stay, and there's a piece off the top, too."

"You forgot the glue," Sybil said, after a moment's look. "Never mind. I'll get it and we'll do it together."

"Yes, we'll do it together," her father repeated contentedly; and Sybil, after a moment's search, found the missing glue-pot behind the bench, and went with it into the little kitchen, where her mother stood ironing near the open window, through which one looked over the pasture to the river and the hills beyond. Sybil set the glue-pot on the stove, and stood looking at it, her hands clasped and her dark eyes as sombre as her father's, till roused by a quick sigh from her mother.

"He's worse to-day," she said softly; "almost too bad to work at all. And there are a good many jobs waiting. You will have to finish the ironing alone, mother, for I must help father through."

"Poor child! it isn't fit work for you," her mother answered. "If you had been a boy you'd have taken to it naturally, for you were always so handy; but it's all got to go, and I don't suppose it will make much difference when. We've got to end in the poorhouse, any way, and when we are once there you'll have a good deal better chance to make something of yourself, and perhaps some time take us out again. There, Sybil; don't cry. We've just got to bear it and be quiet."

Tears had sprung again, but once more Sybil shook them away and tried to smile.

"I won't bear it, and I won't be quiet," she said with an energetic stir of the glue-pot. "I've made up my mind, and I'm going to work in a new way. What is the sense in half starving when I know the business as well as father? I can't handle beams and planks, perhaps, but I know every twist and turn of the light work. We've always covered it up, and behaved as if it were a disgrace for me to help him; but you know I do most of it now, and why shouldn't people understand and know that there is a regular place, just as there used to be?"

"If it were only teaching or sewing, or anything respectable—even going into a milliner's shop—but carpentering! We shall be the town talk, Sybil;" and Mrs. Waite set down her iron despairingly. "I don't mind your helping your father quietly, but folks do talk so, and anything out of the common way is always wrong."

"I've waited because of that long enough," Sybil said resolutely; "and I've been thinking, mother, more and more. Father can't remember now an hour at a time, and we know there is no hope that things will be better. I shall finish all there is in the shop and then take a new start. How much money is there in the house?"

"The tax money, you know—we mustn't touch that—and three dollars beside, but half of that must go for groceries. Why?"

"I wanted a dollar of it, but I will wait. It's too late for this week anyway, and if people will pay, there will be enough next. But I shall take home the stand and the wash-bench, for the last time father went he said he didn't care about the money, and Aleck Gibbs was just mean enough to take him at his word and keep back the price he had agreed upon. And, mother, be just as cheerful as you can. I shall do something dreadful if you are not, for I'm in one of my twisty states this morning, and everything feels crooked."

Sybil caught back a little sob as she spoke, then laughed again, this time genuinely, and ran into the shed. Her father watched her steadily as she glued the pieces carefully, and then tied them so that there could be no chance of slipping till they had dried. Then she turned to the bench, and proceeded to bore the holes for the legs, using the great auger with a skill that showed how long the practice must have been. Her pale cheeks flushed, and the soft light hair about her forehead broke away from the tight knot into which she had twisted it, and lay in little rings above the delicate ears and wherever it could get its way. Hopkins, could he have seen her then, would have had no doubt that she was a pretty girl, and his passenger would have said more than pretty. Abel Hinchman thought so, and showed his thoughts very plainly as Sybil, who had rushed away when steps were heard outside, returned as she heard her father's hesitating voice.

"The light stand? Oh, yes; it isn't dry, but your mother shall have it to-morrow morning."

"You know more about the business now than old—than your father does," said Abel, thrusting his hands into his pockets and eyeing her with an admiration he did not try to conceal. Sybil's eyes were shining with excitement; her dimples came and went.

"I vow," Abel began again, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets and standing before Sybil as if to bar her way out. "You hain't any business in that shop, Sybil, an' if I had my way you wouldn't be there a day longer. I say, Sybil—"

"Come out to the barn," said Sybil, who, in her absorption, had not noticed Abel's peculiar manner. "I want you to see the red calf, and to tell you something," she added, as they passed on out of earshot. "Abel, I know you are always in the store in the evening. I want you to do something for me there. Come over here on the hay and I'll tell you."

Abel followed, a dim suspicion in his mind that, after all, Sybil was much like other girls, and meant to be a little coquettish, perhaps even give him a better opportunity for the words he had half made up his mind to say. The desire lessened as this thought came. After all, he had better wait; but as Sybil turned to him he thought again that he had never seen her so pretty, and listened at first with an exceedingly divided mind, till roused to sudden interest by the end of her hurried statement. Then his look changed, and he rose up suddenly.

"Tain't fit. I won't hear to it," he said.

"Yes, you will," Sybil said coaxingly, going on with her argument—Abel protesting at intervals, but weakening visibly.

"Well," he said at last, "you put it pretty strong, and I shan't say no; but I've got to think awhile. I'll come back and tell how it settles itself, an' don't you go to buildin' up too much on it or anything else. If you'd been cut out for that kind o' thing you'd been made a boy and done with it. Not but what I'm powerful glad to think you're not," he added under his breath, turning away and walking slowly down the hill, adding only, as he heard the swish of the plane again:

"Well, I vow and declare!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Probabilities for 1884—Republican.

IN pursuance of the purpose indicated in our last, we shall now consider the names of those Republicans whose eminence makes it necessary to regard as possible or probable aspirants for the Republican nominations for President and Vice-President in 1884. The successful candidates of that party for the Presidency have hitherto been from the West, and an examination of the following list will show that the probabilities are decidedly in favor of the continuance of that rule. If New York could present a man of commanding eminence and ability, in whose support all factions of the Republican party of that state could unite, he would undoubtedly be selected almost without opposition. In default of such a man in New York, it is probable that the Presidential nominee of that party will not be found east of Ohio, and will probably come from some state still farther to the westward. As we have before stated, strength at the polls and popularity with the masses bid fair to control this nomination, rather than political maneuvering and factional alliances. We give these views rather to call our readers' attention to the entire situation, than with the idea of throwing any light upon the result. So far as conclusions are given, they are based upon candid judgment rather than on preference or prejudice. In our next we shall consider in like manner the Democratic probabilities. The careful study of this question has more than ever impressed us with the belief that the nominees of both parties next year will be taken from among their less prominent supporters.

ARTHUR.

It does not seem probable that President Arthur will make any serious effort, or indeed cherishes any real expectation of a nomination for the Presidency. While his administration has been in most respects creditable, and in some respects remarkable, he was the heir of misfortune, and as yet has performed no act of such brilliancy as to furnish the basis for a successful candidacy. He has not seemed especially to court popularity. His veto of the infamous River and Harbor bill was an act which, if done by a man of greater aptitude for acquiring popular favor, would have covered his administration with glory. As a rule, the important appointments he has made have been singularly good; but he has not the faculty of taking the country into his confidence and directing public approval beforehand to the good things he intends to do. He not only holds his peace but manifests an inclination to act upon his own judgment to the confusion always and sometimes to the exasperation of numerous advisers. The country took a sort of pride in the reticence of Grant, because everybody recognized it as one of the elements of his military success. He was the man who "less had said and more had done" in the field than any other. But Grant had the peculiar power of compressing a volume into a single sentence, that made some amends to a public more greedy than the Athenians for some new thing. His apothegms were like his methods of attack—direct and pitiless. Probably no man in our history—not even excepting Lincoln—ever uttered so many phrases that tickled

the fancy, convinced the reason and captivated the hearts of the people. This power President Arthur seems not to possess in any degree. With all of Grant's reticence he has no capacity for dazzling with a phrase that tells everything and reveals nothing. While his recommendations to Congress have been marked with peculiar wisdom, frankness and patriotic conservatism, he has as yet developed no startling novelty of policy or administration which has served to attach to him a popular following of any great power. Owing to his position and the fact that he will have a hostile majority opposed to him in Congress next winter, there is ample opportunity, however, for him to change all this and put himself on the very crest of the tide of public and party favor. Except by thus forcing the hand of his party opponents or by some unforeseen contingency arising to popularize his administration, President Arthur is not likely to become a prominent competitor for the nomination. If he should aspire to the nomination, his relations to his party in the State of New York will be a very important element in his candidature. In the city of New York he is probably stronger than any other Republican can expect to be. In the state, he would meet two elements of opposition which seem to be equally implacable. First, that element who cannot forget the insult, as they feel it to be, to their opinions and preferences contained in the simple fact that "Chet" Arthur became President of the United States. It is a queer, intangible feeling that they have somehow been injured thereby. It is not that they object so much to what he has done, or would have any especial distrust of a second term, but they are aggrieved that the country should have selected a silent party-worker rather than a noisy party-leader for the second place, on whom fell afterward the honors of the first. Secondly, Mr. Arthur would encounter an apparently insuperable obstacle in that element in his party which he had the misfortune to antagonize last autumn. At the head of this opposition is the late Governor of the state, who, if not able himself to secure the support of the state delegation, would probably, at least, be able to prevent its giving a hearty support to President Arthur.

BLAINE.

The publication of Mr. Blaine's book will no doubt be deferred until after the Convention. He is not a man to be willingly retired to private life, nor of a temper to omit any opportunity to settle old scores in whole or in part. His following is intense and loyal, and even those who oppose admire his audacity, shrewdness and energy. He served a notice after the last congressional election that he was not in the field, and the brief "boom" resulting from the formation of Blaine clubs among the foot-sore Republicans whom that race had enraged rather than discouraged, was soon suppressed. There are those who believe that he recognizes the fact that he has twice been "clubbed" to death, and that while he will avoid a drum-and-banner canvass, he will yet maintain a "literary bureau," and conduct a "still hunt" for the office he still yearns to fill. His reputation for running "second best," and the fact that he is thought likely to make a trade

somewhere about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, will make against him. While he may command a following sufficiently strong to enable him, in effect, to name the candidate, there is little prospect that he will ever receive any electoral votes. The campaign is not likely to be one especially suited to his peculiar style of work. It is not to be one in which any man's success depends in any degree on another man's failure. The power to kill does not presuppose the power to make alive, and the favorite in this contest will be selected solely on his own merits, and not on the defects of his opponents.

CONKLING,

the late Senator from New York, can no longer be regarded as an important political factor. He is not of a temper that retrieves mistakes, and those whom he once offends he seems fated to drive into unquenchable hostility.

EDMUNDS.

Unquestionably the most popular of the eastern Republicans throughout the whole country is Senator Edmunds of Vermont. Were he twenty years younger, and of robust health, it is more than probable that his nomination would be assured, despite the fact that he comes from a state that is never doubtful and has but an insignificant number of electoral votes. He is trusted by both factions, and has an unimpeachable record which is in entire harmony with the traditions of his party. He would command the full support of his party and a large probable following among the business men of all political beliefs. His age and impaired physical powers make it almost certain that his candidacy could not be successful. In order to succeed, the Republican party must appeal to and maintain its hold upon the young voters of the country. Its candidate for the Presidency must be a man who has a future as well as a past.

GRANT.

It is one of the most striking examples of the fickleness of public favor that even to speak kindly of this greatest of our military chieftains is now an almost certain method of awakening public suspicion. Unlike almost all unfortunate candidates, he met with little sympathy in defeat, and his efforts to secure the election of his successful rival seem only to have stimulated the animosity of his enemies. Every act and utterance of his since that time has been the signal for a new attack. The war against him has been unrelenting, and will no doubt end only with his life. There is no reasonable prospect that he will be mentioned as a candidate before the Convention.

HAWLEY.

Perhaps the most popular of eastern Republicans of long service, who is affected with no serious disability of age or record, is General Hawley. Of southern birth, eastern life, and western characteristics, General Hawley is one of the widest-known, best-liked and least-antagonized men in his party. At the same time, his chances for the Presidential nomination cannot be considered good. Should he be put forward for the second place, with General Sherman, Foster or Lincoln in the lead, his nomination would be almost assured. His record upon all the questions of the past and present is remarkably good. His military career was brilliant, and his personal character and following are of the very best.

CORNELL.

There is little doubt that the late Republican Governor of New York will be in the race for the nomination. It is hardly possible that his name should not be presented by a part, at least, of the delegation from that state. Mr. Cornell is a practical politician, and if the chances of success for his party were brighter than they are, his prospects could not be considered bad. With the chances so evenly balanced as they are, however, the nomination will be controlled rather by available strength

before the people than by the manipulations of political workers. Mr. Cornell has a good record in every position he has occupied. He has a large following of zealous friends and a like array of implacable enemies. Outside of the State of New York, he has no standing among the masses, and his personality is not one that seems calculated to awaken great enthusiasm. If he should be able to secure a strong preponderance of the New York delegation, he would be more than likely to obtain the second place upon the ticket, just as one who could receive the hearty, enthusiastic and undivided support of the party in that state would be morally certain to obtain the first.

SHERMAN, JOHN.

Senator Sherman is hardly likely to receive any consideration as a Presidential candidate, not so much from his defeat in 1880 as from the incongruous character of his following in that Convention. Correctly or incorrectly, it is generally believed that he allowed the influence of his office to be exercised to secure delegations in his favor. This impression was strengthened by the fact that a large proportion of his strength came from the South, where the vast majority of his party is not of a character likely to have any very enthusiastic admiration for a mere financier or a statesman so generally accounted "cold-blooded" and unsympathetic. The Civil Service reformers could hardly be very enthusiastic in his favor, while the Stalwarts are not likely to forget that but for him they would probably have carried the Convention. His following even then was the least enthusiastic and reliable of any of the prominent aspirants, and the fact that he is no longer Secretary of the Treasury would, no doubt, seriously affect its numerical strength.

SHERMAN, WILLIAM T.

Among the possible Republican candidates General Sherman is one of the strongest. The first great element of his strength is, of course, his brilliant military record, and his almost universal popularity with the military element. Despite his conservative political views and the entire absence of partisanship in his administration of the army, his nomination would perhaps awaken more of the old animosity at the South than almost any that could be made. Along the line of his "march to the sea" he is remembered with peculiar bitterness, and his controversies with Generals Joe Johnston and Wade Hampton would make the opposition to him at the South so malignant as unquestionably to react in his favor at the North, and draw party lines sharper and closer upon the issues of the war, or growing out of it, than the selection of almost any other man. His chances would perhaps be impaired rather than strengthened by his kinship with the distinguished Senator, while the advantages and disadvantages of his relations to the Roman Catholic Church would probably about counterbalance each other. The condition of the Republican party in Missouri, and its inclination toward his candidacy, would constitute a very powerful element in his chances for nomination which cannot now be determined, while the fact that he will then, of his own motion, as it were, have laid down the highest military office and retired to private life, will create a feeling in his favor that can hardly be over-estimated. Such a thing always carries the public heart, and, united with his great personal magnetism and happy faculty for saying something apt and fresh and racy at any time, makes General Sherman one of the most available possibilities of his party. Situated as he is, he is unlikely to do anything to improve or impair his chances during the time intervening before the nomination.

FOSTER.

Governor Foster—Charlie Foster, as the Ohio Republicans delight to call him—is a somewhat remarkable product of that state renowned for political anomalies. He is one of the very few men who have risen to commanding

eminence in the Republican party since the war without any aid from a military record. A man of irrepressible energy, great wealth, inexhaustible good temper and amazing luck, he has managed to hit the public heart without posing as a hero. He never fought, bled or died to any appreciable extent, but has won more doubtful battles for himself and held the friendship of more oddly-matched political associates than almost any man living. A man who does not attempt to conceal that he is human; who makes mistakes and owns that he has made them; who stands by his friends and does not exasperate his enemies; who gets down to the popular level, appeals to the public heart, and if he is not given what he wants, takes whatever task is assigned him to perform—whoever shall leave this remarkable man out of consideration in estimating the chances of the Republican nomination, will assuredly make a great mistake. He is not popular with politicians, especially at the East. The political "dude," who worships with his face toward England, and believes only in good clothes and a starched gentility, has no use for him. He is not regarded as a profound political economist; his ideas upon the tariff are not too inflexible; he has dallied with some political heresies, but has always repented in due season, and has an unmistakable power of inducing the multitude to follow after him. In his own party he is fortunate in his alliances. The practical politicians, whether of the Blaine or Stalwart stripe, cannot object either to his principles or practice, while those who delight to call themselves "Garfield" Republicans are by that very fact estopped from objection to him. The Reformers cannot deny that he has a good record as an administrative officer, and the "Temperance" element cannot antagonize him in a national campaign in which no specific issue can be formulated. That Governor Foster would be willing to undertake the leadership of the Republican host there is no sort of doubt. That he will be the choice of the Ohio delegation seems to be morally certain. He is handicapped by the fact that the last four Presidential terms have been filled from that state, for though Grant was from Illinois when chosen, he was an Ohioan by birth, and his life is much more closely connected with this modern "Mother of Presidents" than with the state of his adoption. Besides that, the Ohio man has modestly absorbed a pretty large share of the leading places in the military, judicial and diplomatic services. These places have been well-earned, well-bestowed and well-filled. No one can question that; but that portion of the East who are yet unable to recognize the fact that the centre of life, as well as the centre of population of the country, has gone away westward, and is year by year creeping toward the Mississippi, do not relish the fact. The East thinks that her wealth should rule, even though it is largely made up from toll levied upon what the West grows and consumes. The Northwest is underestimated by the Northeast, and that faction of the Republican party which especially claims to represent its best element is not altogether pleased with the "Westernism" of western party-leaders. Ever since the first nomination of Mr. Lincoln there has been a sort of a protest current among men of the stamp of Mr. Hoar, for instance, against the predominance of the unpolished and unconventional western man in the party. There is something too pronounced and positive and startling about the ordinary leader of that section. They have been galled at the idea that the culture, erudition and fastidious propriety of the East should be required to serve under such leadership. The friends of Seward and Sumner and others of like characteristics have felt it keenly, and have not always concealed it. These men are not warmly disposed toward Foster, because he is peculiarly of the stamp of common man, whose success they regard as a sort of reflection on their own merit. It may be accepted, then, that he will get little support from the East, except by special alliance with some one as a candidate for the

second place, or as the result of combinations arising after the Convention meets.

HARRISON.

Senator Ben Harrison, of Indiana, has for some years been a possible candidate for one of the places on the national ticket. One would hardly have been surprised if he had obtained the first place either in 1876 or 1880, while it was almost a matter of surprise that the second place did not fall to him on both these occasions. In either case the prompt action of his friends might have secured him the Presidency before this time. This was wanting, however, and it may be questioned if the opportunity has not now passed away. Had Mr. Blaine succeeded at Chicago, Mr. Harrison would no doubt have received the second place. That alliance is not likely to be of equal value at this time. Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Harrison's ambition—if he has any—has now grown beyond the Vice-Presidential chair. He is now a senator, with a long term before him and a fair prospect for being named his own successor. Should he be an aspirant, as he can hardly help being considered, it will be for the Presidential nomination. For this he has many elements of strength. He is of the younger race of politicians. Unlike Mr. Lincoln, his name would be of very little advantage to his candidacy. The hero of the "Log-Cabin" campaign is very dead to the present generation of voters. The issues and events which gave prominence to the Harrison of 1840 have become indistinct and trivial to-day. But the man himself is by no means weak. An orator of note, a thoroughly equipped statesman, a man of genial nature and wide personal popularity, he has very many of the elements befitting the position and favoring a successful candidacy. He is not, however, a man of strong will, and it is doubtful if he can bring his state to stand solidly behind him in the Convention. Should another name be presented from Indiana the chances are that neither would be successful, especially as the fact would probably indicate something more than mere preference for another by part of the Republicans of the state, being grounded somewhat in an animosity which it would be bad policy to reawaken. Indiana will be one of the most important states in this contest. There is little doubt that one of the Democratic candidates will come from that state, and this probability makes imperative the necessity that rests upon the Republicans to select a ticket that shall at least be acceptable to all the Republicans of Indiana. It is likely to be one of the most sharply-contested points along the whole line. This fact has given peculiar piquancy to the report that the present Postmaster-General is not unlikely to be an aspirant.

LOGAN.

Despite a public life of unusual variety and brilliancy, it can hardly be said that John A. Logan has any reasonable prospect of securing the nomination. His close alliance with the Stalwart faction of his party would make his candidacy very perilous in the State of New York, and he has no special strength in any other doubtful states to counteract the peril of defeat in the Empire State. Besides, it is very doubtful if, after the animosity developed by the struggle in the Convention of 1880, his candidacy would command the united and hearty support of his party in Illinois.

GRESHAM.

Mr. Gresham has as yet only a local repute as a man of strong will, vigorous intellect and a devoted following in Indiana. His relinquishment of a life position in the Federal judiciary is held to be an indication of his intention to take an active part in Indiana politics. The fact that he was succeeded in his judgeship by so popular and politic a man as Judge Woods, is also thought to indicate that he is forming alliances to extend and consolidate his strength. It has been the claim of many Indiana Republicans that the party in that state has had no head

since the death of Morton. Despite her many men of marked ability it is said that the leadership still remains vacant. There are not wanting men among them who declare that Walter Gresham aspires to fill that place, and in other states—notably among a section of Pennsylvania Republicans—there are to be found those who regard him as the coming leader. His record as a soldier and as a judge are both creditable. As a political leader, he has hitherto been more distinguished for the antagonisms he has evoked than for the successes he has accomplished.

LINCOLN.

THE career of Robert T. Lincoln has been exceptional among the public men of our history. The son of the most popular and revered of our statesmen, he was not yet beyond the preparatory stage of life when the tempest burst about his father's head. Only the most urgent entreaty of that father served to keep the boy out of the turmoil that surged about him. Again and again it is said that he broke away from this paternal restraint and sought the camp. Despite his father's position he neither desired nor received rank or command, and when he finally took part in the great struggle it was only as a simple captain on the staff of one of our generals. He was not thrust forward, nor given any prominence or advantage because of his relation to the head of the nation, but served unostentatiously and creditably. With his father's death he dropped from the public gaze, and was only heard of now and then as a modest, unassuming, and only moderately successful lawyer of the great metropolis of the Northwest, until he was called to take the portfolio of war in General Garfield's cabinet. During the exciting events that followed he was one of the few men closely connected with the President who never seemed to take advantage of that fact to attract the attention of the public to himself. If he has taken any part in the factional struggles that have torn his party since that time, it is unknown. To "Stalwart" and "Liberal" he has been the same. Whatever has come to him in the way of duty he seems to have performed with a quiet disregard of consequences that reminds us of his illustrious father. Very many congressmen of all shades of political belief vowed vengeance against him for his report upon the River and Harbor enormity, but he neither retracted what he had said nor volunteered any explanation or defense of what he had done. The general sentiment of the outside public was that he had performed a disagreeable duty resolutely and well. Perhaps no man in our history has ever filled so important a position, at so critical a time, with so few words, so little fuss and a more general acceptability. As a politician merely—as the head of a clique or faction—he has no strength whatever. As the son of Abraham Lincoln, as a faithful, modest soldier, and as one who while at the head of a public department neither took part in factional bickering nor sought to create for himself a personal following within his party, Mr. Lincoln would offer exceptional advantages as a candidate for the office in which his father died while the term for which he was chosen was yet hardly begun. Mr. Lincoln's chances for securing the nomination are undoubtedly impaired by Mr. Logan's strength in Illinois. While he would no doubt command the hearty approval of his party in that state, it must be remembered that the Federal offices are supposed to be filled with the especial friends of Mr. Logan; and it is generally supposed that a considerable majority of the Illinois delegation may very probably favor his nomination. Should that be the case, Secretary Lincoln's chances for the nomination will depend almost entirely upon the course which affairs may take in the Convention. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he would have peculiar strength as a candidate. He is young, the son of one who commands more than any other the grateful memory of a whole people, is honorably linked with the great national struggle, has an unim-

peachable record, and the confidence and good-will of all factions of his party.

WINDOM.

The late Secretary of the Treasury must be considered in this list, despite his recent defeat for the Senate in his own state, chiefly because he is held in higher esteem by the aggressive faction of his party in the East than almost any western man of prominence except Senator Sherman. The especial admirers of Senator Edmunds—the business men and reformers of the East—would probably prefer him to any other man west of New York. His financial views have not always been sound, but his position in President Garfield's Cabinet, and his very able administration of the Treasury, have probably condoned his previous economic errors. His relations to civil service reform are such as should be satisfactory, while he has not actively assailed the Stalwarts nor estranged those who differed with him in opinion. He is a possible "dark horse," whose extreme northwestern *locus* with his eastern affiliation renders not seriously improbable. He has not great personal popularity or magnetism. His strength would be that of a fair average representative of the best elements of his party without special antagonism from any faction.

Worth Having.

A FRIEND, writing from California, says:

"I wish to send a few lines expressing my gratitude for the pleasure which *THE CONTINENT* has given to me in common with so many others during the past year. I have been a subscriber from the first, and intended to renew promptly, but I had vowed to send you one more with my renewal, and being very closely occupied, failed to secure one until now. I send this with my own as an evidence of my interest in *THE CONTINENT*."

Such testimonials from our subscribers are very frequent. It is not always that the reader of a periodical knows how much he can do for its excellence and success. With one more number *THE CONTINENT* will close its first year in its present form. We appealed to our readers then to help us, promising to apply the proceeds faithfully to promote their pleasure and advantage, and to spare no effort to make each succeeding number better than the previous one. They responded nobly. In a very brief period our subscription list was doubled, and since that time has more than quadrupled. Whether we have redeemed our pledge it is for our readers to say. If we may judge from the letters we receive and the encomiums of the press, we have a right to believe that we have at least not failed. We know that we have spared no effort to deserve the confidence bestowed. Fully \$50,000 have been expended in matter and illustration during that period, and we now feel fully justified in promising that if our readers will do for us what they did before—send us each one more subscriber—we will make the investment even a better one for them than we did before. To new subscribers we will send *THE CONTINENT* from the beginning of "Judith" to February 1st, 1884, for *two dollars*; or until January 1st, 1884, with back numbers from January, 1883, for \$3.00; or the same, with the back numbers of Vol. III bound, for \$3.50. Such opportunities as these for obtaining first-class magazine literature at a moderate rate are rare. Any renewing subscriber who sends one new yearly subscription with his own is entitled to have them sent for one year at \$3.00 apiece.

THE CONTINENT NOVEL EXTRA, No. 1, "A Mississippi Martyr," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, is now ready for delivery to dealers. Price 10 cents.

ATTENTION is called to the carefully-prepared index of *THE CONTINENT*, Volume III, published herewith. Nothing shows so comprehensively the wide range covered by a popular periodical as the completed indexes of its succeeding volumes. To Mr. W. Frank O'Brien, of *THE CONTINENT* staff, is due the credit of the work in hand.



THE following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published :

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—Under *answers* the bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question.

Answers.

5—[27] "The Ages," by William Cullen Bryant, is referred to as an example of the complete rhymed Sestina, by M. L. M.

6—[2] Lady Emily Viviani, "with much beauty of person and grace of mind," is the subject of the "Epipsychidion," by Shelley, who spoke of her as the "only Italian for whom I ever felt any interest." She married an Italian count named Bondi, lived and died unhappy. When Shelley and his wife befriended her she had been immured against her will in a convent for several years. Shelley, in his fashion, grew tired of pitying her, and eventually wrote : "The Epipsychidion I cannot look at ; the person it celebrates is a cloud instead of a Juno ; and poor Ixion starts from the Centaur that was the fruit of his own embrace." See the latest collection of Shelley's letters, just published in London, under the authority of Sir Percy Shelley, the poet's grandson. CH. A. COLE.

7—[14] A "nef," or navette d'or, was a kind of box in the form of a ship (*navis*) which was placed upon the table of a sovereign, or great person ; it had a lock to it, and served to contain the goblet and various other utensils for the owner's private use. See the "Inventaire de Charles V," fols. 41, 87, &c., and Du Cange's Glossary. CH. A. COLE.

Questions.

[Continued from No. 68.]

30—PLEASE give the correct pronunciation of the word Kedewah. R. S.

Kedewah (the second *e* being long) is the phonetic spelling given by good authorities.

31—CAN you refer me to some recent and trustworthy work on South America, describing in particular the climate and physical features of Brazil and the Amazon Valley ? A. S.

The following named are recent works on the subject : "Journey Across South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific," by P. Macey, Scribners, N. Y. ; "Journey in Brazil," by Prof. Agassiz, Osgood, Boston ; "Life in

Brazil," by T. Eubank, Harpers, N. Y. The large works of Wallace and Réclus are also standards on this subject.

32—WILL you be so kind as to give a description of the toy that was the theme of the poet, Tom Moore, about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore" and in English a "quiz?" Tom Moore, in speaking of it, says : "To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons of both sexes were playing it up and down as they walked along, or as my own very young doggerel described it :

"The ladies, 'oo, when in the streets or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on to show their shapes and graceful nien."

In what French dictionary is this word "bandalore" found, or in what English dictionary is this word "quiz" found as here used ? J. W. B.

33—METAL MONEY. Where is the line "God save the paper money" to be found ?

The exact words of the stanza about which you ask are—

"God save the paper money and the paper-money men !
God save them all from those who call to have their gold again ;
God send they may be always safe against a reckoning day ;
And then God send me plenty of their promises to pay."

They are to be found in the last stanza of one of the "paper-money lyrics," written by Thomas Love Peacock, in 1825. These satirical summaries on the evils of "paper money, unlimited in issue," are unique and unanswerable. G. M.

34—WHAT are the facts concerning the alleged robbery of Cardinal Richelieu's tomb ? J. L. R.

In the April number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* is a drawing of the real "mummied" face of the Cardinal Richelieu, which was separated from the head and stolen from the tomb at the church of the Sorbonne, Paris, in December, 1793. This face finally fell into the hands of M. Armez, a private citizen, who preserved the skin of the face by an embalming varnish ; the teeth, the hair, beard and mustaches and eyebrows still adhered to the mask, the eyes being closed and sunk deep in their sockets. Sixteen years ago, the son of M. Armez presented the relic to Napoleon III, and in December 1866, the face, enshrined in a box, was solemnly restored with great ceremony by the Archbishop of Paris (afterwards shot by the Communists) under the monument by Girardon, to the great minister in the Church of the Sorbonne. M. Bouaffé, in telling us of these striking details, moralizes well that this is all that remains of the proud Richelieu, the most powerful ruler France ever had ; his chateaux, his pictures, his collections of jewels and antiquities, his souvenirs, his bones even, all scattered to the winds. What a tragic image of human vanities, "et du peu que nous sommes !" E. M. H.

35—WHAT portrait or portraits of the Count Duke de Olivares were executed by Velasquez ? E. H. R.

It is now an ascertained fact by M. Paul Lefort that the unrivalled Spanish painter, Velasquez, both etched and engraved a portrait of the Count Duke de Olivares—a point long in dispute between critics and quidnuncs innumerable.

36—PLEASE give some account of the mosque of the Imam Esh-Shafi'y at Cairo, and oblige R. S.

Knowledge, eldest daughter of smiling Peace, does not ordinarily go almost hand in hand with savage War, as she has in the late appointment of a "Commission for the Preservation of Arab Monuments" at Cairo. One of the commissioners, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, a sedulous Egyptologist, reports graphically the official visit of the commission to the tomb mosque of the Imam Esh-Shafi'y, "the most sacred, perhaps, in Egypt, though the Hasa-

neyn may rival it in sanctity." Christians rarely obtain admission, and the large majority of regular mosque students have never entered it. "There is a magnificent frieze of wood-carving beneath the spring of the dome which must be Ayubite. The dome itself is the finest I have yet seen. The stalactites at the corners are extremely bold and well-designed, and the coloring throughout is richer than that of any other existing mosque of Cairo. Inscriptions in the walls record that both Kait Bey (fifteenth century) and Kansuh El-Ghury (beginning of the sixteenth) renewed the decorations; but there is no doubt that the form of the dome as well as much of the ornament is original, and dates back to the *thirteenth century*." After taking coffee with the sheykh of the mosque, continues Mr. Lane-Poole—"an almost unprecedented event, I fancy, in the case of Christians"—the commissioners examined a curious tomb, older than the mosque itself, of an Amir who died in A. H. 613 (A. D. 1235), with an older Kufic slab over the door with the date A. H. 304 (A. D. 926). The reports of the Arab Art Commission appear in the *Moniteur Egyptien*, and Mr. Lane-Poole is a correspondent of the London *Athenæum*.

J. L. C.

37—WHEN was flax first used in the arts?

H. M.

Mr. Edward M. Henry calls attention to the "Cantor Lectures" upon the art of lace-making as exact and ample, delivered before the London Society of Arts some twelve months ago, by Mr. Alan S. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, and quotes for us a very interesting passage: "Upon the Egyptian sculptures of Beni Hassan, described by Sir G. Wilkinson, of the date of perhaps twenty-five hundred years before Christ, there are pictorial descriptions of how flax was beaten, the striking of flax after it is made into yarn, twisting the yarn into rope, weaving the yarn into a cloth by a loom, and hundreds of similar interesting details in the practice of arts by dexterous handicraftsmen. Perhaps the earliest ornamental work germane to lace are the fringed borders of robes sculptured upon Assyrian monoliths of the time of Assur-nazir-Pal, about eight hundred years before Christ. The lines forming a trellis pattern in the upper part of these borders appear to consist of round, plaited cords, very similar in their plaiting to that which is to be seen upon fringed borders of Persian carpets now in the market or to plaited leather whip-thongs. On the mantle of the king the trellis pattern is rather more elaborate than those on the dresses of the attendants, though the whole design is quite primitive. The word 'lace' in our English Bible is used to indicate a small cord, since lace for decoration would be more commonly known at the time of the translation in the seventeenth century as 'purls,' 'points,' or 'cut works.'"

38—WILL some historical student explain the meaning of the English Exchequer tallies?

A CAREFUL READER.

The "tallies" were one of the means by which the English Crown accounts were kept on small sticks of wood, in the mediæval times, from two to three inches in length and half an inch in width, each of which was notched, and bore an inscription of the money values the stick or "tally" represented. There were two kinds. The first was the tally of "sol," abridgement for *solution* (paid), given forth to a person making a payment into the Exchequer, whereon the word "sol" was written, to show that the money denoted by the inscription and notches of the tally had been actually paid into the Exchequer, and to serve as a legal acquittance for the same in the Exchequer of Account. The second kind was the "tally of pro" (for), which at first operated as a modern check on a banker, being given forth in payment from the Exchequer as a charge upon some public accountant, for him to pay the sum expressed thereon out of the revenues in his hands before they should reach the Exchequer. It

afterward served as a voucher, for which he had credit upon his account in the "Exchequer of Account," in like manner as if for money actually paid by him into the Exchequer of Receipt. See Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar." Gradually these tallies grew into clumsy, long, cumbersome sticks, three feet or more in length. They were abolished in the reign of the present queen. The fire which consumed the Houses of Parliament above forty years ago was attributed to the burning up of waste tallies in the vaults.

I. SMALL.

39—CAN you give me the author of the couplet:

"Poets have wronged poor storms; such days are best;
They purge the air without, within the breast?"

Portland, Jay Co., Ind., June 1, 1883. KATE C. HAYNES.

40—EDGAR A. POE, in his "Poetical Principle," has the following: "In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly, more weirdly *imaginative* in the best sense than the lines commencing, 'I would I were by that dim lake,' which are the composition of Thomas Moore. I regret that I am unable to remember them." And again, speaking of Thomas Hood, he says: "'The Haunted House,' by the same author (i. e., Hood), is one of the truest poems ever written—one of the *truest*—one of the most unexceptionable—one of the most thoroughly artistic, both in its theme and in its execution. It is, moreover, powerfully ideal—*imaginative*. I regret that its length renders it unsuitable for the purposes of this lecture." I have what purports to be a "complete edition" of Thomas Moore's poems, but cannot find the poem described by Poe, as above; nor can I find in my volume of "Thomas Hood's Poetical Works" any poem entitled "The Haunted House," or any that in my opinion such title would suit. Will you kindly give me a little information on the subject?

THOMAS.

41—IN the quotation from Macbeth, Act V, Scene 5:

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, They come!"

A. claims that the idea is that the cry of the besieging forces has ceased, and that they are coming. B. claims "the cry" is the cry of the besieged; that they (the besiegers) continue to come. Will you kindly solve the problem, and oblige a group of readers of THE CONTINENT?

F. M.

Here is an opportunity for ingenious Shakspeareans to exercise their wits.

42—I HAVE noticed in THE CONTINENT answers to questions similar to this, so venture to ask you what should be the complimentary address of a firm composed of first, a married woman and a man as B. & S., Mrs. B. and Mr. S.? Second, A. & B., Miss A. and Mr. B.? Dear Sirs or Gentlemen would hardly do, and we are at a loss to know what is proper. A SUBSCRIBER.

43—WILL you tell me where the best water filter for home use can be obtained, and what is the price of one?

MRS. J. M. EDWARDS.

We cannot venture to recommend special styles of goods in this column, but may say that animal charcoal makes the best filter, and that owing to existing conditions in the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia is a great emporium for effective filters of the best construction.

44—WILL some reader of THE CONTINENT kindly answer for me the following questions:

1. Ought we to say "Decoration Day" or "Memorial Day" when referring to the 30th of May?

2. What day is observed at the South for the purpose of commemorating the virtues of the Confederate dead; why was that day adopted, and what is it termed?

3. In how many states are these days, or either of them, legal holidays, and by what term are they designated as such?

EXLINE.

45—IN parliamentary practice no one is at liberty to move a reconsideration unless he voted with the prevailing party. Is it also required that the seconder to the motion should have voted with the majority? By answering the above you will greatly oblige,

Digitized by Google C. P.



"CAPE COD FOLKS" is nearing its twentieth thousand, and Miss McLean is naturally at work upon a new novel, which, it is to be hoped, will have all the charm of portions of her first, and none of the preposterous features of her second story.

THE many who have followed the sayings and doings of "Uncle Remus" will welcome the announcement made by *The Century* of a new series from Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who is unrivaled in his reproduction of negro character and dialect.

"THE MANHATTAN" bids fair to occupy as prominent a place in the affections of New Yorkers as that long held by *The Galaxy*, still regretfully remembered. A new volume begins with the July number, and the announcements for it include short serials from Julian Hawthorne and Philip Bourke Marston.

AN almost unknown German writer, Moriz Carriere, has suddenly made himself a reputation by means of a poem entitled "The Last Night of the Girondists." Their last hours it is known were given to the discussion of the immortality of the soul, and it is their thoughts and reflections which form the substance of the poem.

MR. AINGER'S "Life of Lamb" was one of the most charming in the "English Men of Letters" series, and he has performed a hardly less substantial service in his introduction and notes to the compact but beautifully made edition of "The Essays of Elia," published recently by Macmillan & Co. Neither were absolutely necessary to the lovers of Elia, a yearly increasing company, but the notes are full of information and the volume a most desirable addition to even a crowded book-shelf. (12mo, pp. 424, \$1.75).

THE *Q. P. Index Annual* for 1892 is at hand, bearing evidence of increased enterprise and pains-taking work. As a specimen of systematic indexing, with an ingenious plan of space-saving abbreviations, it is without an equal. An idea of the labor involved may be gained from the fact that no less than twenty-three of the leading publications, including *THE CONTINENT*, *Harper*, *Century*, *Nation*, *Art Amateur*, etc., etc., are carefully indexed by subjects in a pamphlet so compact in form that it can be kept within reach even on an over-crowded desk. As a supplement to Poole's invaluable general index this is indispensable to all literary workers. A novel feature is introduced in a "Necrology," or historical list of defunct publications. Only two are named, viz., *The Penn Monthly* and *Potter's Monthly*, both of Philadelphia. (*Q. P. Index*, Bangor, Me.).

If ante-mortem lives must be written at all, then we may desire such doers of the deed as Mr. William Sloane Kennedy, who, in his recent book, entitled "Oliver Wendell Holmes, Poet, Litterateur, Scientist," places his justification on a fly-leaf, quoting from Dr. Holmes himself; "It is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker." Recognition is good, and no American author has better earned it, and there is so much valuable information and criticism in the volume that one is almost reconciled to its existence, though it is impossible to reconcile one's self to this style of production. Mr. Kennedy is a fearless critic, and gives full ground for his statement that Dr. Holmes is, in great part, responsible for the continuance and cultivation of a

spirit which must, in spite of the fine side it includes, come under the head of snobbishness, cultured snobbishness being a degree more intolerable than any other form. (12mo, pp. 356, \$1.50; S. E. Cassino & Co.).

"THE WAYSIDE" has fallen into unexpected hands, Mr. Daniel Lothrop, of the publishing firm of D. Lothrop & Co., having purchased it. It is hardly necessary to say that this was the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne at Concord, Massachusetts—"the only one he ever owned—where he lived and wrote, and from which his remains were borne to the grave. In 1852, when Hawthorne bought it, it was a quaint and picturesque old house, nearly a century old, with a gambrel roof and the big oak end beams characteristic of colonial architecture. Hawthorne made many alterations in it and built over the L a tower in which he fitted up a study. Still the house retains to this day a venerable aspect well befitting the historic ground on which it stands—a mile from Concord village on the Lexington road. Mr. Lothrop will make it his summer home."

"MASTERY," the new juvenile weekly, conducted by James Richardson, lately editor of the *Scientific American*, has now reached its fifth number. Leaving out of sight the somewhat infelicitous name, and the intimation—rather repellent to young folks—that it is devoted to "useful pastimes," the publication seems well calculated to occupy a field toward which the lighter-minded of the juvenile publications have been for some months reaching out. The best test of such an undertaking is the way in which it is received by its natural constituents. We know of one rather mechanically-inclined young person who votes in favor of *Mastery*. It is the intention of the publishers to furnish weekly, in a popular form, such suggestions for occupation and recreation as shall meet the views of young people whatever the natural bent of their minds. The world of science and industry is full of material available for such a publication as this, and it deserves success in all the departments which it has undertaken to develop. The notable success of industrial schools in Philadelphia, New York and Boston makes it certain that the ingenious girls and boys of the country are only waiting for a chance to hear just what *Mastery* offers to tell them. The last number contains, besides a marvelous serial story concerning a scientific wizard, the account of how a boy made a serviceable trunk, directions for using soldering tools, a paper on aquariums, "Home Handicraft for Young Women," "Screens and Their Decoration," and several other entertaining and suggestive papers. (Address *Mastery*, 842 Broadway, New York).

THE cry still goes up for the American novel, but it may be questioned if the critic who desires its existence would know it if he saw it. In fact, till it is settled what constitutes the American novel, we are likely to be blind to much that for a coming generation will count as ranking under this very head. To such class will certainly belong "The Led Horse Claim," which, having ended as a serial in the *Century*, now takes attractive shape as a book, Mrs. Foote's own illustrations being of peculiar excellence. The story is very simple. Cecil Conrath comes from the East to her brother in the mining regions of the Far West, and finds that the mine in which he is interested—the Shoshone—has a rival in the "Led Horse," which has suddenly struck ore. There is a suspicion that the former mine has been tapped, and that the vein is really the property of the Shoshone. The agent for the Led Horse, Hilgard, in the midst of all the anxieties and vicissitudes of mining-life, falls in love with Cecil. The quarrel goes on, however, the brother being surly and untrustworthy at best. He will not allow a survey and the equitable arrangement that Hilgard wishes, and the end is a barricade in the mine, an exchange of shots, the death of Conrath, and the despair of Cecil, who counts herself as forever separated from her lover. How the

tangle ends the reader must discover. In the meantime, a singularly faithful picture has been made of an equally singular phase of life. Mrs. Foote's work is sympathetic, delicate and charming, and a most delightful contrast to the analytical fiction of the day, while the making up of the book is quite in harmony with the contents. (16mo, pp. 279, \$1.25; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

(THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.)

May 5—A rather important incident occurred in the history of American monopolies. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt retired from the presidency of the New York Central Railroad, and his sons from the presidencies of the other Vanderbilt roads. New offices known as directorships in the boards of managers are created, however, and these are filled by the millionaire's sons, so that the family may retain a comfortable hold on the business. This is manifestly a move in the direction of entailment.

(Concerning monopolies see H. D. Lloyd, *Atlantic*, Vol. XLVII, p. 317; C. C. Nott, *International Review*, Vol. I, p. 370, and *Chambers' Journal*, Vol. XVII, p. 362; A. S. Bolles, *North American Review*, Vol. CXVII, p. 319; D. C. Cloud, "Monopolies and the People," *Egbert, Fidler & Chambers*, Davenport, Iowa.)

May 6—The Rev. George Williamson Smith, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected to the presidency of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He is a graduate of Hobart College, and was for some time chaplain at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Afterward he was rector of a church in Jamaica, Long Island, and since 1881 has been rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn. Trinity College is recognized as the Episcopalian College of the United States.

(See *Scribner*, Vol. II, p. 301. "Sketch of Trinity College.")

Josiah Henson, the recognized original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," died in Dresden, Ohio. He was born a slave, and made a daring escape to Canada. Incidents in his life were used with fine effect by Mrs. Stowe, but the novel is by no means a history of Mr. Henson's life.

(See "Life of Josiah Henson" and "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

May 9—The Supreme Court has rendered a highly-important decision in regard to the right of states to fix rates of freight and fare within their own borders. The decision affirms that of the Illinois Court, saying, in substance, that the enactment of laws to prevent extortion by those having charge of the public highways, is an inalienable, legitimate exercise of power on the part of the state. The suits were brought by the great railways as test cases, and this adverse finding of the highest court has an important bearing on measures now under consideration in Connecticut and other states.

(See *Railway Gazette* for 1875; essays by C. F. Adams, Jr., and others; Pierce, E. L., "Treatise on American Railroad Law," Baker, Vorhies & Co., N. Y.; also "Poor's Manual.")

Official information was received that hostilities had taken place between the French and the Chinese before the capital of Tonquin. The avowed purpose of the French is to establish a protectorate.

May 10—The New York *World* newspaper was purchased by Joseph Pulitzer, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, nominally for the sum of \$400,000. The politics of the paper remain unchanged—Democratic, that is.—One of the largest oil fires on record was caused by lightning at Communipaw, N. J. A tank was struck and exploded, and four more tanks followed. Six lives were lost, and some \$800,000 worth of property destroyed.

May 11—Mr. Amasa Stone, the Cleveland millionaire, committed suicide. He began life as a carpenter, and died worth some six millions, much of which he gave to benevolent and philanthropic objects. Business losses are supposed to have unsettled his reason.

(See articles on "Suicide" in *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. VIII, p. 38, and Vol. L.IV, p. 491, and Vol. CLXVIII, p. 376; *Nation*, Vol. XXXIII, p. 517.)

Mrs. Jessie R. Grant, mother of General Grant, died in Jersey City, aged eighty-four years.

May 12—A notable decree of divorce was granted in Nevada in the case of Mrs. Fair, wife of James Fair, the "bonanza" Senator. The divorced wife receives the comfortable sum of \$4,250,000 in money and United States bonds, the family resi-

dence in San Francisco and the custody of three minor children. Divorce is also a prominent subject of discussion elsewhere, especially in Pennsylvania, where leading judges have united in suggesting important changes in the existing practices of the courts.

(See "History and Doctrine of Divorce," by T. D. Woolsey, *New Englander*, Vol. XXVI, pp. 88, 212, 462, and Vol. XXVII, pp. 12, 517, 784.)

Ex-Governor Israel Washburne, of Maine, died in Philadelphia, aged seventy-one years.

May 13—Joe Brady, convicted of participation in the Cavendish murder, was hanged in Dublin.—The International Fisheries Exhibition was opened in London with great ceremony by the Prince of Wales.

(See J. G. Bartram in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. XVI, p. 406; Report of U. S. Centennial Commission.)

May 15—Church and State in their Irish relations were thrown into violent agitation by the announcement that the Pope has addressed an imperative letter to the Irish bishops, warning them against encouraging the existing agitations, and recommending respectful language toward the government.—The signing of a treaty of peace between Chili and Peru is announced. It grants a ten years' cession of certain disputed territory to Chili, at the end of which time the question of title will be amicably settled by vote.

May 17—The city of Denison, Texas, and the eastern part of Nebraska were visited by tornadoes, which left nothing standing in their track.—The Right Rev. Jesse T. Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died, aged seventy-two years. He was formerly President of Dickinson College, and was a founder of Syracuse University.

May 18—On Friday evening a tornado struck Racine, Wisconsin, demolishing one hundred and fifty houses and barns and killing a score of persons.—Daniel Curly, the second of the convicted Cavendish murderers, was hanged in Dublin.

May 19—The Irish-American mystery regarding the existence of one Tynan, the founder of the murderous society of "Invincibles," and known as "No. 1," has been settled by Roger A. Pryor, Esq., who came forward as his counsel, and offered to produce him if wanted.

May 21—A heavy snowstorm occurred in Ohio and Indiana, the snow breaking down trees and covering the ground to the depth of a foot in the vicinity of Lima.—It is announced semi-officially that the Marquis of Lansdowne will succeed the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada.

May 24—The wire suspension-bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn was opened with brilliant and appropriate ceremonies, and, notwithstanding the tremendous crowds, no serious accident occurred.

(See *Electric Engineering*, Vol. XXIII, p. 111; Knight's "Mechanical Dictionary," J. A. Roebbling on "Long and Short-Span Railway Bridges," Van Nostrand, New York.)

May 25—Edouard Laboulaye, the well known French jurist, died, aged seventy-two years. A powerful friend of the United States during the civil war.

(See his "History of the Law Relative to Landed Property in Europe;" also, articles in the *Debate* favoring the Northern States in the War of the Rebellion.)

The Dominion of Canada Parliament was prorogued by the Governor-General. Regarding the settlement of disputes between the Dominion Government and the Province of British Columbia, the Dominion Government have agreed to give a money grant to the province amounting to \$1,000,000, of which \$750,000 is to indemnify the province for the loss sustained in carrying out the terms of the confederation and for the delay in building the Canadian Pacific Railway.

May 26—Despatches received in Paris brought news of farther active hostilities in Tonquin, and of the departure of strong detachments of Chinese troops for the seat of war.

May 27—The coronation ceremonies were concluded at Moscow, having been begun on the 23d, and carried out with unprecedented magnificence. The most extraordinary precautions were taken against nihilistic plots, and the rites were performed without provoking any overt act.

(See "Life of Peter the Great," by Eugene Schuyler, *Scribner's Monthly*, Vols. XIX, XX, XXI and XXII.)

May 28—Six persons were killed and twelve injured by a tornado in Clay City, Indiana.

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